

RADIO
CONTINUITY

PALL MALL
FRANK MORGAN
THE FABULOUS
OR TWEEED

JAN. - MAR.
1947

079804-005

01X01 0070358

1 AUG 1961

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

242 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 7-6000

CLIENT AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

PRODUCT PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR-
ETTES

DATE JAN. 1, 1947 PROGRAM #31

REVISION: _____

APPROVAL **FINAL**

NETWORK: NBC

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

REPEAT: _____

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

As Broadcast

FORMULA

- I. Opening Hollywood. Switch to New York for Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-off.

ATX01 0078360

"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY"

(OPENING HOLLYWOOD)

HIESTRAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY"!

MORGAN: That's me!

HIESTAND: Starring, FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

MUSIC: LAUGHTER - APPLAUSE - FANFARE

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is ...
FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Happy New Year, everybody! This is the day to make
resolutions and mine is to achieve great success. My
uncle was successful last year in the stock market. He
made a fortune. He bought Seven-Up when it was only Six
and Seven-eighths. Oh. Well, anyhow, I hope you all
enjoyed a happy new year. I did --- I think. I went
home early and slept like a log. I must have 'cause I
woke up this morning in the fireplace. Excuse me for a
moment while I scrape off these melted marshmallows!

MUSIC: APPLAUSE - PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy", but first a word from New York.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, you must have noticed that PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are outstanding!

1ST ANNR: On land!

2ND ANNR: In the air!

1ST ANNR: On the sea!

2ND ANNR: Yes, "Wherever particular people congregate," PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... outstanding!

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For two outstanding reasons: One - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES are made from PELL MELL'S traditionally
fine imported and domestic tobaccos. And - two - PELL
MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further - it
filters the smoke - gives you, at the very first puff,
that cool, smooth, mild taste.

2ND ANNR: Advantage yourself: make your very next pack PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

1ST ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
 "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy", written by Robert Riley
 Crutcher and starring, FRANK MORGAN!
 (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

NARRATOR: Last night while millions of people were out celebrating
 New Year's Eve, Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men at
 Potts College, spent a quiet evening at home playing his
 bassoon ... which some people regard as a musical
 instrument.

BASSOON: SHORT MELODIC STRAIN WITH ASSORTED CLINKERS

NARRATOR: His manservant, Welby Skinkle, regards the bassoon as a
 musical instrument -- of torture.

BASSOON: FEW NOTES

TWEEDY: Welby, why are you wearing earmuffs in the house?
 It's not cold.

WELBY: It's not so hot, either. I'll throw another log on the
 fire.

TWEEDY: Welby! Put down my bassoon!

WELBY: Oooops. Sorry, Doc. What apralling strupidity.

BALDY: BARKS (OFF)

TWEEDY: There's Baldy at the back door. It he's finished the
 turkey's neck, give him the other end.

WELBY: Doc. I was saving that for myself.

TWEEDY: Don't be selfish, Welby. You had it on Thanksgiving.

WELBY: Okay. (GOING OFF) I'll give it to Baldy.

BASSOON: FEW NOTES

SOUND: DOORBELL

TWEEDY: Oh, Dear.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TIMOTHY: Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Well, Happy New Year, Timothy.

TIMOTHY: I'm wearing that suit of long woolies you gave me for Christmas. I'm warm as toast and I want to throw snowballs. Can Welby come out and play?

TWEEDY: No, Timothy. I'm punishing him. You and Welby were bad boys on Christmas day. Drinking the anti-freeze out of my radiator.

TIMOTHY: Oh, that was delicious. But how did you find out?

TWEEDY: I saw Welby driving you home in a wheelbarrow.

TIMOTHY: Oh. I wondered how I got home. I'm throwing a big New Year's Eve party tonight. I found an old Cadillac down the street with a great big radiator, full of anti-freeze. It's just bursting with juicy goodness. See. I brought my pliers and Dixie cups.

TWEEDY: I'm sorry. Welby is on the wagon.

TIMOTHY: Well, that's too bad cause I hate to drink alone.
(GOING OFF) So long, Dr. Tweedy. When I see Welby I'll tell him you called but I was out. So long.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WELBY: (COMING IN) Doc. Here's Baldy.

BALDY: (COMES IN BARKING)

WELBY: Doc. (SNIFFS) I smell anti-freeze. Was Timothy here?

TWEEDY: Yes. It seems he found an old Cadillac with a bonded radiator.

WELBY: Oh boy. I'll go get my bucket.

TWEEDY: I just punched a hole in your bucket. You're staying home.

WELBY: Okay Doc. Anything you say (GOING OFF) You know my scalp is itching. I wonder if we have any of that delicious hair tonic.

TWEEDY: Welby.

BALDY: BARK

TWEEDY: Now Baldy, stop it. You're too big to sit on my lap. Did you like your turkey and stuffing?

BALDY: HAPPY BARK ... LICKS TWEEDY

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Stop licking me. Now you sit down here beside the chair while I play my bassoon.

BALDY: (BARKS) "OH-OH"

SOUND: DOORBELL FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPEN

SIDNEY: Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh, hello, Sidney. Come on in. Sit down. I thought you were going to the party Mr. Potts is giving for his daughter, Mary.

SIDNEY: No. I decided not to go.

TWEEDY: Won't Mary be upset if her steady boyfriend doesn't come to the party?

SIDNEY: You see, the trouble is the invitation said "Please Dress"

TWEEDY: Please dress? It would be quite a New Year's Eve party if you didn't.

SIDNEY: I mean I don't have a tuxedo to wear tonight.

TWEEDY: Oh, now that shouldn't stop you, Sidney. How would you like to wear my tuxedo?

SIDNEY: Gee, Dr. Tweedy. That would be swell. But aren't you going out? You must have plenty of invitations.

TWEEDY: Yes. But I always stay home on New Year's Eve.

SIDNEY: Why, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Because I -er-well, I prefer to spend it at home. I'll have Welby get the tuxedo. It's brand new. I haven't had it on since the day I bought it...twenty-five years ago.

MUSIC:

TWEEDY: There you are, Sidney. The tuxedo looks wonderful, on you. Doesn't it look nice, Welby.

WELBY: Yeah, Doc. It's a very lovely shade of green.

TWEEDY: Green? Oh dear! Nobody will notice it. If I know Mary and Sidney they'll spend most of the time in the dark.

SIDNEY: I've never seen trousers like this. They fit so tight around the legs.

TWEEDY: Don't worry, Sidney. You kids dance so fast nobody can see your legs.

WELBY: Hey, Doc. What about that moth-hole. Right there.

TWEEDY: Where? Oh dear. Well, if you drop anything, Sidney, don't bend over. You'll make a bad showing.

SIDNEY: I don't know how to thank you, Dr. Tweedy. You must have a lot of faith in me to trust me with such a valuable antique.

TWEEDY: Antique, huh. Well, I'll bet you can't get as much powder on the lapels as I did.

SIDNEY: It's pretty late. I guess I'd better be going.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Have a good time, Sidney, and give Mary an extra kiss for me.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE OFF

WELBY: He's a nice kid. Hey, Doc. What's the matter? You got something in your eye?

TWEEDY: No Welby. I was just thinking about a New Year's Eve twenty-five years ago.

WELBY: Here Doc. I'll fluff up the cushion on your easy chair.

TWEEDY: Thank you Welby. And stir up the fire a bit. It's chilly in here.

ENGINEER: CUT AUDIENCE MIKES

SOUND: STIRRING OF FIRE...CRACKLING OF FLAMES

TWEEDY: (MUSING) Yes. It was twenty-five years ago tonight Welby, that I wore that tuxedo for the first and last time. I was head over heels in love with a beautiful girl. I was in college when I met her.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN DREAM BACKGROUND

TWEEDY: (DISJOINTED SENTENCES AS HE FALLS ASLEEP) She invited me to a New Year's Eve Party at her home...to meet her friends... and parents. Like all young men, meeting the girl's parents for the first time, I was frightened. Virginia was the most beautiful girl at the party, and she danced every dance with me. (FADE) Virginia. Virginia

MUSIC: DREAM MUSIC INTO WALTZ

CAST: LIGHT CONVERSATION BACKGROUND THRU

VIRGINIA: (ON MIKE SIDESTAGE AND BACK) (LAUGHING VOICE) Why, you're a good dancer. And you told me you didn't know how.

TWEEDY: I didn't know I could until I started dancing with you.

VIRGINIA: But why so serious? Is it such hard work?

TWEEDY: I'm sorry, Virginia. I was just thinking.

VIRGINIA: A penny for your thoughts.

TWEEDY: Well, they're a little confused right now. When we met at the University, you worked in the library every afternoon.

VIRGINIA: Yes. And when you found out I did, I never saw anybody take out so many books.

TWEEDY: I thought you were working there because you had to. I didn't realize until tonight..I mean, seeing your home here and meeting your friends...that...well, Virginia...why didn't you tell me you were wealthy?

VIRGINIA: (AMUSED) Why? Are you a fortune hunter?

TWEEDY: I came here tonight prepared to ask you a very important question.

VIRGINIA: Well, go ahead. Ask me.

TWEEDY: That's the trouble. I can't.

VIRGINIA: What do you mean?

TWEEDY: Well, I'm planning to teach. And teachers don't make much money. I'm afraid they don't make enough to ask the question I was going to ask.

VIRGINIA: But...

TWEEDY: Let's just dance.

MUSIC: WALTZ MUSIC BACK INTO DREAM MUSIC

TWEEDY: (DREAMILY) I didn't ask you to marry me. You would have said no -- and I wouldn't have blamed you. After all what did I have to offer you?

WELBY: Doc! Doc! Look who's here!!!!!!

ENGINEER: OPEN AUDIENCE MIKES

SOUND: WHISTLES...HORNS...RATTLES TIN PANS...ETC.

CAST: AD LIBS. HAPPY NEW YEAR...HURRAY...WHOOPEE

TWEEDY: (STARTLED) Oh - er - well - er for heaven's sake! I must have been dozing. This looks like quite a celebration. Everybody's here. Mrs. Appopolous, and ---

COLONEL: Happy New Year, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Happy New Year, Colonel Jackson and Miss Kitty Belle.

KITTY B: Dr. Tweedy, look what I baked for you.

TWEEDY: Oh no. A great big apple popover.

COLONEL: You'd better put it in the oven, Dr. Tweedy, before it explodes and messes up the whole house.

KITTY B: I'll speak to you about that later, Beauregard.

TWEEDY: Well, don't point it at me, Colonel.

POPOVER: POP...MISS....SHOOTS OUT APPLES

COLONEL: Great day in the morning. Who turned out the lights?

TWEEDY: Here's a handkerchief, Colonel. You'd better wipe off your face. It's covered with applesauce.

MRS. A: Happy New Year, Tweedle, my sweetie.

TWEEDY: A Happy New Year to you, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: Call me Lysistrata, kiddo. The cafeteria cook is having a gorgeous vacation. Look. I'm wearing slacks. Relax with slacks. No girdle. Everybody in town is tight. Appopolous is loose. You're looking at a happy Greek.

TWEEDY: My, my, Mrs. Appopolous. You're certainly effervescent.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport. Not so fast. Appopolous hasn't had a drop.

TWEEDY: I mean you're in such good humor. You're so happy.

MRS. A: Of course, Tweedle tootsie-wootsie. Appopolous is always happy. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS)

CAST: COLONEL TAKES LEAD AND CAST JOINS IN "AULD LANG SYNE"
THROUGH TO NEXT SOUND CUE.

WELBY: Doc. Doc.

TWEEDY: What is it, Welby?

WELBY: Sidney came in the back way. He'd like to see you in the study.

TWEEDY: Sidney? Bringing back my suit so early?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

SIDNEY: Here's your tuxedo, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Why are you back so early? Is the party over?

SIDNEY: It is for me.

TWEEDY: What happened?

SIDNEY: Oh, I don't want to bother you with it, Dr. Tweedy. It isn't important.

TWEEDY: Are you sure you don't want to tell me?

SIDNEY: Well, I guess I would like to. I hate to do this, Dr. Tweedy, but I'm quitting school...

TWEEDY: Well. That's an important decision to make. Are you sure you've thought it over carefully?

SIDNEY: Oh, I didn't have to do much thinking you see --- I'm broke Dr. Tweedy. I've spent all my savings, and I owe Potts College for last quarter's tuition.

TWEEDY: I think I could have a little talk with Mr. Potts. As chairman of the board of trustees he should be able to do something about it.

SIDNEY: Well, that isn't all. That's only the beginning.

TWEEDY: Oh, dear.

SIDNEY: I owe the fraternity two months' room and board. I have to move out tomorrow.

TWEEDY: It won't be as much fun as living at the fraternity house, but how would you like to move in here with me?

SIDNEY: I'd appreciate that a lot, Dr. Tweedy. But I haven't told you the worst part.

TWEEDY: Oh, dear. More. Maybe, we'd better sit down.

SIDNEY: (HARD TO TELL) You know Mary and I have been going sort of steady. Tonight I was going to ask her to marry me. I mean after we got out of school and I got a job. Yeah. That's what I was going to do. Pretty silly, wasn't it?

TWEEDY: I don't think so, Sidney.

SIDNEY: Then I got a look at Mary's home. The thing was a mansion, crawling with butlers. Half the blue book was there hanging around Mary. Every one of those guys had big cars and diamond studs. Any one of them would be a better catch than me. She would have said no - and I wouldn't have blamed her. I just walked out and came home. I'll quit school and forget all about Mary.

TWEEDY: It's not easy to forget the girl you love, Sidney. I know. But this time the old story will have a different ending. We'll see to that.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen - if you're still smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes, you owe it to yourself to make this simple test; the result will surprise you. See for yourself what happens when you start to light a PELL MELL. Unconsciously, you hold the match a half-inch closer to your face than you have to - a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL! That means you've discovered PELL MELL'S distinguished length and shape - the streamlined PELL MELL Design - "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL is cooler. PELL MELL is smoother. "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, at the very first puff, PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further - filters it naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos. Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke - gives you, at the very first puff, that cool, smooth, mild taste. Advantage yourself: make your very next pack PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Yes, "Wherever particular people congregate," PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... outstanding!

2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN SHOW)

ATX01 0078373

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

NARRATOR: And now back to Frank Morgan as the Fabulous Dr. Tweedy.

MUSIC: TIMOTHY - WELBY THEME (?)

NARRATOR: It is New Year's day. The morning after the night before.

TIMOTHY: (GROANS) Ohhhhhh, my head. Stand back, Welby. I think
my head's going to explode.

WELBY: Anti-freeze is all right, but one radiator is enough for
anybody. When you finished that old Cadillac you should
have went to bed. But did you? No. You had to drain
that jeep as a chaser.

TIMOTHY: You better be nice to me. I know where there's a Mack
Truck.

WELBY: Oh boy, Timothy. Tell me where is it and I'll let you
throw snowballs at me.

TIMOTHY: Let me throw the snowballs first. Look out!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE - BLOCK

WELBY: Owww. You're putting rocks in 'em again.

TIMOTHY: Sure. That's what makes them sting.

WELBY: Yeah? I'll show you. Look out!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE - SLUSHY SNOWBALL (NO ROCK)

TIMOTHY: (LAUGHS) I couldn't even feel that.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE - BLOCK

TIMOTHY: Owwwwwwwww.

WELBY: Fooled you, didn't I? I thrung the snowball first and
then the rock.

TIMOTHY: You better be nice to me. Did I ever tell you I'm a
prizefighter?

WELBY: Aw nuts.

TIMOTHY: I've had eighty seven fights so far. Not many guys last that long. They go crazy. You know - punch drunk. And when they're really gone they hear bells all the time. Answer the phone, Welby.

WELBY: What phone?

TIMOTHY: Don't you hear it ringing?

WELBY: No.

TIMOTHY: Oh. It was probably Western Union, with a happy birthday telegram for me.

WELBY: Is today your birthday, Timothy?

TIMOTHY: No. But anybody can make a mistake.

WELBY: Aw nuts. Next time I'll answer the phone. Come on. Help me with this wheelbarrow. The Doc said we got to get Sidney moved over to his house today.

TIMOTHY: You know the guys at the Phi Beta Quota house will miss Sidney. All except the treasurer. I'm tired. Let me ride in the wheelbarrow, and you push.

WELBY: Oh no you don't. I give you a ride on Christmas Eve and you kept dragging your head on the ground. You hung over

TIMOTHY: I was the next day, too.

WELBY: Come on ... let's get Sidney's stuff out of the maternity house.

MUSIC:

BASSOON: "HUMORESQUE"

MARY: (COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Yes, Mary?

MARY: I'm glad a certain person who moved into your house today isn't home because I never want to see him again.

TWEEDY: What? You mean Sidney?

ATK01 0078375

MARY: Don't mention his name!

TWEEDY: I know all about it, Mary. Just between friends, do you love him?

MARY: If you mean that certain person .. yes.

TWEEDY: Well why don't you tell him?

MARY: When he comes to me and apologizes for last night and tells me he loves me, then I'll tell him. But not until then. When you see him, will you give him this box?

TWEEDY: It's moving. What's in it?

MARY: Philbert, his pet gopher.

SOUND: BOX BEING OPENED.

GOPHER: SQUEALS .. CHATTERS .. GNASHES TEETH ... (AD LIB THROUGH SCENE)

TWEEDY: Oh. I remember him. A sweet little fellow. Hello there, Philbert.

TWEEDY: Come to Dr. Tweedy, you cute little rascal. Ow! He bit me. I remembered his bark, but I forgot his bite. Why Philbert's naked. What happened to the little football uniform he used to wear?

MARY: Well, the football season is over, and since he's the school mascot he has to have a baseball uniform. See, I finished the pants, and mother's making the sweater for him now.

TWEEDY: How is Mrs. Potts?

MARY: Oh, mother's fine.

TWEEDY: Come on, Philbert. Let's try on your brand new baseball pants. That's right. Now I'll pull your tail right through the hole. Ow! He buries those buck teeth right down to the bone.

MARY: (GOING OFF) Well, I'll be back again as soon as Mother finishes Philbert's little sweater.

BALDY: COMES IN BARKING

TWEEDY: Baldy. Be a good dog. I'd like you to meet the latest addition to our rapidly increasing household. This is Philbert, the gopher.

GOPHER: CHATTERS ... GNASHES TEETH.

TWEEDY: Philbert, this is Baldy, my Old English sheep dog.

BALDY: SNARLS.

TWEEDY: Baldy. Keep your nose away from him. Don't sniff.

BALDY: SNIFFS ... HOWLS WITH PAIN.

TWEEDY: Philbert! Let go of his nose! Come back here! Philbert stop chasing Baldy!

SOUND: DOORBELL ...

TWEEDY: Oh, dear!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

POTTS: Tweedy, my friend. What a beautiful day this is.

TWEEDY: Good afternoon, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Tweedy, I found out something today that makes me the happiest man in the world.

TWEEDY: How long is Mrs. Potts going to be gone?

POTTS: This morning I gave her my checkbook and told her to spend as much as she wanted. Here - have a cigar. Tweedy, guess what I saw Mrs. Potts doing this morning. She was knitting a little sweater. You know what that means. Have another cigar.

TWEEDY: Oh, Mary told me she was knitting the sweater.

POTTS: That's the way it always is. Everybody knows about it before the father. Have a cigar.

ATX01 0078377

TWEEDY: I didn't think you paid any attention to what Mrs. Potts was doing.

POTTS: (CHUCKLES) A blue sweater. I wonder what the little rascal will look like in it.

TWEEDY: Oh, I can tell you, Mr. Potts. Very silly. Great big buck teeth and little brown beady eyes.

POTTS: Hm. Sounds like my father-in-law.

TWEEDY: Chattering, chattering all the time.

POTTS: No. That's my mother-in-law.

TWEEDY: Hairy little ears that come to a point.

POTTS: My wife had a brother -- No, that was his head that came to a point.

TWEEDY: Covered with hair from head to foot, and with a big bushy tail ..

POTTS: Now wait a minute, Tweedy! You are speaking of my son and heir; the latest addition to a long line of Potts.

TWEEDY: Oh no, Mr. Potts. Your wife is knitting a sweater for Philbert the gopher.

POTTS: Gopher? Tweedy. Give me back those cigars.

TWEEDY: What about the checkbook you gave your wife?

POTTS: Don't worry, Tweedy. I'm no fool. I knew the stores were closed today.

MUSIC:

SOUND: DISHES RATTLED

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Welby. Some more clam chowder for Sidney and myself.

WELBY: (OFF) Coming right up, Doc. I'm making a fresh mess.

SIDNEY: Gee, Dr. Tweedy. Life looks a lot better today than it did last night. A nice place to live here. You got me that scholarship. There's only one thing missing.

TWEEDY: Sidney, why don't you change your mind and go over to see Mary?

SIDNEY: No, Dr. Tweedy. It's no use.

TWEEDY: Would it change your mind if you knew that she loves you?

SIDNEY: If I were sure of that, Dr. Tweedy, I'd go to Mary right this minute.

TWEEDY: Well, this afternoon I was putting away t' xedo. I found this note Mary slipped into your last night. Let me read it to you. "Darling: I / what you wanted to ask me tonight. The answer is yes. Money doesn't matter. I love you and I'll never love anyone else but you."

SIDNEY: Gee. Mary wrote that and I walked out on her last night? I've got to go see her! (GOING OFF) Right away.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS - DOOR CLOSE, OFF

WELBY: I heard what you said, Doc. It's sure swell you found that note that Mary wrote to Sidney.

MUSIC: SNEAK IN "AULD LANG SYNE"

TWEEDY: Mary didn't write that note to Sidney. Another girl wrote it twenty-five years ago. To me. She must have slipped it into my tuxedo pocket. It's been there all this time, and I just found it this afternoon.

WELBY: Oh, gee ... that's ... you must have ... Would you like some coffee, Doc?

TWEEDY: Yes, thank you, Welby. Let's have it here by the tree.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW #31

-19-

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute, but first,
here is Don Hancock!
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0078380

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THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #31.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: "Whereever particular people congregate," PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... outstanding!

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Yes, for two outstanding reasons ... One - PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES are made from PELL MELL'S

traditionally fine imported and domestic tobaccos.

And - two - PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke

further over the longer route of PELL MELL'S

traditionally fine tobaccos - it filters the smoke -

gives you, at the very first puff, that cool, smooth,

mild taste.

2ND ANNR: No wonder PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are outstanding!

1ST ANNR: On land!

2ND ANNR: In the air!

1ST ANNR: On the sea!

2ND ANNR: Yes, "Whereever particular people congregate," - PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... outstanding!

1ST ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself: make your very next pack PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 007B3B1

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the Technicolor musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week ...

MORGAN: My topic for today is glamour .. a glamour girl is one who has what it takes to take what you have! ... Which brings me to my thought for the week. When some girls are good, they're very, very good, but when they're bad, they're better! ... Oh, no! (LAUGHS) Goodnight! (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell. "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts.

This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show, directed by Glenhall Taylor and produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK • WOLFESENAM 2-6000

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY REVISION: REVISED NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: FALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR- APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST
 ETTES
DATE: JAN. 8, 1947 - PROGRAM #32 REPEAT: _____

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

As Broadcast

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-off.

ATX01 0078383

I OPENING NEW YORK

SOUND: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's that mean? What's the idea of those whistles?

ANNOUNCER: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

SOUND: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

ANNOUNCER: ... travels the smoke further ...

SOUND: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HIESTAND: Starring, FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

MUSIC: LAUGHTER - APPLAUSE - FANFARE

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he
is ... FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Well, good evening. Last week was the coldest of many
winters all over the country, and I just can't help
feeling sorry for the Democrats. After all, it's their
first winter out in 14 years. According to reports, the
snow flew in Maine and the snow flew in Texas. In
Washington the fur flew. It was so cold in my house,
when I switched on the radio it went (SNEEZE) ... It was
the first time Portia ever faced life with a hot water
bottle. Excuse me while I get defrosted.

MUSIC: APPLAUSE - PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," but first a word from New York.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0078384

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, those whistles help explain why
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! You see, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.
No wonder PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself: make your very next pack PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

ATX01 0078385

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher with Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

BASSOON: MOZART'S TURKISH MARCH FROM SONATA IN "A" ... (LEGITIMATE)
... ESTABLISH AND CARRY UNDER TO NEXT BASSOON CUE.

HIESTAND: Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, doctor of philosophy and dean of men at Potts College, is a devotee of the bassoon. It is a musical instrument which is extremely difficult to play. Dr. Tweedy's old English sheepdog, Baldy, wishes it were impossible.

BASSOON: SWELL AND HIT ASSORTED CLINKERS

BALDY: HOWLS IN AGONY.

SOUND: LOUD THUMPING ON WOOD

TWEEDY: Baldy! Stop beating your head against the wall. My bassoon playing isn't that bad.

BALDY: GROANS AND BARKS "PHOOIE"

TWEEDY: And stop sneering. You look almost human. Now you sit here beside my chair and I'll play you some beautiful music.

BALDY: BARKS "OH-OH" ...

TWEEDY: Now listen.

BASSOON: LOW NOTE

BALDY: SINGS SAME NOTE

TWEEDY: (SURPRISED) Baldy!

BASSOON: LOW NOTE

BALDY: SINGS SAME NOTE

BASSOON: TWO NOTES

BALDY: SINGS SAME TWO NOTES

TWEEDY: Well, Baldy! You're singing!

BASSOON: FIVE NOTE STRAIN

BALDY: SINGS SAME FIVE NOTES

TWEEDY: (DELIGHTED) Well Baldy! You can sing. You're a singing dog. Let's try "Shortnin' Bread." Who's Nelson Eddy! I can see it now. The Metropolitan Opera Company presents Caruso Baldy. With all that hair you'll be perfect for "The Barber of Seville."

SOUND: DOORBELL ... FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Why, Miss Kitty Belle, and Colonel Jackson. Won't you come in?

KITTY B: Thank you, Dr. Tweedy. My brother Beauregard and I are so excited about your marvelous idea for forming a little old musical group. (COMES UP FOR AIR) We were talking about it while Beauregard was having his mint julep. But he's only had one. He's turning over a new leaf.

TWEEDY: I know. A mint leaf.

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir, I purchased a new set of mint julep glasses. They're two feet tall.

TWEEDY: Oh my my my. One of those and you don't have to hunt for a lamp-post. You just lean against the glass.

COLONEL: A delightful drink, sir. While making it you drop in a mint leaf every six inches. When the two foot glass is full of that delectable fluid you dust just the suggestion of powdered sugar over the top. Then when you drink it down you know you're really living.

TWEEDY: And ... yes .. everyone else thinks you're dead.

COLONEL: That's the nicest way I can think of to go. And if I go I can take it with me.

KITTY B: (SOUTHERN AND IN ONE BREATH) Dr. Tweedy, it's going to be so much fun having these little musical evenings. I just love classical music. My favorite composers are Tschalkowsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Shostakovitch, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky, Dargonijsky, and Hoagy Carmichael. (COMES UP FOR AIR) What are you going to call your little old musical group?

TWEEDY: The Tweedy Chambermusic Society. Now let's bring in Miss Kitty Belle's harp from the porch. Mrs. Appopolous will be here any minute with her flute.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

COLONEL: My, it's dark out here.

TWEEDY: Yes, my porch light is burnt out. Yes. Look out, Colonel! The harp. Your nose. Your --

HARP: GLISSANDO UP AND DOWN - OUT OF TUNE

SOUND: VIBRATOR

COLONEL: Well, the harp's out of tune but my nose is a perfect C sharp.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS -- DOOR CLOSE -- HARP SET DOWN

KITTY B: Now, Dr. Tweedy, if you'll sound your "A", Beauregard will tune up his silver cornet.

BASSOON: "A"

CORNET: OCTAVE RUN -- EVERY NOTE A CLINKER -- LAST NOTE A HICCUP

COLONEL: Great Scot. That mint julep. I shouldn't have drunk the last four inches.

TWEEDY: Yes, well, Colonel, the wind from your coronet is tarnishing my bassoon. Would you mind blowing the other way? Now let's tune up. One, two, three.

ATX01 0078388

BASSOON AND HARP AND CORNET (AD LIB) STOP ON APPOLOUS LINESOUND: DOOR SLAM

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Hold everything, kiddos! Here's Appopolous with her hot flute. Let's jam up the joint.

TWEEDY: Jam? The joint?

MRS. A: Well, certainly, Tweedle, my sweetie, I love to tootle my flootle.

TWEEDY: Yes, well notice how much my bassoon playing has improved in the past few weeks.

BASSOON: CLINKERS

MRS. A: Tweedle, cutie-dumpling. What a sweet bassoon you've got. That's gorgeous.

TWEEDY: I haven't started playing yet! My finger got caught in the valve!

MRS. A: (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Now, Mrs. Appopolous, sound your "A".

MRS. A: I'm all puckered up and ready to let fly. Stand back, Tweedle, or you'll get a showerbath.

FLUTE: SOUR NOTE

TWEEDY: Oh dear, Mrs. Appopolous. I'm afraid you're flat.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. Appopolous has got perfect pitch.

TWEEDY: Yes. Of course you have. And you have a delightful tremolo.

MRS. A: Tweedle! Tootsie! Keep talking. I love it!

TWEEDY: (CHANGING SUBJECT) Er - Mrs. Appopolous. Did you notice you have several full notes here?

MRS. A: Notes to you too. Let's play.

SOUND: BATON ON MUSIC STAND

RTX01 007B389

BALDY: HOWLS DURING FOLLOWING MUSIC

MUSIC: POTTS CHAMBERMUSIC SOCIETY IN ACTION ... INTO BRIDGE

COLONEL:

KITTY B: (AD LIB "GOODNIGHT")

MRS. A:

TWEEDY: Goodnight. Goodnight everybody.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TWEEDY: Well, the first rehearsal of the Tweedy Chambermusic Society has come to an end.

WELBY: Thank heavens.

TWEEDY: Oh. Welby. I didn't see you standing there. Where's Baldy?

WELBY: Out in the backyard. He dug a hole and buried his head in it.

TWEEDY: How is he breathing?

WELBY: Doc, if I knew that, I'd bury my head.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Poor Baldy. I'll have to get him some earmuffs like you're wearing.

WELBY: Oh, doc. I come in to tell you Mr. Potts is at the back door.

TWEEDY: Thank you, Welby. I'll go see what he wants.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS -- DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Good evening, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Tweedy. I came to see you because I have a big problem on my hands.

TWEEDY: How is Mrs. Potts? (AD LIB)

POTTS: Who cares? This is a new problem. Tweedy, it's my duty as chairman of the board of trustees to see to it that we have a good basketball team. Three weeks ago we suffered a very humiliating defeat at the hands of Bullfinch.

ATX01 0078390

TWEEDY: But our boys put up a great fight. Once they even got the ball. I thought it was a moral victory. We held them down to eighty-five points - to our nothing.

POTTS: This morning the army discharged one of the finest basketball players in the country; this afternoon he enrolled here. Tomorrow night Bullfinch will get a big surprise. (CALLS) Dribble. Oh, Dribble. Come over here.

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSE OFF - SLOW PONDEROUS FOOTSTEPS COMING IN

TWEEDY: Oh no. That's the biggest surprise I've ever seen. What is - I mean who is it?

POTTS: Tweedy, this is Dribble Jones. He stands seven feet two inches in his stocking feet. And when he plays he wears built-up tennis shoes. Dribble, this is Dr. Tweedy.

DRIBBLE: Where?

TWEEDY: Here I am. Down here.

DRIBBLE: Oh. Down there. Hy, Dr. Seedy.

TWEEDY: I - It's Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. PhD. Dean of men.

POTTS: Tweedy, I want Dribble to stay here with you until the game tomorrow night. Take good care of him and see to it that nothing happens to Dribble. We can't win without him.

TWEEDY: Don't you worry, Mr. Potts. I'll take care of everything. He can double up with Sidney in his room. Nothing is going to happen to Dribble.

POTTS: If anything does happen to him, you'll have me to face.

TWEEDY: What a horrible thought.

POTTS: Yes, well keep it in mind, Tweedy. Goodnight. (GOING OFF) Goodnight, Dribble.

ATX01 0078391

TWEEDY: Goodnight.

DRIBBLE: Don't worry about the game, Mr. Potts. It's in the bag. There'll be good news tomorrow night.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM - CAR DRIVES OFF

TWEEDY: Goodnight. Where's your luggage, Dribble?

DRIBBLE: All I've got is this basketball. I'm a dribbling fool.

SOUND: BASKETBALL BOUNCED ON CEMENT

TWEEDY: Oh, that looks like fun. Let me try bouncing it.

DRIBBLE: Sure. Here's the ball, Dr. Peedy.

TWEEDY: The name is Tweedy. Is this the way you do it?

SOUND: BASKETBALL BOUNCED ON CEMENT - HITS HIM IN FACE

TWEEDY: Owwww.

DRIBBLE: Hey, that's pretty tricky dribbling. I never saw anybody bounce it with his face before.

TWEEDY: Well, I didn't mean to. Now we'll pretend the front of the garage there is the basket. Now just watch me sink this shot, Dribble.

SOUND: BALL MAKES THREE CUSHION SHOT

TWEEDY: The garage moved. Where did the ball go?

DRIBBLE: It's over there in that second story window box next door.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL UNDER NEXT SPEECH

TWEEDY: Hmmm. I could ring the doorbell and tell Mrs. Appopolous there's a basketball in her flowerbox. Er - no. I guess it's late. Boost me up, Dribble.

DRIBBLE: (GRUNTS AS HE LIFTS TWEEDY UP) Ouch! Dr. Deedy! You're standing on my ears.

TWEEDY: Sorry. I'll step down to your shoulders. Ah, here's the basketball. Nestled in the dead petunias.

SOUND: WINDOW RAISED

ATX01 0078392

MRS. A: Tweedle, my sweetie! A second story man!

TWEEDY: (AD LIB) Good evening, Mrs. Appopolous. I thought you were in bed.

MRS. A: How romantic. Gazing at each other through the dead petunias.

TWEEDY: It's a bit embarrassing. You see, I was looking for a basketball ... believe it or not...

MRS. A: Don't make excuses, Tweedle, tootsie-wootsie. I love it. Just like Romeo and Juliet. You're chinning yourself on my balcony. What are you standing on?

TWEEDY: A tall friend of short acquaintance.

COLONEL: (OFF) I'm coming, Mrs. Appopolous.

SOUND: TWO PISTOL SHOTS

MRS. A: (EXCITED) Oh Tweedle. I heard noises and called Colonel Jackson. Oh! How sad. I didn't know it was you out here. You're looking at an unhappy Greek.

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

MRS. A: He's coming with duelling pistols to save me.

SOUND: TWO SHOTS

DRIBBLE: So long, Dr. Weedy.

TWEEDY: Dribble! Don't run away! Don't leave me hanging here!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

TWEEDY: Oops! I'm hanging here.

COLONEL: (OFF) Don't worry, Mrs. Appopolous. I'll kill all four of those men hanging from the window box.

TWEEDY: Four men? Oh no. He's had another two foot mint julep. Balls of fire!

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #32.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: ... It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: No wonder PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...
1ST ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: That's right, ladies and gentlemen - if you're still
smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes, you owe it to
yourself to make this little experiment ... Try lighting
a PELL MELL. Chances are, you'll unconsciously hold the
flame a half-inch closer to your face than you have to -
a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL! ...
Yes, you'll discover for yourself PELL MELL'S
distinguished length - and its advantages ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN
SHOW)

ATX01 0078395

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the Fabulous Dr. Tweedy.

MUSIC: WELBY - TIMOTHY THEME

HIESTAND: Last night things were pretty much up in the air,
including Dr. Tweedy. Today Dr. Tweedy's manservant,
Welby Skinkle, is telling his very dear friend, the
houseboy at the Phi Beta Quota fraternity house, all
about it.

WELBY: Boy, Timothy, I want to tell you about last night. As
soon as I finished the ironing I rushed right over here
to the maternity house.

TIMOTHY: Sit down, Welby, and tell me all the juicy de-tails.

WELBY: Okay, but I can only stay a minute. It was more ... What
are you doing with them long needles?

TIMOTHY: I'm knitting myself a sweater. So I'll be warm and cozy
when we go out to play in the snow.

WELBY: Well you got the perfect shape for a sweater. Let me
tell you about last night. I rushes out and there was
the Doc, hanging from Mrs. Appopolous' window box. On
the second floor.

TIMOTHY: Heavens to Betsy! Go on!

WELBY: Colonel Jackson is shooting off his duelling pistols
and the Doc was scared stiff.

TIMOTHY: Oh mercy. I'd be scared too.

WELBY: Well he wasn't scared of the Colonel. That Mrs.
Appopolous was trying to drag him in the window.

TIMOTHY: Oh nuts. I got so excited I dropped a stitch.

WELBY: I didn't hear nothin'.

TIMOTHY: Well, I dropped it. That's enough of the gossip. We've got work to do. Mr. Potts wants you and me to guard the athletic trophies in the administration building. He's afraid the Bullfinchers will swipe them before the big game tonight.

WELBY: Yeah. I remember. Like they done three weeks ago. Let's get going. I got my wheel-barrow parked in front of a fire plug. I don't want to get a ticket.

TIMOTHY: Welby, we can stop for some refreshments on the way.

WELBY: Yeah. It's cold out. I could use a slug of anti-freeze.

TIMOTHY: You know something? I found an old Pierce Arrow. Nobody has drained the anti-freeze out of that radiator since 1926.

WELBY: Oh boy. Vintage stuff. Where's the pliers and Dixie cups?

TIMOTHY: Here you are, Welby. And just in case those Bullfinchers try to steal any trophies tonight, here's our baseball bats.

WELBY: Oh boy, lemme show you what I'd do to one of them guys. Turn your head a little bit. That's right.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE .. BASEBALL BAT AGAINST TWO-BY-FOUR

TIMOTHY: Well, what are we waiting for? Go ahead and hit me on the head.

WELBY: Aw nuts. I just bopped you.

TIMOTHY: (LAUGHS) Now it's my turn to pretend I'm defending the trophies. The first one that yells ouch is a sissy. Stick out your head.

SOUND: SAME EFFECT

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Well look at me bounce. Must be them rubber heels I'm wearing. Now it's my turn, Timothy. Hold your head still.

SOUND: SAME EFFECT -- BIRD WHISTLE

TIMOTHY: Did you hear that little bird singing, Welby? I'm a nature lover. I'm crazy about birds.

WELBY: I'm getting a little headache. Must have been something I et. But I didn't hear no bird.

TIMOTHY: Turn your head a little bit more and you will.

SOUND: SAME EFFECT - BIRD WHISTLE

WELBY: Oh Timothy. Now that's beautiful. Can you see the bird?

TIMOTHY: No. I see nothing but stars. Let's practice defending the trophies some more.

WELBY: Okay. I love them birds.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE ... BASEBALL BAT AGAINST TWO-BY-FOUR ...
BIRD WHISTLE ... REPEAT INTO MUSIC

MUSIC: _____

SOUND: KEY IN LOCK -- DOOR OPEN -- FOOTSTEPS

BALDY: FRIENDLY BARK

TWEEDY: Good old Baldy. Always sitting at the front door waiting for me to come home. What have you been doing?

BALDY: YAWNS

TWEEDY: Oh. Yes. It's late and Sidney isn't home yet. I'd better turn on the lights in the living room.

SOUND: CLICK

MARY & SID: Dr. Tweedy!!!

TWEEDY: Oops! Mary and Sidney. I'm sorry! Sidney. Your nose is bleeding. Oh no, it's lipstick. What are you two doing sitting in the dark?

MARY: Well, you see, Dr. Tweedy, I got this wrist watch for Christmas. It has a radium dial you can see in the dark and Sidney and I wanted to see what time it was.

TWEEDY: Oh. Well what time is it?

SIDNEY: (SERIOUS) Gee whizz, Dr. Tweedy!!

MARY: (EMBARRASSED) We were talking.

TWEEDY: I didn't hear anything ... I must have come in during a lull in the conversation.

MARY: (QUICKLY) What we're talking about was a couple of weeks ago the kids from Bullfinch U stole our athletic trophies and we're afraid they'll try it again tonight.

TWEEDY: I remember how mad that made Mr. Potts the last time. Why don't you two go get them and bring them here for safekeeping?

SIDNEY: (OBLIVIOUS) Gee. Dr. Tweedy, aren't Mary's lips beautiful? Would you mind turning off the lights on your way out, Dr. Tweedy?

MARY: Yes. Would you mind turning off the lights on your way out, Dr. Tweedy? We only have an hour before the basketball game starts.

TWEEDY: H'm. I understand. You have so much to talk over. I'll get Dribble to bring the trophies over here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Dribble. Is that you out there in the garage?

DRIBBLE: (OFF) Yes, Dr. Beedy.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL

DRIBBLE: I'm playing with this little gopher. You know, the school mascot.

PHILBERT: CHATTERS ... SQUEALS ... GNASHES TEETH.

TWEEDY: Oh ... That's little Philbert the gopher. How are you tonight?

PHILBERT: CHATTERS "FINE"

TWEEDY: You like being out of your cage, don't you Philbert?

PHILBERT: CHATTERS "OH BOY" (AD LIB)

TWEEDY: Isn't he a cute little rascal? Come here, Philbert.
Owwwww!

DRIBBLE: (LAUGHS) He bit you.

TWEEDY: (MAD) I know it! He always bites me.

PHILBERT: LICKS TWEEDY

TWEEDY: Ohhh. Look. Now he's sorry. He's licking the wound.
Owwwwwww! He bit me again.

DRIBBLE: Let me hold him.

TWEEDY: Here. But keep him away from your basketball. He might chew it. He might bite...

SOUND: BASKET BALL EXPLODES

TWEEDY: He bit it. Oh dear. Where's Philbert?

PHILBERT: CHATTERS

TWEEDY: Oh. There you are. Blew you right back in your cage. That will teach you to keep your big buck teeth out of basketballs. (REMEMBERS) Basketball. Game. Athletic trophies. Dribble, I want you to go over to the administration building, get the athletic trophies and bring them here. I want to be sure nobody steals them.

DRIBBLE: But what if somebody at the administration building thinks I'm stealing them? I'm new around here.

TWEEDY: Oh there won't be anyone guarding those athletic trophies. That's why I want to lock them up in my garage. Just be very careful and don't get into any trouble. We need you to win that basketball game.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAM ... MOTOR START

DRIBBLE: Those trophies are as good as in the garage right now, Dr. Needy.

TWEEDY: Good. And I'm not Needy. I'm Seedy. I mean, Tweedy.

SOUND: CAR DRIVE OFF

TWEEDY: (CALLS) I'll meet you at the game.

MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO COLLEGE BAND MUSIC

CAST: AD LIB CROWD EFFECT

MARY: (CHEER LEADER) All right, gang. We'll show those Bullfinchers who's going to win this basketball game. Let's start off with a Potts skyrocket.

CAST: SSSSSSSSS! BOOOOOOOOM! AHHHHHHHHH! POTTS! (CHANTING)
POTTS! POTTS! POTTS! POTTS! POTTS! POTTS! POTTS!

MARY: (YELLS) He isn't here yet, but how about a cheer for our new center, Dribble Jones?

CAST: (LOCOMOTIVE CHEER) Yeah, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble, Dribble.

MUSIC: BAND SWELLS AND UNDER VERY SOFT

SIDNEY: Hey, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Yes Sidney?

SIDNEY: Take a look at our mascot, Philbert the gopher, in his new uniform. Yellow jersey and purple trunks with a hole for the tail. And little tiny tennis shoes.

PHILBERT: CHATTERS ... SQUEALS ... GNASHES TEETH

POTTS: Take him away .. He looks like something left over from my New Year's Eve. Have you seen Dr. Tweedy?

SIDNEY: Sure, Mr. Potts. There he is coming in the other side of the gym.

CAST: Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy. Rah, rah, rah!

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Did you hear that, Mr. Potts? They cheered me when I came in.

POTTS: Are you sure it wasn't the Bullfinch cheering section, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: What a thrill, Mr. Potts. Tonight we win our first basketball game. At last. Potts triumphant!

POTTS: Ah, yes. This is a great day for Potts. And a personal triumph for me. I was shrewd enough to enroll Dribble Jones. And tonight those Bullfinch kids won't steal our athletic trophies again.

TWEEDY: No. I've seen to that.

POTTS: No. I've seen to that. I ordered Welby and Timothy to stand guard over them. And you know what they'd do to anyone who tried to take them. (LAUGHS) They've each got a baseball bat.

TWEEDY: They have. (LAUGHS) They've each got a baseball bat. And I sent Dribble Jones over there to - to - Oh no.

POTTS: Tweedy! You didn't ...

TWEEDY: You'd be surprised. I did.

POTTS: My brand new tall center. After they get through with him with those baseball bats he'll be a foot shorter.

SIDNEY: (COMING IN - FAST) Excuse me, Dr. Tweedy. Will you hold Philbert? (GOING OFF) I have to help Mary lead the next cheer.

ATX01 0078402

PHILBERT: CHATTERS ... SQUEALS ...

TWEEDY: Oh dear. What'll I do with him? Er - uh - oh. Here Philbert. Get into this big wooden box.

SOUND: BOX OPEN AND CLOSE

POTTS: Tweedy. This is too much. I can't stand any more.

TWEEDY: Well sit down, Mr. Potts.

CAST: WE WANT DRIBBLE. WE WANT DRIBBLE. WE WANT DRIBBLE.
POTTS! POTTS! POTTS! WE WANT DRIBBLE (REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES)

TWEEDY: (VERY SURPRISED) Here comes Dribble now. And he's as tall as he was before.

DRIBBLE: (COMING IN) Hy Mr. Potts and Dr. Reedy. By the way Dr. Seedy, those trophies are safe in your garage. I'm a little late because I stopped to watch a couple of guys standing beside the trophies beating each other over the head with baseball bats and talking about birds.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Welby and Timothy play so rough.

DRIBBLE: They didn't even see me taking the trophies.

POTTS: Never mind, Tweedy. Give Dribble a ball and let's start the game.

TWEEDY: Certainly, Mr. Potts. Nothing can happen now to stop this game. Where are the basketballs?

POTTS: They're all in that box right there.

TWEEDY: In there? In that box? Well I'll take one out and -- In that big wooden box? But I put Philbert the gopher in there! He bites basketballs!

SOUND: EXPLODING BASKETBALLS

TWEEDY: Oh no. Oh no. I've done it again.

MRS. A: Hey! Tweedle, tootsie-wootsie.

ATX01 0078403

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. You brought it.

MRS. A: Yes. Your basketball. You left it in my flower box
last night.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. I could kiss you.

MRS. A: Let's have it, Tweedle my Sweetie. Pucker up!
(BIG KISS)

TWEEDY: Oh, no!

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute, but first,
here is Ernest Chappel! .

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: Which means ... PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
No wonder PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...
2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself: make your very next pack PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
2ND ANNR: (ECHO CHAMBER) "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the Technicolor musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week ...

MORGAN: My topic for today is horses - fast horses, that is. But no horse can go as fast as the money you bet on him! Which brings me to my thought for the week ... bulls and bears aren't responsible for nearly as many stock losses as bum steers! Oh, dear! (LAUGHS) Goodnight folks! (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell.

Also in our cast were Gale Gordon, William Johnstone, Sarah Selby, Lou Merrill, Sara Berner, Pinto Colvig, Barbara Eiler, Sam Edwards, Vance Colvig and George Mann. "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts.

This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show, directed by Glenhall Taylor and produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood. THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0078407

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 7-6690

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

REVISION: _____

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR-
ETTES

APPROVAL: _____

FINAL

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

DATE: JAN. 15, 1947 PROGRAM #33

REPEAT: _____

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-off.

ATX01 0078408

OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's that mean? What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: THEME ... FADE FOR

HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HIESTAND: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: And that's me, too!

MUSIC: LAUGHTER ... APPLAUSE ... FANFARE ...

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he
is ... FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Good evening. Here it is midwinter and I keep thinking
of Admiral Byrd and his new expedition. The Admiral
is so far South, even our own Colonel Beauregard O.
Jackson doesn't know where he is. That might be a good
spot for Senator Bilbo. But it's a rugged life down
there. It's a long draw to the pole, a long draw back
and a long draw home. In fact, the entire expedition
will be noted for its long draws. Incidentally, I hope
the admiral hasn't forgotten to wear his. Well, I'll
be back in a minute.

MUSIC: APPLAUSE - PLAYOFF

ATX01 0078409

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" ... And now to New York
SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL

ATX01 0078410

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HISTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous
Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher,
featuring Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HISTAND: Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, doctor of philosophy and dean of
men, is the most popular teacher at Potts College.
However, he is a strict disciplinarian and insists upon
perfect classroom behavior.

TWEEDY: (ICY SARCASTIC) Now students - and I use the word very
loosely - I trust I have made myself clear. In the
future I want quiet in this classroom. I want to be
able to hear a pin drop. Mary Potts, do you have a
pin?

MARY: Well - er - yes, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Let me have it.

MARY: Well - er -- all right, Dr. Tweedy. But I'll have to
step in the cloak room to get it.

TWEEDY: Er - never mind. I just wanted to hear it drop.

MARY: Well, if I took the pin out, they would. (QUICKLY)
I mean I've got my mittens pinned to my coat.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well when I was a boy I had a string running
through my sleeves to hold up my mittens... my mittens
... And another thing, students, when the class bell
rings I'd appreciate it if you would remain in your
seats until I have had the opportunity to say --

SOUND: CLASS BELL ... THUNDERING HERD RUSHES OUT ... DOOR SLAM

TWEEDY: Class dismissed. Mary. Why are you still sitting there?

MARY: Dr. Tweedy. I had a pin but I just found out I lost it.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Here's my stick pin. I wouldn't want you to lose your mittens. Ahem. I'd better hurry to the cafeteria. This is chocolate pudding day. My favorite dessert.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN...FOOTSTEPS UNDER NEXT SOUND CUE

BALDY: FRIENDLY BARK

TWEEDY: Baldy. You're a bad dog. Always following me to school. I told Welby not to let you out of the house.

BALDY: SNARLS

TWEEDY: What's that in your mouth? Oh my. The seat of Welby's pants. With his wallet in it. I hope he doesn't try to go anywhere. He won't have any money. Come along, Baldy. You can sit outside the cafeteria while I'm eating.

BALDY: ENTHUSIASTIC BARKING

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir. Wait for me.

TWEEDY: Colonel Jackson. (SNIFFS) Oh dear. You've had another accident in the chemistry laboratory. I could smell you coming.

COLONEL: My apparatus blew up. I was working on a secret experiment -- making synthetic garlic. Very hush-hush.

TWEEDY: Very pow-pew. You'll never keep that a secret.

TWEEDY: Stand back. What a perfume. Repel No. 5.

BALDY: BARKS "WHEW!"

TWEEDY: Baldy, stop holding your nose. You don't have to imitate everything I do.

ATX01 0078413

BALDY: DISGUSTED GROWL

TWEEDY: Baldy, you stay right here. Dogs aren't allowed inside the cafeteria.

BALDY: WHINES.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN ... CAFETERIA EFFECTS

CAST: LIGHT AD LIBS

TWEEDY: Good afternoon, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: Come on, boys. Get in line. Today I'm dishing it out. Pottsie College has the most beautiful cafeteria cook in the world. Me. Lysistrata Appopolous. I'm gorgeous.

TWEEDY: Ah, Mrs. Appopolous, what a sad day it would be if I didn't see your lovely face beaming over the steaming sauerkraut.

MRS. A: Tweedle, my sweetie!

COLONEL: Mrs. Appopolous, permit me the pleasure of kissing the hand of our gracious and vivacious hostess.

MRS. A: (SNIFFS) Colonel, tootsie-wootsie, you smell ravishing. Just like a Greek meatball!

TWEEDY: Where's the chocolate pudding?

MRS. A: Everybody is crazy for my pudding. But when I'm making pudding I can't wear a tight girdle which is choking me. So, no girdle today. I'm footloose and loose all over. You're looking at a happy Greek. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Yes, well where's that Greek chocolate pudding?

MRS. A: Sorry kids. Today the puddings went like hotsy-totsy cakes. There's only one left.

TWEEDY: That's enough. Where's a spoon?

ATX01 0078414

COLONEL: Great scot. Only one? Keep your hands off, Dr. Tweedy Mrs. Appopolous, may I say your beauty is most distracting. Your features are as delicate as a sweet magnolia bud shyly opening in the jasmine scented moonlight. You remind me of honey suckle blossoms and Spanish moss gracefully hanging from the cypress trees and swaying in the soft warm breeze. I'm from the South, you know.

MRS. A: (AMAZED) No. I could have sworn you were from Brooklyn. Tweedle my sweetie, you're the man for me. I'm giving you the chocolate pudding.

TWEEDY: (NEEDLING LAUGH) Have some stewed prunes, Colonel.
(LAUGH PETERS OUT) Er - I'd better eat my lunch over there with Mr. Potts.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: Well, hello, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: (GROANS) Hello, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Having a nice lunch? Oh. A cracker and milk.

POTTS: My stomach is killing me. I feel terrible. I have to put up with more than mortal man can bear.

TWEEDY: How is Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: Please, Tweedy. Don't kick a man when he's down.
Tweedy. That chocolate pudding is the first thing I've seen that appealed to me. Do you mind?

TWEEDY: I certainly do. That's the last one.

POTTS: Let go of it, Tweedy. Remember. I'm chairman of the board of trustees and your employer. Read your contract.

TWEEDY: Does the small print say you can steal my chocolate pudding?

POTTS: It does.

BALDY: (COMING IN) BARKS.

TWEEDY: Baldy! I told you not to come into the cafeteria.

CAT: (COMING IN) SNARLS AND SPITS

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Here comes the cafeteria tomcat, Acropolis.

BALDY: BARKS AND SNARLS

TWEEDY: Sht! Sht! Scat!

POTTS: Get your dog out of here, Tweedy!

BALDY & CAT: (FIGHT) (WE'LL WORK IT OUT)

TWEEDY: (DURING FIGHT) Baldy, let go of Acropolis! Acropolis! Let go of Baldy! Baldy, let go of me! Ow! Acropolis Mrs. Appopolous, call Acropolis!

POTTS: Tweedy!

SOUND: DISHES BROKEN DURING FIGHT

MUSIC: _____

SOUND: KNOCKS -- DOOR OPEN

SIDNEY: (COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy. I'm sorry to disturb you here in your office, but --

TWEEDY: Oh, now that's all right, Sidney. Come in, sit down.

SIDNEY: Dr. Tweedy, I want you to take back this money you left on my dresser this morning. I don't need it. And besides, you've done enough for me. I mean, letting me live at your house and getting that scholarship for me.

TWEEDY: Well, I thought you might like to take Mary out dancing or something. Keep the money. We both belong to Phi Beta Quota. Call it a loan from a fraternity brother.

SIDNEY: (AMUSED) Dr. Tweedy, are you kidding? Fraternity brothers wouldn't lend each other a nickel. All they do is borrow neckties from each other.

TWEEDY: Yes, so I see. But my ascot doesn't go very well with that red flannel shirt.

SIDNEY: Yeah. Well I got dressed in a hurry. But I can't take this money, Dr. Tweedy. I wouldn't feel right about it.

TWEEDY: Well Sidney. You live at my house now. It's your home. Other students get money from home.

SIDNEY: That's different. They get the money from their folks.

TWEEDY: You told me you considered me your best friend.

SIDNEY: That's just it. Guys don't mind taking money from their father, but you can't do a thing like that to your best friend.

TWEEDY: Sidney. Your father should be the best friend.

SIDNEY: What's the use of talking, Dr. Tweedy. I don't have a father or mother. But I get along okay. The older I get, the less I miss having a family.

TWEEDY: Perhaps you're right, Sidney. But the older I get the more I miss having a family.

SIDNEY: Yeah. I guess we're both in the same boat. It's kinda lonesome.

TWEEDY: Yes. That's right. That's about it. But there was one night some time ago when I didn't feel that way. The night I went to the Fathers and Sons banquet with you as your father. Remember? I liked that.

SIDNEY: Yeah. I liked that too.

TWEEDY: Sidney. I've been thinking about this for a long time. How would you like to put that arrangement on a permanent basis?

ATX01 0078417

SIDNEY: Permanent? What do you mean, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY: The father and son part. I suppose I'd have to go through a lot of red tape to adopt you, but if you like the idea I can do it.

SIDNEY: Gee, Dr. Tweedy. You mean you want to do that for me?

TWEEDY: For both of us. But when it's all over, you'll have a father. And I'll have a son.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: (SNEAK)

BALDY: (BARKS)

WELBY: (SINGS ... AD LIBS) Tea for two and two for tea, a dogbiscuit for you and one for me. (MUNCHING CRACKER)
Them dog biscuits is delicious.

BALDY: (GROWLS)

WELBY: Stop it! Don't get tough with me, Baldy. Remember
When you bit me this morning I bit you right back. I'm
still spitting out hair.

BALDY: WHIMPERS THROUGHOUT SCENE

WELBY: All right, I know. That tomcat certainly made a mess
out of you. Stop licking my face. When the Doc comes
home he'll blame me for letting you out, too. I ain't
never seen nothing so beat up since I was married.
Now, Baldy, hold still. I got to fix ya with this
stuff. Never mind. I wonder what this stuff is. This
will hurt a little maybe. It says medicinal alcohol.

SOUND: BOTTLE EMPTIED

WELBY: Now. That is delicious.

TWEEDY: (COMING IN - CALLS) Welby. Welby. I have a surprise for you. Here's the seat of your pants. Have you missed it yet?

WELBY: I sure have. Thanks, Doc. I'm infernally grateful to you. For a while I thought the bottom had dropped out of everything.

TWEEDY: Just remember. Always look at the sunnyside. Welby, I want you to be the first to know. Today I have taken the big step.

WELBY: Doc! You got married?

TWEEDY: No. No, Welby. I didn't get married. But I am going to have a son.

WELBY: Doc! You found a shortcut?

TWEEDY: Well, in a way, Welby. You see, there's a certain young man living here in the house to whom I've become very attached. I've decided to adopt him and make him my son. It's something I've wanted to do for a long time, Welby.

WELBY: Oh, Doc. Six months ago I was nothing but a bum. You made me a gentleman's gentleman. And now you're gonna make me your son! Daddy!!!

TWEEDY: Daddy? Oh no!

WELBY: (GOING OFF) Oh boy! Will Timothy be jealous when I tell him about this. I'm gonna tell everybody.

Goodbye, daddy.

SOUND: BIG POUNDING FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF ... DOOR SLAM OFF

TWEEDY: Welby! No, you don't ... Come back here! Welby!

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE ... RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT STOP ON APPOPOLOUS LINE

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Welby! Welby! Come back here!

MRS. A: Tweedle, my sweetie. What's the rush? Slow down.
You're gonna burn out your bearings.

TWEEDY: Hello, Mrs. Appopolous. I was trying to catch Welby.
Oh well, I guess he'll come home when he gets hungry.
Mrs. Appopolous, I have something to tell you that I
know you'll find very interesting. I have decided to
take the big step. After today I'll no longer be a
lonely bachelor.

MRS. A: Tweedle. You've got my heart beating like a trap-
hammer. Speak up, sugarplumber.

TWEEDY: You've been here only a short time but we've become
very close friends. I want you to share my happiness
with me.

MRS. A: Tweedle, you're cooking on the front burner. Go on.

TWEEDY: You see, I've always wanted a son, and ---

MRS. A: Say no more, dreamboat! The answer is yes. I'll marry
you.

TWEEDY: No, no!

MRS. A: Yes, yes! I've got a great big hope chest, stuffed
full. What a torso I've got.

TWEEDY: But Mrs. Appopolous ---

MRS. A: (GOING OFF) Call the preacher, tootsie-wootsie. I'll
be right back.

TWEEDY: Oh no. I've done it again!

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #33

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: ... It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: That's right, ladies and gentlemen - if you're still
smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes, you owe it to
yourself to make this little experiment ... Try lighting
a PELL MELL. Chances are, you'll unconsciously hold the
flame a half-inch closer to your face than you have to -
a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL! ...
Yes, you'll discover for yourself PELL MELL'S
distinguished length - and its advantages ...
2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK
MORGAN SHOW)

ATX01 0078422

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy.

MUSIC: WELBY-TIMOTHY THEME

HIESTAND: They say ignorance is bliss. And the two happiest intelligentsia on the campus of Potts College are Welby Skinkle and Timothy Muldoon. Timothy is playing in front of the administration building, making a snowman. Correction. Snowwoman.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

WELBY: (COMING IN) Timothy. Timothy Muldoon. Boy, have I got news to tell you. The Doc is gonna ...

TIMOTHY: Look what I'm building, Welby.

WELBY: Yeah. The Doc is gonna ... Ohhhhhhhh. Timothy, that is the biggest, fattest snowwoman I ever seen. Now that is beautiful.

TIMOTHY: Oh boy, Welby. I love to build snowwomen. It's so much fun to stack 'em up.

WELBY: Timothy, she looks like Venuses silo.

TIMOTHY: Hey, how does she look from the other side?

WELBY: Well, Timothy, just between us, I don't think they make slacks that big.

WELBY: Hey, let me pat her a little bit.

TIMOTHY: Keep your big hands off my girl. Did I ever tell you I'm a prizefighter?

WELBY: Aw nuts. Here we go again.

TIMOTHY: I've had eighty-seven fights so far. Not many guys last that long. They go crazy. You know - punch drunk. And when they're really gone they hear bells all the time. Answer the phone, Welby.

ATX01 0078423

WELBY: Nuts. You hear it ringing. You answer it yourself.

TIMOTHY: Oh no. It's probably the telephone company wanting me to pay my bill. But I ain't gonna do it until they install my phone. I'm no fool.

WELBY: You wanna bet? How did I get stuck with you, anyway?

Oh. I know. I come over to tell you something.

(SOBBING) Timothy, the nicest thing happened to me today. The Doc is so crazy about me he wants to adapt me. He's gonna be my daddy and I'm gonna be his baby boy. Here. Timothy, I'm passing out cigar butts.

TIMOTHY: Thanks, Welby. I'm so happy for you. I've got a big lump in my throat.

WELBY: Don't cry, Timothy.

TIMOTHY: I'm not. I swallowed that cigar butt. But, tell me .. why did he adopt you when I'm around? I'm much more lovable than you are.

WELBY: Now that's an insult. Where's some rocks? I'll show you.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE ... BLOCK

TIMOTHY: Owwww.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE ... WINDOW BROKEN

WELBY: Oh. Oh. The window in Mr. Potts' office.

POTTS: (OFF ... BOILING) Welby. Timothy. What are you two numbskulls trying to do?

WELBY: Sorry, Mr. Potts. But don't worry about the window. Daddy will pay for it.

POTTS: (OFF) Daddy? Who's Daddy?

TIMOTHY: Dr. Tweedy. He's gonna be a Daddy.

POTTS: (AMAZED) Tweedy? A Daddy? A Father? Where is Tweedy?

WELBY: He gets so excited.

MUSIC: _____

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: Miss Kitty Belle. Miss Kitty Belle. Have you seen Mrs. Appopolous?

KITTY B: I saw her about half an hour ago, Dr. Tweedy. She was beaming and smiling and looking so happy. She told me she was going downtown to buy a lot of new clothes. She said she needed a lot of those real silky, frilly, feminine, fancy nightgowns.

TWEEDY: Nightgowns. Oh dear. Never mind. I can straighten things out with Mrs. Appopolous later, I hope. But I have some wonderful news to tell you, Miss Kitty Belle. I have decided to take the big step. After today I'll no longer be a lonely bachelor.

KITTY B: Oh you're making my little ol' heart go pitty-pat, pitty-pat, pitty-pat, pitty-pat.

TWEEDY: Yes. We've only known each other a short time but we've become very close friends. I want you to share my happiness with me. You see, I've always wanted a son, and

KITTY B: You can stop right there, Dr. Tweedy. The answer is yes. I'll marry you.

TWEEDY: No! No!

KITTY B: Yes! Yes! And here. I've been saving this kiss for eighteen years. (BIG KISS)

TWEEDY: It wasn't worth it. (EXASPERATED) Why won't anybody let me finish what I'm trying to say!

SOUND: FAST CAR ... BRAKES SQUEAL ... CAR DOOR OPEN AND SLAM

MRS. A: Tweedle! What a two-timer! You and Miss Kitty Belle!
Smooching on the sidewalk! Snaking up the grass!

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, I've been looking all over for you.
(TRIES TO INTERRUPT DURING REST OF SCENE)

MRS. A: Don't try to explain, Tweedle. That Miss Catty Belle
took advantage of you!

KITTY B: I did no such thing, Mrs. Appopolous. Dr. Tweedy and
I are engaged to be married.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast! He asked me to
marry him. Just don't bother Tweedle with your
southern exposure.

TWEEDY: Ladies! All I tried to tell both of you is that I am
adopting a son. If either one of you had let me
finish ...

SOUND: POUNDING FOOTSTEPS COMING IN

WELBY: (COMING IN) Doc. Oh Daddy.

MRS. A. & }
KITTY B: } Daddy?

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Welby, go away. (SEES WAY OUT) No, stay
here, I can use you. Tell the ladies the big news.

WELBY: (SHYLY) Did my new Daddy tell you ladies he's
adopting me?

TWEEDY: What a silly question. I never get a chance to tell
anybody anything.

KITTY B: Dr. Tweedy, are you asking me to be a mother to that
thing? I declare you must be out of your mind. My
answer to your proposal is no. (GOING OFF) Goodbye!

TWEEDY: Now that's too bad. Goodbye Miss Kitty Belle.

ATX01 0078426

WELBY: (SOUR GRAPES) Doc. Is Mrs. Appopolous gonna be my mama? Oh boy. Some mama. I love her chocolate pudding.

MRS. A: Tweedle, I wouldn't mind starting life with three strikes against me, but not with that foul ball. Forget it, kid. (GOING OFF) Appopolous has some silk nightgowns to take back.

TWEEDY: Now that's too bad. Goodbye, Mrs. Appopolous.

WELBY: Don't worry, Doc. You still got me.

TWEEDY: Now you listen to me, Welby. I'm going to finish what I've been trying to say.

POTTS: (COMING IN) Tweedy. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh hello, Mr. Potts. Oh my, you have a black eye. When did Mrs. Potts get back?

POTTS: Welby threw a rock through my window. What is this I hear about you expecting to be a father?

TWEEDY: Oh. You know. It's amazing how those things get around.

POTTS: It's amazing how you get around. Tweedy, I'm profoundly shocked and very angry.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Oh, you're just jealous because I'm going to have a son.

WELBY: Yeah. Have a cigar butt, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: You're not married, are you, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Of course not, Mr. Potts. But things looked bad for a while. I nearly got stuck with two women.

POTTS: Two women? I'm mad right now, Tweedy. (CONFIDENTIALLY) But later on tell me how you do it.

ATX01 0078427

TWEEDY: You see, they both misunderstood my intentions. I didn't want to get married. I was telling them all I wanted was a son.

WELBY: Go on. Have a cigar butt, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Tweedy, I wish you happiness, with your new son.

TWEEDY: Oh thank you, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: And I wish you the best of luck in finding a new job. You're fired.

TWEEDY: Oh thank you, Mr. Potts. I -- (SPUTTERS) Fired?

WELBY: Leave me handle this, Doc. If adopting me is gonna get you canned, I'll make the supreme sacrifice. I hereby resign as your son.

TWEEDY: Welby, I'm touched. But I accept your resignation most eagerly.

WELBY: (SNIFFS) My heart is busted. I'll go let Timothy throw rocks at me. (GOING OFF) It cheers me up.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF

POTTS: You were going to adopt Welby? Tweedy, I apologize. At first I thought you were losing your morals. Now I know you're losing your mind.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts. I'm not adopting Welby. And for once I'm going to finish what I start to say. I am adopting Sidney.

POTTS: You're adopting Sidney? Tweedy, have a cigar.

MUSIC:

SIDNEY: Dr. Tweedy. I'm leaving the house now. I'm picking Mary up at the dormitory at eight.

ATX01 0078428

TWEEDY: Have a nice time on your date tonight, Sidney. Oh.
And here is the money I put on your dresser this
morning. I guess you can accept it now, Sidney. I
mean -- son.

SIDNEY: Thanks a lot Dr. Tweedy. I mean -- Dad.

TWEEDY: It's a little hard to get used to calling each other
that, isn't it -- Sidney.

SIDNEY: Yeah. It sure is.

TWEEDY: Son and Dad are little words, but I guess we're just
finding out how much they mean. Maybe it will be
easier if we slip into it gradually.

SIDNEY: Yeah. I guess so.

TWEEDY: Well, you'd better get going. Mary's waiting for you.

SIDNEY: (GOING OFF) Gee, that's right ... goodnight,
Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Goodnight, Sidney.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE OFF.

TWEEDY: Goodnight, son.

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute with his
thought for the week, but first, here is Don Hancock!
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #33

~~XXXXXX~~

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078431

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the Technicolor musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week

MORGAN: My topic for today is delay. Don't put off 'til tomorrow what you can put off 'til next month ... which brings me to my thought for the week ... sometimes it's good luck to postpone a wedding, if you can keep postponing it. (LAUGHS) Goodnight!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell. Also in our cast were Gale Gordon, William Johnstone, Sarah Selby, Lou Merrill, Sara Berner, Pinto Colvig, Barbara Eiler, and Sam Edwards. "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts.

This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment ...
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show, directed by Glenhall Taylor and produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 007B432

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

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PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST
DATE: JAN. 22, 1947 PROGRAM #34 REPEAT:

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATK01 0078433

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's that mean? What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: (THEME ... FADE FOR ...)

HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HIESTAND: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(LAUGHTER ... APPLAUSE ... FANFARE)

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he
is ... FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Good evening. There is talk that for the local showing.
(Here he is) Yes. Oh now wait a minute. I just flew
in from New York on the Constellation. (I was on the
wrong page.) I just flew in from New York on the
Constellation. It's quite an experience. I left New
York at noon and arrived here at six. My stomach came
in, in time for breakfast. But tonight I can't help
feeling sorry for a friend of mine. He should realize,
though, that into the life of each Durocher comes a
Lorraine Day. (LAUGH)

MUSIC: (APPLAUSE - PLAYOFF)

ATK01 0078434

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" ... And now to New York.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ..

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher featuring Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: (MILTON CROSS) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is John Hiestand. Once again we take you to the campus of Potts College for a rare treat, a program of classical music played by the Tweedy Chambermusic Society.

MUSIC: TWEEDY CHAMBERMUSIC SOCIETY PLAYING "TURKISH MARCH"
GORGED WITH CLINKERS. (FADE)

HIESTAND: The founder of this group is Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men at Potts College, a bassoonist of note.

BASSOON: RUN DOWN TO LOWEST NOTE ... HAS A BLOWOUT

TWEEDY: Excuse me. I think I blew out a gasket.

HIESTAND: Colonel Beauregard C. Jackson, head of the chemistry department and connoisseur of mint juleps, plays the silver cornet.

CORNET: OCTAVE RUN ... EVERY NOTE A CLINKER ... HICCUP ...
FINISH ...

COLONEL: Great day in the morning. The last mint julep must have had yankee bourbon in it.

HIESTAND: Miss Kitty Belle Jackson, the Colonel's sister, plays that celestial instrument, the harp.

HARP: GLISS UP AND DOWN

SOUND: VIBRATOR (HARP STRING BREAKS)

KITTY B: I declare. A broken G-string.

HIESTAND: Last but not least, Mrs. Lysistrata Appopolous, the college dietician, plays the flute.

FLUTE: MELODIOUS STRAIN ... GETS VERY HOT

MRS. A: Boy! Has Appopolous got a hot flute! I'm full of jam. Let's swing it!

TWEEDY: Now, now please. Mrs. Appopolous, we are playing chambermusic. Let's stay out of Lower Basin Street.

MUSIC: QUARTET RESUMES MANGLING MOZART

TWEEDY: Stop! (QUARTET CONTINUES) I said stop! (HARP DROPS OUT) Please! Stop! (FLUTE DROPS OUT) Colonel! (CORNET SEGUES INTO "TURKEY IN THE STRAW") Stop, Colonel! No! (ONE SOUR BLAST AND CORNET STOPS)

COLONEL: I apologize, maestro. Two mint juleps and I begin ad libbing.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well the wind from your cornet is peeling the varnish off my bassoon. Would you mind blowing the other way? Ladies and gentlemen, I hate to say this - but my sensitive ear detected one little note that was off key. Mrs. Appopolous, I'd appreciate it if you'd give me a trill.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. Every note Appopolous blows is beautiful. I love to tootle my flootle. Here, Appopolous, tootsie-wootsie, a trill for you.

FLUTE: SOUR TRILL ... LAST NOTE IS WIND ONLY

TWEEDY: That's the note!

MRS. A: Tweedle, cutie-dumpling, you're right. Appopolous has got hot lips but I can't make a small pucker. A flute sounds better when I'm blowing hot licks through a derby.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. We're playing Mozart, and he doesn't look well in a derby.

MRS. A: Come on, Colonel, kewpie doll. Blow your cornet like the pie-eyed piper. Let's swing on the gate.

TWEEDY: No, no, no. I want Mozart! Now, one, two, three.

MUSIC: CHAMBER MUSIC GROUP STARTS "TURKISH MARCH" INTO BRIDGE

TWEEDY: Make room for my cadenza.

BASSOON: CADENZA

MRS. A., COLONEL, & KITTY B: (AD LIB - BRIDGE)

TWEEDY: Goodbye, goodbye.

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir. May I remind you there's a faculty meeting this afternoon.

TWEEDY: Yes, I'll be there.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WELBY: (COMING IN) Doc. Doc. Look what I caught out in the back yard. He kicked me.

BOY: Let go of my ear.

TWEEDY: Let go of him, Welby.

WELBY: He tied a whole lot of tin cans to the dog's tail. Baldy, come here.

BALDY: COMES IN WHINING

SOUND: TIN CANS BOUNCING AROUND

TWEEDY: Sonny, I'm ashamed of you. I won't tolerate cruelty to dumb animals.

WELBY: Yeah. You hear that? Now, don't kick me in the shins no more.

TWEEDY: Here Baldy. Now stand still while I take these tin cans off.

SOUND: TIN CANS DROP

TWEEDY: There. Now you can wag your tail again.

BALDY: BARKS HAPPILY AND LICKS TWEEDY (REACTS UP TO EXIT)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Stop licking me. Welby, his tail is sore.
Take him out in the kitchen and rub some hand lotion on it.

WELBY: Come on Baldy. It'll make your tail smooth and lovely to look at. (GOING OFF) I wouldn't do this for nobody but you.

TWEEDY: (STERNLY) Now sonny. You've been a bad boy. What's your name?

BOY: What's yours?

TWEEDY: Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, PhD. Dean of -- I asked you first! Why aren't you in school?

BOY: Why aren't you?

TWEEDY: You see my last class was over at noon and -- now you stop that. What were you doing in my back yard?

BOY: I didn't see any "No trespassing" sign.

TWEEDY: Yes, well, then I'll put one up.

BOY: It won't do no good. I can't read.

TWEEDY: Don't they teach you anything in school these days?

BOY: I'm only in kindergarten. How smart do you want me to be?

TWEEDY: You'd be a lot smarter if you were in school when you're supposed to be instead of running around the streets.

BOY: My teacher went to the picture show. She does that all the time and some of us sneak out to play.

TWEEDY: But that's the most disgraceful thing I ever heard of.

BOY: Those are the conditions that prevail. You should see what the other little kids are doing. They're busting windows and whistling at girls.

TWEEDY: They're what?

BOY: Yeah. I don't get it.

TWEEDY: Yes, well wait a year or two. You will. Sonny, I want to see your principal and tell him what I think of this outrage. Whistling at girls.

MUSIC: WOLF WHISTLE BRIDGE

TWEEDY: (THE CRUSADER) Young lady, is this the office of the principal?

MISS R: Yes it is.

TWEEDY: Well I demand an immediate interview! I've gathered enough evidence from the children in this school to have that man dismissed. I warn you I'm very close to violence. Just show me the stupid idiot who runs this school!

MISS R: (SWEETLY) I'm the stupid idiot. I'm the principal.

TWEEDY: Er - (SPUTTERS) - er - I ... I ... you're the principal?

MISS R: Yes. I'm Miss Raymond. You said you were close to violence. What did you have in mind?

TWEEDY: Er - mind. Er - something. Er - oh yes. Miss Raymond. One of your pupils tied a lot of tin cans to my Baldy. My dog. His tail.

MISS R: Really? I feel personally responsible for everything my students do. I'd like to make it up to you.

TWEEDY: You would? Well.

MISS R: Won't you sit down?

TWEEDY: No! No I don't care to sit down! Miss Raymond, my name is Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. PhD.

MISS R: Dr. Tweedy? The distinguished dean of men at Potts College?

TWEEDY: Which chair would you like me to sit in? No! No, no. Miss Raymond, perhaps you can explain why your pupils are running around on the streets while their teacher is off in some picture show.

MISS R: Dr. Tweedy, I'm afraid you don't understand. The teacher you mentioned works as a cashier in that picture show.

TWEEDY: Well, if I were the principal of this school I wouldn't permit it.

MISS R: I have to permit it. Their salaries as teachers are not enough to live on. Either I let them take outside jobs or they quit.

TWEEDY: Well I ... I didn't realize it was that bad. Miss Raymond. If there is anything I can do to help, I'd like to do it.

MISS R: Dr. Tweedy, you're wonderful. You could give us some of your spare time and help with the teaching.

TWEEDY: Er - yes. Well, I suppose I could help with the older students. The eighth graders.

MISS R: Well, the eighth grade isn't where we're having our difficulty.

TWEEDY: Wherever it is, I'll help. The seventh grade? (PAUSE)
The sixth grade? (PAUSE) Not the fifth grade?

MISS R: This way to the kindergarten, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Kindergarten! Well - perhaps I could. I mean .. I've made quite a study of child psychology.

MUSIC:

KIDS: KINDERGARTEN AD LIBS THROUGH AS DIRECTED

SOUND: KINDERGARTEN PLAY PERIOD ... MINIATURE D-DAY

TWEEDY: Children! Please! Quiet! Owwww! Keep that croquet mallet away from my foot!

SOUND: SPLAT FROM MUDPIE

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Who threw that mudpie? That's terrible. You didn't make it right. Here. Let me show you. You take a handful of dirt like this. Keep your finger out of my eye. Then you add a little water like this. Let go of my mustache. Now if you'll all be good children, Dr. Tweedy will recite a little poem for you. Oh. You want to climb up on my lap? Upsy daisy.

"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew."

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WELBY: (COMING IN) Hey, Doc. Doc. What's going on here?
What are you doing with them mudpies?

TWEEDY: They need teachers here Welby and I offered my services.
Any man would do the same thing.

WELBY: Yeah Doc. I seen that principal. I bet I'd never get to first grade with her. Oh boy. Mudpies. Can I have a bite? (MOUTH FULL) Now that is delicious.

TWEEDY: Welby. Stop that. You'll spoil your appetite for dinner.

ATX01 0078442

WELBY: Okay. But I love the way it's filled with that gravelly goodness. It's delicious. How about letting me play with them Stinker Toys?

TWEEDY: No. Welby, get off that teeter-totter.

WELBY: Aw, come on, Doc. Just once. You teeter while I totter.

KIDS: (LAUGH)

TWEEDY: No, no Welby. Why did you come here anyway?

WELBY: I had something to tell you. Lemme think. Nope, I can't remember. And I'm usually so quick-witted, you know.

TWEEDY: If I were you, I wouldn't lie in the sandbox. Here comes that little boy with the croquet mallet.

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE ... BLOCK

WELBY: Owwwwww!

KIDS: LAUGH

TWEEDY: H'm. Right into the rough. Hereafter, sonny, replace your divots.

BOY: Okay.

WELBY: That's something. A conk on the head always does it, Doc. I remember. I come down here to remind you of your faculty meeting.

TWEEDY: Oh, dear. The faculty meeting. I forgot all about it. Run back and tell Mr. Potts that I won't be able to make it. I'm going to be teaching here. He'll just have to get along without me.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS

WELBY: Okay, Doc. (GOING OFF) I'll tell Mr. Potts you're quitting to teach here.

ATX01 0078443

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE OFF

TWEEDY: Quitting? Oh no! Welby, come back here!

KIDS: (AD LIB) Don't go, Dr. Tweedy. Stay here, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Now, now, now, let me go.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF

TWEEDY: Oh, no!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #34

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(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: ... It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, aren't these facts worth proving to
yourself? If you're still smoking old-fashioned short
cigarettes, just make this little test. Try lighting a
PELL MELL - and see if you don't unconsciously hold the
flame a half-inch closer to your face than you have to -
a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL ...
That means you're discovering for yourself PELL MELL'S
distinguished length - and its advantages ...

2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN
SHOW)

ATX01 007B446

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy.

MUSIC: POTTS THEME

HIESTAND: Once a week the faculty of Potts College has a meeting, presided over by Alexander Potts, chairman of the Board of trustees and proud son of a long line of Potts. The meeting is over and he is on his way back to his office.

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS COMING IN

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Mr. Potts! Mr. Potts! Am I too late?

POTTS: (BOILING MAD) Yes, Tweedy. The meeting is over. Your absence made me so furious, I ...

TWEEDY: Er - yes. Er - Mr. Potts, did Welby bring you a message?

SOUND: BIG FLAT FEET RUNNING IN

WELBY: (COMING IN) Mr. Potts. Mr. Potts. The Doc is quitting ...

TWEEDY: Quitting? Sht! Sht! Welby!

WELBY: Doc. How did you get here ahead of me? I ... I ran all the way, except when I got winded in front of the saloon. Then I only took a couple of quick breaths. I always run faster when I have a chaser, you know.

TWEEDY: Yes, well, never mind, Welby. Go find Timothy and throw snowballs at one another.

WELBY: Okay, Doc. But Timothy's my social inferior. (GOING OFF) He's a punchdrunk bum and I'm the intellectual type.

TWEEDY: Yes, just as I feared. Welby is turning into a snob. Mr. Potts. Can we step in the cafeteria here and have a cup of coffee?

ATK01 007B447

POTTS: Tweedy, an explanation from you is in order.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

CAST: VERY SOFT AD LIBS

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Well! My two favorite beautiful boys.
Pottsie and Tweedle.

TWEEDY: Hello, Mrs. Appopolous. Will you excuse us? There's
something I'd like to tell Mr. Potts in private.

MRS. A: Oh boy. Hotsy-totsy stories. Did I ever tell you the
one about the travelling Greek? His name was Smoky-Joe
Gablelopolous. What a gorgeous brute!

POTTS: Please, please, Mrs. Appopolous. Remember my position.
I'm chairman of the board of trustees. (LOWERS VOICE)
Go on but don't talk so loud.

TWEEDY: No! I absolutely refuse to listen! Besides, I've
heard that story.

MRS. A: Tweedle, my sweetie. Have a cups coffee. You're even
more gorgeous than Smokey-Joe Gablelopolous. Tweedle,
tootsie-wootsie, how come you stay single when I'm
around? All the boys are crazy for Appopolous. And
no wonder! I can cook. I can sew. I can keep house.
I can ...

TWEEDY: Yes, don't forget your flute.

MRS. A: (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS)

MRS. A: Pottsie, tell Tweedle how you can be happy and married
at the same time.

POTTS: You can't, Tweedle. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: You shouldn't say that, Pottsie. I mean, Mr. Potts.

MRS. A: Well, excuse me, kiddos. I've got a very tight girdle which is choking me. Appopolous has to make a quick change to get that free and easy feeling.

(GOING OFF) Well, hold on to your hats, boys, I'll be right back.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, I promised Miss Raymond at the Pottsfeld grammar school I would help her out by teaching there in my spare time. A very charming woman.

POTTS: I know. I've met her.

TWEEDY: I knew you wouldn't mind.

POTTS: Oh, you did, huh? Well, I do mind, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: What?

POTTS: Yes. If you have so much spare time, I'll be glad to arrange some extra classes for you.

TWEEDY: But Miss Raymond can't afford enough teachers.

POTTS: Well, I'm spending too much money myself. You'll have two new classes starting tomorrow. (GOING OFF)

See me in the morning.

TWEEDY: (SIGH) Two new classes. Oh no.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Ah, Tweedle, what a relief. Without a girdle a girl has the best years of her life. You're looking at a happy Greek. (SEES TWEEDY'S MOOD)

Tweedle, cutie-dumpling. Why the sour puss? You look like you've blown out a fuse.

TWEEDY: I am depressed, Mrs. Appopolous. You see, there's a shortage of teachers at the grammar school and I promised to help.

MRS. A: Good for you, Kiddo.

TWEEDY: But now Mr. Potts refuses to let me teach there in my spare time.

MRS. A: Booooo on Pottsie.

TWEEDY: Well, perhaps I can get the city council to appropriate more money for teachers.

MUSIC:

MAYOR: But Dr. Tweedy. If the City Council here acts favorably on your proposal it will mean increasing the budget.

TWEEDY: Mayor, either you spend the money now to give these children a decent education or you'll have to spend it later on for reform schools because you didn't give them a decent education. Teachers have the responsibility of molding your children into good citizens. They deserve a salary commensurate with the job they do for you. The choice is yours to make. But if I were one of you, and voted no, I wouldn't want to live with my conscience the rest of my life. Thank you.

CAST: APPLAUSE ... LIGHT AD LIBS THROUGH

MAYOR: Dr. Tweedy, I think the council has heard enough to take a vote on your proposal. (FADE) Will you excuse us. (AD LIBS THROUGH SCENE)

MISS R: (FADE IN) Oh, Dr. Tweedy. When you were making that speech you were like a gallant knight in shining armor. It was thrilling.

TWEEDY: You really think so? But remember, Miss Raymond, the council may still say no.

MISS R: No one could say no to your proposal.

TWEEDY: Er -- they couldn't? Well.

SOUND: (FADE IN) GAVEL

MAYOR: Dr. Tweedy, we've voted "yes". Of course, we had to vote a sharp increase in real estate taxes, too.

TWEEDY: And I'm sure none of the taxpayers will regret it.

MAYOR: Not taxpayers, Dr. Tweedy. Taxpayer. Your employer, Mr. Potts, owns all the real estate around here.

TWEEDY: M'm, H'm. Ordinarily, I get very excited at times like this. I thought things were going too smoothly. I'll run right over and tell him. No. That'd be foolhardy. Where's the telephone?

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

TWEEDY: Now what is Mr. Potts' number. Putter 1300.

SOUND: DIALING

TWEEDY: P - U. 1 - 3 - oh-oh. Hello, Mr. Potts. Oh, Mrs. Potts. This is Dr. Tweedy. I have a very important message for your husband. I'm down here at the courthouse with Miss Raymond. Yes, Mr. Potts knows her. A very charming woman. And it seems it's going to cost Mr. Potts a lot of money! Why? Well, there are a lot of children running around the streets and in matters like this, Mr. Potts can't shirk his responsibility. Please, Mrs. Potts, such language! He's your husband ... remember. After all .. Oh, he's after everybody. You're leaving now? You're going to his office?

SOUND: RECEIVER JIGGLED

TWEEDY: Oh, dear.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: Here's Mr. Potts' office, Miss Raymond. Er -- It would make things a lot easier for me if you'd er -- sort of -- er -- well, Mr. Potts -- well, women sway him so easily.

MISS R: I understand, Dr. Tweedy. Let's go in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Hello, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Hello, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: I brought Miss Raymond along. She wants to thank you for all you're going to have to do to help her.

MISS R: Dr. Tweedy's trying to say he made a speech before the city council and ... well, it affects your taxes.

POTTS: Tweedy, my friend. You made a speech and got them to reduce my taxes? Tweedy. Let me shake your hand.

TWEEDY: My hand's shaking now, Mr. Potts. They raised your taxes.

POTTS: Raised my taxes? Tweedy!

MISS R: (VERY SWEET) Oh, Mr. Potts. You're so vigorous and -- and dynamic.

POTTS: I am?

TWEEDY: Oh, yes.

POTTS: Never mind, Tweedy. Let her talk. Go on. Go on, Miss Raymond.

MISS R: (VERY SWEET) Oh, Mr. Potts. Your name is Alexander, isn't it?

POTTS: Just call me Al.

TWEEDY: All right, Al.

POTTS: Mr. Potts to you, Tweedy. Go on, Miss Raymond.

MISS R: Oh, Mr. Potts. You've done so much for our school. All the children want to kiss you. Would you mind if I kissed you for them?

TWEEDY: Not at all, Miss Raymond. Go right ahead.

POTTS: She's talking to me, Tweedy.

MISS R: Here. (KISS)

TWEEDY: Er. Miss Raymond. I think you're overdoing it. Mr. Potts. Can you hear me? I spoke to your wife on the phone and I thought you should...

POTTS: That's enough, Tweedy. Come on. Let's get out of here!

MRS. P: Alexander! Alexander Potts!

POTTS: My wife! Make for the crow's nest! Killer whale off the starboard bow!

ATX01 0078453

MRS. P.: Alexander Potts. Look at you. Lipstick all over your forehead, you low down Lothario. Let me look under that toupee.

POTTS: But Esmerelda. Fluffy. Lovebug.

TWEEDY: Lovebug. (LAUGHS)

POTTS: (SOTTO) Get me out of this, Tweedy, and I'll forget about those taxes.

TWEEDY: (SOTTO) All right. But you take Miss Raymond to her car.

POTTS: Come along, Miss Raymond.

MRS. P.: Alexander, come back here, you worm!

TWEEDY: Ah, Mrs. Potts. Esmerelda. What a sweet voice you have. I can honestly say I've never heard anything like it. And your face. Oh, that face Its lines are etched on my memory. The graceful tint of your chins. Never was a face so appalling -- I mean appealing. Yours is a beauty that drives men mad.

MRS. P.: Oh, Dr. Tweedy. The things you say to a girl.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Girl. And as for Mr. Potts, remember what Shakespeare said. "Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt."

MRS. P.: Dr. Tweedy. If you think my lips were made for kissing -- here!

TWEEDY: (PROTESTS DURING KISS)

POTTS: Esmerelda! Esmerelda Potts!

MRS. P: My husband! My husband! Make for the powder room!

The wolf is at the door!

TWEEDY: Good for Mr. Potts. As Shakespeare said, "The smallest
worm will turn when trodden."

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute with his
thought for the week, but first, here is Don Hancock!
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078457

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the Technicolor musical, "Till The Clouds Roll By." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week ...

MORGAN: My topic for today is middle age. Middle age is that part of life when a man would rather not have a good time than have to get over it! Which brings me to my thought for the week ... the thing that most women dread about their past is its length! (LAUGH) Goodnight! (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when Pell Mell
Famous Cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous
Dr. Tweedy."

Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel.

"Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell.

"The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley

Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts.

This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a
moment.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show directed by Glenhall Taylor and
produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK • WICKLIFFS 2-6600

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

REVISION: _____

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR-
ETTES

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

DATE: JAN. 29, 1947 PROGRAM #35

REPEAT: _____

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078460

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

VOICE: Say, what does that mean?

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: (THEME)

HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is
... Frank Morgan!

MORGAN: Well, good evening. I've just come from the movies. I
stood in line so long to see "The Yearling" by the time
I got into the theatre. he had a full set of antlers.
(And I had a full set of corns.) But anyway, I know
why Richard won't open that door. He's waiting to get
portal-to-portal pay. (LAUGH) Before long, every time
a sailor gets seasick, he'll want porthole-to-porthole
pay. Now if you'll excuse me, I must swab the poop deck.

MUSIC: APPLAUSE - PLAYOFF

ATX01 0078461

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "THE
FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY" ... And now to New York.

SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher featuring Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan! (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: For the past week, the Potts College dramatic society has been rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet", under the brilliant guidance of Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men and student of Shakespeare you know. I wonder what William Shakespeare would say about this. Do you have any comment, Mr. Shakespeare?

ENGINEER: FILTER TO NEXT MUSIC CUE

MUSIC: THRU 300 YEARS TO SHAKESPEARE A LA DREAM

SHAKESPEARE: (RONALD COLMAN - OFFSTAGE) Thank you. Thank you. For the past three hundred years my beautifully written, exquisite play, "Romeo and Juliet," has been presented by countless repertory groups. Without any financial compensation to me. I'm dead, you know. And if this presentation of the Potts College dramatic group resembles all the others, it will be a stinkah.

TWEEDY: It will not! It will be a magnificent production, Mr. Shakespeare. I'm directing it. My name is Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. PhD.

SHAKESPEARE: Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Yes.

SHAKESPEARE: Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Yes.

ATX01 0078464

SHAKESPEARE: The distinguished Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY: (PLEASED AS PUNCH) Yes, that's me.

SHAKESPEARE: I never heard of you.

TWEEDY: Well, you will after opening night! Would you like to buy a ticket? They're fifty cents apiece.

SHAKESPEARE: Oh, this is the most unkindest out of all. The author can't get in free.

TWEEDY: If you come opening night, wear a formal sheet. You'll get your money's worth. Mary Potts plays Juliet. Miss Kitty Belle Jackson is Lady Capulet, and Mrs. Appopolous is the Nurse.

SHAKESPEARE: Women play those parts?

TWEEDY: Why, certainly.

SHAKESPEARE: Why, in my day, they were played by men. You did say women? Females? In tights?

TWEEDY: That's right. Pink tights.

SHAKESPEARE: Pink tights. Oh, woe is me.

TWEEDY: Oh, woe. You died too soon. (NEEDLING LAUGH) Now, now will you buy a ticket? They're only fifty cents.

SHAKESPEARE: To buy or not to buy, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to sneak in free or spend the half a buck and be the loser for it.

MUSIC: REVERSE PREVIOUS MUSIC CUE

PINTO: POP -- HISS ON END OF MUSIC

WELBY: Hey, doc! Doc! Wake up.

TWEEDY: What! What! Oh, Welby.

WELBY: Yeah, everybody's on the stage for the rehearsal, Doc.

TWEEDY: Oh. Oh, yes. This couch you made for Juliet's death scene is very comfortable. I took a little catnap and had a delightful dream.

ATX01 0078465

WELBY: Oh yeah? What was she like, Doc?

TWEEDY: "She" was the author of our play, Welby. Now if you and Timothy have finished building it, I'd like to inspect Juliet's balcony.

WELBY: Yeah, right this way, Doc. Timothy's still working on it.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... FADE IN HAMMERING.

TIMOTHY: (OFF) Hello, Dr. Tweedy. Look at me way up here on the balcony. I'm dizzy.

TWEEDY: Well nobody holds it against you, Timothy.

WELBY: (EXCITED) Hey, Doc. We got our surprise for you. Me and Timothy learned some of the speeches. We'll show you. Look. Look, Timothy, you be Julie, and I'll be Rummy.

TIMOTHY: O.K. Oh, Rummy, Rummy, wherefore art thou, Rummy? What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell.

WELBY: (A LITTLE IRRITATED) Timothy, I'm warning you! Julie, by yonder blessed moon I swear I'll smack you right in the kisser.

TWEEDY: No, now, Welby Skinkle. No ad libs.

TIMOTHY: Sweet good night. This bud of love by summer's ripening breath .. breath .. Rummy, you've been drinking hair tonic again. I can smell the fumes way up here.

WELBY: Oh, that does it! I'm coming up your balcony, Julie.

TWEEDY: Now, now. No! Welby! Be careful!

WELBY: (GRUNTS AS HE CLIMBS) Put up your dukes. I'm coming up.

SOUND: CREAKS - PUSH OVER THE BIG FILE

WELBY &
TIMOTHY:

GROAN

TWEEDY:

H'm. That balcony came down like the price of butter.

TIMOTHY:

Oh boy. Let's nail it up again and break it down again.
That was fun.

MARY:

(COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy, if you're free
now, Sidney and I are ready to go over our scene with
you.

TWEEDY:

Well, I'm ready, Mary.

MARY:

If Sidney makes the audience feel the way he makes me
feel, he's going to be a wonderful Romeo.

SIDNEY:

Aw, cut it out, Mary.

TWEEDY:

Sidney. I played Romeo in college. You're my adopted
son. It's only natural that you should be a great Romeo
too.

SIDNEY:

Well, let's start rehearsing.

TWEEDY:

Now Mary, you and Romeo are deeply in love. But your
father, Lord Capulet, is doing everything in his power
to keep the two of you apart. All right. Now let's
start.

MARY:

"Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow --
That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow."

SIDNEY:

"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!"

MARY:

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life: (BREAKS DOWN
AND STARTS CRYING DURING SPEECH)

TWEEDY:

Why, Mary.

MARY:

(SOBS) Oh, Dr. Tweedy.

SIDNEY: (HARD TO SAY) We ... we were going to tell you after rehearsal, but now that Mary has - aw, don't cry, Mary.

TWEEDY: Well, well. What seems to be the trouble? Come on, Sidney. You can tell me.

SIDNEY: Mr. Potts is sending Mary away to a girls' school.

TWEEDY: But why?

SIDNEY: Because of me. Mary told him she loved me and he said he'd put a stop to that.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts must be losing his mind. You can't keep two young people in love from loving each other.

MARY: I hate Daddy! Just because he has money he thinks he's better than other people! I won't go to another school. I love Sidney, I want to marry him. We'll run away together. Oh, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Well, now, Mary. He's your father and you have to do what he says. But I think he's wrong and I'm going to find out what this is all about. Sidney, you take care of Mary for a little while and let me handle Mr. Potts.

MUSIC:

BALDY: BARKS

TWEEDY: Let's see if Mr. Potts is in the cafeteria, Baldy.

BALDY: HAPPY BARKS

TWEEDY: Now stay out here like a good dog.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MRS. A: Tweedle, tootsie-wootsie!

TWEEDY: Hello, Mrs. Appopolous. Is Mr. Potts here?

MRS. A: No cutie-dumpling. No Pottsie. But Lysistrata Appopolous is here and I'm much more gorgeous than Pottsie.

TWEEDY: You are? I mean you are! Yes.

MRS. A: I am? Then, Tweedle cookie, how come I never bring out the beast in you? What's the matter, kid, don't you like curves?

TWEEDY: (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Curves? Yes. I thoroughly enjoy a good baseball game. Ah, the thrill of a fast double play.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. I'm talking about my curves and not baseball. Stay away from the bleachers. You can't trust a blond. And Appopolous knows, kiddo. I used to be a blond.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, I am in no mood for pleasantries. Where is Mr. Potts? I am a man with a mission.

MRS. A: Okay, cutie, but you don't know what you're mission.

(APPLAUSE)

TWEEDY: I'm looking for Mr. Potts.

MRS. A: Well, there's nobody here but Timothy and that ravishing gorilla, Welby Stinkle.

TWEEDY: The name is Skinkle. Welby Geronimo Skinkle.

MRS. A: Every afternoon he rushes in with that Timothy Muldoon and orders a plate of jello. They like to watch it shake. Tweedle, tootsie. What's wrong? You mad at Pottsie?

TWEEDY: Well Mr. Potts is sending his daughter to another school. He's going to separate Mary and Sidney. He's getting snobbish.

MRS. A: What a dirty trick. Pottsie is a heel.

TWEEDY: Well, he ...

POTTS: (COMING IN) I am? Very interesting, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: Oh. Pottsie. You wearing tennis shoes these days so you can sneak up better, huh? I'll repeat. Pottsie is a heel.

(GOING OFF) If you want to know why, ask Tweedle.

(APPLAUSE)

POTTS: All right, Tweedle. Why is Pottsie a heel?

TWEEDY: I - er - Mr. Potts - er - you don't - Well. Now that I think of it you are a heel.

POTTS: Tweedy!

TWEEDY: Yes, don't Tweedy me, Mr. Potts! I'm going to tell you what I think of you.

POTTS: Very well, Tweedy. But bear in mind that I'm your employer. (TWEEDY AD LIBS THROUGH SPEECH) I sign your checks. Now. What do you think of me?

TWEEDY: Er - it slipped my mind. But it must have been something nice. No! I'll tell you. I think it's contemptible of you to send Mary away to another school. You know she's in love with my adopted son. Isn't Sidney good enough for you high and mighty Potts?

POTTS: Answer a question, Tweedy. What are Sidney's prospects? What does he want to do?

TWEEDY: He wants to finish college and be just like me.

POTTS: Oh. This is worse than I thought. I never wanted to discuss this with you, Tweedy, but Mary has social position. Prestige. Considerable wealth.

TWEEDY: The only difference between your family and mine --

POTTS: Is a couple of million dollars.

TWEEDY: Yes. I could use some of that difference.

POTTS: This is no reflection on you, Tweedy. After all, he's only your adopted son. But I won't let my daughter marry a boy with no background and no breeding.

TWEEDY: M'm. H'm. All my life I've trained myself to control my temper. I thought it was ungentlemanly to engage in fisticuffs. And now I'm supposed to stand here calmly and listen to you say something like that about Sidney. Mr. Potts take off your coat!

POTTS: I'll be glad to, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: You will?

BALDY: COMES IN BARKING AND GROWLING

POTTS: Tweedy! Call off your dog. Get him down. Owwww!

SOUND: LONG RIP OF CLOTH

POTTS: (GOING OFF) Tweedy. Pick up the seat of my pants and bring it to the office.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Oh my. Chartreuse shorts with purple polka dots. You're right. Mr. Potts. You're certainly showing a lot of social prestige and plenty of background.

BALDY: GOES OFF BARKING.

TWEEDY: (GOING OFF) Baldy. Baldy. Come back here.

WELBY: (PAUSE) Timothy, you heard that whole thing, didn't you?

TIMOTHY: Yeah, Welby.

WELBY: Nobody can say nothing like that to the Doc and get away with it. Not while I'm around.

TIMOTHY: You can say that again.

WELBY: Okay. Nobody can say nothing like that to the Doc while -- aw nuts! Now listen, Timothy, we're going to do him like they do in the gangster movies. We'll rub him out.

TIMOTHY: Oh boy, let's get our baseball bats.

WELBY: We'll take him for a ride.

ATX01 0078471

TIMOTHY: Yeah. Where's our wheelbarrow?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF

MRS. A: Hey. Welby. Timothy.. Are you boys going out to play?

WELBY &
TIMOTHY: (GOING OFF) Oh no we ain't. We're gonna bump off
Mr. Potts.

TIMOTHY: Come on, Welby.

MRS. A: That's nice. (CALLS) Give him an extra bump for
Appopolous.

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Mrs. Appopolous. Where's Welby? I want
him to get Mr. Potts another pair of pants.

MRS. A: You'd better get another Pottsie. Those two playboys
Welby and Timothy said they were going to bump him off.

TWEEDY: Bump him off?

MRS. A: Yes. Kill him.

TWEEDY: Kill him? (LAUGHS) They wouldn't do a thing like that.
Er - or would they?

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: ... It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, make this experiment ... If you're
still smoking old-fashioned short cigarettes, try
lighting a PELL MELL. See if you don't unconsciously
hold the flame a half-inch closer to your face than you
have to - a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL
MELL ... You're discovering something that just isn't
there in old-fashioned cigarettes. Yes, you're
discovering for yourself PELL MELL'S distinguished length
- and its advantages ...

2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste. .

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK
MORGAN SHOW)

ATX01 0078473

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy.

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: When Dr. Tweedy cast Mary and Sidney as the star-crossed lovers in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet he didn't realize their make-believe separation would turn into a real life separation. It was. (HESITANT) Excuse me. It seems as though someone is tapping me on the shoulder --

MUSIC: REPEAT SHAKESPEARE MUSIC

SHAKESPEARE: It is only I, William Shakespeare. Dr. Tweedy called me forth in a dream and frankly I don't wish to return to the past. These two oafs, Welby and Timothy, are bent on murder. I always relished violence, but what manner of murder is this? No dagger. No poison. Just a bag of cement. An empty barrel. And two baseball bats. Ods bodkins! This is passing strange.

MUSIC: REVERSE SHAKESPEARE MUSIC AND INTO WELBY-TIMOTHY THEME

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND WHEELBARROW

WELBY: Now, look Timothy, when we put the finger on Potts, here's what we do, Timothy. First we'll tell him to leave Mary here in school - or else. Then we show him the bag of cement, the empty barrel and the baseball bats as a subtle hint.

TIMOTHY: Yeah. Let me beat him up. Did I ever tell you I'm a prize fighter?

WELBY: Aw nuts. Here we go again.

ATX01 0078474

TIMOTHY: I've had eighty seven fights so far. Not many guys last that long. They go punch drunk. You know, crazy. And when they're really gone they hear bells all the time. Answer the phone, Welby.

WELBY: Aw nuts. To each his phone. You hear it ringing, you answer it.

TIMOTHY: Oh no. It's probably that dame that plays tricks on me. I run to answer the phone and all she says is "Number please." You know, I think she's in love with me.

WELBY: Oh, I know. She's after your money. She wants you should put a nickel in the phone.

TIMOTHY: Hey, hey. I want to play. I want to throw snowballs at you, Welby. Look out!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE ... BLOCK

WELBY: Owwww. You're putting rocks in 'em again.

TIMOTHY: I am not! I'm just mixing 'em with a little of this here cement.

WELBY: Well, I'll show you. Where's some snow. Look out!

SOUND: SLIDE WHISTLE ... MUCH BIGGER BLOCK

TIMOTHY: Owwwwwww. Why. what did you have in that snowball?

WELBY: (LAUGHS) My fist!

TIMOTHY: Well, I don't want to play any more. Hey, let's go over to the auditorium and rehearse some more of that "Rummy and Julie."

WELBY: Yeah. We ought to get important parts. We're a couple of old family remainders. You know something, Timothy, I'm a born actor. I've got the smell of the greaseball in my nostril.

TIMOTHY: Hey, Welby, we started out to do something else. What was it?

WELBY: Let me think. Nope. I can't remember. Let's go to the auditorium.

TIMOTHY: All right.

MUSIC:

HARP: FEW BARS OF ROMEO AND JULIET OVERTURE

TWEEDY: Miss Kitty Belle, is Mr. Potts here?

KITTY B: He must be somewhere around here in the auditorium, Dr. Tweedy. But my brother Beauregard over there is looking for you.

TWEEDY: Oh. (CALLS) You wanted to see me, Colonel Jackson?

COLONEL: (COMING IN) Yes, Dr. Tweedy. Since I'm head of the chemistry department I took the liberty of preparing the poison potion that Romeo drinks in the death scene.

TWEEDY: Oh, it looks delicious. What is it?

COLONEL: Pure poison. A mint julep without any bourbon in it. That's the deadliest thing I can think of.

TWEEDY: But Colonel. We can't use that bottle on the stage. H'm. I never heard of this brand. (READS) "Old Wilted Mint Leaf. A jig in every swig. This ambrosia guaranteed to be at least ten days old.

COLONEL: It may be young, Dr. Tweedy, sir, but it's full of fight.

MRS. A: (OFF - CALLS) Tweedle, tootsie-wootsie.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. Where are you?

MRS. A: (OFF - SHYLY) Right here behind this screen. Tweedle. Appopolous is putting on her costume for the play.

TWEEDY: (AD LIBS) Er - goodbye, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Tweedle, don't go. I want to show you how gorgeous Appopolous is.

TWEEDY: Goodbye. I'm sure you look lovely.

MRS. A: You said it, kid. Look. Tights. Tight tights.

TWEEDY: Oh no!!!!

MRS. A: Oh yes! (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) I've got to find Mr. Potts. Mrs. Appopolous, you're Juliet's nurse. You're supposed to wear a dress.

MRS. A: Well, if Appopolous wears a dress she has to wear a tight girdle which is choking her. Down with girdles. Without a girdle it's a wonderful life. You're looking at a happy Greek.

TWEEDY: Well you're looking at an unhappy Tweedy. Where is Mr. Potts?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MARY: (COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy. Have you talked to Daddy about not sending me away? I simply can't go on that stage tonight with this hanging over my head.

TWEEDY: Mary. Remember the motto of the theatre. "Through rain, through snow, through sleet, nothing shall daunt these couriers --" Oh no. That's the motto of the post office. Well, anyway, I promise I'll change your father's mind before the curtain goes up tonight. Oh, there he is. (CALLS) Oh Mr. Potts!

POTTS: (COMING IN - STILL SORE) What do you want now, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, Welby and Timothy didn't like the way you treated me in the cafeteria. They've taken it upon themselves to eliminate you. Bump you up. Rub you down. Out. The heat's off. I mean on. You're liable to get hurt.

POTTS: Tweedy, why are you talking out of the side of your mouth? And why do you keep flipping that quarter up in the air and catching it?

TWEEDY: Because I don't have a half-a-dollar. They're going to put you on the spot. Take you for a ride.

POTTS: Those two apes are looking for me? And you sent them? Why they're just stupid enough to really kill me! Tweedy. My friend.

TWEEDY: They're devoted to me. I alone can prevent your violent demise.

POTTS: Tweedy. Tweedy. You're joking. Say you're joking. Please.

TWEEDY: Here comes Killer Skinkle and Machinegun Muldoon now. With a bag of cement. An empty barrel. And two baseball bats. It's a messy business.

POTTS: Tweedy. Get me out of this and I'll do anything. Anything you want.

TWEEDY: You will? All right. Let Mary stay here in school.

WELBY: (GAILY) Doc. Doc.

TWEEDY: Hello, Welby. I mean Killer. Tell Mr. Potts what you came over here to do.

WELBY: Hello Mr. Potts. Me and Timothy come over here to put on our tights for the play.

TWEEDY: No, no, Welby. Remember? The bag of cement.

WELBY: Oh, is it yours, Doc?

TWEEDY: No Welby. What were you going to do with it?

WELBY: With the cement? Lemme think. I can't merember. (GOING OFF) Well, I'll see you later, Doc. Goodbye, Mr. Potts.

ATX01 0078478

POTTS: So. Welby and Timothy were going to bump me off.

TWEEDY: Well - er - you see - er - in the cafeteria - er - plate of jello - There goes Miss Kitty Belle in her tights.

POTTS: Where? Where?

TWEEDY: Oops. Sorry, Mr. Potts. That was Timothy in his tights.

COLONEL: (COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy, sir. Have you seen that bottle of poison? I can't find it anywhere.

TWEEDY: Well certainly no one around here would be interested in an Old Wilted Mint Leaf bottle.

COLONEL: (GOING OFF) Well, I'll look around some more for it, Dr. Tweedy.

POTTS: Tweedy. Did he say that Old Wilted Mint Leaf bottle contained poison?

TWEEDY: Yes. A little something the Colonel whipped up in the chemistry lab. He said it was the deadliest thing he could think of.

POTTS: (GROANS)

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts!

POTTS: Yes, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: You didn't!

POTTS: Yes, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh no!

POTTS: Yes, Tweedy. At one gulp. I'm poisoned. Tweedy, my friend. This is the end.

TWEEDY: Well, lie .. lie down on the floor, Mr. Potts

POTTS: I'm sinking fast.

SOUND: BODY FALL

TWEEDY: You sank too fast.

POTTS: (GROANS) Tweedy. Hold my head.

TWEEDY: Why?

POTTS: Thanks. Everything is getting dark.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. I pulled your toupee over your eyes.

POTTS: The grim reaper will be here any minute.

TWEEDY: Oh. You're expecting Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: Please, Tweedy. Anything but that.

TWEEDY: I'm sorry, Mr. Potts. I shouldn't kick a man when he's going down.

HARP: GLISS

POTTS: A harp. A harp. I'm not going down. I'm going up.
Tweedy, my friend, take care of Mary. Let her stay with Sidney. If I had it to do over again I wouldn't send her away.

TWEEDY: You swear to that?

POTTS: I swear to it. Take the word of a rapidly sinking Potts.

TWEEDY: You gave your word, remember. Thank you, Mr. Potts.
All you had to drink was a mint julep without the julep.
We were going to use it for poison in the play.

POTTS: I didn't take poison. I wasn't dying?

TWEEDY: No. (BIG LAUGH PETERS OUT)

POTTS: Tweedy!!!

TWEEDY: Remember Mr. Potts, you gave your word.

POTTS: All right, Tweedy. Mary stays. But Tweedy -- (AD LIB)

MUSIC: "CURTAIN MUSIC"

TWEEDY: Shhh! Mr. Potts. The curtain's going up. The play's about to begin.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) One side, kiddos. Appopolous has got to get on the stage. (GOING OFF) I'm going to give them the prologue right between the eyes.

CAST: APPLAUSE

MRS. A: "Two households, both alike in dignity, in fair

Verone where we lay our scene.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes. (FADE)

A pair of star-crossed lovers take their lives.

(STAY ON MIKE)

MUSIC: SHAKESPEARE MUSIC

SHAKESPEARE: William Shakespeare, me thinks you were mistaken about this Dr. Tweedy. He has done a noble thing for Mary and Sidney. And as for my play "Romeo and Juliet," he has given it new and appealing form. H'm. This Greek female in pink tights. To quote myself she's "As You Like It."

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute with his thought for the week, but first, here is Don Hancock!
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #35

~~XXXXXX~~

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078482

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the Technicolor musical, "Till The Clouds Roll By." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week ...

MORGAN: My topic for today is girls. A man often thinks a girl is his flame -- until she goes out with a squirt. Oh no! Which brings me to my thought for the week. A man who tells a girl she's as pretty as a picture is generally looking at the frame. (LAUGHS) Goodnight! (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell. Also in the cast were Gale Gordon, William Johnstone, Sarah Selby, Lou Merrill, Sara Berner, Pinto Colvig, Janet Waldo and Sam Edwards.

"The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts.

This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNCR: The Frank Morgan Show, directed by Glenhall Taylor and produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood. THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0078483



FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

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CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

REVISION: _____

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: PAUL MAIL FAMOUS CIGAR-

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

DATE: FEB. 5, 1947 PROGRAM #36

REPEAT: _____

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078485

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

VOICE: Say, what does that mean?

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: (THEME)

HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "THE
FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is ...
FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Well, good evening. Last Sunday was ground-hog day and I
hear the ground-hog is threatening to sue. It seems that
when the little fellow popped out of his hole -- two
families moved in ... and speaking of law suits, poor
Lippy Durocher! First he courts his Day and now his Day's
in court ... And now, if you'll excuse me, I must go water
my subpoenas.

MUSIC: PLAY-OFF

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0078486

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

VOICE: Say, what does that mean?

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: (THEME)

HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "THE
FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is ...
FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Well, good evening. Last Sunday was ground-hog day and I
hear the ground-hog is threatening to sue. It seems that
when the little fellow popped out of his hole -- two
families moved in ... and speaking of law suits, poor
Lippy Durocher! First he courts his Day and now his Day's
in court ... And now, if you'll excuse me, I must go water
my subpoenas.

MUSIC: PLAY-OFF

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0078487

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" written by Robert Riley Crutcher, featuring Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: (MARCH OF TIME) Down through the centuries for over three thousand years philosophers have sought the common denominator of all mankind, the leveling factor, the one thing that all men have in common. Today, in the small American college town of Pottsville, an historic and momentous event took place. Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men at Potts College, discovered the leveling factor, the one thing that all men have in common.

TWEEDY: (COLOSSAL SNEEZE)

HIESTAND: That's it. A cold. As it must to all men, the common cold has come to Dr. Tweedy. His manservant, Welby Skinkle, faces the crisis with grave concern.

WELBY: (SINGS) Tea for two and two for tea,
The Doc is sick, oh woe is me.

HIESTAND: Dr. Tweedy's old English Sheepdog, Baldy, shows almost human concern for his master's welfare.

BALDY: (BARKS, WHINES AND LICKS TWEEDY)

TWEEDY: Baldy! Baldy! Get off this bed and stop licking me!
(CALLS) Welby! Where's my hot water bottle?

WELBY: Oh, it's comin' up, Doc. This'll make you nice and cozy. Here. I'll slip it under the blankets. It's scalding hot.

ATX01 0078488

TWEEDY: Owwwwwwwww!

SOUND: GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE

TWEEDY: It is scalding hot. Next time, be sure and put the stopper in it.

WELBY: Oh Doc. I'm sorry. But don't worry. We got plenty of hot water.

TWEEDY: Put a towel over this wet spot.

WELBY: Yeah, Doc. Gee, I can't do nothing right. I guess I'm a bum. Maybe I ought to hit the road again, huh? Don't you like me no more, Doc?

TWEEDY: Of course I do, Welby. It's just this cold. (SNEEZE)

BALDY: BARKS ... FOLLOWED BY TREMENDOUS SNEEZE ...

TWEEDY: Now, Baldy. You're just pretending to have a cold so you can get into bed with me.

BALDY: WHINES ... THREE FAST SNEEZES ...

TWEEDY: All right. All right. You can lie at the foot of the bed.

BALDY: PANTS HAPPILY ...

WELBY: Hey, Doc. Doc. I almost forgot something. Look what else I brung up for you.

TWEEDY: Ohh. Wonderful. I love chicken noodle soup with dumplings.

WELBY: Miss Kitty Belle Jackson next door made it for you.

TWEEDY: I hate chicken noodle soup with dumplings. Take it away! Her food is poison.

WELBY: Yeah, Doc. These are 'sure funny looking dumplings. We better watch out, Doc. This one's got a fuse on it.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Fuse? No. That's a noodle.

WELBY: That's a noodle? Looks more like a piece of innertube. Look at it stretch.

ATX01 007B489

SOUND: STRETCHING EFFECT ... (SPRING)

WELBY: Well, what do you know! I'll bet I'm the only guy in the world with a chicken noodle yo-yo.

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

WELBY: The phone. I'll get it, Doc.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

WELBY: Hello. Just a minute. It's your boss, Mr. Potts.

TWEEDY: (PUTS ON VERY SICK ACT) Hello Mr. Potts. I've been sick. I don't think I'll be able to teach my classes tomorrow. (BRIGHTLY) What? A party? A dinner party? You called to invite me? Well, thank you, Mr. Potts, I'll be there. What? (WEAKLY) Oh. If I'm well enough to come to your party I can teach my classes. Well - just as you say, Mr. Potts.

SOUND: RECIEVER DOWN

TWEEDY: He trapped me!

MRS. A: (OFF) (CALLS) Tweedle my sweetie!

WELBY: (COMING IN) Pull up the covers, Doc. You got company. Here's Mrs. Appoplouse.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) The name is Appoplous.

TWEEDY: Well, it was nice of you to call on the invalid, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: Tweedle tootsie. A sick man should have beautiful things to look at. That's why Appopolous is here. I'm ravishing. I'm gorgeous. Look at me, Tweedle. Am I driving you crazy?

TWEEDY: Crazy. Yes. Ah Mrs. Appopolous. What vigor you have.

MRS. A: You said it, kiddo. Appopolous has a gorgeous vigor.

TWEEDY: I'll put it another way. Your bombasity is overwhelming.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. I'm wearing a big fur coat. But underneath - look. A strapless evening gown with a peek-a-boo midriff. Come out from under the covers, Tweedle and sneak a peek.

TWEEDY: (UNDER COVERS) Oh no.

MRS. A: This is my dress for Pottsie's dinner party. But how I suffer to be gorgeous. I'm wearing a tight girdle which is choking me. But it gives me smooth curves.

WELBY: Lumps. Nothing but lumps.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, you're incorrigible. You're so effervescent.

MRS. A: Effervescent for me you wouldn't be smiling. (LAUGHS)
Appopolous is hot today, kid.

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Oh Welby. Call Dr. Perkel. I've just had a relapse.

MUSIC:

SOUND: KITCHEN EFFECTS ... TIN PANS RATTLED ... ETC.

SOUND: STIRRING

WELBY: (HUMS) Boy, the Doc sure feels better today. You gotta be in good health to eat my slumgullion. (SNIFFS) Oh, boy now that stew smells delicious.

SOUND: EAGER BEAVER KNOCK ON DOOR (REPEAT)

WELBY: (CALLS) All right, all right. Don't break the door down. I'm coming Richard.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

CHAUNCEY: Beg your pardon madam but I was strolling past and smelled. (FAST SNIFFS) ... Madam could you give a poor starving vagabond something to eat? (TAKE) Welby !!

WELBY: Well Chauncey the chiseler.

CHAUNCEY: No other.

WELBY: The hungriest bum on the road.

CHAUNCEY: (FAST SNIFFS) What's cooking eh, Welby? Nice set-up you have here old man. What kind of racket you working?

WELBY: This ain't no racket. I'm Dr. Tweedy's valley.

CHAUNCEY: (HORRIFIED) A bum? Working? Oh Welby, how could you have sunk so low? Say, this Tweedy must be quite a sucker, eh?

WELBY: Now wait a minute. Don't you cast no asparagus on the Doc. Get out of here before I bust you in the --

CHAUNCEY: Eh Eh! Welby, does your employer -- what a revolting word - does he know about that rap in California, Welby?

WELBY: Chauncey, sit down. Have some slumgullion, Chauncey. (UNDER BREATH) You chiseler.

CHAUNCEY: Thank you, Welby. Ouch! You rat!

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Hot pot, huh?

CHAUNCEY: Welby. My true blue friend. One more trick like this and I wise up that tomato in Chicago. She'd love to know where you are, Welby?

WELBY: Chauncey! Palsy! You wouldn't tell her. Not that female wrestler.

CHAUNCEY: A hunk of bread, Welby. A hunk of bread. I'm desirous of dunking.

WELBY: Anything you say, Chauncey. Anything. But don't tell that dame where I am. The first time I kissed her she got so excited she busted my leg.

CHAUNCEY: I also need a change of linen, Welby. No gentleman wears a shirt more than six months. And what I have on my feet were shoes, but they are now spats. It's embarrassing to be seen walking about in the snow with bare feet.

WELBY: Yeah, yeah, I know. Don't tell her where I am, Chauncey. Here. I'll give you the shoes right off my feet.

CHAUNCEY: H'm. Size sixteen. I want shoes, Welby. Not a place to sleep.

WELBY: All right here's a pair of the Doc's shoes we was gonna give away. Custom built they are with special rubber heels. See what it says on 'em "Jersey Bounce. The heel with appeal." I'll stuff 'em in your gunny sack. But when you finish you'd better scram, Chauncey. I gotta press the Doc's tuxedo. He's going to a party tonight.

MUSIC:

CAST: LIGHT PARTY AD LIBS

POTTS: Good evening, Tweedy. I see you've recovered from your cold.

TWEEDY: Yes, Mr. Potts. I never felt better in my life. I love parties.

POTTS: Mrs. Potts and I are very grateful to you for letting us have Welby to help out with the serving tonight.

TWEEDY: Oh, it's nothing

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Ah, here's my two favorite pin-up boys. Pottsie and Tweedle. And how does Appopolous look in her peek-a-boo midriff now, Tweedle?

TWEEDY: Yes, you look like - like - no, I'd better not say it.

MRS. A: I know, Tweedle, but I can't help it. My girdle busted. What a relaxed feeling. Now you're looking at a happy Greek. Well, see you later, Tootsie. We're sitting together at dinner. (GOING OFF) Rubbing elbows.

POTTS: Tweedy, look at the way that dress hangs.

TWEEDY: Oh, that reminds me. I forgot to put a blanket on the radiator of my car. (GOING OFF) Excuse me.

POTTS: (CALLS) Welby. Why aren't you serving those hors d'oeuvres?

WELBY: (COMING IN) I didn't know they was invited.

POTTS: No, Welby, the appetizers, serve the appetizers.

WELBY: Well, I'd better go in the kitchen and get some more. I et most of 'em.

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR

WELBY: Now leave me see. Where does Mrs. Potts keep 'em? Oh yeah. In the breakfast schnook.

SOUND: SAME EAGER BEAVER KNOCKING ON DOOR

WELBY: (CALLS) All right, all right. Don't break the door down. I'm coming, Richard.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

CHAUNCEY: Beg your pardon ma'm.

WELBY: CHAUNCEY.

CHAUNCEY: But I was ... (FAST SNIFFS) ... (TAKE) Welby! How many of these joints do you work?

WELBY: But how many do you work? You ate my whole pot of slumgullion.

CHAUNCEY: Welby. Stop. Think. Consider. That was two hours ago. Now I'm ravenous. Aha. Caviar. Welby, a

(MORE)

ATX01 0078494

CHAUNCEY:
(CONTD)

tablespoon, please. And a loaf of bread. Here. Check my gunny sack.

WELBY: Aw no you don't. You get out of here before I throw you out.

CHAUNCEY: Eh-eh! Welby. That dame in Chicago. The rap in California.

WELBY: Here's a tablespoon and two loaves of bread Chauncey. Is your new shoes comfortable?

CHAUNCEY: My feet cry out in gratitude. You may tell this Dr. Tweedy I admire his taste in heels. No insult intended, Welby.

WELBY: Well, now you should know about heels, Chauncey. Look, I gotta serve these horse's curves. Keep stuffing your mouth. I'll be right back.

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR

POTTS: (COMING IN) Oh Welby. I wish you'd start setting the table for dinner.

WELBY: Yes, say, Mr. Potts. Where do you keep your silverware?

POTTS: It's in the kitchen, Welby. I'll show you.

WELBY: Oh no, Mr. Potts! Don't bother going in the kitchen!

POTTS: No bother at all, Welby. Come along.

WELBY: (BELLOWS) Tea for two and two for tea,

You better scram, Mr. Potts is with me.

POTTS: What's the matter with you?

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR

WELBY: (RELIEVED) Ah. Chauncey beat it.

POTTS: Welby, the silverware is right here in this big drawer.

WELBY: Yes, Sir.

SOUND: DRAWER PULLED OUT

POTTS: It's gone! It's all gone! I've been robbed!

WELBY: (SOTTO) Oh that Chauncey.

POTTS: Welby. What do you know about this?

WELBY: Absolutely nothing, Mr. Potts. It comes as a big blow.

POTTS: Oh my beautiful silver. Welby, you were the only one out here. Tweedy! Help! Tweedy!

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Yes, here here I am, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Your gentleman's gentleman has robbed me of my silver-ware!

WELBY: Oh no I ...

TWEEDY: Robbed? Welby, What do you know about this?

WELBY: Doc, on my word of honor as a bum, I didn't did it.

TWEEDY: Very good, Welby. I'll take your word for it.

WELBY: Thanks, Doc.

POTTS: Tweedy. That silver has been in my family for two hundred years. It's been handed down from Potts to Potts. It's priceless.

TWEEDY: I'm sure it is, Mr. Potts. I'd give anything to have silver like that. But I know Welby didn't take it.

POTTS: Tweedy. Remember. Six months ago Welby was in the hands of the police. He was paroled in your care.

TWEEDY: That's right.

POTTS: They made you responsible for anything he did.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, I believe Welby is innocent.

POTTS: Will the police believe that?

TWEEDY: Certainly. Absolutely. They are reasonable men. One look at Welby and -- and -- er well they can't give him more than five years.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0078496

HEISTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #36

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: ... It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-fashioned
short cigarettes, make this experiment ... Try lighting
a PELL MELL and see if you don't unconsciously hold the
flame a half-inch closer to your face than you have to -
a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL ...
You're discovering something that isn't there in
old-fashioned cigarettes! It's your first introduction
to PELL MELL'S distinguished length - and its
advantages ...
2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK
MORGAN SHOW)

ATX01 0078498

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy.

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: (G. HEATER) Ah, there's bad news tonight. At exactly 8:03 this evening the home of Alexander Potts, chairman of the board of trustees of Potts College was burgled. The finger of suspicion points at one Welby Geronimo Skinkle. We take you now to the brain of Welby Skinkle. Bear with us while we try to penetrate his skull.

SOUND: PNEUMATIC DRILL ... CRASH

HIESTAND: (ECHO CHAMBER) Ah. We have broken through. We are now in the brain of Welby Skinkle. (CALLS) Welby! Ah. There's his mind. Let's listen.

WELBY: (ECHO CHAMBER) Boy. Am I in a mess. Chauncey the chiseler knocks off Mr. Potts' silver and they blame me. If I squeal on Chauncey, he'll tell that dame in Chicago where I am. That female wrestler. Gertie the Grunt. She'll show up. And the Doc wouldn't like Gertie. So for the Doc's sake I'll just keep quiet. He's an awful smart guy. He'll figure out something.

MUSIC:

POTTS: All right, Tweedy. If Welby didn't take the silver, who did?

TWEEDY: Well now, that's a good question, Mr. Potts. You may depend on me to find the culprit.

POTTS: What do you have in mind, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Well, a bit of elementary detective work, Mr. Potts. I'm something of an amateur sleuth, you know.

POTTS: Very well, Sherlock. What's your first step?

TWEEDY: Scientific crime detection is a matter of open eyes, quick wits, and a shrewd mind. The first step is to reconstruct the crime. Obviously the burglar came through the kitchen door here, crossed the kitchen like this, into the pantry, opened the drawer --

SOUND: DRAWER OPENED

TWEEDY: And took out the silver. Is that clear so far?

POTTS: Perfectly, Tweedy. And amazing. How did you know we kept the silver in that drawer?

TWEEDY: I didn't. Er - to proceed. For convenience we'll call our burglar Mr. X. Now Mr. X took the silver and placed it in a container such as a sack - or a sheet - or an old blanket.

POTTS: Such as you have on the radiator of your car.

TWEEDY: Precisely. Er - to proceed. Mr. X. went back across the kitchen like this and - oops - he may have bumped into this pull-chain on the light. Now, let's examine it for clues. Ah. Eureka! A white hair. Does Welby have white hair? No. Do you have white hair?

POTTS: No. I wear a toupee.

TWEEDY: Very well. Who has white hair?

POTTS: You do, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: To proceed. Mr. X. opened the kitchen door -

SOUND: DOOR OPEN - FOOTSTEPS FOLLOW ACTION

TWEEDY: Aha! Eureka! Footprints in the freshly fallen snow. When we find out whose those footprints are, we'll know who Mr. X. is. First. What size are they? Now I'd say size eight.

POTTS: Like yours, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Yes, and very narrow.

POTTS: Like yours, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Yes. But they couldn't be mine, Mr. Potts. My shoes are custom made with a special heel. See. "Jersey Bounce." Now let's examine Mr. X's footprint in the snow and see what kind of heel he wears. It's hard to read backwards but it says, "Jersey Bounce. The heel with appeal."

POTTS: Like yours, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Er - to proceed. Goodnight, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: No, no. Tweedy. You're doing an excellent job. Proceed

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, this whole thing is absurd. I didn't have an opportunity to take the silverware.

POTTS: Didn't you go outside to cover the radiator of your car -- with a blanket?

TWEEDY: Er - But Mr. Potts. I didn't have any motive.

POTTS: Oh, a few minutes ago you said you'd give anything to have silver like mine.

TWEEDY: M'm. H'm. Yes. Scientific crime detection. It's humbug! I've just framed an innocent man! It's the Dreyfuss case all over again.

POTTS: You've convinced me, Tweedy. I know who Mr. X is.
(GOING OFF)

TWEEDY: Oh no!

MUSIC:

TWEEDY: Welby, you know something you haven't told me.

WELBY: Doc. I can't stand it no more. Chauncey the chiseler come to town and he blackmailed me into keeping my mouth shut - he hooked that silverware.

TWEEDY: Chauncey the chiseler? Blackmail? What does he have on you?

WELBY: Well, Doc ...

TWEEDY: You'd better tell me about it.

WELBY: Doc. The cops are looking for me in California.

TWEEDY: Oh, yes. You'd better tell me about it, Welby.

WELBY: It all started when I was a little kid in Brooklyn. I used to dream about California. And when I grew up to be a successful bum, I went out there by first class freight. My dream come true. I looked up and there it was and I ... I climbed over a fence. I reached and swiped an orange. That was the scourest thing I ever et. You know stealing an orange is the worst thing you can do in California --

TWEEDY: If it was a sour orange they'll be glad to keep it quiet.
(APPLAUSE)

TWEEDY: Now. Where is this Chauncey? We've got to recover Mr. Potts' silverware.

WELBY: Well, Doc, I know Chauncey won't leave until he's knocked on every door and asked for a handout. He's always hungry.

TWEEDY: Aha! As we scientific sleuths say, every criminal has a weakness. We'll trap Chauncey through his food.

WELBY: Doc. You gonna put out some poison food for him?

TWEEDY: Poison food. Poison food. Miss Kitty Belle. Eureka. I have the solution.

MUSIC:

SOUND: DOORBELL ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Good morning, Miss Kitty Belle. Has a man come to your back door and asked for some food?

KITTY B: Good morning, Dr. Tweedy. No, there hasn't been anyone at my back door but here's a man by the name of Dr. Tweedy at my front door who just loves my little old goodies. You come on into the kitchen with me, Dr. Tweedy, and I'll fix you another big bowl of my luscious chicken noodle soup with dumplings. (COMES UP FOR AIR)
Oh, I just love to ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... CARRY THROUGH TO KITCHEN

TWEEDY: No, no. Not me, Miss Kitty Belle. There's a hungry little tramp going around town and I'd like you to give him something to eat when he knocks at your back door.
You see ...

KITTY B: I'll be glad to, Dr. Tweedy. I'll give him some of these biscuits that I just made. They're my light, fluffy kind. Look at them. Watch out. Don't drop them.

SOUND: BILLIARD BALLS FALL TO FLOOR AND ROLL AROUND

TWEEDY: Those are the light, fluffy kind.

KITTY B: Of course I could give him some of my homemade chicken noodle soup with ...

SOUND: EAGER BEAVER KNOCKING ON DOOR

TWEEDY: There he is at the door. You feed him and leave the rest to me.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

CHAUNCEY: Beg your pardon, ma'am, but I was strolling past and smelled ... (FAST SNIFFS) ... ma'am could you give a poor starving vagabond something to eat?

KITTY B: Well, certainly my good man. You sit right down here and have some chicken noodle soup with dumplings and biscuits.

CHAUNCEY: Ah, madame, a veritable feast. Fit for a fastidious gourmet. (SLUPS AND GULPS)

TWEEDY: Aha. Chauncey the chiseler. Sit where you are, you burgling bum. I have you surrounded.

CHAUNCEY: Oh no you haven't.

SOUND: DROP GUNNYSACK FULL OF SILVER ... RUNNING FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPEN AND SLAM ...

TWEEDY: Missed him. But he dropped his gunnysack. It's full of silverware. And I've got to ... Now I can prove to Mr. Potts I didn't take it. I can? Oh, dear!

MUSIC:

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN ... SLAM SHUT ...

TWEEDY: Welby, Welby, I've got the loot come here and help me count Mr. Potts' silver. (START LAUGH)

POTTS: I'll help you, Tweedy. I mean Mr. X.

TWEEDY: (SICK LAUGH) Hello, Mr. Potts. (LAUGH) I've got a whole gunny sack full of your silverware. Of course you understand I didn't -- I haven't -- er -- or do you?

POTTS: Tweedy, when as good a detective as you are pins the crime on himself, I have to believe it.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, in a few moments the real culprit will knock at my back door.

POTTS: Really?

TWEEDY: Yes. I trapped him into eating some chicken noodle soup with dumplings, made by Miss Kitty Belle Jackson. And you know her cooking. Our man will have to come to the nearest house and ask for some bicarbonate of soda.

SOUND: EAGER BEAVER KNOCKING AT DOOR ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Oh, my ... There he is ...

CHAUNCEY: (GROANS) Beg your pardon, sir, but I got indigestion. Could you give a poor dying vagabond a dose of bicarbonat

SOUND: GROAN ... BODY FALL

TWEEDY: There's your man, Mr. Potts. Scientific crime detection never fails. It's a matter of open eyes, quick wits, a shrewd mind and plenty of luck.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute with his thought for the week, but first, here is Don Hancock!
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES:
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, producers of the new Murder Mystery "Lady in the Lake." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week ...

MORGAN: Yes. My topic for today is clothes. You know clothes oft' break the man. His wife's clothes, that is. Which brings me .. which brings me .. to my thought for the week. There's many a slip t'wixt the dress and the hip!
(LAUGH) Oh no!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell. Also in the cast were Gale Gordon, William Johnstone, Sarah Selby, Sara Berner and Pinto Colvig. "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts. This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment.
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.
THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

217 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK • WICKERSHAM 7-1600

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

REVISION: _____

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR-
ETTES

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

DATE: FEB. 12, 1947 PROGRAM # 37

REPEAT: _____

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

As Broadcast

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078508

~~K200K~~

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
VOICE: Say, what does that mean?
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?
2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are
"Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD)
MUSIC: (THEME)
HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "THE
FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"
MORGAN: That's me!
HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: Starring FRANK MORGAN!
MORGAN: That's me, too!
(APPLAUSE ... THEME MUSIC)
MORGAN: (GIVES INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ... LAUGHTER ... APPLAUSE ...
THEME MUSIC)
HOLLYWOOD
ANNOUNCER: And now to New York ...
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK)
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #37

~~XXXXXX~~

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

ATX01 0078510

OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

VOICE: Say, what does that mean?

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
are "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: THEME

HOLLYWOOD

ANNOUNCER: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "THE
FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HOLLYWOOD

ANNOUNCER: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is ...
FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Yes. This week we are celebrating the 37th anniversary of
the Boy Scouts and a splendid organization. When I was in
the Scouts, I had a lot of fun. That is, until I was 15,
then mother cut my curls off and I joined the Boy Scouts.

MORGAN: Before I became an Eagle Scout I used to tie knots in
(Contd) everything I could find. In fact we had the only cow in
the country with milk-shot eyes. Yes. Now if you'll
excuse me I have to see a man about a pup-tent.
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." And now to New York.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr.
Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher, featuring
Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men at Potts College,
has taught his last class for the day and is relaxing
at home, playing a Mozart melody on his bassoon.

BASSOON: A MOZART MELODY SEGUE INTO "OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD"

SOUND: EAGER BEAVER KNOCKING ON DOOR ON MUSIC CUE ... FOOTSTEPS
... DOOR OPEN ...

TIMOTHY: Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Well. Good afternoon, Timothy. It's a pleasure to see
your great, big, bright, beaming face.

TIMOTHY: (SHYLY) Awww. I'll bet you're just saying that. I'm
all bundled up in my woolies and I wanna throw
snowballs. Can Wolby come out and play?

TWEEDY: Timothy. Do you think it's dignified for the houseboy
of the Phi Beta Quota fraternity to be seen playing in
the snow?

TIMOTHY: Oh, I throw snowballs for exercise. Did I ever tell you
I'm a prizefighter. I've had eighty seven fights so
far. Not many guys last that long. They go crazy.
You know - punchdrunk. And when they're really gone
they hear bells all the time. Answer the phone, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: That wasn't the phone, Timothy. Er - it was the bell
for the fifth round.

TIMOTHY: (EXCITED) Let me at him! I'm gonna go in the ring
and knock his head off!

TWEEDY: No, no. You've had enough. He's fouled you twice.
I'm throwing in the towel.

TIMOTHY: Yeah. That referee is blind.

TWEEDY: You'll find Welby in Colonel Jackson's backyard. He's helping him build a pistol range.

TIMOTHY: Thanks, Dr. Tweedy. You're the best second I ever had.
I'll go right on over there.

TWEEDY: Have a good time and keep your mittens dry.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE ... FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH ... THROUGH SNOW

TIMOTHY: (SINGS) "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

SOUND: FADE IN PISTOL SHOTS

TIMOTHY: Hello, Colonel Jackson. Hello, Welby.

COLONEL: (OFF) Good afternoon, Timothy.

SOUND: (OFF) TWO SHOTS

WELBY: Hy'ya, Timothy. I'm busy. Goodbye.

TIMOTHY: Aw, Welby. Don't be mean to me. Let's go build a snow woman. It's so much fun to stack 'em up.

WELBY: No. Let's go down to the corner of First and Main. We can whistle at the real thing. It's a windy day, you know. There'll be plenty of tomatoes blowing by.

COLONEL: (COMING IN) Just a moment, gentlemen. Welby. Did I hear you say you were going down to the corner to "whistle" at "tomatoes?"

WELBY: Yeah, Colonel. You wanna come along?

COLONEL: Welby Skinkle, don't you ever refer to the fair sex as "tomatoes" in my presence. Women are the loveliest and most precious things on earth. They are to be sheltered and protected. I pity you if I ever catch you whistling at a woman, Welby.

TIMOTHY: You stop picking on Welby. Did I ever tell you I'm a prize fighter?

COLONEL: Did I ever tell you I'm a dead shot? To put it in your terms, Timothy, I've had eighty-seven duels so far. Not many men can last that long. They're suddenly taken dead. You know - deceased. And when they're really gone I buy them lillies. Do I make myself clear, Timothy?

WELBY: Timothy, this is one phone we ain't waiting to answer.
(GOING OFF) Come on.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR CLOSE OFF

COLONEL: (CALLS) Oh, Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy, sir.

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Hello, Colonel. Did Welby get the bell installed on your pistol range?

COLONEL: Yes, indeed. It's all finished. Would you care to join me in a couple of shots?

TWEEDY: Well, I don't mind if I do.

COLONEL: Here's your pistol, sir. Dr. Tweedy, I think you'd better speak to Welby regarding his attitude toward women. If I ever caught a man being disrespectful or ungentlemanly toward a lady I'd pick up my pistol and ...

SOUND: SHOT ... BELL ... SHOT ... BELL

TWEEDY: You're absolutely right, Colonel. I'd do the same thing. I'd pick up my pistol and ...

SOUND: SHOT ... POP ... HISS

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir. Look at the rear tire on my car.

TWEEDY: Er - Flat, isn't it? Goodbye, Colonel.

MUSIC: _____

ATX01 0078515

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF ... SLAM SHUT ... STAMPING OF FEET

MARY & SIDNEY: (COMING IN) AD LIB LAUGHING AND GIGGLING

TWEEDY: Well, Mary and Sidney. I didn't expect you home so early.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Sidney had a little accident. We were jitterbugging at the malt shop and he lost two suspender buttons.

SIDNEY: You can't dance holding up your pants.

TWEEDY: You'd better sit down, Sidney.

SIDNEY: I'm all right now, Dad. Mary gave me a couple of pins.

TWEEDY: Oh, she did? You'd better sit down, Mary.

MARY: Oh, I'm all right. I took the pins out of my corsage.
(GOING OFF) I'll go make a pot of hot chocolate for all of us.

TWEEDY: Well, Sidney, tomorrow night's the big night. When the St. Valentine's dance is over you and Mary will be formally engaged. You're not nervous, are you?

SIDNEY: Oh no, Dad.

TWEEDY: Well, stop biting your fingernails.

SIDNEY: I'm worried. I'm still two bucks short on the down payment for the ring.

TWEEDY: Well then just take a little look into this box.

SIDNEY: Gosh. Gee. Holy smoke. A ring ... How much was the down payment on that?

TWEEDY: A lifetime of happiness, Sidney. My mother wore it for forty years. I hope it will bring you and Mary the same kind of love and understanding my father and mother had.

SIDNEY: Oh. It belonged to them? And you're giving it to me?
But Dad. I'm your adopted son. I mean, there's a difference. You don't have to ----

TWEEDY: Sidney. I didn't adopt you because I wanted an adopted son. I did it because I wanted a son. Here's the ring.

SIDNEY: Thanks, Dad. Then you really approve of Mary too, huh?

TWEEDY: Yes, Sidney. When you two get married I'll have a son and a daughter. Then pretty soon I'll have -- er -- you'll have -- er -- Mary'll have - er - well, I'm too young to be a grandfather.

MARY: (COMING IN) Here we are. Three cups of steaming hot chocolate with floating marshmallows.

SOUND: TRAY SET DOWN

MARY: Move over, Sidney. I want to sit beside you.

SIDNEY: But there isn't room enough in this chair.

MARY: Oh yes there is. (SQUEEZING IN) Of course it's a tight squeeze, (DREAMILY) Sidney.

SIDNEY: Dad. You look kind of sleepy.

TWEEDY: I'm wide awake and I'm not going to bed! It's too early! Go ahead. Show her the ring.

MARY: Sidney. That ring. You've got our engagement ring.

SIDNEY: Dad gave it to me. It belonged to his mother.

MARY: (BREAKS INTO TEARS) Oh, it's beautiful. Oh, Dr. Tweedy. You're the most wonderful man in the world. I've never been so happy in my life. Oh Sidney, Oh, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. On second thought I believe I will go to bed.

MUSIC:

WELBY: Doc. What a clothes horse you are. You'll be the best looking man at the St. Valentine's dance.

TWEEDY: Thank you, Welby. But finish tying my tie. It's almost time to go.

SOUND: DOORBELL

WELBY: The door! I'll get it, Doc.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPEN

WELBY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Oh hello Doc. Announcing Mrs. Appopolous, Esquire.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Tweedle, my sweetie. Here's that gorgeous ravishing Appopolous in person. I'm all dressed up for the St. Valentine's dance tonight.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, that black silk jersey evening gown is a magnificent engineering achievement.

MRS. A: For that compliment, Tweedle, I could squeeze you to pieces. Come here.

TWEEDY: Please, Mrs. Appopolous. You'll crush my fresh white dickey.

MRS. A: Today is St. Valentine's day. The day for love. Woo woo! Amour, amour. Woof!

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. Please. Control yourself. (CHANGING SUBJECT) You know Sidney and Mary are having their engagement announced tonight.

MRS. A: I know, Tweedle tootsie. I'll be there. Love, love, love! I love it! But most of all I love not wearing a tight girdle which is choking-me. Tonight I'm footloose and loose all over. You're looking at a happy Greek.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, I must admit it. You certainly look chic.

MRS. A: Who's chic? I never felt better in my life. (LAUGHS)
Ah look at me. Nothing but curves. Gorgeous. Today is the day for love. I'm kissing all the boys. Hold still, Tweedle. (KISS)

TWEEDY: (MUMBLES PROTEST THROUGH KISS)

MRS. A: There. Are you unconscious, kid?

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. You're too free with you osculations.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport. Not so fast. What's this osculation?

TWEEDY: Merely a kiss. Like this. (KISS)

MRS. A: Oh. Tweedle. What a thrill. My heart is beating like a traphammer. What technique. I won't wash this hand for a week.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

TWEEDY: Excuse me. Mrs. Appopolous.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

MRS. A: Oh, another woman. Goodnight, Tweedle - (FADING)

GEORGIA: (DEEP SOUTH WITH A TOUCH OF PHONY) Good evening, Dr. Tweedy. I'm one of your students. Of course I guess you never noticed poor little old me.

TWEEDY: Oh. Yes of course. I remember you perfectly Miss - er -

GEORGIA: Culpepper. Georgia Genevieve Culpepper. I'd just love to talk to you in private, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Er - Yes. Culpepper. Come right this way to my study.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Now what seems to be the trouble, Miss Culpepper?

GEORGIA: Call me Georgia. All my close gentlemen friends call me Georgia.

TWEEDY: Well. They do? Er - Georgia. I mean, Miss Culpepper.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, I'm gonna bare my little old heart to you.

TWEEDY: You are!

GEORGIA: I'm in love. Head over heels in love with the handsomest man this side Savannah.

TWEEDY: Well, that should make you happy. What's wrong with that?

GEORGIA: He doesn't love me. Look at me. Do you think I'm attractive?

TWEEDY: Er - why that man must be an idiot.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, you're so sweet. Just as sweet as an apple pan dowdy. And you've got a twinkle in your eye. Excuse me. I'm so bold. But like I was saying I love this boy. He kissed me once. A tender passionate kiss that was like a sheet of fire.

TWEEDY: Er. Warm in here. I'd better open a window.

GEORGIA: Right then and there I knew I loved him. But he ran off with another woman. Dr. Tweedy, what am I going to do?

TWEEDY: Well Miss Culpepper, today is St. Valentine's day. Love is in the air. Go after the boy. Fight for your love. Speak up. To the winner goes the spoils. Get him before he spoils.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, you're a genius. Are you sure you're not a southern man?

TWEEDY: (SOUTHERN) You have penetrated my disguise. My advice to you is to get in there and fight for your sheet of fire.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, you've made me just as bold as brass. I'm going to douse myself with "Scream of Ecstasy" perfume and then I'm going to the St. Valentine's dance and take Sidney away from Mary. (GOING OFF) Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM SHUT

TWEEDY: (TAKE) Mary! Sidney! Oh no! I've done it again!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

~~XXXXX~~

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: ... It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-fashioned
short cigarettes, here's something that may surprise you.
Just try lighting a PELL MELL - and see if you don't
unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch closer to your
face than you have to -- a good half-inch inside the tip of
your PELL MELL ... You're discovering something that isn't
there in old-fashioned cigarettes! It's your first
introduction to PELL MELL'S distinguished length - and its
advantages ...

2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN
SHOW)

ATX01 0078523

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the "Fabulous Dr.
Tweedy."

MUSIC: DANCE MUSIC

HIESTAND: St. Valentine's day is the day dedicated to romance.
The silver moonlight falls on pure white snow. And
the night is filled with music. Inside the Faculty
Club beautiful women glide gracefully across the
dance floor. Handsome, debonaire men look into their
eyes with fiery glances.

TIMOTHY: Aw, Welby. I want to dance.

WELBY: Well, don't look at me, Timothy.

TIMOTHY: You know when I was a prizefighter I was sure popular
with the women. They came from miles around to feel
my muscles.

WELBY: We ain't supposed to dance. We're supposed to serve
this here punch.

TIMOTHY: Welby. Look what I bought you today. A valentine.
Here you are.

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Would you look at the ears on that jackass.
"To Welby." it says. "Roses are red. Violets are blue.
The jackass is ugly and so are you." (LAUGHS) Hey
Timothy. Here. I got a comic valentine for you too,
Timothy.

TIMOTHY: (LAUGHS) Now there is the biggest baboon I've ever
seen. Hey where is the pome?

WELBY: No pome. You're looking in a mirror. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Welby. I want you to stay at the door and let me know the minute Miss Culpepper arrives. It's very important.

WELBY: Okay, Doc. (GOING OFF) Timothy, you stay here and guard the punch bowl.

POTTS: (COMING IN - DISTRAUGHT) Quick. Give me a tall glass of punch.

TWEEDY: (OFF) Well it's just plain orange juice and pineapple juice. There's no punch in it.

POTTS: Oh. Nevermind.

TWEEDY: Good evening, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Tweedy, I'm so nervous I can't see straight. I'm scared to death.

TWEEDY: Yes well where is Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: Please, Tweedy. Don't bring her up. I'm already upset. You know I'm announcing my daughter's engagement tonight.

TWEEDY: Oh, Mr. Potts. You're chairman of the board of trustees. You've made a lot of speeches.

POTTS: You're right. I'm being silly. Tweedy, why do you keep staring over towards the door?

TWEEDY: I'm looking for a certain young lady. And when I find her I'm going to take her straight to the library.

POTTS: Library? Girl? Are you going to read to her.

TWEEDY: Ah, there she is. Excuse me, Mr. Potts.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

GEORGIA: (COMING IN) Good evening, Dr. Tweedy. Like you said, I'm gonna fight for the man I love. What do you think of my sheer, strapless evening gown?

TWEEDY: Er - You'd better not do any fighting in that. Come with me to the library.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TWEEDY: Miss Culpepper. I want to know everything that has taken place between you and Sidney.

GEORGIA: You sure you want to know everything?

TWEEDY: Well ... I - er - that is - Yes. Everything.

GEORGIA: It's gonna be hard to remember everything because Sidney just makes me swoon. Let's see now. We were sitting out a dance and then the lights went out. I guess somebody blew a fuse. And then somebody kissed me and my toes curled up. My heart started beating like a tom tom. I heard beautiful music.

TWEEDY: Miss Culpepper, this is absolutely absurd. You can't fall in love with a man just because he kisses you once.

GEORGIA: I don't know about other girls, but I can. I always do.

TWEEDY: I'm not going to let you make trouble for Mary and Sidney with this romantic rubbish.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

POTTS: Oops! Excuse me, Tweedy. I thought I'd come in for a look. I mean book.

GEORGIA: (SOBS) Dr. Tweedy, you're mean and cruel and heartless. You've ruined my life.

POTTS: Tweedy. What's been going on here?

TWEEDY: Nothing, Mr. Potts. She's just making a big fuss because she got kissed. You can't blame a man for kissing a pretty girl when he has the opportunity.

POTTS: That's what I keep telling Mrs. Potts.

GEORGIA: (SCREAMS) That kiss was like a sheet of fire! (GOING OFF) And now he calls it rubbish!

POTTS: Tweedy. Tweedy I realize that today is St. Valentine's day ... But aren't you sort of jumping into it with both feet?

TWEEDY: Er - Oh Mr. Potts. Certainly you don't think - (LAUGHS) Why I wouldn't - I didn't - Oh you do, don't you?

POTTS: How was it, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, stop leering! I've got to catch that girl and keep her from talking.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR SLAM ... FOOTSTEPS

SIDNEY: Hey Dad. What's the rush? Mr. Potts is going to announce our engagement in a few minutes.

TWEEDY: Ahem. Sidney. Did you see a Miss Culpepper come rushing out of the library? Or don't you remember her?

SIDNEY: Er - yes - I seem to remember something about her.

TWEEDY: A blown fuse, perhaps?

SIDNEY: Something like that. She isn't here tonight -- is she -- I hope.

TWEEDY: M'm. H'm. And feeling very talkative. It seems you're quite a kisser.

SIDNEY: Oh. She told you. (SCARED) What if she tells Mary?

TWEEDY: Sidney. Why do you think I've been chasing Miss Culpepper?

SIDNEY: Dad. I don't like to pry into your business.

TWEEDY: That is not the reason! Why did you kiss her anyway?
I thought Mary kept you busy enough.

SIDNEY: I did it in a weak moment. She asked me to smell the
perfume on her ear lobes. Then she turned out the
lights and put her arms around my neck and - er - which
way did she go?

TWEEDY: Nevermind! You go find Mary and don't stop dancing
until your engagement is announced.

MUSIC: DANCE MUSIC UP AND THROUGH BRIDGE

GEORGIA: (FADE IN CRYING)

TWEEDY: Now, now, Miss Culpepper. You know you don't want to
break up two young people who love each other.

GEORGIA: Oh yes I do.

TWEEDY: There's absolutely no reason why you should be so
unreasonable.

GEORGIA: I'm a woman.

TWEEDY: I should have thought of that reason.

GEORGIA: CRIES

MUSIC: FANFARE

POTTS: (OFF) Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention
please. I wish to take this occasion to announce the
formal engagement of my daughter Mary to Dr. Tweedy's
son, Sidney.

CAST: APPLAUSE

MUSIC: "I LOVE YOU TRULY" FADE

GEORGIA: Now my heart is broken in a million little bitty pieces.
(SOBS HYSTERICALLY)

TWEEDY: But Miss Culpepper. Please. No. Don't Stop crying - you're getting your shoulders all wet. What will people think?

COLONEL: (COMING IN) I know what I'm thinking, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh. Colonel Jackson. I was just - er - well - Miss Culpepper here - er - Miss Culpepper, this is Colonel Jackson. Colonel Jackson, Miss Culpepper.

GEORGIA: Miss Georgia Genevieve Culpepper. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Colonel Jackson.

COLONEL: A southern belle. Miss Georgia. May I say your beauty is most distracting. Your features are as delicate as a sweet magnolia bud, shyly opening in the jasmine scented moonlight. You remind me of honeysuckle blossoms and Spanish moss gracefully hanging from the cypress trees and swaying in the soft warm breeze. I'm from the South, you know.

TWEEDY: What a coincidence.

GEORGIA: (CRIES)

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir. What have you done to this delicate young flower?

GEORGIA: I'll tell you what he's done. His son Sidney kissed me, and now he's engaged to another woman.

COLONEL: Miss Georgia, allow me to assume the protection of your honor.

TWEEDY: Oh slush. A kiss doesn't mean anything.

COLONEL: Maybe not to a yankee, sir. But where Miss Culpepper and I come from a kiss is either a proposal or an insult.

TWEEDY: But Miss Culpepper. Please. No. Don't Stop crying - you're getting your shoulders all wet. What will people think?

COLONEL: (COMING IN) I know what I'm thinking, Dr. Tweedy.

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COLONEL: Maybe not to a yankee, sir. But where Miss Culpepper and I come from a kiss is either a proposal or an insult.

COLONEL: Now see what you've done, Dr. Tweedy. How am I going to get out of what you got me into?

TWEEDY: (NORMAL VOICE) That's obvious. You said she was a delicate young flower. She should bruise easily. You were gentle with her. Do the opposite. Cave man stuff.

COLONEL: You mean like Humphrey Bogart?

TWEEDY: Exactly like Humphrey Bogart.

GEORGIA: (COMING IN) I'm all ready, Colonel. Shall we dance?

COLONEL: (HUMPHREY BOGART) Come here, sugar.

GEORGIA: What did you say?

COLONEL: I said, come here, sugar. I've got a better plan. Why waste that big old moon's time? Let's get to that hot convertible and start necking, baby.

GEORGIA: How dare you! Colonel Jackson, I thought you were a southern gentleman but I see you're nothing but a yankee eager beaver. Good night!

SOUND: LOUD SLAP

COLONEL: Ouch! (BACK TO SOUTHERN) Good night!

TWEEDY: Parting is such sweet sorrow. You're right, Colonel. She was a delicate young flower. Now let's see if we can get some beefsteak for that eye.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a minute, but first,
here is Don Hancock!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the
very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 007B533

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Producers of the new Murder Mystery "Lady in the Lake".

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNCR: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

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CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY	REVISION: _____	NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR ETTES	APPROVAL: FINAL	B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST
DATE: FEB. 19, 1947 PROGRAM #38		REPEAT: _____

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

As Broadcast

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078535

OPENING - NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
 DONALDSON: Say, what does that mean?
 WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
 DONALDSON: What's the idea of those whistles?
 CHAPPELL: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...
 WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
 CHAPPELL: ... travels the smoke further ...
 WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
 CHAPPELL: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are
"Outstanding!"
 DONALDSON: And - they are mild!
 (SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: THEME

HOLLYWOOD

ANNOUNCER: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me! '

HOLLYWOOD

ANNOUNCER: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is
 ... FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: Well, good evening. There has been a lot of talk about
 the high rate of divorces in this country. Personally,
 I think it's just this modern age we're living in. "Duz"
 does so much, a man gets to feeling he isn't needed
 around the house. I know a picture star who's having

MORGAN: trouble with his wife. She claims his kisses are cool.
(CONTD) It isn't that at all. After those love scenes he makes at the studio, by the time he gets home, his pucker is popped! Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go pucker my Lippy!

MUSIC: THEME PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment at "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." And now to New York.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...
"Outstanding!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Right! For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP) (WHISTLE FAILURE)

CHAPPELL: ... Travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN) (WHISTLE FAILURE)

CHAPPELL: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

DONALDSON: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

CHAPPELL: "Outstanding!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...
"Outstanding!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MEIL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher, featuring Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, doctor of philosophy and dean of men at Potts College, lives at 1313 College Lane. Colonel Beauregard C. Jackson, the head of the chemistry department, lives next door with his maiden sister, Kitty Belle. They have invited Dr. Tweedy over to spend the evening.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPEN

COLONEL: Good evening, Dr. Tweedy, sir. Come right in, won't you.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TWEEDY: Well, thank you, Colonel. Did you know that it is exactly thirty-seven feet, eight and three-quarter inches from my front door to yours? I paced it off.

COLONEL: Really? Let me help you off with your things. Your hat. Your earmuffs. Your gloves. Your overcoat. Your wool muffler. My silk scarf. Your galoshes. And your extra sweater.

TWEEDY: Brrr. There's a little nip in the air tonight.

KITTY B: (COMING IN) Good evening, Dr. Tweedy. I've been moving the furniture around in the living room. It's a mess and I feel as ashamed as all get out. Why it looks like a yankee living room.

TWEEDY: (GALLANTLY JUMPS OVER MASON-DIXON LINE) Why, Miss Kitty Belle, as we southerners exiled in enemy territory say, your living room has all the warmth and charm of an old southern mansion. Or perhaps it is the inspiration of your ravishing and beautiful presence.

KITTY B: (LAUGHS) Dr. Tweedy, I believe you're trying to flatter me. You know I'm almost twenty-six.

TWEEDY: Twenty-six. Almost! A house full of beautiful antiques.

COLONEL: Shall we retire to my den, Dr. Tweedy?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: Yes. It's so picturesque in here. All these Civil War souvenirs. From all you've told me, I don't see how the South lost the war.

COLONEL: Lost the war, sir? Dr. Tweedy, sir, you've been the victim of a vicious yankee rumor. Dr. Tweedy, sir, would you care to join me in a game of pool?

TWEEDY: Pool? Oh yes. Yes, of course. Pool. I used to be a whizz at this game when I was in college. Cue ball. Eight ball. Stack them up. I mean rack them up. Colonel, I challenge you to a pool game. Just tell me one little thing, Colonel. How do you swing this club?

COLONEL: Here, sir. Let me show you. You place the small end of the stick between your fingers on the table.

TWEEDY: Oh yes. Then you aim at the ball and pull your cue stick way back, like this.

SOUND: CUE STRIKING SHELF ... RATTLE OF POTTERY

TWEEDY: I beg your pardon Miss Kitty Belle.

KITTY B: Dr. Tweedy, you nearly knocked that what-not off my knick-knack shelf.

TWEEDY: I did?

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir, I'd like to show you my collection of dueling pistols.

TWEEDY: Oh, yes. I'm right behind the eight ball.

COLONEL: Now here's a dueling pistol that is my pride and joy. Smooth bore, with a hair trigger. I could kill a man with it right now if it were loaded.

TWEEDY: You could, couldn't you? Here. Just let me have it, will you? Very nice balance. Fits my hand perfectly. You say this is a hair trigger.

SOUND: SHOT ... WINDOW BROKEN

TWEEDY: (GROANS) I'm shot. I'm shot. I'm shot.

SOUND: BODY FALL

COLONEL: No, you're all right, Dr. Tweedy, sir. Just think. I've had that pistol for twenty years and didn't know it was loaded.

TWEEDY: (STAMMERS AND SPUTTERS) Ohhhh. (WEAKLY) Good night. Colonel. (SICK) I don't think I want to play any more pool.

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir. You're as white as a ghost.

TWEEDY: Ghost. Dead. Will. Ohhh. I think I'd better go make out my will.

MUSIC:

SOUND: DOORBELL ... DOOR OPEN ... HOWLING WIND

TWEEDY: (STILL NERVOUS) Hello, Mrs. Appopolous. I'm glad I found you home.

MRS. A: Tweedle, tootsie-wootsie. Come in. Close the door. It's blowing a blizzard. But I love it. I'm a hot-blooded Greek.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TWEEDY: I hope you'll forgive my calling at this late hour but it's very urgent. You see I had a terrible shock tonight. I was visiting with Colonel Jackson and Miss Kitty Belle.

MRS. A: Oh that Pussy Belle. What a walkie-talkie. All the time ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta. All she's got is a cute southern exposure. But Appopolous has colossal curves. Look. Don't they drive you crazy?

TWEEDY: Yes, crazy. Please, Mrs. Appopolous. I've already had one shock. If you wouldn't mind too much I'd like to make you my confidante.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. What's this confidante?

TWEEDY: I mean I came over here with a will.

MRS. A: Say no more! There's the door.

TWEEDY: You don't understand, Mrs. Appopolous. Here's my will. I'd like you to witness my signature.

MRS. A: What's the matter, Tweedle? A young sprout like you making a will? Buck up, cutie dumpling. Be happy like Appopolous. Tonight, I'm not wearing a girdle which is choking me. What a wild and woolly feeling. Yippee. You're looking at a happy Greek.

TWEEDY: I'm not looking.

MRS. A: Come here, Tweedle. I'm going to give you a great big kiss.

TWEEDY: No! Mrs. Appopolous, you always want to kiss. You're an incorrigible osculator.

MRS. A: Kiss me now. I may not osculator. (APPLAUSE) (LAUGHS)
Appopolous is hot tonight, kid!

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Now I wish I'd shot myself.

MUSIC:

CAST: AD LIB

SOUND: CAFETERIA EFFECTS

POTTS: Oh, there you are, Mrs. Appopolous ...

MRS. A: Hello, Pottsie. The special in the cafeteria today is Greek meatball soup.

POTTS: No, thank you, Mrs. Appopolous. I dropped by to inquire if you could give me a soup bone for my wife's little blond Pomeranian. A sweet little dog. She's a blond. We call her Lana.

MRS. A: Sorry, Pottsie. Tweedle's dog Baldy has first call on all my soup bones.

POTTS: You can give me Baldy's bones, too. He spends all his time over at my house serenading Lana.

MRS. A: Ah, now that's very cute. Puppy love. Love at first bite. You call her Lana?

POTTS: Yes. He chewed her sweater off this morning. I want to speak to Tweedy about his canine Cassanova.

MRS. A: And there's Tweedle right over there. Oh, he's a sick kiddo. You know last night he was making out his will. This morning his hands are shaking like a plate of jello.

POTTS: He does look a little haggard and tired. Maybe I'd better go over and speak to him.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

POTTS: (BRISKLY) Hello, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: (STARTLED) Whoops!

SOUND: CUP OF COFFEE FALLS AND BREAKSTWEEDY: Mr. Potts! Don't ever sneak up on me like that.

POTTS: Tweedy. What's the matter with you? You're so nervous and jumpy.

ATX01 0078542

TWEEDY: Yes. Well, I am, Mr. Potts. A gun went off last night at the Colonel's house and - well -- after that I just couldn't sleep.

POTTS: No, no, Tweedy. It's my fault. I've let you work too hard. You've held two jobs. Dean of men and full professor of philosophy.

TWEEDY: Well I have been working pretty hard. A raise would give me new strength.

POTTS: No, no, Tweedy. You'll continue as dean. But starting tomorrow morning another member of the faculty will teach your classes. You're to rest. That's an order!

TWEEDY: Somebody else teach my philosophy classes? You can't do that to me. I love teaching. No, Mr. Potts. Absolutely not! Nothing you can say will change my mind.

POTTS: Must I remind you I'm chairman of the board of trustees? I'm your employer. I sign your checks.

TWEEDY: Oh, yes, Mr. Potts. Well, I'll run home right now and start resting.

MUSIC:

BALDY: BARKING ... GROWLING ... CHEWING

WELBY: Hey, Baldy! Now stop that. Why don't you chew on your bones? Do you have to chew on the telephone cord? Oh - Oh. Now, look at that. Bit right in half. Oh, Baldy. What you done.

BALDY: WHIMPERS

WELBY: I know just what the Doc will say when he comes home. He'll say, "Welby, did that bad dog bite this telephone cord in half?"

BALDY: WHIMPERS

ATK01 0078543

WELBY: Don't try to soft soap me. You're a bad dog.

BALDY: WHIMPERS

WELBY: Oh, all right. So you're a good dog. I'll lie for you.
I'll tell the Doc I cut it.

BALDY: HAPPY BARKS

WELBY: Alright, alright, I'll let you out. Go call on that little blonde, Lana the pommyranian.

BALDY: HAPPY PANTS

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Look at him go. Straight for Mr. Potts' house.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING IN ... TWEEDY: CALLS "BALDY" OFF MIKE

WELBY: Hy Doc. You're a little late tonight.

TWEEDY: I know, Welby. I'm tired I had an unpleasant chat with Mr. Potts. He feels I've been overworking.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WELBY: Yeah. You been kind of jumpy, Doc. And listen why don't you lay down on the couch here and relax?

TWEEDY: Well, now that's a good idea, Welby. There was something I wanted to tell you. Oh yes. I made out my will last night.

WELBY: Doc. Don't talk about things like that.

TWEEDY: Well I meant to tell you before. I made out a will leaving everything to you.

WELBY: Ah Doc. You're sweet. How much ya got?

TWEEDY: Well not very much. But I changed it last night and left everything to Sidney. He's my adopted son now and ... well, you understand.

WELBY: I do? Oh yeah. Sure. You don't need to leave me nothin' but some little keepsake. Maybe like your solid gold watch and chain. They're beautiful.

TWEEDY: As a matter of fact, Welby. I did arrange for you to have that.

WELBY: Oh, Doc. I can hardly wait to get my hands on it.

TWEEDY: Welby!

WELBY: Oh, yeah, I'm sorry, Doc. Here, let me move the couch a little closer to the fireplace. You don't gotta get up. I can lift you and the couch together. (GRUNTS)

SOUND: COUCH SET DOWN ... FIRE CRACKLING

TWEEDY: My goodness, Welby! I didn't realize you were so powerful.

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Thanks, Doc. Yeah, I'm strong. Look at my hands. Built like a bunch of bananas. I could crush your beautiful skull like a walnut. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Yes, well, let's not talk about it. Just hand me a book, Welby. Something relaxing.

WELBY: A book? How about this one I been reading, Doc? "Murders in the Rue Morgue." I love murder stories. Hey, Doc, did you ever stop to think you don't know nothing about me? Why, I might even be a murderer. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: Er. Yes. Just hand me that book of poetry, Welby.

WELBY: Sure, Doc, here you are. And would you read it out loud? I love to hear you read poetry.

TWEEDY: Yes, very well, Welby. This is Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven."

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain

Thrilled me -- filled me with fantastic terrors
never felt before." (YAWNS) I didn't get a
wink of sleep last night. To continue.

TWEEDY: "Deep into that darkness peering, long
(CONTD.) I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
(VOICE TRAILING OFF) to dream before! (DEEP
BREATH)

WELBY: Hey, Doc, Doc! Aw. Would you look at that. He's sound
asleep. I wonder what he's dreaming about.

ENGINEER: FOLLOWING SCENE ON ECHO

MUSIC: DREAM EFFECT

TWEEDY: Welby! Why are you looking at me like that?

WELBY: (SLOWLY WITH MAXIMUM MENACE IN DREAM) So you changed your
will last night? You ain't leaving nothing to me but
your gold watch.

TWEEDY: (SCARED TO DEATH) But Welby. It keeps perfect time.

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Yeah Doc, - time, he says. I'm strong. Look at
these hands. Why I could crush your beautiful skull like
a walnut.

TWEEDY: But Welby. You wouldn't do that to your friend. Your
dear, dear friend.

WELBY: (LAUGHS) Why not? You don't know nothing about me. Why,
I might be a murderer. Here, let me straighten your tie,
Doc.

ENGINEER: TAKE OUT ECHO

TWEEDY: NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! (WAKING UP ... STARTLED) Welby! What
are you doing with your hands around my throat?

WELBY: Doc. Wait a minute! I was only loosening your collar.
You was sleeping there tugging at your nectie and squirming

TWEEDY: Oh. Thank Heavens! I was dreaming about that new will I
made. Welby! What happened to it? It was right here on
this table.

WELBY: On that table? With them newspapers? That I just threw
in the fire and burned? Aw, Doc. Now ain't that too bad.
Well, what do you know. I'm your legal heir again. Here,
Doc. You better let me fix your necktie.

TWEEDY: Oh no! No!

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW #38

(REVISED)

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HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0078548

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #38

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

CHAPPELL: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

DONALDSON: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: That's right, - and you who are still smoking old-fashioned short cigarettes can prove this. Start lighting a PELL MELL - and notice - that you unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch closer to your face than you have to - a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL ... You're discovering something that just isn't there in old-fashioned cigarettes. It's your first introduction to PELL MELL'S distinguished length - and its advantages ...

DONALDSON: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

DONALDSON: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

CHAPPELL: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

DONALDSON: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

CHAPPELL: "Outstanding!"

DONALDSON: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN SHOW)

ATX01 0078549

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as the "Fabulous Doctor
 Tweedy."

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: (RAYMOND) Dr. Tweedy is a bit upset tonight. He came home
 to relax, but he dreamt Welby was trying to murder him.
 Very soothing. Mmm? Dr. Tweedy is still trying to relax.
 Outside a blizzard is raging.

SOUND: HOWLING WIND

HIESTAND: Dr. Tweedy is sitting in front of his fireplace. His dog
 Baldy lies at his feet.

SOUND: CRACKLING FIRE

HIESTAND: Somewhere among those glowing embers are the ashes of
 his new will. The only other sound is the friendly
 ticking of his faithful clock.

SOUND: SLOW TICK TOCKS ... ESTABLISH ... STOP ABRUPTLY

TWEEDY: What was that! Oh. The clock stopped. It's thirteen
 minutes - after eight. Thirteen!

BALDY: GRUNTS ... SNAPS ... SNARLS IN HIS SLEEP

TWEEDY: Baldy! Baldy! Wake up.

BALDY: WAKES UP ... BARKS ... BASKERVILLE HOWL

TWEEDY: No, no, Baldy! Not the death howl! Not tonight! Please!

BALDY: BASKERVILLE HOWL

TWEEDY: Now you stop that! You're just scaring yourself. And me.
 Welby, Welby, didn't burn that will on purpose. He
 wouldn't harm me. He wouldn't - er - or would he?

BALDY: SNARLS

TWEEDY: Baldy, now stop looking out that window and snarling.
 There's absolutely nothing there. What do you see?

BALDY: WHIMPERS

TWEEDY: I wonder where Welby is. I wonder what he's doing. Er -
I'll never be able to sleep in this house tonight. I
know ... I'll spend the night at the Faculty Club. Come
on, Baldy. We'll go up and pack my overnight bag.

MUSIC:

WELBY: Mr. Potts, I came over to see you because I'm worried
about the Doc.

POTTS: I'm concerned too, Welby. A man in his condition could
crack up. Have a nervous breakdown.

WELBY: (SOBS) Oh no. Not that, Mr. Potts. He's the sweetest guy
in the world. He's the only friend I got.

POTTS: Now, now, Welby. Brace up. I know you're devoted to
Tweedy. And I'm depending on you to pull him through this.

WELBY: I'll do anything to help the Doc. Anything, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: First get him to take some of this iron tonic.

WELBY: Yeah. Iron Tonic, huh? It says six percent alcohol. The
Doc wouldn't touch nothing with alcohol. Would it help
the Doc if I drank it?

POTTS: No, Welby. Just put some of it in his food. He won't
notice the bitter taste.

WELBY: Gee, that smells delicious. You know I feel a little run
down too. Oh, I think maybe a bottle of this would really
straighten me out.

POTTS: No, Welby. What I want you to do is see that Dr. Tweedy
has complete rest and quiet. No excitement. Don't let
him go out. Keep him home. Above all, see that he gets
to bed early and gets a good night's sleep.

WELBY: Yes sir! Okay. You sure you couldn't find another bottle of this iron tonic? A pint? A half pint? How about a little shot?

MUSIC: ESTABLISH MOOD THRU TO NEXT MUSIC CUE

SOUND: HOWLING WIND ... SHUTTER BANGING

TWEEDY: Toothbrush. Toothpowder. There. All packed. Come on, Baldy. Hurry.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN STAIRS ... ACROSS HALL ... DOOR OPEN

MUSIC: DOOR SLAM

WELBY: Doc. Going someplace?

MUSIC: PUNCTUATES WELBY'S APPEARANCE

TWEEDY: (WEAKLY) Oh. I was just looking for you, Welby.

WELBY: With your overnight bag in your hand?

TWEEDY: Well, I was just feeling a little lonely. I thought I'd spend the night at the Faculty Club.

WELBY: You can't be lonesome now, Doc. I'm here. Just the two of us together.

TWEEDY: Well, I'd sort of like some more company. I'll phone the Colonel and ask him to bring over all his dueling pistols. I might find another one that's loaded.

WELBY: Doc. Now ain't that too bad. You want to use the phone. And you can't.

TWEEDY: I can't? Y-Y-You mean you won't let me?

WELBY: Oh sure, Doc. But the wire's cut.

TWEEDY: Cut? Who cut it?

WELBY: I did. Accidentally.

TWEEDY: The same way you accidentally burned up my new will?

WELBY: Yeah. I guess I'm just naturally clumsy. (LAUGHS) Maybe you'd better make out another will, Doc because the way things stand now I'm your heir.

ATX01 0078552

TWEEDY: There's no rush. After all, nothing could happen to me tonight. Could it? (LAUGHS) Where's a pen and piece of paper?

WELBY: Aw, Doc. I now just remembered. We're all out of ink.

TWEEDY: Well, this pencil will do. Oh. No point.

WELBY: I'll go out in the kitchen and get a knife, Doc. I been sharpening 'em today.

TWEEDY: Oh no. I mean, don't bother. No knives. No point. I'm all on edge.

WELBY: Don't worry, Doc. Now, will you, Doc? I'm gonna take care of you tonight. By morning your worries will be over.

TWEEDY: But - er - uh - whew - er - take care of me. How are you going to do it, Welby?

WELBY: Oh, it'll be easy. I'm gonna fix you a great big bowl of delicious soup. With a little something bitter in it. You'll eat. Then you'll go to sleep. All stretched out on the bed. Pleasant dreams. Nothing but rest and peace.

TWEEDY: Er - rest in peace. How can you do this to me, Welby? When I took you in, you were just a harmless vagrant. Now you've turned into a homicidal maniac.

WELBY: Thanks, Doc. That's nice of you. Now you sit right here where I can see you from the kitchen. (GOING OFF) I'm gonna fix up the bowl of soup that will put you in dreamland. (OFF) Baldy, the Doc's in the living room.

BALDY: (COMES IN BARKING)

TWEEDY: Come here, Baldy. If I can get you out of the house with a note, you'll go straight to Mr. Potts' house. You'll go over to see your new girl friend Lana, won't you?

BALDY: HAPPY PANTS

TWEEDY: Paper. Pencil. Ah, Here we are. "Mr. Potts. Come to my house immediately. A murder is about to be committed. Signed. Tweedy." Now remember, Baldy, go right over to see Lana. (CALLS) Oh, Welby. I think Baldy wants to go outdoors.

WELBY: (OFF) Okay, Doc. I'll let him out.

SOUND: (OFF) FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

MUSIC: SHORTEST POSSIBLE TRANSITION

WELBY: (COMING IN) Now Doc. Here's a big bowl of steaming hot soup. It may taste a little bitter, but that's the part that's going to do the trick.

TWEEDY: It is? You just hold it a moment.

WELBY: Doc why you taking off your coat?

TWEEDY: Just hold the soup with both hands.

WELBY: What are you rolling your sleeve up for?

TWEEDY: Just hold the soup. Now.

SOUND: TERRIFIC BLOW ON JAW ... BOWL OF SOUP FALLS

WELBY: (GROANS)

SOUND: TREMENDOUS BODY FALL

TWEEDY: I did it. I knocked him out. Er - I'd better get out of here fast before he comes to.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

POTTS: (OUT OF BREATH) Tweedy. I got your note. About the murder. What's been going on here?

TWEEDY: There he is, Mr. Potts. Lying on the floor.

POTTS: It's Welby. You mean you did that, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Yes, Mr. Potts. I'm ashamed of myself, but I had to do it. The law of the jungle. Survival of the fittest.

POTTS: Tweedy. Stand back. It's happened. You've cracked up.

TWEEDY: Cracked up? Welby's the one who's cracked up.

POTTS: I know, Tweedy. You did a good job.

TWEEDY: I felled him with one mighty blow. He went down like an ox.

POTTS: Never mind the gruesome details, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Stop backing up, Mr. Potts. Welby tried to murder me.

POTTS: Paranoia. Persecution complex. Stand back, Tweedy. Don't come any closer. I have a gun. I'll shoot!

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts! You've lost your mind! Give me that gun!

SOUND: PISTOL SHOT

TWEEDY: (GROANS) I'm shot. I'm shot. I'm shot.

TWEEDY: It's a fatal wound. No! I'm sinking fast. No! This is the end. No!

COLONEL: (FADE IN) No, Dr. Tweedy, sir. You're all right. You didn't shoot yourself with my dueling pistol. You just fainted. When you fell you banged your head on the pool table.

TWEEDY: Colonel. I'm still in your den? Under the pool table. (SIGH OF RELIEF)

COLONEL: Yes. You've been lying there for five minutes. I sent for Welby.

TWEEDY: Why did I dream about a will? I haven't got anything to leave anybody. Thanks to Mr. Potts. I should have known I was dreaming when he told me to take some time off. If he had any tonic with six percent alcohol he'd drink it himself. And most absurd of all I wouldn't dare go to Mrs. Appopolous' house after sundown.

WELBY: (COMING IN) Where is he? Aw. Poor Doc. Lemme help you up. There. Come on, Doc. I'll take you home. You're all nervous and upset.

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW #38

(REVISED)

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HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment, but first,
here is Dan Donaldson!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0078556A

TWEEDY: Yes. What I need is rest and peace. Rest in peace. Oh
no!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

DONALDSON: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
DONALDSON: Which means ...
CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
CHAPPELL: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
CHAPPELL: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
DONALDSON: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
CHAPPELL: "Outstanding!"
DONALDSON: And - they are mild!
CHAPPELL: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...
"Outstanding!"
DONALDSON: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078557

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Producers of the new Murder Mystery "Lady in the Lake." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week:

MORGAN: My topic for today is fashions. Women's styles may change, but their designs are always the same. Which brings me to my thought for the week. In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to what his girl has been thinking about all winter. (LAUGH) ...
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present Frank Morgan, as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel.

"Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell, Gale Gordon was "Mr. Potts"; Sara Berner, "Mrs. Appopolous"; William Johnstone, "Colonel Jackson"; Sarah Selby, "Kitty Belle", and Pinto Colvig, "Baldy", the dog.

"The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts.

This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment.
(APPLAUSE)

ATX01 0078558

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW #38

(REVISED)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNCR: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to
you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0078559

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PRODUCT: RAIL MAIL FAMOUS CIGARETTES APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST
DATE: FEB. 26, 1947 PROGRAM #39 REPEAT:

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078560

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
VOICE: Say, what does that mean?
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?
2ND ANNR: Why it's simple, sir ... you see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
are "outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)
MUSIC: THEME
HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"
MORGAN: That's me!
HIESTAND: Starring FRANK MORGAN!
MORGAN: That's me, too!
(APPLAUSE ... THEME AND FADE FOR:)
HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And he will
be with us in just a moment as "The Fabulous Dr.
Tweedy." And now to New York.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

I OPENING COMMERCIAL - NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher, featuring Harry Von Zell and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy dean of men at Potts College is lecturing his eleven to twelve o'clock class, his students are wide-eyed with breathless attention. Every eye in the room is upon the face of --

TWEEDY: The Clock! Stop looking at the clock! I know you're hungry. I'm hungry too. Now, to continue. In my opinion, Socrates, the ancient Greek scholar, is one of the greatest philosophers who ever lived. --- Ahem. I'm going to have that clock taken out. Furthermore, when the class bell rings, I'd appreciate it if you would remain in your seats until I have had the opportunity to say --

SOUND: CLASS BELL ... THUNDERING HERD RUSHES OUT ... DOOR SLAM

TWEEDY: Class dismissed. This is the last year I'll teach a class before lunch.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN ... FOOTSTEPS UNDER TO NEXT
SOUND CUE

BALDY: FRIENDLY BARK

TWEEDY: Oh, Baldy!

WELBY: Doc. Me and Baldy come over to bring you something important.

TWEEDY: Welby, I told you to keep Baldy at home.

BALDY: BARKS

TWEEDY: Baldy, you're a bad dog. Always following me to school.

BALDY: WHIMPERS

WELBY: I'll tell him Baldy, you keep quiet. I'm sorry Doc.
But the postman brung this registered letter for you.

TWEEDY: A registered letter? For me? Why it's from the
Pomegranate Publishing Co. Oh yes. I sent them the
outline of a book I intended to write.

SOUND: ENVELOPE OPENED

TWEEDY: "Dear sir. We received the outline of your proposed
book on the life of the Greek philosopher Socrates.
Enclosed herewith is a check for two hundred and fifty
dollars in advance royalties...

WELBY: Two hundred and fifty bucks! Doc. You're as rich as
Crocus.

TWEEDY: (EXCITED) They bought it! I've got to run home and dust
off my typewriter. No, I have to eat my lunch first. Let
Baldy eat it. No, keep Baldy here. I don't want him
starting a fight with the cafeteria cat. I'll be out
as soon as I eat the cat. I ---

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS

WELBY: (OFF) The Doc always gets so excited.

SOUND: SWINGING DOOR ... CAFETERIA EFFECTS

CAST: LIGHT AD LIB

MRS. A: Tweedle my sweetle. You're late for the cafeteria.

TWEEDY: Hello, Mrs. Appopolous. I'll have a three minute
poached toast on a book -- I mean book on an egg --
Oh no! Never mind. I'm too excited to eat.

MRS. A: Excited? No appetite? Tweedle, cutie-dumpling.
You're in love and with Appopolous, natch. I'm
gorgeous. I'm such a lovely creature.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, I have good news. I'm going to write
a book. It's about one of your fellow countrymen. A
brother Greek.

MRS. A: A Greek? My brother?

TWEEDY: Yes. The book I'm writing about is Socrates.

MRS. A: Socrates? You're right, kiddo! You should write a
book about him. He's a terrific Greek.

TWEEDY: (MUSING) Yes. The noblest Greek of them all. If it
were only possible to talk with him and learn more
about his life.

MRS. A: Tweedle, for you I'd do anything. You want to meet
Socrates? Okay, honeybunny, I'll dig him up for you.

TWEEDY: Dig him up? (LAUGHS) Mrs. Appopolous. You jest.

MRS. A: Jest Don't worry about a thing.

TWEEDY: (AMUSED) You see, there were many Greek philosophers
and Socrates --

BALDY: BARKS (OFF)

TWEEDY: Oh dear! How did Baldy get in here?

MRS. A: Tweedle! Get Baldy out of here before my tomcat
Acropolis sees him!

CAT: SNARLS AND SPITS (OFF)

TWEEDY: Too late. He's seen him. Baldy! Stay away from him.

BALDY: (COMES IN) BARKING AND GROWLING

CAT: SNARLS

MRS. A: Acropolis! Don't do it!

CAT: SNARLS

MRS. A: Acropolis, listen to Appopolous.

BALDY AND CAT: FIGHT

TWEEDY: (DURING FIGHT) Baldy, let go of Acropolis! Acropolis, let go of Baldy! Baldy, let go of me! Acropolis, don't scratch! Owwww!

MRS. A: Tweedle!

SOUND: DISHES BROKEN DURING FIGHT (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC:

SOUND: PECKING AT TYPEWRITER

TWEEDY: I think this typewriter needs a new ribbon.

WELBY: Say, Doc. Would you mind if I sit here in my rocking chair and finish darning your socks?

TWEEDY: What a picture you make, Welby, sitting there in the rocker with your lap full of darning. Whistler's Mother.

WELBY: Oh, thanks, Doc.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER

TWEEDY: (READING AS HE TYPES) "When Socrates was eight months old a lot of changes came into his life. His family moved to Athens."

BABY: LOUD SQUAWLING OFF

WELBY: Hey Doc, you know something? You're writing that so good I can hear him crying.

TWEEDY: Yes. (LAUGHS) Sounds just like there's a baby out on the front porch. (LAUGHS) Baby on the front porch!!!!

SOUND: VERY FAST FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

BABY: TREMENDOUS CRIES ON MIKE

TWEEDY: Oh no!

BALDY: BARKS

TWEEDY: Baldy! This basket! Who left this baby on my front porch? You're supposed to be a watchdog. Why didn't you watch?

BALDY: VICIOUS GROWL

TWEEDY: Oh stop it. You're too late now.

BABY: WHIMPERS

BALDY: WHIMPERS ... LICKS

BABY: COOS

TWEEDY: Baldy! Stop licking him. Her. It. Whatever it is.

BALDY: HAPPY PANTS

TWEEDY: Well. You like the baby, don't you, Baldy? But we can't leave it out here on the porch. Come on, baby. We'll take the basket inside.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE ... FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Welby. Look. See what I've got.

WELBY: (COMING IN) Well what do you know. A baby.

TWEEDY: Yes.

WELBY: And you was only gone a couple of minutes.

TWEEDY: I found it on the front porch. Somebody left it there.

WELBY: No, of all the nerve. We got a sign out there that says please make all deliveries in the rear.

TWEEDY: How could anyone abandon such a beautiful baby?

BABY: GOO

TWEEDY: Well, upsy daisy. I want a look at you. Awww. A tiny button nose. (THROUGH NOSE) Let go of Uncle Tweedy's nose. Well that's better. Oh, those blue eyes. And those tiny hands.

SOUND: BABY PUNCHES TWEEDY

TWEEDY: OUCH! It punched me right in the eye. How can such a little hand fold into a fist?

WELBY: (LAUGHS)

BABY: LAUGHS - TALKS

TWEEDY: Well. It's trying to talk.

WELBY: Yeah. Say that again, kid.

BABY: TALKS ... ENDS IN TINY BURP

WELBY: Now, the kid says it's hungry, Doc.

TWEEDY: Well, that's a safe translation. It might well be, Welby. Babies are always hungry.

WELBY: That ain't the only thing they're always.

BABY: TALKS ... YAWN

WELBY: I think I used to be a baby. I used to look just like that.

BABY: SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER

TWEEDY: Now, now. Come to Uncle Tweedy. You're a pretty little baby. You don't look anything like Welby.

BABY: GOO

SOUND: PUNCH

WELBY: Hey, Doc. We can't keep no baby around while you're writing a book. What are we gonna do with it?

TWEEDY: Nevermind, Welby. I know exactly what to do in a case like this. Come along, baby. (GOING OFF) I'll be back in a few minutes.

WELBY: Ok, gee the Doc's a sweet guy. He'll probably walk all over the neighborhood looking for the kids parents. I know -- I'll call the cops and tell them to give the Doc a hand.

SOUND: TELEPHONE DIAL

ATX01 0078568

WELBY: Hello. Police station? This is Welby Skinkle speaking from 1313 College Lane. I want you should organize a man hunt. On account of a little baby. Where was it? On the front porch in a basket. No, it didn't walk away. It's too young. What did you say? Yeah, it's an abduction. Yeah hello. That's funny ... he hung up. I wonder what an abduction is.

MUSIC:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

BABY: TALKS

TWEEDY: You don't say. Then what happened after you left the hospital?

BABY: TALKS

TWEEDY: This is a fascinating conversation but we'll have to continue it some other time. Here's the police station.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN ... ESTABLISH HUM OF ACTIVITY

TWEEDY: I'll put your basket right here on this bench, Baby. Ahem. I beg your pardon, officer, but --

OFFICER: Just a minute, bud. Relax. Can't you see I'm busy making out a report?

TWEEDY: Well, I have a ba

OFFICER: A case like this makes me wish I was out on a beat instead of being stuck behind this desk.

TWEEDY: What happened?

OFFICER: Some no good, cheap, chiseling punk swiped a baby.

TWEEDY: No! What a dastardly deed.

OFFICER: Don't upset yourself citizen. We'll nail the guy who did it.

TWEEDY: This is absolutely no excuse for a thing like that.

ATX01 0078569

OFFICER: Oh, when we catch the rat he'll have an excuse. They always do. And it's always the same one. They found it on a streetcar. Somebody left it on their doorstep. And they always say they were on their way to report the matter to the police.

TWEEDY: (WEAKLY) (AD LIB) They always say that?

OFFICER: After they get out of the hospital.

TWEEDY: Hospital? You send them there for a physical check-up.

OFFICER: Yeah. When we bring them in they're always falling down and hurting themselves on the head. We help them up with our nightsticks. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: LAUGHS

OFFICER: Now citizen. What can I do for you?

TWEEDY: Yes will you sell me a ticket for the policemen's ball?

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #39

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke -
naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first
puff, that cooler, smoother taste.
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-fashioned
short cigarettes, here's a little experiment to show you
what you're missing. Just try lighting a PELL MELL - and
see if you don't unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch
closer to your face than you have to -- a good half-inch
inside the tip of your PELL MELL ... You're discovering
something that just isn't there in old-fashioned
cigarettes! It's your first introduction to PELL MELL'S
distinguished length - and its advantages ...
2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.

ATX01 0078572

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #39

~~XXXXXX~~

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN
SHOW)

ATX01 0078573

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

MUSIC: ROCK-A-BYE BABY

BABY: TALKS

HIESTAND: The baby says Dr. Tweedy found it on the front porch and
took it to the police station.

BABY: TALKS

HIESTAND: The police were so busy hunting for a missing baby that
Dr. Tweedy decided not to disturb them.

BABY: TALKS

HIESTAND: Now the baby says Dr. Tweedy is taking it to the
Foundling Home.

BABY: COOS

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... CARRY THROUGH TO NEXT SOUND CUE

TWEEDY: Now baby. You be quiet as a mouse.

BABY: BEGINS BLASTING

TWEEDY: Sshht! Sshht! Phfft! Phfft! Ssshhhhh!!! Baby!
Please!

BABY: LAUGHS

TWEEDY: Now be a good baby. I'm going to put you down here on the
steps of the Foundling Home and then ...

SOUND: DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

MRS. TIDY: (WISELY) Yes? And then what?

TWEEDY: Oh. (BIG LAUGH PETERS OUT) You ... we ... Good day,
Madam.

MRS. T: And then what?

TWEEDY: Oh ... uh ... then ... Yes.

MRS. T: Just why are you trying to leave that baby on my doorstep?
Are you the stork?

ATX01 0078574

TWEEDY: No, no no! I'm not! I want to explain how I happen to have this baby ...

MRS. T: Well ...

TWEEDY: Well, I was sitting at home quietly in my study writing a book. I found this baby right in the middle of the first chapter.

MRS. T: That book will never be a best seller.

TWEEDY: No, no. I found the baby on my front porch. I am merely doing my duty by bringing it to the proper authorities.

MRS. T: Then why didn't you ring the bell and tell me about it in the first place?

TWEEDY: Ring the bell. (LAUGHS) That's funny. Now why didn't I think of that?

MRS. T: Why didn't you knock?

TWEEDY: Knock, er - uh .. I didn't want to wake up all the other babies.

MRS. T: Very well, I'll accept the child as a foundling.

TWEEDY: Wonderful. Good day, Madam.

MRS. T: Just a moment. I'll have to have your name. For the police investigation. They try very hard to find out who the child's father is.

TWEEDY: Oh well naturally, naturally. Every child has a father.

MRS. T: And of course they check on reports of missing babies.

TWEEDY: Well, naturally.

MRS. T: Your name, please?

TWEEDY: Name? Name ... Thaddeus Q. Smith. S-m-i-t-h-e. Smith.

MRS. T: Address?

SOUND: POLICE SIREN OFF

TWEEDY: Er - If that's a police car you can reach me at the Pottsfeld Hospital.

BABY: CRIES

MUSIC:

TWEEDY: The Life of Socrates by Thaddeus Q. Smith. I mean, Tweedy. I'll start the page again.

SOUND: TYPEWRITER

TWEEDY: (AS HE WRITES) "When Socrates was eight months old a lot of changes were coming into his life. His family moved to Athens."

SOUND: DOORBELL

TWEEDY: Oh no. Not another interruption.

WELBY: (OFF) It's the front door, Doc. I'll get it.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF

WELBY: (OFF) Oh, hello! Announcing Mrs. Appopolous, Esquire.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Tweedle, my sweetie. You cute kid. Look at Appopolous. Today I'm wearing pedal pushers and a turtle neck sweater. I'm the rugged outdoor type girl.

TWEEDY: Rugged. Yes. Then you're not angry about what my Baldy did to your Acropolis?

MRS. A: No. Today Appopolous loves everybody. When I wear pedal pushers I don't have to wear a tight girdle which is choking me. See. Pedal pushers. Big loose pants. I'm footloose and pancy free. Ah.. You're looking at a happy Greek. Open your eyes, Tweedle tootsie, and sneak a peek.

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Oh, all right. Mrs. Appopolous! What a costume. What an outfit. What an ensemble.

MRS. A: Ensemble people it would look lousy but on me it looks good. (LAUGHS) Appopolous is hot today.

ATX01 0078576

TWEEDY: Yes. I just got burned. You have an incredible couturier.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. What's this couturier?

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. Please. I want to get on with my book about Socrates.

MRS. A: That's why Appopolous is here. Like I promised, I dug up Socrates.

TWEEDY: But he's been dead over two thousand years.

MRS. A: No, kid. You're making a mistake. Socrates is my brother. He's still alive. Hotsy totsyt.

TWEEDY: Socrates? You've got a brother named Socrates?

MRS. A: Well, natch, Tweedle. Like you said, he's the noblest Greek of them all. You said you wanted to meet him. So. Here he is. (CALLS) Socrates. Come in here and meet Tweedle, my favorite sweetie.

TWEEDY: How do I get into these things?

SOCRATES: (COMING IN) Hello, Tweedle. Here's Socrates. Your troubles are over, kid.

TWEEDY: I wish I could believe you.

SOCRATES: Look at me. I'm tall, dark and handsome. I drive all the women crazy. What a gorgeous brute I am. You write a book about me and they'll buy it for moving pictures.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well, how do you do, Socrates. I'd like to offer you a glass of hemlock. I mean tea.

SOCRATES: No thanks. Boy, am I feeling good. I came down here without the Mrs. I don't have a wife which is choking me. What a free and easy feeling. You're looking at a happy Greek.

TWEEDY: I'm looking at two happy Greeks. Won't you sit down on the sofa?

SOCRATES: Okay. Sofa so good. (LAUGHS)

MRS. A: (LAUGHS) Socrates is hot today.

TWEEDY: (GROANS) I think I should explain that there's been a slight mistake. Socrates has been dead for two thousand years.

SOCRATES: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. Socrates is not dead. I'm full of life. I'm bulging all over with gorgeous muscles.

TWEEDY: You don't understand. The Socrates I'm writing my book about was an ancient Greek philosopher. An historical figure.

SOCRATES: Oh, well. That can't be me. My figure is gorgeous.

MRS. A: And my figure is gorgeous, too.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well, I brought this on myself. To continue. Your sister made a little mistake. But I'm willing to take all the blame and reimburse you for the unnecessary trip.

SOCRATES: Oh, well, that's okay, Tweedle. I enjoyed it. And so did my little baby.

TWEEDY: Baby?

SOCRATES: What a cute kiddo. I've got little Spartaca next door in the back yard in a basket. Getting big and strong, with plenty sunshine. My baby's got a cute trick. Always punching people in the eye.

TWEEDY: Punch in the eye. Backyard. Next door. Basket. Baldy must have pulled it over --- to the porch. Oh no!

SOCRATES: How I love that kiddo. If anybody ever did anything to my Spartaca, I'd crush him with my bare hands. I'd break every bone in his body. Where are you going, Tweedle?

TWEEDY: Bones. Er - excuse me. I'll be right back.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Welby. Welby.

WELBY: Yeah Doc?

TWEEDY: Welby, look out that back window. Is there a basket in Mrs. Appopolous' backyard?

WELBY: No Doc.

TWEEDY: Let me see. Oh dear. Marks along the ground. Baldy dragged that basket with the baby in it over to my front porch. It is Socrates' baby. (GOING OFF) I've got to get him back from the Foundling Home.

WELBY: That was Socrates' baby? The guy that's been dead two thousand years? Hey. That's a good trick.

MUSIC:

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS ... DOORBELL ... DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

MRS. T: Oh. It's you again Mr. Smith.

TWEEDY: I'm afraid you're mistaken. The name is Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. PhD.

MRS. T: You told me your name was Smith.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well I also told you I didn't want that baby, but I'd like it back immediately.

MRS. T: M'm. H'm. I see. Very well. Will you step this way, Dr. Tweedy.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

MRS. T: There she is. That nice policeman is holding her.

TWEEDY: Ah, my little Spartaca. (TAKE) Policeman?

OFFICER: Yes. Remember me?

MRS. T: Shall I leave you two gentlemen alone?

TWEEDY: Oh no, no, no! Please stay. I'm afraid I'll fall down and hurt my head.

OFFICER: Okay. Let's have the excuses.

TWEEDY: Officer, surely you don't think that I'm the type ... this is all ... nonsense ... I wouldn't ... I couldn't ... I didn't ... How many years will I get?

OFFICER: A citizen by the name of Welby Skinkle called from 1313 College Lane and reported a missing baby.

TWEEDY: Welby got me into this? But he works for me. I live at 1313 College Lane. See. Here's my driver's license.

OFFICER: It expired three months ago. That's a ten dollar fine.

TWEEDY: I came over on a bicycle, Officer. Er - Here's the ten dollars. Let me tell you what happened. I was working on my book and ...

OFFICER: Making book, huh?

TWEEDY: No! I heard my dog Baldy barking outside and - er - His license expired. Here's the two dollars. Wait. I can prove that Welby Skinkle works for me. Here's a picture of him mowing my lawn. That's me asleep in the hammock.

OFFICER: That's Welby Skinkle? I've been looking for him since New Year's Eve.

TWEEDY: Oh, you have. Will ten dollars cover it?

OFFICER: Look. If that dope is the guy who called me, let's forget the whole thing. Here! Here's your kid.

BABY: Goo

TWEEDY: Well, thank you, officer. Thank you. Come on Spartaca. Ow! (GOING OFF) Goodbye.

ATX01 0078580

MRS. T: But officer. Why did he leave his baby here in the first place?

OFFICER: Well, I've heard about Tweedy. He's one of those absent-minded professors over at the college. A nice, respectable bachelor. (TAKE) Bachelor!

MUSIC:

WELBY: Here's some more tea for you, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: Thank you, keed.

WELBY: And here's a cup for your brother Socrates.

SOCRATES: Nice work, sport.

WELBY: Two thousand years old. You don't look it. He don't look a day over a thousand. (GOING OFF) Well, you help yourselves. I'll see you later.

SOCRATES: Thank you, fat boy.

MRS. A: Boy, what a figure that Welby has. Look at those curves, Socrates.

SOCRATES: Oh, forget it, kiddo. Yours is much more gorgeous than his.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF

BABY: SCREAMS (OFF)

SOCRATES: A baby. Tweedle. What are you doing with my Spartaca?

TWEEDY: Oh, I just couldn't resist going out and looking at the little rascal. She's beautiful. We went for a little run. Walk. And, well, she's such a striking little girl. Oww ...

SOCRATES: She's crazy about you. She hit you in the eye.

TWEEDY: Oh, Spartaca and I can get along fine. I'm so sorry that you have to go back home right away and take her away from me.

SOCRATES: Who says we gotta go home right away? We stay.

TWEEDY: Oh no. Gotta go home.

SOCRATES: No. If you love Spartaca so much we'll stay a whole week.
Here. You can play with her now. My sister and I are
going to a movie. (GOING OFF) So long, sport.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Come on, Spartaca. You can sit on Uncle Tweedy's
lap while he works on his book. I'll start the page
again.

SOUND: TYPEWRITERS THROUGH TO CURTAIN

TWEEDY: (READS AS HE WRITES) When Socrates was eight months old
a lot of changes came into his life.

BABY: TALKS AND LAUGHS THROUGH TO CURTAIN

TWEEDY: His family moved to Athens. Oh dear, changes!

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment, but first,
here is Don Hancock!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078583

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the human story behind the Atom Bomb, "The Beginning or the End." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week!

MORGAN: My topic for today is love. A girl in love soon discovers that a man isn't necessarily a good match just because he's always lit - which brings me to my thought for the week -- When two lovers kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the makeup! (LAUGHS) Goodnight!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present Frank Morgan, as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "Welby" was played by Harry Von Zell. "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts. This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment.
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNCR: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0078584

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APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

DATE: MAR. 5, 1947 PROGRAM #40

REPEAT: _____

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078586

I OPENING NEW YORK

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
VOICE: Say, what does that mean?
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?
2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... You see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
are "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD)
MUSIC: THEME
HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"
MORGAN: That's me!
HIESTAND: Starring FRANK MORGAN!
MORGAN: That's me, too!
(APPLAUSE)
MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:
HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is,
Frank Morgan!
MORGAN: Yes. Good evening. I understand President Truman is
still in Mexico having a fine time. The President of
Mexico had a great deal to do with this. Two days
before Mr. Truman arrived, he had the zoos get rid of
all the elephants. I made quite an extensive tour of
Mexico myself, and I fell in love with the people and

ATX01 0078587

MORGAN: their customs. They have a wonderful drink down there
(CONTD) called Tequilla. It's sort of a Mexican version of
Seven-Up. After one drink, it takes seven to hold you
up! But our two countries do have a lot in common.
They have their bull-ring and we have our Congress.
Well, if you'll excuse me, I have to see a man about a
sombbrero.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." And now to New York.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

ATX01 0078588

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Grutcher, and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, professor of philosophy and dean of men at Potts College, is a devoted student and connoisseur of classical music. He is also an amateur bassoonist, and his most enthusiastic audience is his dog, Baldy.

BALDY: BASKERVILLE HOWL

TWEEDY: All right, Baldy. I hit a sour note. I'll try that phrase over.

BASSOON: PORTION OF MOZART ... LEGITIMATE

TWEEDY: There. Would you like an encore, Baldy?

BALDY: TWO SHORT BARKS ... HAPPY PANTS

BASSOON: STARTS MOZART

SOUND: DOOR BELL

BALDY: FAST BARKS ... GOES OFF ... KEEPS BARKING OFF

TWEEDY: Baldy! Stop barking, please!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TIMOTHY: Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Ah. Timothy Muldoon. A clod from the sod of the old Emerald Isle. Come on in.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TIMOTHY: Thanks, Dr. Tweedy. I'm all through with my housework at the fraternity. That's a good job. Gives me lots of leisure time to improve my mind.

ATX01 0078589

TWEEDY: Do you get that much time off?

TIMOTHY: You know, there's a humdinger of a wind today. I want to fly my kite. Can Welby come out and play?

TWEEDY: I'm sorry, Timothy. Welby left early this morning on a hike. I think he has a touch of spring fever.

TIMOTHY: That Welby is still a hobo at heart. It's just as well he's otherwise engaged. He's definitely my mental inferior. May I have a peanut butter sandwich?

TWEEDY: Certainly. You might make one for me, too!

TIMOTHY: (GOING OFF) Okay, Dr. Tweedy.

SOUND: DOOR BELL

BALDY: FAST BARKS ... GOES OFF ... KEEPS BARKING OFF

TWEEDY: Baldy! Stop that!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

POTTS: I knew you were home, Tweedy. I heard you doodling on your blasted bassoon.

TWEEDY: Well, come in, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Tweedy. I had a terrible night last night.

TWEEDY: You did?

POTTS: I've had a terrible day today. Then this afternoon came the foulest blow of all.

TWEEDY: How is Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: Fine, thank you. She's in great shape. And I use the word "shape" loosely. But this is a different kind of blow. I have a letter here from the Scallopini Opera Company.

TWEEDY: Yes. I invited them to sing here. Imagine. Two glorious nights of "Carmen." The great contralto Angelina Tempestini is singing the title role.

T POTTS: Opera singer! Bah!!

P TWEEDY: Yes, but the famous baritone Ricardo Farino is singing
T the role of the bullfighter.

POTTS: Speaking of bull, Tweedy, who told them I would pay the
deficit?

T TWEEDY: But Mr. Potts, I thought you agreed. What about that
P interview you gave the Pottsfeld Bugle? You said you
wanted to be the first to make a large financial
S contribution.

T POTTS: Tweedy, it isn't fair of you to make me keep my word.
But you leave me no alternative. I'll have to make
good. I'll buy a ticket. Here's five dollars.

TWEEDY: Wait, Mr. Potts. When I invited the opera company to
TV come here they made me chairman of the board of
sponsors. That's a great honor. Do you know what that
means?

POTTS: No. What does it mean?

T TWEEDY: I'm stuck. How will I raise the money?

POTTS: Well, Tweedy. After all, we're good friends. We've
TW been quite close.

TWEEDY: Well, you're a lot closer than I am.

T POTTS: On the contrary. To show you how wrong you are, I'm
TW going to help you out. Here's my ticket back. You can
keep the money and sell it over again.

TWEEDY: You're not even going to the opera? It's a cultural
attraction.

POTTS: A two hundred pound shrieking soprano with a rose in
her teeth is not my idea of an attraction. I like a
PI woman to be a neat package, not a job lot.

ATX01 0078591

TWEEDY: And Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: Every man is entitled to one mistake.

TIMOTHY: (COMING IN - MOUTH FULL) Hello, Mr. Potts. Would you like a peanut butter sandwich, too? I've got jam on mine.

TWEEDY: Jam. I'm in it.

POTTS: Yes. Goodbye, Tweedy. Remember. The more tickets you sell the smaller the deficit.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TIMOTHY: You know, Dr. Tweedy, with Welby gone I don't know what I'm going to do with myself tonight. He and me was going down to the United Nations Pool Hall and play a little snooker.

TWEEDY: Er -- (SEES A HOT PROSPECT) Timothy. A few minutes ago you told me you were anxious to improve your mind. I'm going to see "Carmen" tonight. Why don't you come along?

TIMOTHY: Oh that sounds like much more fun than snooker. Where does she live?

TWEEDY: No, no, no, Timothy. Carmen is the name of an operatic role.

TIMOTHY: Is that something like a hot cross bun?

TWEEDY: (INFINITE PATIENCE) No, Timothy. Now listen carefully. Carmen is the name of an opera. It's also the name of the girl in the opera. When the curtain rises, Carmen comes on stage. She sees the handsome Don Jose. She winks at him, puts a rose between her teeth and slinks across the stage. Like this.

TIMOTHY: (WOLF WHISTLE) (APPLAUDS)

TWEEDY: Well. Thank you, Timothy. Then fate intervenes. She meets a dashing, debonair bullfighter.

TIMOTHY: Oh, yeah! Fighter? Did I ever tell you I used to be a prize fighter? I've had eighty-seven fights so far. Now many guys last that long. They go crazy. You know - punch-drunk. And when they're really gone they hear bells all the time. Answer the phone, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: No, no, Timothy. That wasn't the phone. That was the bell for the first bullfight. When the bullfighter sees Carmen he sings in a rich baritone ... similar to mine.
(SINGS PORTION OF TOREADOR SONG)

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF

MARY & SIDNEY: AD LIBS COMING IN

TWEEDY: Well, Mary and Sidney. Do they have any new records in the juke box at the Malt Shop?

TIMOTHY: Oh, excuse me, everybody. (GOING OFF) I'm going out and fix me another jam sandwich.

SIDNEY: Nothing new, Dad. Just twelve different records of "OPEN THE DOOR RICHARD." Who wants to dance to that?

MARY: Since we got engaged you don't want to dance to anything. You're taking me for granted. You didn't even get mad when I went over and asked Joe to dance with me.

SIDNEY: Oh, who'd be jealous of that goon.

TWEEDY: Now, now, Sidney. Let's not have any quarreling. You and Mary are engaged, not married. I have a surprise for you two. We're all stepping out tonight. My treat. As always.

MARY & SIDNEY: (ALTERNATE) A movie? Dinner? A nightclub? Dance?

TWEEDY: We're all going to the opera tonight. Carmen.

MARY & SIDNEY: (TOGETHER) (GROAN)

MUSIC: GROAN BLENDS INTO TOREADOR THEME ... CARRY UNDER TO NEXT

MUSIC CUE.

TWEEDY: There's the great Farino. He's coming on stage now.

MARY: (SIGHS) He's the handsomest thing I've ever seen.

(SIGH)

SIDNEY: Aw nuts.

MUSIC: UP AND INTO HABANERA

TIMOTHY: SNORES PUNCTUATE MUSIC

TWEEDY: Sh! Sht! Timothy! Wake up!

MUSIC:

TIMOTHY: (WAKES UP) Oh. I'm sorry, Dr. Tweedy. Who's gonna
get stabbed next?

TWEEDY: Me. Look at all those empty seats.

MUSIC: UP AND INTO ANOTHER CARMEN THEME

MARY: (SMITTEN) Can we go backstage after it's over and meet
Farino?

TWEEDY: Of course we'll go backstage. He'll remember me. We're
old friends.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: BACKSTAGE EFFECTS

FARINO: VOCALIZING OFF

TWEEDY: Ah. This must be Farino's dressing room.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

FARINO: Entrez!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

FARINO: Ah, come in, come in. Close the door after you. Drafts are bad for the golden throat of the great Farino. Naturally you came in for autographed pictures of Farino. Here you are. Three dollars, please.

TWEEDY: Three dollars. Er - yes. Ah, you know, Signor Ricardo Farino. You were in excellent voice tonight.

FARINO: What else?

TWEEDY: Of course you remember me.

FARINO: Your face is strange to me, but your appreciation of my great voice is familiar.

TWEEDY: Surely you must remember me. I met you backstage at the Metropolitan. I was with that Greyhound bus tour. We were having a nice chat until the fat lady behind me began to push.

FARINO: They always push. But quick. Introduce me to this breathtakingly beautiful young woman.

TWEEDY: Oh yes. This is Miss Mary Potts. She's engaged to ..

FARINO: Miss Potts. What music there is in that name.

MARY: (SIGHS) Really?

TWEEDY: Yes. And this is my son, Sidney.

FARINO: Hello, Sonny.

SIDNEY: Sonny? (LAUGHS) Well, yes, I guess you're old enough to be my father.

TWEEDY: Sht! Sht! Sidney!

SIDNEY: Oh, I'll wait outside.

TWEEDY: Ah, Signor Farino. The way you sang the Toreador Song. I could see the bull. But that orchestra is not worthy of you. Every time you started singing they got off key.

FARINO: Are you implying that the great Farino sings off key?

TWEEDY: Oh no. It was those hundred men in the orchestra.
You were right and every one of them was wrong.

FARINO: Musicians are morons.

TWEEDY: Of course I know every singer likes to have honest criticism along with compliments.

FARINO: Of course. There's only one thing I like better than critics.

TWEEDY: Yes!

FARINO: Dead critics.

TWEEDY: Oh, well, I'm sure nobody else noticed it, but I caught two sour notes.

FARINO: Sour notes! The great Farino has never sung a sour note!

TWEEDY: I mean it was just a tiny bit flat.

FARINO: No! It was not flat!

TWEEDY: A little sharp?

FARINO: No, no, no! Not sharp!

TWEEDY: Well, it sagged a little in the middle?

FARINO: Farino does not sag in the middle.

TWEEDY: Oh. I guess you're right. No sag and that note was perfect.

MUSIC:

SIDNEY: (COMES IN SINGING TOREADOR SONG)

TWEEDY: No, no, Sidney. Please. You're setting opera back two hundred years. Help me find my collar button.

SIDNEY: Are you going to the opera again tonight?

TWEEDY: I have to. It reduces the deficit.

SIDNEY: Dad. Do you suppose I could learn to sing?

TWEEDY: Nothing is impossible, Sidney. But some things are closer to impossible than others. And why aren't you out with Mary?

SIDNEY: The great Farino. Mary told me she was going out with him tonight.

TWEEDY: Mary interested in Farino? Oh mush.

SIDNEY: She said she was going to meet him in his dressing room. He's probably drinking champagne out of her slipper right now.

TWEEDY: Drinking champagne out of her old saddle shoes?

SIDNEY: He sent her two dozen roses, with a note saying if he didn't see her he'd die.

TWEEDY: Oh, well now, don't you worry, Sidney. I know Farino. I'm not worried, I'm not -- er -- oh, dear ...

SIDNEY: "Oh dear" is right. It's your fault. You took us to the opera, Dad. You introduced her to that operatic wolf.

TWEEDY: Yes, but ... I had no idea that she ... that he ... that they ... er ... champagne ... dressing room ... Oh no! I have to get over to the Opera House before the overture.

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke
naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first
puff, that cooler, smoother taste.
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-fashioned
short cigarettes, here's a little experiment that will
open your eyes. Just try lighting a PELL MELL - and see
if you don't unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch
closer to your face than you have to -- a good half-inch
inside the tip of your PELL MELL ... You're discovering
something that just isn't there in old-fashioned
cigarettes! It's your first introduction to PELL MELL'S
distinguished length - and its advantages ...
2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN
SHOW)

ATK01 0078598

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: Dr. Tweedy is rushing to the opera house to rescue Mary Potts from the villainous clutches of Farino.

MUSIC: (WILLIAM TELL)

HIESTAND: But Mary Potts is at home quietly listening to some noisy Benny Goodman.

MUSIC: BENNY GOODMAN JUMP ... TAKE OUT IN NEXT SPEECH

POTTS: (COMING IN) Please, please, Mary darling, my head. Aren't you going out with Sidney tonight or something?

MARY: I am not! I think Mr. Sidney has taken me too much for granted lately and I'm teaching him a little lesson. I'm going to make him suffer.

POTTS: You inherited that from your mother.

MARY: Sidney thinks I'm out with the great Farino.

POTTS: What is a great Farino?

MARY: He's the star of the Scallopini Opera Co. I told Sidney he'd fallen madly in love with me. Then I sent myself two dozen roses with a passionate note from Farino. You should have seen Sidney's face.

POTTS: I've seen it. And frankly I can't understand why you and Tweedy love it.

MARY: Here's the note I wrote to myself. "Beloved. Last night was like a dream. I'll die if I don't see you again. I want to drink champagne from your slipper."

POTTS: I did that when I first met your mother. I had a hangover for a week. You know the size of her feet. I nearly choked on her arch supports.

ATX01 0078599

MARY: I got the idea of making Sidney jealous from the opera last night .. like Angelina Tempestini who plays Carmen. She's got a face like Hedy Lamarr.

POTTS: I know. And a figure like a bale of cotton.

MARY: Oh no. She has a figure like Betty Grable. And you should see her in that off-the-shoulder gypsy blouse.

POTTS: H'm. Off-the-shoulder. Yes. Well, as chairman of the board of trustees, I feel I should go down there. It's the sort of thing people expect of me. Tell your mother I'm carrying on as usual, on behalf of the college. Ahem. And I'll take these roses you sent yourself with me.

MUSIC:

ANGELINA: Mi mi mi mi ...

SOUND: ATOMIZER

ANGELINA: Mi mi mi mi ...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN:

ANGELINA: Oh, it's you!

FARINO: (COMING IN) Ah, my darling Angelina. You are the most beautiful Carmen who ever walked out on a stage.

ANGELINA: (CARMEN IN PERSON) Where have you been the past fifteen minutes? Who is she?

FARINO: Darling. You are the only woman the great Farino has ever loved.

ANGELINA: Ha! This is what comes of marrying a baritone. To keep up with you I'd have to have eyes in the back of my head. What about that little girl last night? I saw you kissing her hand.

FARINO: The only woman I love is you, Angelina Tempestini.

ATX01 0078600

ANGELINA: Ha! You've got plenty of time for fooling around.
What are you doing during the first act while I'm on stage?

FARINO: I'm standing in the wings watching you kiss that flabby tenor.

ANGELINA: It's in the script!

FARINO: Not the way you do it! Darling .. darling .. we're being foolish. I love you. Naturally you love me. We're married. I swear I've never looked at another woman. And I trust you too. Goodbye.

ANGELINA: Where are you going?

FARINO: To find out from that tenor where you were last night! I'll kill him.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

ANGELINA: Mi mi mi mi ...

SOUND: ATOMIZER

ANGELINA: Mi mi mi mi ...

SOUND: POUNDING ON DOOR ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: (COMING IN MAD) Farino, where are you? I want to have a little talk with you. Oh. I beg your pardon, madam. Why, it's Signorina Tempestini.

ANGELINA: You are looking for Farino?

TWEEDY: Yes. I am here to prevent his having a champagne supper with one of my young girl students.

ANGELINA: He is chasing some girl?

TWEEDY: Chasing is hardly the word. He sent her two dozen roses and told her he couldn't live without her.

ANGELINA: He won't live, period!

TWEEDY: Yes. That's not all. He's going to drink champagne out of her slipper. You know what that means.

ANGELINA: Wet feet. And murder for my husband.

TWEEDY: Well, I don't ... Your husband? Farino is your husband. (LAUGHS) You know, it looks like he just got himself into a lot of trouble. You know what to do in a case like this, don't you?

ANGELINA: Yes. (LAUGHS)

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSES)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Er - why are you closing the door? And locking it. And .. oh no! Stop! Please. You dropped the key down your blouse.

ANGELINA: I'll show Farino. Two can play his game.

TWEEDY: Yes but ... I don't want to play.

ANGELINA: I'll make him so jealous he'll blow his tops. Here is his beautiful wife locked up in a room with a handsome man.

TWEEDY: Oh no. Let me out of here.

ANGELINA: No, no. When Farino comes I want him to find you in my arms.

TWEEDY: Oh no you don't! Now besides, how is he going to get in? You put the key in - er - how is he going to get in?

ANGELINA: He'll break down the door.

TWEEDY: Madame, I want that key. If you don't give it to me I'll be compelled to - to - let him break the door down.

SOUND: DOORKNOB RATTLED ... POUNDING ON DOOR

FARINO: Open the door, Angelina!

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ANGELINA: (PHONY LOUD VOICE) Oh, that's my husband! We're trapped! Kiss me once again before he kills you!

TWEEDY: No! No! A thousand times no!

FARINO: (OFF) Aha! A man.

TWEEDY: Thank you.

FARINO: Stand back. I'm coming right through the door.

SOUND: HE DOES IT

TWEEDY: Er - hello, Farino.

FARINO: So! It's you! The man who says I sing sour notes. Well, tonight you won't hear me sing sour. You'll be dead.

TWEEDY: Oh, no... I mean I wouldn't dream of going without hearing you sing.

FARINO: Well. You really love good music that much?

TWEEDY: Oh yes.

FARINO: Okay. I kill you after the performance.

TWEEDY: Well, thank you very much. I know you won't sing any sour notes tonight. Like you did last night.

FARINO: I kill you now. Come on. I kill you in the alley.

ANGELINA: Here's your sword, Farino.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... CARRY UNDER TO NEXT SOUND CUE

TWEEDY: But this is all a horrible mistake. I don't care anything about your wife. She doesn't attract me at all.

FARINO: Oh so! Now you're insulting my wife! For that I kill you twice!

TWEEDY: No, no, no. I think she's beautiful. She's very attractive. I'm crazy about her.

FARINO: So! You admit it!

TWEEDY: No! I'm crazy! No! I do not admit it! I never ...

POTTS: (COMING IN) Well, hello, Tweedy, hello.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts. Am I glad to see you. I'm in a little trouble.

POTTS: I can't stop now, Tweedy. See these flowers. I'm on my way to pay a social call to Tempestini. From what I've heard she's quite a dish. (LAUGHS)

FARINO: (SOTTO) Aha! Tweedy, you wolves run in packs.

POTTS: I like to keep in touch with cultural attractions. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, if I were you I'd stop leering.

POTTS: (GOING OFF) Tell me about it later, Tweedy. I must tell Tempestini how much I appreciate her outstanding artistry.

FARINO: So. Another one. Come on, Tweedy. We'll go get him and then all three of us will go to the alley.

MUSIC: VERY SHORT

ANGELINA: Yes?

POTTS: Ah. Miss Angelina Tempestini. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Alexander Potts.

ANGELINA: Flowers. How sweet. Here. You may kiss my hand.

POTTS: Ah yes. Your hand. How soft and delicate and defenseless it lies in mine. (KISS)

ANGELINA: Allow me to pick up your toupee.

POTTS: Thank you. Thank you.

ANGELINA: You put it on backwards.

POTTS: Thank you. Thank you. Premature baldness. I've done a lot of thinking.

ANGELINA: About what?

POTTS: (LAUGHS) Perhaps after the performance we could go to some quiet little place. Tete-a-tete.

ANGELINA: Well, I'm afraid you'll have to ask my husband. He's standing right there behind you in the doorway. He's the one with the sword.

TWEEDY: I tried to warn you, Mr. Potts. Oh. You haven't met. Mr. Potts, this is the great, great Farino. Great Farino, Mr. Potts. Now, if you three will excuse me ...

FARINO: Come back here! How do you do, Potts. Aha. A note in the flowers you brought my wife. I'll take a look, thank you.

POTTS: Note? I didn't know Mary left that note in there.

FARINO: Aha! It says, "Beloved. Last night was like a dream. I'll die if I don't see you again tonight."

TWEEDY: You're right, Mr. Potts. You'll die.

POTTS: (SOTTO) Tweedy. Start talking. Bring out that golden tongue of yours. Get me out of this.

TWEEDY: (SOTTO) If I do, will you take care of the deficit?

POTTS: (SOTTO) I'll be glad to pay for it, Tweedy. Well, that is I'll pay for it.

FARINO: (LOUDLY) You'll both pay for it! What kind of a town is this? A man's wife isn't safe from wolves. Okay. I make it safe. The great Farino is mad now! Boiling mad! I kill! I kill! I kill!!!

POTTS: Tweedy! Start talking!

TWEEDY: Great Farino. No just listen to your old friend. You're shouting. You may do irreparable damage to that great voice.

FARINO: (WHISPERS) You're right. I kill. I kill. I kill.

TWEEDY: (PATIENTLY) That's better. Save the fire of your anger for your performance tonight.

FARINO: You're right. Okay. So I'm not mad. I kill both of you with a smile.

TWEEDY: Ah, how handsome you are when you flash that smile. All that gold looks like an Italian sunset. Your physique is like a statue of a Greek God. One look at you would make a sculptor get his hammer and start chiseling. You should be plastered. Your voice means as much to the American people as the Liberty Bell.

FARINO: It's cracked.

TWEEDY: Well, if you sing softer, nobody will notice it.

FARINO: I meant the Liberty Bell.

TWEEDY: Sht, sht ... You're shouting again ... that great voice ...

FARINO: You're right. Farino has the greatest voice in the world.

TWEEDY: Yes. The only exception is your wife. The Great Tempestini.

FARINO: No exceptions!

ANGELINA: Yes. Exceptions! I'm a greater singer than you are.

FARINO: No!

ANGELINA: Yes!

FARINO: NO!

ANGELINA: YES!

TWEEDY: Come on, Mr. Potts. Now's our chance. Let's get out
of here. They're going to start throwing things.

SOUND: THEY START

TWEEDY: They should sell tickets for this. It's better than
the opera.

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment, but first,
here is Don Hancock!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #40

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078609

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the human story behind the Atom Bomb, "The Beginning or the End." And here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week.

MORGAN: My topic for today is advertising. It pays to advertise. Look at Smith Brothers Cough Drops ... their name is on everybody's tongue. Which brings me to my thought for the week. Nothing succeeds like advertising. Look at Samson. He took two columns and brought down the house! Oh no! (LAUGH) Goodnight! (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present Frank Morgan, as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." Our music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts. This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment. (APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0078610

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

247 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK 17 WICKERSHAM 2-6606

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

REVISION: _____

NETWORK: NBC

PRODUCT: PAIL, MAIL FAMOUS CIGAR-
ETTES

APPROVAL: FINAL

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

DATE: MAR. 12, 1947 PROGRAM #41

REPEAT: _____

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078611

I OPENING COMMERCIAL

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

VOICE: Say, what does that mean?

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's the idea of those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... you see, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: THEME

HIESTAND: From Hollywood - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HIESTAND: Starring Frank Morgan!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again it's Frank Morgan time! And here he is,
Frank Morgan!

MORGAN: Good evening. I have been noticing the new spring styles
in women's clothes and they certainly are revealing!
They're getting so abbreviated that they are going to
start printing the fashion magazines in Digest size. I
don't know how they do it, but every year the slacks get

ATX01 007B612

MORGAN:
(CONTD) tighter. I saw one girl whose slacks were so tight her eyes were popping out further than mine. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just go slip into my jerkin!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." And now to New York.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: ... it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher, and starring Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, professor of philosophy and dean of Potts College, has devoted a great deal of his leisure time to the study of psychology. We find the Great Man at home, immersed in a book. Baldy, his tremendous Old English sheepdog, is stretched out peacefully at Dr. Tweedy's feet. Correction. On his feet.

TWEEDY: Baldy! Get off my feet! Now go lie in the corner!

BALDY: BIG BARK ... YAWNS

TWEEDY: I know why you're so sleepy. I heard you coming in at three o'clock this morning, you gay dog.

BALDY: HAPPY PANTS

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Just a wolf in sheepdog's clothing.

SOUND: DOOR BELL

BALDY: RUSHES TO DOOR AND STANDS THERE BARKING

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

TWEEDY: No! No! I know somebody's at the door, Baldy. Stop pointing.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MRS. A: Hello, Tweedle. Roll out the plush carpet and toot your trumpet. Here's Lysistrata Appopolous, you lucky man, you.

TWEEDY: Come in, Mrs. Appopolous. As the poet says,
"The merry but unlooked for guest
Full often proves to be the best."

MRS. A: You said it, kiddo. I'm your neighbor and you should
love your neighbor! I'm so gorgeous. How can you
hold yourself back?

TWEEDY: Sheer willpower. Let me take your things. Your coat.
Your gloves. Mrs. Appopolous! What a ravishing babushka
you have!

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast! What's this
babushka?

TWEEDY: I was referring to your shawl.

MRS. A: Oh. Shawl right with me, outie dumpling. (LAUGHS)
Appopolous is hot today.

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Aw! Pshaw!

MRS. A: I feel so good today I want to kiss everybody. Come
here, Tweedle my sweetie. I'm going to crush you to
pieces. Appopolous wants a kiss.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous! Please! You should be more demure.

MRS. A: Kiss me. Demure the merrier. (LAUGHS) Appopolous
is getting hotter every minute, kid.

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Oh, dear! I'm getting colder every minute.

MRS. A: Tweedle, honeybunny, I was talking to Colonel Jackson
next door. He told me your servant Welby Skinkle flew
the coop. What's cookin', kid, good lookin'?

TWEEDY: Well you see, Welby was a knight of the road at heart,
and in the spring a hobo's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of freights. He's gone. (SIGHS) Yes, I'll
miss the patter of his big flat feet around the house.
I'll have to get someones to do my housework.

MRS. A: Now you're talking with gas. You need a housekeeper? Appopolous is single, unmarried and a lady bachelor. Here's a pillow, sweet boy. Get down on your knees and start proposing.

TWEEDY: Proposing? Isn't there an easier way to get the housework done?

MRS. A: Tweedle, look at all you're getting. Two hundred pounds of gorgeous woman. In full bloom.

TWEEDY: Gone to seed. There must be an easier way.

MRS. A: Oh, you lucky boy. All the men want Appopolous but Appopolous wants Tweedle.

TWEEDY: And nobody cares what Tweedle wants. No, Mrs. Appopolous I'm afraid I'll have to reject your overly generous offer. You see, I'm going to send for Willie Beezer.

MRS. A: What's a Willie Beezer?

TWEEDY: Willie used to work for me and I think he'll be very happy to come back!

MRS. A: Okay. So this time Appopolous loses. But one of these days my name will be Lysistrata Tweedle. (APPLAUSE)

TWEEDY: My name will be mud. Now if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Appopolous, I suddenly remembered an urgent appointment in my office.

MUSIC:

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

TWEEDY: Safe at last.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

TWEEDY: Oh no. She followed me.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

COLONEL: Good afternoon, Dr. Tweedy, sir.

TWEEDY: Oh. It's only you, Colonel. Come in, come in. Close the door. Mrs. Appopolous is loose.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TWEEDY: Now what's on your mind, Colonel?

COLONEL: A very serious problem, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Well, sit down, Colonel. No, no, no. Not that chair. Not that one. This one. This faces South.

COLONEL: Thank you, sir. Thank you. You are unusually considerate for a yankee, sir.

TWEEDY: (SOUTHERN -- KIDDING) Balls of fire. Look who's calling whom a yankee. I'm as southern as a pecan praline.

COLONEL: Yes sir. And a pecan praline is full of nuts. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: (STUNG) Ahem. I'm very busy, Colonel. What's your problem?

COLONEL: Sir, I took the liberty of making an appointment for you with a certain young lady in my chemistry class. She'll be along in a minute. Her name is Georgia Genevieve Culpepper.

TWEEDY: Oh yes. Culpepper. I remember her.

COLONEL: Her beauty is most distracting, sir. Her features are as delicate as a sweet magnolia bud, shyly opening in the jasmine scented moonlight. She reminds me of honeysuckle blossoms and Spanish moss gracefully hanging from the cypress trees and swaying in the soft warm breeze. She's from the south you know.

TWEEDY: Yes. That southern Belle has a familiar ring.

COLONEL: She comes from one of the south's most aristocratic families, sir. The Goober Junction Culpeppers, Dr. Tweedy. Something's troubling her. She can't keep her mind on her studies.

TWEEDY: And as a teacher, that should hardly surprise you.

COLONEL: I'd like you to have a little talk with her, Dr. Tweedy. You have an extensive knowledge of young people and their psychology.

TWEEDY: Well, now, don't worry, Colonel. I'll be glad to have a talk with her. I'm familiar with these situations and their psychological repercussions. It could be an inferiority complex. Psychological repercussions. Or maybe she's just plain stupid.

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir! She's from the south!

TWEEDY: Oh. You're right. It can't be stupidity.

COLONEL: No sir.

SOUND: TAPPING ON DOOR

COLONEL: That must be Miss Culpepper. I can tell by those ladylike knocks. I'll go out by the side door, sir.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

TWEEDY: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

GEORGIA: Hello, Dr. Tweedy. I'm Georgia Culpepper. Georgia Genevieve Culpepper. Did Colonel Jackson tell you about poor little me?

TWEEDY: Yes. Yes. Come in, Miss Culpepper. He mentioned that you were having a little difficulty passing your chemistry.

ATX01 007861B

GEORGIA: Oh, it was sweet of him to say that, but I'm having trouble passing everything. I guess I'm just a plain little stupid girl.

TWEEDY: You? Stupid? (LAUGHS) Anyone could look at you and see that you're - er - well, it's very - er - you're obviously very intelligent.

GEORGIA: Well, thank you, Dr. Tweedy. I think you're the sweetest man this side of Goober Junction. So few men appreciate my mind.

TWEEDY: Mind? Er - Miss Culpepper -

GEORGIA: Call me Georgia. It puts me at ease. As long as we're going to have a little talk you want me to be at ease, don't you?

TWEEDY: Miss Culpepper. I'd rather you didn't relax too much. Now tell me why you can't study.

GEORGIA: I don't know. Every time I open a text book my mind just wanders right out the window.

TWEEDY: Not so fast. I'd like to make notes. Now. Where does your mind go?

GEORGIA: Over to the gymnasium where all the boys are running around in those cute little old track suits.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Well, it can't be that simple. Your problem must be something deeper. It's quite possible you have an inferiority complex.

GEORGIA: Oh yes, Dr. Tweedy. Whenever I'm out with a boy I always feel so inferior. But they like me like that. That's why they're always besieging me for dates.

TWEEDY: I'll make a note of that. Slightly inferior complex. But let's go deeper. Psychology teaches us that if you can't concentrate on one thing you must be thinking about something else.

GEORGIA: I declare I spend all my time concentrating on my studies, and on how I can get some handsome boy to help me study.

TWEEDY: We're going to try a very simple psychological test. I'll say a word, and you answer by saying the first word that pops into your head. Your answers will give me a clear picture of what's on your mind. Now. Here's the first word. Birds.

GEORGIA: Bees.

TWEEDY: Animals.

GEORGIA: Wolf.

TWEEDY: Moon.

GEORGIA: Convertible.

TWEEDY: Warm.

GEORGIA: Arms.

TWEEDY: Boy.

GEORGIA: Neck.

TWEEDY: Oh, yes.

GEORGIA: Well, Dr. Tweedy, I just don't know what to do about it.

TWEEDY: Ah, yes, well, I can figure out the rest. I know what's keeping you from concentrating. You have an inferiority complex.

GEORGIA: Oh, Dr. Tweedy, you're wonderful. And all this time I was afraid it was boys.

ATX01 0078620

TWEEDY: You? Interested in boys? (LAUGHS) I assure you it's an inferiority complex.

GEORGIA: That sounds so romantic. What's the treatment for that?

TWEEDY: The most important thing is to keep busy. What you need is a job that will take every minute of your spare time.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, you don't have a secretary, do you?

TWEEDY: No, I don't. You see, I -- NO! Absolutely not! I wouldn't consider it.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy. Colonel Jackson assured me you'd help me in every way you could.

TWEEDY: Well yes I'd like to, but I don't need a secre ---

GEORGIA: Then I'll go right over and tell him how you cured me of my trouble by hiring me as your secretary.

TWEEDY: But I haven't -- I didn't -- I couldn't -- I wouldn't -- I shouldn't --

GEORGIA: Here's a great big kiss for you. (KISS) Goodbye.
(GOING OFF) I'm going right over and tell the Colonel and then I'll be right back.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE ... ESTABLISH RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: But, Miss Culpepper! No! Come back here! I didn't mean it! Don't tell the Colonel!

POTTS: Tweedy. What are you afraid she'll tell the Colonel?

TWEEDY: Oh, hello, Mr. Potts. Excuse me. I'm chasing Miss Culpepper.

POTTS: So I see. It looks like fun. Do you mind if I join you?

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts. Please. This is serious. I've made a mistake and I have to keep her from telling the Colonel.

POTTS: Tweedy. As chairman of the board of trustees I frown on activities like this. What happened? Tell me all the details.

TWEEDY: You see, Miss Culpepper hasn't been able to keep her mind on her studies.

POTTS: And you've been teaching her to concentrate.

TWEEDY: Now you've got the right idea. I'm something of an amateur psychologist and I've been exploring her subconscious mind.

POTTS: Go on, Tweedy. I always believe in giving a man enough rope.

TWEEDY: I found out what her trouble was. She's man crazy.

POTTS: Tweedy. Don't you think you'd better wipe that lipstick off your forehead?

TWEEDY: I got ... Oh. That. Georgia - I mean Miss Culpepper got so excited she kissed me.

POTTS: How was it, Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Oh now come, come, Mr. Potts. You're not thinking what I think you're thinking?

POTTS: Yes, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh no. I've done it again.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.
(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #41.

XXXXXX

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke
naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very
first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking
old-fashioned short cigarettes, here's something that
will help show you why PELL MELL is ... "Outstanding!"
Just try lighting a PELL MELL - and see if you don't
unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch closer to your
face than you have to -- a good half-inch inside the tip
of your PELL MELL ... You're discovering something that
just isn't there in old-fashioned cigarettes! It's your
first introduction to PELL MELL'S distinguished length -
and its advantages ...

2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

ATX01 0078623

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #41

~~XXXXXX~~

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK
MORGAN SHOW)

ATK01 0078624

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: Dr. Tweedy promised Colonel Jackson that he would solve Miss Culpepper's problem. Miss Culpepper has a very unusual problem. She likes boys.

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, I've finished straightening your filing cabinet. Oh. That reminds me. Are my seams straight?

TWEEDY: Seams? Er! Seams?

GEORGIA: My stockings.

TWEEDY: Your stockings. Very pretty.

GEORGIA: I always buy the sheerest kind I can find. Don't you just love sheer silk stockings?

TWEEDY: Er - take a letter, Miss Culpepper.

GEORGIA: I'll sit right here in this chair. There. Now I'm comfy. Go ahead. I'm all set.

TWEEDY: Dear ... Didn't I read somewhere that skirts were going to be longer this year?

GEORGIA: Why, Dr. Tweedy. You sweet little old teddybear. I - Honey - didn't think you noticed things like that.

TWEEDY: I try not to.

GEORGIA: But you're right. The skirts this year are going to dip low in the back, but they're shorter in front.

TWEEDY: You're right in style.

GEORGIA: You say the sweetest things.

TWEEDY: (QUICKLY) Take a letter, Miss Culpepper. It's to Willie Beezer. Dear Willie. In your last letter you said you were looking for work. I'd be very happy to have you come back and work for me again.

ATK01 0078625

GEORGIA: Dr. Tweedy, I'd appreciate it if you'd go a little slower. It's hard to juggle this pad on my knee.

TWEEDY: Yes. Er - to continue. I am enclosing your train fare. Ten knees. I mean dollars. Come down at once. Take the first leg - I mean limb. I mean train.

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL ... RECEIVER UP

TWEEDY: Excuse me. Hello. Long distance? Yes, this is Dr. Skirt speaking. Er -- Tweedy. Goober Junction calling? Oh yes. Put Mr. Culpepper right on.

GEORGIA: Why, that's my daddy.

TWEEDY: Yes. I had a little talk with him on the phone last night. He was worried about your grades. (INTO PHONE) Hello Mr. Culpepper. How's everything at your plantation, Goober Heaven? All right. (TO GEORGIA) Here, Georgia. He wants to talk to you. Here. (GOING OFF) I'll go in the outer office. (DOOR CLOSE)

GEORGIA: Hello Daddy. This is your little old Georgia Genevieve. Yes. Dr. Tweedy's the sweetest man. He what? He suggested you send me a little gift to bolster my morale. And you're sending me a mink coat and a new convertible? Oh Daddy. You're the sweetest man.

MUSIC:

SOUND: EXPENSIVE NEW CONVERTIBLE TEARS TO A STOP

GEORGIA: (CALLS) Yoo hoo. Colonel Jackson. Can I give you a lift somewhere in my brand new convertible?

COLONEL: (COMING IN) Miss Culpepper. I didn't recognize you all decked out in that expensive mink coat.

GEORGIA: Colonel Jackson, it was wonderful of you to get me that appointment with Mr. Tweedy. Why, it's changed my whole life. I mean it's so much fun being his secretary.

COLONEL: I'm afraid I'm beginning to understand what you mean.

GEORGIA: And furthermore if it weren't for Dr. Tweedy I wouldn't be sporting this mink coat and new convertible.

COLONEL: I have suddenly acquired an urgent desire to have a few words with Dr. Tweedy. But first I'm going in here and see the head of the college, Mr. Potts.

GEORGIA: Well all right. Goodbye now.

SOUND: CAR DRIVES OFF ... FOOTSTEPS ... CARRY UNDER TO NEXT
SOUND CUE

COLONEL: (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) Great day in the morning ... Dr. Tweedy. A mink coat. A new convertible. Beauregard C. Jackson, what have you done?

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPEN

POTTS: Well. Good morning, Colonel. Excuse my bare head but I give my toupee a hundred strokes with a stiff brush every day. Makes the hair glossy.

COLONEL: Sir, have you seen Miss Culpepper?

POTTS: Have I? Why do you think I'm brushing my toupee?

COLONEL: Mr. Potts. But I thought she was Dr. Tweedy's secretary.

POTTS: She is. You should have seen Tweedy chasing her down the hall. (LAUGHS)

COLONEL: Mr. Potts, I sent Miss Culpepper to Dr. Tweedy for a little talk. Now she's his secretary.

POTTS: Yes. Tweedy is a brilliant conversationalist.

COLONEL: And now brace yourself, Mr. Potts. I just saw Miss Culpepper.

ATX01 0078627

POTTS: Which way did she go?

COLONEL: She was driving a brand new convertible and wearing a mink coat.

POTTS: Oh, I'll bet she looked gorgeous.

COLONEL: She was honest enough to inform me that Dr. Tweedy gave them to her.

POTTS: Tweedy gave her a mink coat and a convergible? That's terrible. Why he can't do that! Not on the salary I pay him!

COLONEL: How well I know.

POTTS: (LAUGHS) Tweedy couldn't have given her those things. Where would he get his hands on that much money?

COLONEL: Mr. Potts, sir, doesn't Tweedy administer the funds for the Student Council?

POTTS: Of course. Yes. He keeps the cash in his office. But I have complete faith in his integrity and honesty. We'd better go check.

MUSIC:

TWEEDY: You sent for me, Mr. Potts?

POTTS: (A LA FATHER CONFESSOR) Tweedy. My old friend. Have a chair.

TWEEDY: Thank you, Mr. Potts. You look so kind and benevolent. Are you sick?

POTTS: Yes. Tweedy. I'm sick at heart. Someone near and dear to me has stabbed me in the back.

TWEEDY: How is Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: Please. What I have to do is unpleasant enough. Don't bring her up.

TWEEDY: I'm sorry.

ATX01 0078628

POTTS: A beautiful young woman here on the campus has recently acquired a mink coat and a convertible. Some man gave them to her. A large sum of money is missing. I'm in a terrible spot, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Why did you do it, Mr. Potts?

POTTS: Tweedy. I'll put it bluntly. The money is missing from your office. The young woman I referred to with the mink coat and the convertible is your secretary. She said you gave them to her.

TWEEDY: ME!! (BIG LAUGH ... SUDDEN STOP) Why am I laughing?

POTTS: Tweedy, my old friend. You're not the first man to make a fool of himself over a woman. Of course it might not have happened if you'd had as much experience as I've had.

TWEEDY: What about Mrs. Potts?

POTTS: That was my bitterest experience.

TWEEDY: So. I stand accused. Oh, as Shakespeare said, this is the most unkindest out of all. All my life I've tried to be straightforward and completely honest.

POTTS: And now a large sum of money is missing from your office.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, it is beneath me to stand here and deny your insinuations. You needn't bother to ask for my resignation. I quit! Good day, sir.

POTTS: Just a moment, Tweedy. You can't quit. It's going to take you two years of working for nothing to pay back that missing money.

TWEEDY: Missing money my foot. I remember exactly what I did with it. I had it on my desk and I was counting it. Then Miss Culpepper asked me if her seams were straight. They weren't and she straightened them, and then I had to

MORGAN:
(CONTD) start counting all over again. Did you know that skirts
this year are low in back and high in front?

POTTS: Go on, Tweedy. This is getting good.

TWEEDY: I started counting the money all over again and then
Miss Culpepper asked me if I thought knees had
personalities. How could that money disappear? I had
my eye on it all the time. Or did I? I'll go hunt for
it. Goodbye.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

COLONEL: Stop where you are, Dr. Tweedy. Slow up. You and I have
some unfinished business.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

TWEEDY: Oh, Colonel. I meant to tell you. I straightened out
Miss Culpepper's problem. Now I've got one of my own.
Mr. Potts thinks I gave her a mink coat and a convertible.
(LAUGHS)

COLONEL: She told me you gave them to her.

TWEEDY: Oh she did! Where is Miss Culpepper?

COLONEL: There's no hurry to find her, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Oh, thanks.

COLONEL: Besides, it's bad luck to see your bride before the
wedding.

TWEEDY: My bride? Wedding? Culpepper? Oh no!

COLONEL: Oh yes.

POTTS: Tweedy, you lucky dog.

COLONEL: Miss Culpepper is a southern gentlewoman. And in the
south when a man gives a woman a mink coat his
intentions are honorable.

TWEEDY: But my intentions ...

ATX01 007B630

COLONEL: The minister will be here any minute. And this bulge in my pocket is my dueling pistol.

TWEEDY: Oh no! A dueling pistol wedding!

POTTS: Tweedy. Let me be the first to congratulate you.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

TWEEDY: I'll answer it.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

WILLIE: Here I am, Dr. Tweedy. Willie Beezer. And I'm ready to go to work.

TWEEDY: Oh. Willie. I can't talk to you now. I'm in a lot of trouble.

WILLIE: Yes sir. You're the same Dr. Tweedy. Things ain't changed a bit.

TWEEDY: We'll discuss that later, Willie.

WILLIE: I've got a strange feeling I know why you're in trouble.

TWEEDY: Sht! Sht! You mustn't. Whatever you know, keep it quiet. The sink's full of dirty dishes. Go home and wash them. Here's the key.

WILLIE: Yes sir. I'm glad you gave me this job. But I didn't expect you to send me twenty-eight hundred dollars train fair. If this is inflation, I love it.

TWEEDY: Twenty-eight hundred? But I only sent you ten dollars.

WILLIE: Well this ten dollars makes the biggest pile I've ever seen. Look at all these artistic green etchings.

POTTS: Tweedy. That must be the missing money. Then you didn't take it.

TWEEDY: Of course I didn't take it. And I have been wounded to the quick by the aspersions you have cast upon my integrity.

WILLIE: You know I just knew that money had something to do with the trouble he was in.

TWEEDY: Yes. Miss Culpepper got me confused while I was counting it and I must have sent it to Willie Beezer by mistake.

POTTS: Tweedy. Please accept my deep bow of apology.

TWEEDY: Oops. Here's your toupee, Mr. Potts.

WILLIE: Here's the money, Dr. Tweedy. My goodness, it was lovely to hold. Twenty-eight hundred dollars. M'm, m'm.

TWEEDY: And as for your insinuations, Colonel, without the money I couldn't have purchased those gifts for Miss Culpepper.

POTTS: He's right, Colonel. (LAUGHS) But oh, Tweedy, it was fun watching you squirm.

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy, sir, you could have bought those gifts on credit.

POTTS: (LAUGHS) He's right. You could have.

TWEEDY: Now just a minute. Nobody would give me credit. They know I work for Mr. Potts.

COLONEL: Accept my most humble apologies, Dr. Tweedy. (MENACE) But who else has been paying attention to Miss Culpepper? Who could afford it? Mr. Potts, sir. Didn't you tell me you were brushing your toupee on Miss Culpepper's behalf?

POTTS: Excuse me. I suddenly remembered an urgent board meeting.

COLONEL: Mr. Potts sir. This bulge in my pocket is a dueling pistol. You and I are going to have a little talk about Miss Culpepper.

ATX01 0078632

POTTS: Tweedy. Get me out of this. He thinks I -- He thinks
Miss Culpepper. (PAUSE) Tweedy. Say something.
Please.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, let me be the first to congratulate you.
(IMITATES POTTS' LAUGH)

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment, but first,
here is Don Hancock!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

XXXXX

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #41

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP) ...
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078635

HIESTAND: This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

ANNCE: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to
you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

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CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY

PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR
ETTES

DATE: MAR. 19, 1947 PROGRAM #42

REVISION: _____

APPROVAL: FINAL

NETWORK: NBC

B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST

REPEAT: _____

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening New York. Switch to Hollywood for Morgan introduction. Switchback to New York for continuation of Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078637

I OPENING COMMERCIAL

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

VOICE: Say, what does that mean?

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

VOICE: What's the idea of all those whistles?

2ND ANNR: Why, it's simple, sir ... you see, PELL MELL'S greater
length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: And that's one reason why PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
are "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR MORGAN ROUTINE)

MUSIC: THEME

HIESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present,
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HIESTAND: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Yes, once again, once again, it's Frank Morgan time,
and here he is, Frank Morgan!

MORGAN: Good evening. Well, Friday is the official beginning
of spring. Ah yes, spring, when the air intoxicates
like new wine. Makes you see double and feel single.

MORGAN: But I'll never forget my first sweetheart, and the first
(CONTD) kiss. It wasn't exactly a kiss. We were sharing an ice
cream soda and we both went for the same straw at the
same time. Now if you'll excuse me I must water my
ranunculus.

MUSIC: THEME PLAYOFF

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." And now to New York.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: ... it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr.
Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher, and starring
Frank Morgan!
(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, doctor of philosophy and dean of men
at Potts College, has rehired his old servant, Willie
Beezer. Willie has just hung up a picture calendar in
the kitchen and Dr. Tweedy is viewing his handiwork.

TWEEDY: (VIGOROUS WOLF WHISTLE) That's wonderful .. What a thrill.
It makes me feel ten years younger. Only two more days
till spring, Willie.

WILLIE: The meat market sent it. How do you like that picture
of Gypsy Rose Lee?

TWEEDY: Oh. That. I didn't notice it. I was too excited about
the date. But that picture reminds me. You should take
our drapes down and send them to the cleaner. It's time
to start spring cleaning.

WILLIE: Why did I ever put that calendar up?

TWEEDY: Well I'm taking it down. And we'll start spring cleaning
this year by giving the dog a bath.

BALDY: BARKS ... BASKERVILLE HOWL ... GOING OFF

TWEEDY: Baldy! Come back here! Now be a good dog.

BALDY: WHIMPERS.

WILLIE: Poor little me got to bathe that great big old mutt? He'll
throw me in the bathtub and I can't swim.

ATX01 0078640

BALDY: HAPPY PANTS

TWEEDY: Nonsense, Willie. But keep the soap away from him. He eats it and then stands around blowing bubbles.

WILLIE: Come on, Baldy. Doggone it! (GOES OFF SINGING)

"Saturday Night Is The Loneliest Night In The Week."

TWEEDY: (CALLS) Be sure you kill all the fleas. Some of the oldtimers can swim.

SOUND: DOOR BELL ... FOOTSTEPS ... DOOR OPEN

POTTS: Good morning, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Good morning, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: What a beautiful, beautiful day.

TWEEDY: Why, Mr. Potts. You're cheerful this morning? Eleven o'clock?

POTTS: Tweedy. It's my wife. She's leaving on a vacation. Alone. And I'm staying here. Alone. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY: But if Mrs. Potts is leaving, who's going to look after the house, cook your meals and carry you upstairs?

POTTS: She's finally managed to hire an excellent housekeeper and cook, Tweedy. Laura. She's a jewel. Her southern fried chicken, Alabama style, is out of this world.

TWEEDY: Where is Mrs. Potts going?

POTTS: Who cares? The important thing is she's going. Twenty years is a long stretch to serve as a prisoner of love. The reason I came over here is that I know she'll write letters to you to check up on me. See that you have writer's cramp.

ATX01 0078641

TWEEDY: There's nothing I like better than writing a long letter.

POTTS: There's nothing I like better than writing a short signature on one of your checks.

TWEEDY: (QUICKLY) I've got writer's cramp.

POTTS: I thought you would have, Tweedy. Well, I have to rush down to the barbershop and get a manicure. Lovely girl. Goodbye, Tweedy.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

BALDY: COMES IN BARKING

WILLIE: Dr. Tweedy, I sure gave this dog a nice bath.

BALDY: BARK - POP - BARK - POP - BARK - POP

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Baldy ate the soap again. He's blowing bubbles.

BALDY: BARK - POP - BARK - POP - BARK - POP

TWEEDY: What a mess. He's forever blowing bubbles! I'm really anxious to get the spring cleaning done early this year. Willie. Do you suppose you could scrub the floors?

WILLIE: I suppose I could, but I ain't anxious. I feel more like I want to go outdoors and stretch out on the grass. I want to smell the flowers.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Willie, I'm afraid you have spring fever.

WILLIE: Is that what ails me? Spring fever? Dr. Tweedy, do you suppose there's a young lady around? She might find it catching. Some gorgeous creature to share my spring fever with me? I don't want to be a pig.

TWEEDY: Well, Mr. Potts was just here and he mentioned that they have a new cook who makes excellent southern fried chicken, Alabama style.

WILLIE: M'm m'm. Just what I need. Some Alabama style chicken. What's this beautiful girl's name?

TWEEDY: Her name is Laura. But I didn't say she was beautiful.

WILLIE: The way I feel, any girl would be beautiful. Laura. I'd love to go over there and meet her, but I don't know what to say.

TWEEDY: Well all I can tell you is what a few people I know would say when they meet a pretty girl. Now Mr. Potts would say -- (IMITATES POTTS) -- Ah, madame, allow me to introduce myself. I am Alexander Potts. Of the Pottsfeld Potts. The Mayflower was packed with Potts. Allow me to kiss your hand. Oops! There goes my toupee.

WILLIE: (LAUGH) I recognize the type. That's the kind that goes -- (HOWLS)

TWEEDY: Yes and then there's Colonel Jackson, the chemistry teacher. His approach is a labor of love. (SOUTHERN) Did anyone ever tell you your beauty is most distracting?

WILLIE: (STARTLED) Who? Me?

TWEEDY: Oh, stop! Your features are as delicate as a sweet magnolia bud shyly opening in the jasmine scented moonlight.

WILLIE: I can smell it.

TWEEDY: (SOUTHERN) You remind me of honeysuckle blossoms and Spanish moss gracefully hanging from the cypress trees and swaying in the soft warm breeze. I'm from the south, you know.

WILLIE: The romantic type. That's me. Yes sir. M'm m'm. Now I'm loaded. I'm loaded now. Which way does Laura live?

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Oh, how I wish I could go along with you and see this. You'll find Laura in the kitchen of Mr. Potts' house.

WILLIE: Thank you, Dr. Tweedy, thank you. I'm hotfooting it over there right away. (GOES OFF SINGING "LAURA")

MUSIC:

WILLIE: (COMES IN SINGING "LAURA") Here's her door. Be still my beating heart.

SOUND: RAPPING ON DOOR ... DOOR OPEN

LAURA: Now you go way from here, boy. Stop hanging around the back door. Mrs. Potts don't let me hand out no handouts! Go way! Scat! Shoo!

WILLIE: My my. How can such a beautiful girl as you make such an unpleasant racket. Did anybody ever tell you that your beauty is most distracting? Your features is as delicate as a sweet magnolia, bud.

LAURA: Wait a minute. Who you calling Bud?

WILLIE: You remind me of honeysuckle blossoms and Spanish moss gracefully hanging from the cypress trees and swaying in the soft warm breeze.

LAURA: Sounds like more hot air.

WILLIE: I'm from the south, you know.

LAURA: (STARTING TO LEAN) What a coincidence. So am I. Won't you come in?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

LAURA: I have a frying pan full of chicken on the stove. Could I tempt you?

WILLIE: You certainly could. I'd like a leg.

LAURA: Here you are.

WILLIE: M'm m'm. This romance is starting off on the right foot. Or is this the left foot? My name is Beezer. Willie Beezer. I come from a long line of Beezers. The Mayflower was filled with Beezers.

LAURA: My name is Miss Lamour. You can call me Laura. You're down to the bone on that leg. Here's another one.

WILLIE: Laura. Allow me to kiss your hand. (KILL AND SMACKS LIPS) That chicken gravy is delicious.

LAURA: How about a neck?

WILLIE: Now you're talking. Let's go.

LAURA: Hold yourself back, big boy. I mean the chicken neck.

WILLIE: I'll take it. I'll take it.

LAURA: When I took this job I didn't realize there was such a handsome, distinguished man available for escorting a poor little old lonesome girl.

WILLIE: I'm not only the most available - available - man but Willie is willing.

MRS. P: (OFF) Laura! Laura Lamour!

WILLIE: Oh-oh! Mrs. Potts! That sounds like trouble. Goodbye, Laura. When the moon comes out, you come out. I'll be waiting.

MUSIC:

BALDY: BARKS

WILLIE: Now look, I bet you better get on out of this kitchen, Baldy, I got work to do. Go on. Get out of here.

BALDY: RUNS OFF WHIMPERING

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Willie. Willie. What's going on out here? You don't seem to be in a very good humor.

WILLIE: I know it and I'm sorry, Dr. Tweedy. But I'm unhappy.

TWEEDY: What have you got to be unhappy about? You haven't done any work since you met Laura.

WILLIE: Laura. What a woman. She fills me with fire.

TWEEDY: (IMITATES WILLIE) She fills me with fire. Well around the house you've been a clinker.

WILLIE: Laura's why I'm unhappy. Yesterday I borrowed one of your Shakespeare books and was reading to her --

TWEEDY: Willie Beezer reading Willie Shakespeare.

WILLIE: She got kind of dreamy and dropped a whole stack of Mrs. Potts' favorite dishes. Next thing Laura knew she was at liberty. Fired. Out of a job. Looking for work.

TWEEDY: That's the most unfair thing I ever heard of. Don't you worry, Willie, I'll get Laura's job back. I'll go over and see Mr. Potts right now.

WILLIE: Oh, I wouldn't go anywhere near Mr. Potts if I were you.

TWEEDY: I'm not afraid of him. I know when I'm right.

WILLIE: You see, but after she fired Laura, Mrs. Potts decided not to go on that vacation.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. No vacation. That must have been a blow to Mr. Potts.

WILLIE: Yes sir. It was quite a blow that she didn't blow. You know, he said it was my fault for coming over there in the first place.

TWEEDY: He'd be mad all right. He was all ready to start celebrating.

WILLIE: Oh, he ain't mad at me no more. I explained to him it was all your idea for me to go over and see Laura.

TWEEDY: You mean he's not mad -- at you anymore -- he's mad -- at me?

WILLIE: Precisely. Exactly. You said it and that's right. He said you ruined his first vacation after twenty years as a prisoner of love.

TWEEDY: Oh dear. Prisoner of love. That week was to be his time off for bad behavior. But he wouldn't blame me. Nobody could! Anybody would -- I did -- But he couldn't -- he wouldn't -- he does - blame me.

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

XXXXXX

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #42

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke
naturally over the longer route of PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at the very
first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-
fashioned short cigarettes, here's a little experiment
that will help open your eyes to the reasons PELL MELL
is ... "Outstanding!" For, just try lighting a PELL
MELL - and see if you don't unconsciously hold the
flame a half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL ...
You're discovering something that just isn't there in
old-fashioned cigarettes! It's your first introduction
to PELL MELL'S distinguished length - and its
advantages ...

2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

ATX01 0078649

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #42

XXXXXX

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK
MORGAN SHOW)

ATX01 0078650

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: Twenty years ago, in a moment of weakness, Alexander Potts married Mrs. Potts. Since then, their marriage has been one of give and take. And for twenty years, Mr. Potts has had to take it. We find Dr. Tweedy at the front door of the Potts house ready to explain how he happened to spoil Mr. Potts' week of freedom.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

TWEEDY: (VERY WORRIED) Good morning, Mr. Potts. What a beautiful, beautiful day.

POTTS: Whatever gave you that idea, Tweedy? (MENACING) Start explaining why you ruined the one thing I wanted more than anything else on earth.

TWEEDY: What?

POTTS: My wife's vacation.

MRS. P: (OFF) Alexander! Alexander Potts!

POTTS: My wife! Run for the hills, the dam has burst! Get out of the way, Tweedy! (GOING OFF) I'm too young to die.

SOUND: FAST FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF

TWEEDY: Oh dear! Look at him go! His feet aren't even touching the ground.

MRS. P: (COMING IN) Where did that worm go? That broken down Beau Brummel. That caved-in Casanova. That worn-out wolf.

TWEEDY: (MEEKLY) Hello, Mrs. Potts. Has he done something wrong?

MRS. P: Wrong? He can't do anything right. He's had eight manicures this week.

TWEEDY: Well maybe his fingernails grow fast.

MRS. P: That blonde manicurist! He said he was trying to help her build up her business. But if I know Alexander she's giving him the business.

TWEEDY: I can't understand Mr. Potts flirting with other women when he has a lovely creature like you for a wife.

MRS. P: (GUSHES) Oh Dr. Tweedy. Do you really think I'm lovely?

TWEEDY: Er - your beauty is so delicate. It's of the fleeting type. Nobody can catch it.

MRS. P: Here, Dr. Tweedy, have a chocolate. I eat them all the time. They fill out my figure.

TWEEDY: Nuts. I'll have one with nuts. Mrs. Potts, will you do me a great favor? I'd like you to hire Laura back. It's really my fault she broke those dishes. Willie was lonely and I sent him over to meet her.

MRS. P: (GUSHES) I just can't say no to you. I'll hire her back.

TWEEDY: Now, you'll be able to go on your vacation. I think you and Mr. Potts made a very wise decision when you decided to separate for a while.

MRS. P: I was getting sick and tired of him.

TWEEDY: I think the change will do you both good. I know Mr. Potts was happy about it. When he told me you were leaving he was smiling from ear to ear.

MRS. P: (BEGINNING TO GET MAD) Oh, he was, was he?

ATX01 0078652

TWEEDY: Yes. But when you're gone he'll miss you. He'll realize how much you mean to him. That will make him stop flirting with that manicurist.

MRS. P: I've reached the end of my rope and I'd like to hang him on it. Twenty years of that is too much.

TWEEDY: That's it. That's too long without a separation. Leave now. It will do you a world of good.

MRS. P: You're right! I'm going to leave! Permanently! I'll get a divorce!

TWEEDY: Oh no.

MRS. P: As you're his best friend, you can break the news to him.

TWEEDY: Oh no. What have I done!

MUSIC:

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPSDOOR OPENCLOSE

TWEEDY: (CALLING) Willie. Willie. Has Mr. Potts been looking for me?

POTTS: (CAT AND MOUSE) Yes, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: (VERY NERVOUS) Er - hello, Mr. Potts. How are things in Gloccamorra? Er - let's go get a manicure. Er - I've been looking all over for you. Er. But I was hoping I wouldn't find you.

POTTS: Start talking, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Er - Mr. Potts. Where's your toupee?

POTTS: It blew off. And I was going too fast to stop.

TWEEDY: Oh. You blew your top. I'll lend you one of my hats. You shouldn't be running around bareheaded.

POTTS: Start talking, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Let's see now. I have so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin. Oh, yes. I spoke to Mrs. Potts and convinced her she should hire Laura back.

POTTS: Tweedy! That's wonderful! Is she going off on that vacation?

TWEEDY: Oh, she's going off all right. And I suppose in some circles, it could be called a vacation.

POTTS: Oh, Tweedy. My friend. My pal. My bosom buddy. I'll give you a raise. I'll redecorate your office. You get me into trouble all the time, but you always get me out.

TWEEDY: I do? I mean I do. Remember how happy you were when Mrs. Potts was leaving for only a week? You laughed yourself sick. Well, this will kill you. She's leaving for good. (SICK LAUGH)

POTTS: My Esmerelda? Leaving me?

TWEEDY: Yes. Yes. A divorce. It will cost you plenty. She'll get everything you own.

POTTS: (VERGING ON TEARS) My wife. My beloved wife leaving me. What a blow. After twenty years of marriage. Twenty years of ecstasy.

TWEEDY: Here. Take my handkerchief.

POTTS: Thank you, Tweedy. How I'll miss her delicate, fragile beauty. The love in her voice as she speaks my name.

ALEXANDER! ALEXANDER POTTS! (THROUGH TEARS) It's the little things I'll miss. The soft caress of her hand.

TWEEDY: The beefsteaks for your black eyes. Here's another handkerchief, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Thank you. That's how I knew she loved me. I can't go on without her. I'm going to end it all with a shot. She'll find me cold.

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts. One shot isn't enough to warm you up, let alone knock you out cold.

POTTS: Esmerelda. Esmerelda. Tell her I died with her name on my lips.

TWEEDY: What a horrible way to go.

POTTS: (COMPLETE BREAKDOWN) Tweedy. Alexander. Look after my daughter, Mary. Say goodbye to my wife. This is the end.

TWEEDY: Oh, buck up, Mr. Potts. All is not lost. Give me one more chance to bring the two Potts together. (CRY)

MUSIC:

POTTS: No, no, no, Tweedy. Don't ring the bell. I'll open the door with my key. (SNIFFS) To think that just last week she started letting me carry a key again.

SOUND: KEY IN LOCK DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MRS. P: (OFF) Alexander! Alexander Potts! I hear you sneaking in, you sneak.

POTTS: Tweedy. Bring out your golden tongue. Start talking.

TWEEDY: But she isn't here yet.

POTTS: She will be. Get going. You'll need a head start.

MRS. P: (COMING IN) Well, Alexander! Did Dr. Tweedy tell you I'm giving you your freedom?

POTTS: But I love you, Esmerelda. Fluffy. Cuddles. Lollipop.

TWEEDY: Lollipop. (LAUGHS)

POTTS: Don't leave me, don't leave me.

ATX01 0078655

TWEEDY: After the divorce she won't leave you anything.

POTTS: Darling, darling, I love you, I love you.

MRS. P: Get up off your knees and stop kissing my hand, you worm.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Potts, I've given this matter considerable thought and I've come to the conclusion that you shouldn't divorce Mr. Potts.

MRS. P: Why not? Look at him. It's no loss to me.

TWEEDY: That's just it. Look at him. He's one of the handsomest men I've ever seen. (COUGHS) That's hard to swallow. Ah, that broad waist and tapering shoulders. I mean broad shoulders and tapering waist. Do you know why all these other women find him so attractive? Is it because he leers at them? Is it because he whistles at them? No. He's got "it."

MRS. P: I wish he'd put "it" on. Alexander, go get your toupee.

POTTS: Yes, angelface. (GOING OFF) I'll be right back.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Potts. It must be difficult for him to face beauty like yours every day. No, no. Don't stop me. You are beautiful. One look at your face and a man will remember it to his dying day. Yours is the type of beauty that haunts a man and burns deep into his soul. Oh, to be a painter and do you in oil. Millions would look at it and say, "There's a face?" I mean "There's a face!"

MRS. P: Oh Dr. Tweedy, the things you say to a girl.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Girl. Mrs. Potts, I know you love your Alexander. Love makes the world go round. Look out the window. Willie and Laura are on the porch. I want you to hear them. I'll open the window a little bit.

SOUND: WINDOW RAISED

ATX01 0078656

WILLIE: (FAST KISSES) Oh my, Laura. Look at that moon. I put in a special order for that earlier today.

LAURA: Willie, sugar. Will you hold this hand too? It's getting cold?

WILLIE: I don't feel cold at all. I'm getting warmer every minute.

LAURA: Let me wipe off your brow with my handkerchief. Smell the perfume? That's Scream of Ecstasy.

WILLIE: Oh that perfume. (BIG WOLF HOWL)

TWEEDY: Oh dear. I'd better close the window.

SOUND: WINDOW CLOSED

TWEEDY: You see what I mean? You and Mr. Potts should be sitting on some park bench under that same moon.

POTTS: (COMING IN) Here I am, Fluffy. I'm wearing the same toupee I wore the day we got married.

TWEEDY: A crew cut.

POTTS: I guess I'm just a sentimental old fool.

MRS. P: Alexander. (TOUCHED - SNIFF) Come here, Lover Boy.

POTTS: (SOTTO) Tweedy, what did you do to her?

TWEEDY: What a touching picture. That's right, Mr. Potts. Put your arms alllllll the way around her. Oh. You can't. Mrs. Potts, I have an inspired idea.

MRS. P: Yes?

TWEEDY: Instead of going on a vacation by yourself, why not take Mr. Potts with you.

POTTS: (WORRIED) Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Go to some quiet spot where you'll be alone together. Have a second honeymoon.

POTTS: (SOTTO) Tweedy. You're going too far.

MRS. P: (GUSHES) Oh, Dr. Tweedy! What an exciting idea!
Alexander and I together. Alone. Nothing to do but
make love.

POTTS: (GROANS) (CAT AND MOUSE) Tweedy. Come into the study.
I want to do a thorough job of thanking you for what
you've done. Privately.

TWEEDY: Oh. Fine. Are you going to give me that raise you
promised me?

POTTS: I'm going to let you have it, Tweedy. In one big lump.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) That's nice. Things looked bad for a while
but I always get straightened out in the end.

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment, but first,
here is Don Hancock!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

XXXXXX

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #42

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
2ND ANNR: Which means ...
1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)
1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...
WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)
1ST ANNR: - It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route
of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you,
at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste ...
2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!
1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!
1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"
VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ATX01 0078660

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the new musical, "IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN." And now here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week.

MORGAN: My topic for today is Money. It has been my observation that a widow and her money ... are soon married. Which brings me to my thought for the week. One small jack can lift a car ... but it takes a lot of jack to keep it up. Oh no! Goodnight!

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Be with us again next Wednesday night when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present Frank Morgan, as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." Our music was composed and conducted by Elliot Daniel. In the cast were Gale Gordon, as "Mr. Potts;" Lois Corbet, "Mrs. Potts;" Pinto Colvig, "Baldy" the dog; Marietta Canty, "Laura Lamour;" and Eddie Green, "Willie Beezer." "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" is written by Robert Riley Crutcher, assisted by Rick Vollaerts. This is John Hiestand saying goodnight for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned now for Kay Kyser who follows in just a moment.

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME TO CUE

ANNOUNCER: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC --- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0078661

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

Advertising

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CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY REVISION: _____ NETWORK: NBC
PRODUCT: PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGAR APPROVAL: FINAL B'CAST: 10:00-10:30 PM EST
DATE: MAR. 26, 1947 PROGRAM #43 REPEAT: _____
ETTES

As Broadcast

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW

FORMULA

- I. Opening Hollywood for Morgan introduction.
Switchback to New York for Opening Commercial.
- II. Switch to Hollywood for first half of
Frank Morgan Show.
- III. Return to New York for Middle Commercial.
- IV. Switch to Hollywood for second half of
Frank Morgan Show.
- V. Return to New York for Closing Commercial.
- VI. Switch to Hollywood for Frank Morgan Sign-Off.

ATX01 0078662

I OPENING HOLLYWOOD

HLESTAND: FROM HOLLYWOOD - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present
"THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!"

MORGAN: That's me!

HLESTAND: Starring FRANK MORGAN!

MORGAN: That's me, too!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME

HLESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment as "The
Fabulous Dr. Tweedy." And now to New York.

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR OPENING COMMERCIAL)

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANN: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANN: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANN: Right! For, PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANN: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANN: - it filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANN: Yes, PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ...

1ST ANN: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANN: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ...

2ND ANN: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

ATX01 0078663

MUSIC: TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy," written by Robert Riley Crutcher, and starring Frank Morgan!

(APPLAUSE)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, dean of men at Potts College, has an adopted son named Sidney. Alexander Potts, chairman of the board of trustees and Dr. Tweedy's employer, has a daughter named Mary. Some months ago the children fell in love, and now we find the two happy fathers discussing the forthcoming marriage.

POTTS: (IRATE) Tweedy! Give me just one reason why those stubborn kids won't wait until June to get married!
Just one reason!

TWEEDY: One reason. Er - Yes - there must be a reason. But don't get so excited, Mr. Potts. You'll get indigestion. I want you to enjoy this dinner.

POTTS: Yes, yes. You're right, Tweedy. I'm sorry.

TWEEDY: I've been planning this dinner for a week. As a gourmet and gastronome I prepared a menu of glorious gastronomical gustatory goodies. I told Willie to serve pate de foie gras, bouillabaisse, salade de pomme de terre, saucisse et choucroute, and for dessert, groseille glace. Naturally I was very surprised when Willie served hamhocks.

POTTS: Well, I'd rather eat this, Tweedy. I can pronounce it.
Pass me another hamhock.

ATX01 007B664

BALDY: BARKS ... WHINES ... WHIMPERS.

TWEEDY: Aw, now, isn't that cute. Look. Baldy's sitting up. He's begging. He wants your old hamhook.

BALDY: VICIOUS SNARL.

TWEEDY: Oh no, no, no. Don't give it to him, Mr. Potts. I never let him eat at the table.

BALDY: TOPS PREVIOUS SNARL.

POTTS: OWWWWW! Baldy. Let go of my leg!

TWEEDY: Oh dear. He's eating at the table. You'd better give him a hamhook, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Here you are, Baldy. Good dog. Good dog!

BALDY: DELUXE HAPPY PANTS.

TWEEDY: I'll ring the bell for Willie.

SOUND: APPROVED EMILY POST TINKLE OF BELL

WILLIE: (COMING IN) Yes sir. I'm coming. Here I am. Your slightest wish is my command. Did you call, sir?

BALDY: GROWLS

TWEEDY: Yes. Take Baldy outdoors. He has a bone to pick.

WILLIE: Right this way, your majesty. And don't bury that bone in my pansy patch, neither. (GOING OFF) And whatever you do, don't lie down in my buttercup bed. Shut up, Baldy!

POTTS: Tweedy, I still don't understand why Mary and Sidney can't wait until June to get married. I thought all women wanted to be June brides.

TWEEDY: All they really want is to be brides. Mr. Potts. Think. Remember when you and Esmerelda got married?

ATX01 007B665

POTTS: Please, Tweedy. Don't bring up my wife. I don't want to get indigestion. Esmerelda and hammocks don't go together.

TWEEDY: You know you love Mrs. Potts, and love is the most wonderful thing in the world. As Robert Burns wrote,
"Oh, my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love is like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune."

POTTS: Bah!

TWEEDY: You see. Instead of making beautiful music together, you and Mrs. Potts have been blowing sour notes.

POTTS: Oh, to be a bachelor and so naive.

TWEEDY: Say what you will about your marriage, Mr. Potts, you are the father of a beautiful daughter.

POTTS: (CONTEMPLATIVE) Yes. Yes. I often look at Mrs. Potts. Then I look at Mary. I wonder where she got her beauty?

TWEEDY: Yes. I often look at you and wonder. (CHUCKLES)

POTTS: Tweedy. However, Sidney is your son. If you feel you have prepared him mentally and physically for the horrors he has to face, let them get married. I bow to your wishes.

TWEEDY: Oops! Mr. Potts! Your toupee. It's slipping. It fell.

BALDY: (COMING IN) TWO QUICK BARKS ... SNARLS.

TWEEDY: Baldy! How did you get in here? Stay away from that toupee.

BALDY: SNARLS.

POTTS: No, Baldy! That's my favorite toupee. With the Robert Taylor widow's peak.

BALDY: FIGHTS WITH TOUPEE

TWEEDY: He thinks he's fighting another dog. Here, Baldy. Give me that toupee!

BALDY: SNARLS.

SOUND: RIP

POTTS: (BROKEN HEARTED) Oh, Tweedy. That was the one toupee women couldn't resist running their fingers through.

TWEEDY: I'm sorry, Mr. Potts. But there's enough left here for some eyebrows and a mustache.

MUSIC:

WILLIE: (SINGS HOT AND LOW DOWN WITH A LITTLE SCAT) "Here comes the bride. She's short, fat and wide."

TWEEDY: Willie! Please! That song holds tender memories for many people. You're supposed to march to it, not jump.

WILLIE: Yes sir, Dr. Tweedy. But I'm so happy for Mary and Sidney. My, my. A wedding in the family. I'm always happy when somebody's getting married. So long as it ain't me.

TWEEDY: Have you considered marrying your girl friend, Laura?

WILLIE: Oh, I've considered it. I consider it a mighty dangerous move. Before I make up my mind, Dr. Tweedy, I want a chance to meet other girls. Alllll the other girls. (WOLF HOWL)

TWEEDY: Willie, you'll never convince me you're a wolf. You're just an eager beaver.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN, OFF

MARY &
SIDNEY: (AD LIBS, OFF) "Let's go in the parlor" .. etc.

WILLIE: There's Mary and Sidney now. You gonna tell them the happy news?

TWEEDY: Yes. I've worked out a little plan to break the news to them musically. Where's my bassoon?

WILLIE: Oh-oh. You gonna try to blow some music out of that thing?

TWEEDY: What do you mean?

WILLIE: Excuse me, Dr. Tweedy. I'm going outdoors and weed my pansy patch. Let me know when the concert is over. (GOING OFF) And I use the word concert loosely.

TWEEDY: So few people appreciate fine music. Now where is my bassoon? Oh, here it is. Willie hid it in the umbrella stand.

BASSOON: A FEW TENTATIVE CLINKERS

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

BASSOON: LOHENGRIN WEDDING MARCH REplete WITH CLINKERS

SIDNEY: (COMING IN) Here comes Dad, Mary. The Pied Piper of Pottsfeld.

MARY: Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Hello, Mary. Sidney. Did you hear what I just played? Do you know what that was?

SIDNEY: Sure, Dad. Ravel's Bolero. But it's a littly icky.

TWEEDY: Sidney. That was the wedding march from the opera Lohengrin.

MARY: (OVERCOME WITH JOY) Dr. Tweedy. Then you got Daddy to say yes? We can get married right away?

TWEEDY: Immediately.

SIDNEY: Uh!

TWEEDY: Or perhaps that's too long to wait.

MARY: Oh, Sidney. Did you hear that?

TWEEDY: Sidney. Stop sitting there with your mouth hanging open. Close it. Mary wants to kiss you.

MARY: (KISS)

SIDNEY: You mean we can get married right away? Hey. This is getting serious. It feels like the last mile. I wonder if I'm really old enough to get married.

TWEEDY: Sidney, has Mr. Potts been talking to you?

SIDNEY: Oh, Mr. Potts never says anything. Whenever I see him he just stands there and shakes his head and goes "Tsk. Tsk. Tsk."

MARY: Dr. Tweedy. You've made me so happy. Just think. In a couple of days I'll be calling you Dad, too. I want to kiss you.

TWEEDY: (COAX ME) Oh, that isn't necessary. You don't have to kiss me. I haven't really done anything important.

MARY: Please. I want to kiss you.

TWEEDY: Oh, nooooooo.

MARY: Oh, yessssssss!

TWEEDY: Well, all right. If you insist.

MARY: (KISS) There. Oh. You'd better let me wipe the lipstick off your cheek.

TWEEDY: No. Leave it there. I want to save it.

MARY: If you like it that much, I'll put some on the other cheek.

TWEEDY: Oh, that isn't necessary. Go ahead.

MARY: (KISS)

TWEEDY: Now I have one on each cheek. But three's always been my lucky number. What about my forehead?

SIDNEY: Hey. Dad.

TWEEDY: Now, now, Sidney. Don't be a pig. It's my privilege to kiss the bride.

SIDNEY: But she isn't a bride yet.

TWEEDY: Well, you're not a husband yet. Besides, you've had experience at this sort of thing and I haven't. I need to rehearse.

MUSIC:

TWEEDY: (HUMS WEDDING MARCH)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT ... UP STEPS ... ACROSS PORCH ...
KNOCK ON DOOR ... DOOR OPEN ...

TWEEDY: Good morning, Mrs. Appopolous. How is my favorite Greek today?

MRS. A: Tweedle, my sweetie. What a gorgeous morning it is when I see your handsome face. Next to my face I like your face best. Kiss me good morning, honeybunny.

TWEEDY: Oh, no. The morning isn't that good.

MRS. A: Stop beating around the bushes. Kiss me, kiddo. Crush me in your manly arms. Sweep off my feet.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous. Please. You're choking me.

MRS. A: Oh, Tweedle, tootsie-wootsie. What a beast you are. Take me, Tweedle. I'm giving me to you. All two hundred pounds of me. It's a gift.

TWEEDY: Oh no, Mrs. Appopolous. You know what they say. Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. All I came over to do is to tell you about the wedding.

MRS. A: Say no more, cutie-dumpling. I'll marry you. I'm off to pack my torso.

TWEEDY: You're off. Mrs. Appopolous. Please. Stand still for a minute. Mary and Sidney are getting married.

MRS. A: Good. We'll make it a double header.

TWEEDY: No, no, no, Mrs. Appopolous. You've cooked such wonderful meals at the cafeteria that I'd like you to prepare the wedding feast. I'll make it worth your while. I'd like you to cater for me.

MRS. A: Now wait a minute, sport, not so fast. What's this cater?

TWEEDY: Cater means I want you to cook the wedding feast.

MRS. A: Oh. Well, kiss me and Appopolous will be cooking with gas.

TWEEDY: No. You have the wrong idea about me. I am not a Don Juan.

MRS. A: Okay. If you Don Juanna kiss me, forget it. (LAUGHS)
Appopolous is hot today.

TWEEDY: Au revoir, Mrs. Appopolous. Auf wiedersehen.
Goodbye!

MRS. A: Okay. So this time I lose. But so help me, one of these days my name will be Lysistrata Tweedle. Goodbye, sweetie-pie.

MUSIC:

ORGAN: DOODLING AROUND WITH WEDDING MARCH

TWEEDY: Turn around, Willie. Now let's see how you look in your tuxedo. Willie. The wedding! Go put on your collar and black bow tie.

WILLIE: But Dr. Tweedy. The wedding ain't until tomorrow. That collar's too tight.

TWEEDY: And put in on anyway. This rehearsal has to be exactly like the real wedding ceremony.

WILLIE: But if Mary and Sidney are going to get married today, why are they going to get married tomorrow? Or vice versa.

TWEEDY: (PATIENTLY) No, Willie. This is just the rehearsal. They're going to watch and see how it's done. Mrs. Appopolous and I will go through the ceremony in their place. She's so anxious to marry me. (LAUGHS)

WILLIE: I understand it perfectly. Then you and Mrs. Appopolous is gonna get married today.

TWEEDY: Forget it, Willie. I have a lot on my mind.

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Tweedle. Here's the order for all the food from the cafeteria and sign right there on that line. Thaddeus Q. Tweedle. Here's a pen.

TWEEDY: Yes. Thaddeus Q. Tweedle. There you are, Mrs. Appopolous. Oh. Excuse me. There's the minister. (GOING OFF)
We'll be ready to start in a minute.

ATX01 0078672

MRS. A: Okay, Kewpie doll. I'll be right here when you want to start rehearsing.

WILLIE: Mrs. Appopolous. Please don't misunderstand! Please understand I'm not nosey. I'm just curious. How come that order for food has got a border of roses on it?

MRS. A: Your eyes are too big, Chillli.

WILLIE: The name is Willie. Willie Beezer.

MRS. A: Okay, Chillli Squeezer. As long as you've seen that much - here. Take a good look.

WILLIE: It says ... certificate of marriage. Oh-oh.

MRS. A: Well, you know Tweedle loves me but he's too bashful to ask me. I'm saving him the trouble. He thinks this is a rehearsal, but it's his wedding day. After our little trip down the aisle, my name will be Lysistrata Tweedle.

WILLIE: Is that trip really necessary?

TWEEDY: (COMING IN - EXCITED) Mrs. Appopolous. We're all ready to start.

WILLIE: Dr. Tweedy, could I have a word with you in private?

TWEEDY: I'm busy.

WILLIE: It's a matter of life and death. Yours.

MRS. A: You be quiet, Chillli. Mind your own business.

TWEEDY: Yes. You keep quiet, Chillie. Willie.

WILLIE: But this is important.

TWEEDY: (MIMICS WILLIE) "But this is important!" Sir, there is nothing more important to me than this wedding.

ORGAN: BEGINS WEDDING MARCH

TWEEDY: You can tell me later, Willie. Come along,
Mrs. Appopolous.

WILLIE: (OFF) Later will be too late.

TWEEDY: Take my arm, Mrs. Appopolous. Now let's get in step.
That's right.

MRS. A: Oh, Tweedle, what a thrill.

TWEEDY: Yes. It's almost like the real thing. I'm getting
nervous. (LAUGHS)

MRS. A: (LAUGHS)

MUSIC: CURTAIN
(APPLAUSE)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW #43

(REVISED)

-13-

HIESTAND: Before Frank Morgan continues, here is Ernest Chappell.

SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

ATX01 0078675

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

III MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Yes, PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke naturally
over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine
tobaccos - gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste.

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are ... "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-fashioned
short cigarettes, you owe it to yourself to find out why
PELL MELL is "Outstanding!" So make this experiment ...
Just try lighting a PELL MELL ... and see if you don't
unconsciously hold the flame a half-inch closer to your
face than you have to -- a good half-inch inside the tip
of your PELL MELL. You're discovering something that
just isn't there in old-fashioned cigarettes! It's your
first introduction to PELL MELL'S distinguished length -
and its advantages ...

2ND ANNR: For PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

2ND ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It gives you, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother
taste.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN
SHOW)

MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR:

HIESTAND: And now back to Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

MUSIC:

HIESTAND: Dr. Tweedy has gone to great pains to see that Mary and Sidney's wedding tomorrow goes smoothly. Today they are rehearsing. While Mary and Sidney watch from the sidelines, Dr. Tweedy and Mrs. Appopolous are showing them what to do. We join the happy party as the minister says -- (WITH UPLIFTED EYES) Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

TWEEDY: I do.

HIESTAND: Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

MRS. A: You said it, tootsie.

TWEEDY: No, no, Mrs. Appopolous. You're supposed to say "I do."

MRS. A: I do.

HIESTAND: Thank you, sir. I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride, sir.

TWEEDY: We can skip that part.

MRS. A: No, Tweedle. The preacher said to have and to hold and I want to have some holding. Kiss me.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, remove that pucker. The rehearsal is over.

HIESTAND: (COMING IN) Here you are, sir. I've signed the certificate. That makes everything legal. (CHUCKLES) You can't get out of it now.

TWEEDY: Thank you and goodbye. And thank you, Mrs. Appopolous.

MRS. A: The name is now Tweedle. Lysistrata Tweedle.

TWEEDY: Lysistrata Tweedle. That's very funny! (BIG LAUGH
PETERS OUT) Certificate of marriage. I'm married?
Oh no!

HIESTAND: Oh yes. It often affects men this way. But believe
me. Take it from one who knows - you're married.

MRS. A: And I'm such a gorgeous bride. Kiss me, Tweedle.

TWEEDY: But this can't be true. I didn't -- I wouldn't --
I had no intention -- pinch me -- owww -- Somebody's
going to suffer for this. Me!

MUSIC:

WILLIE: Here comes the blushing groom now.

TWEEDY: (COMING IN - PUFFING) I'm not blushing, Willie. I've
been running.

WILLIE: Welcome home, Dr. Tweedy. Congratulations and
felicitations. May you dwell in connubial bliss.

TWEEDY: Why didn't you stop me! You knew I was going to a fate
worse than death!

WILLIE: You said Willie be quiet, you told me to be quite, and
when someone tells me to be quiet I do what I'm told.
I was quiet. Yes sir, I kept my mouth shut.

TWEEDY: Well, you didn't have to be that quiet. You could have
whistled or stomped your feet or yelled or thrown a
brick at me or something. Anything would have been
better than what happened.

WILLIE: You said Willie be quiet, you told me to be quiet and --

TWEEDY: Well start now! Be quiet!

WILLIE: I'm quiet. My tongue is motionless. I ain't saying a thing. No sir. This here's a mess. Anybody ask me if I want any part of it I'd say no thank you very kindly. That's what I would say.

TWEEDY: Sht! Willie! Be quiet! I have to keep a level head. Keep my wits about me. Keep moving. There must be a way out. I've got to face it. No! I can't face her face. Brrr. I've got to grapple with this problem. Oh no. No grappling. I've got to have time to think.

WILLIE: Well you better think fast. She's moving in. She's already hauled over three trunks, two suitcases, an overnight bag, portmanteau, six hatboxes, two crates, three cardboard cartons, and a bathroom scale. She said she was going to start reducing.

TWEEDY: How can she reduce? That two hundred pounds is all muscle. Oh dear. Muscle. Biceps. She's so big and strong and I'm so small and weak. I feel the need of a rest. I think I'll go upstairs and lie down.

WILLIE: Yes sir. Well I'll go up first and clear off the bed.

TWEEDY: What do you mean?

WILLIE: It's stacked high with filmy nightgowns, silky negligees and other items of intimate feminine apparel.

TWEEDY: I'll lie down on the couch. I'm too tired to climb the stairs.

WILLIE: Your wife is certainly a hard working woman.

TWEEDY: Willie, never mention the word "wife" in my presence.

WILLIE: Yes sir. Have it your way.

TWEEDY: I don't want it.

WILLIE: Well, you won't want me around on your wedding night.
Can I have the rest of the evening off?

TWEEDY: No! Absolutely not!

WILLIE: All right. I'll go fix your supper. It's getting dark.

TWEEDY: I'm afraid of the dark. Turn on every light in the house.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MRS. A: (COMING IN) Hello, husband. Here's your gorgeous, ravishing wife.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Appopolous, you tricked me! You know I had no intention of marrying you!

MRS. A: Tweedle. Still the big bashful boy. Stop fighting our love. You know that it's too big for the two of us. If you don't love me, why are you trembling?

TWEEDY: I'm scared. I've been a bachelor all my life. I'm not used to married women. Especially when they're married to me.

MRS. A: Don't worry, honeybunny. You'll get used to me. We're going to be spending a lot of time together. It'll be a long stretch.

TWEEDY: If you don't mind I'd rather spend it in solitary. You can reach me at the Faculty Club.

MRS. A: Stop, cutie-pie. Come here. I want to kiss you
to pieces. I'll give you a smoldering, burning kiss.
(KISS)

TWEEDY: (PROTESTS THROUGH KISS) Who put out the fire? I feel
weak in the knees. I think I'd better sit down.

MRS. A: Good. I'll sit on your lap. There.

SOUND: CRASH

MRS. A: My, what a weak chair. Tweedle. Are you all right?
Speak to me.

TWEEDY: (GROANS) Get the number of that truck. Or was it an
earthquake? Yes. I'm pinned under the wreckage.

MRS. A: No. That's me. I'm still sitting on you.

TWEEDY: Yes. I'm pinned under the wreckage.

MRS. A: Help me up, Tweedle.

TWEEDY: You help me up. You're on top.

MRS. A: Oh. Poor Tweedle. Here. I'll pick you up and carry
you to the love seat.

TWEEDY: Oh no. Not the love seat. I want to walk around. See
if anything's broken.

MRS. A: Yes. Let's sit on the love seat. Your little
Lysistrata is feeling romantic. Relax! You're nervous.

TWEEDY: How can I help being so nervous?

MRS. A: Of course. Name me one other woman who has a figure like
mine.

TWEEDY: It would take two women.

MRS. A: Flatterer. I bought this skin tight black silk jersey
dress just for you.

TWEEDY: It wouldn't fit me. Stand back.

MRS. A: And these black silk net stockings. Thank goodness they can't run.

TWEEDY: Thank goodness I can. Let go!

MRS. A: If I only didn't have to wear a tight girdle which is choking me. Then I'd be footloose and loose all over. I'll go upstairs and slip into something more comfortable.

TWEEDY: And I'll slip out of the house.

MRS. A: Okay. So I won't go upstairs. But when you see my slinky peach negligee you'll go crazy.

TWEEDY: If I take a look I am crazy.

MRS. A: Tweedle. Why are you so bashful? We're married. See? Here's our wedding license. I'm going to have it framed.

TWEEDY: I've already been framed.

MRS. A: What a cute trick I pulled. You thought you were signing an order for food. There's your name. Thaddeus Q. Tweedle.

TWEEDY: M'm. H'm! Tweedle. That's right. I remember, you told me to sign my name, Thaddeus Q. Tweedle. But my name happens to be Tweedy. Whew. That was a narrow escape. You're married all right, Mrs. Tweedle. But now all you have to do is find someone by the name of Tweedle. (RELIEVED LAUGH) I'm afraid you made a slight mistake.

MRS. A: Oh no, Tweedle. No mistake. I know. When I got my Mexican divorce from Acropolis Appopolous --

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TWEEDY: Mexican divorce?! Aha! That settles it. This state does not recognize the legality of a Mexican divorce.

MRS. A: Is that so? Where do they recognize it?

TWEEDY: Only in Brooklyn.

MRS. A: For one wonderful afternoon I was Mrs. Tweedle. Now I'm Mrs. Appopolous again. Behind the eightball.

TWEEDY: And this is my cue to bid you adieu.

MRS. A: Okay. So I lose again. But one of these days my name will be Lysistrata Tweedle.

TWEEDY: You're a good sport, Mrs. Appopolous, but as the poet says, "It is better to have loved and lost - much better!"

MUSIC: CURTAIN

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment, but first,
here is Don Hancock!

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW
PROGRAM #43

~~XXXXXX~~

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

2ND ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen, remember:

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP ... LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

2ND ANNR: Which means ...

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL'S greater length ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE UP)

1ST ANNR: ... travels the smoke further ...

WHISTLER: (LONG WHISTLE DOWN)

1ST ANNR: - It filters the smoke naturally over the longer route of
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine tobaccos - gives you, at
the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

1ST ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: Advantage yourself with PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

2ND ANNR: "Outstanding!"

VOICE: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHBACK TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

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MUSIC: THEME AND FADE FOR

HIESTAND: Frank Morgan appears by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of the new musical "It Happened in Brooklyn." And here again is Frank Morgan.

MORGAN: Ladies and gentlemen, my topic for today is appreciation. Tonight's program concludes the present series and I'm leaving for a little vacation. I want to express my deep appreciation to everybody connected with the program, my sincere thanks to writers Bob Crutcher and Rick Vollaerts, to producer Wayne Griffin, to the many excellent artists that have worked with me, Eliot Daniel for his fine musical contributions, to a very hard-working secretarial staff and to everybody else that has helped make these Pell Mell programs a very pleasant year for me. I hope that you have enjoyed yourselves almost as much as I have ... Beginning next week, Pell Mell will present a new show which my very good friend, John Hiestand will tell you about in just a moment. And now, goodnight everybody, and God bless you!

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: Thank you, Frank Morgan - and on behalf of the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES and our listening audience everywhere, we wish you the best of luck and our good wishes for a well-earned vacation.

(MUSIC)

HIESTAND: And now we present a dramatic preview of PELL MELL'S new show starting next Wednesday night at this same time - "THE BIG STORY."

SOUND: TYPEWRITER ... THREE STROKES ... THREE STROKES ... FIVE STROKES

MUSIC: PICK UP TYPING THEMATICALLY AND HIT STING

HIESTAND: "THE BIG STORY" ... a fast-moving account of the behind-the-scenes drama as crack newspapermen work for that thrill of a lifetime ... "THE BIG STORY!" And ... THE PELL MELL AWARD FOR "THE BIG STORY!"

MUSIC: OMINOUS STAB HOLD UNDER

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

KID: (SCARED) Is -- is this the police station?

COP: Yup. What is it, kid?

KID: I found a box -- a box -- floating on the river.

COP: Well, bring it in.

KID: I -- I don't wanna touch it ... I don't wanna look in it again.

COP: What was in it, kid?

KID: You come outside and open it. It was awful!

MUSIC: UP GRUESOME AND UNDER

HIESTAND: A freckle-face kid ... a river-soaked box -- and in that box ... the shocking clue which led to next week's BIG STORY ... "The Kid and the Box."

SAWYER: For action-packed drama, remember: next Wednesday, at this same time over NBC ... PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present --

SOUND: THREE STROKES ... THREE STROKES ... FIVE STROKES ...

HISTAND: "THE BIG STORY"

MUSIC: MUSIC THEMATICALLY PICKS UP AND OUT - BUMPER

ANNCR: The Frank Morgan Show, produced by Wayne Griffin, came
to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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