

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PROGRAM: THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY
BROADCAST: TV. PROGRAM #2
DATE: JUNE 9, 1946
NETWORK: NBC

AS BROADCAST

I OPENING NEW YORK

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES Present - FRANK MORGAN
as THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY.

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Wherever particular
people congregate!"

1ST ANNR: On land!

SOUND: (BUGLE CALL)

2ND ANNR: In the air!

SOUND: (DIVE BOMBER)

1ST ANNR: On the sea!

SOUND: (WHOOH WHOOH WHOOH)

2ND ANNR: "Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

1ST ANNR: And - they are mild!

2ND ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are made from PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine imported and domestic tobaccos.
PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further,
it filters the smoke, gives it, at the very first puff,
that cooler, smoother taste.

1ST ANNR: "Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

2ND ANNR: And - they are mild!
(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FIRST HALF OF PROGRAM)

ARCH:

(TWEEDY THEME FULL & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

Pell Mell, famous cigarettes present - Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy", written by Robert Riley Crutcher.

ARCH:

(TWEEDY THEME UP & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

For generations Pahts College has been the school for girls. Naturally such an exclusive girls' school has a limited enrollment. Last week Dean Tweedy announced the figures.

TWEEDY:

We now have twelve hundred girls in the liberal arts. Six hundred girls in the science department. And two thousand ex-G.I.'s in the sewing class.

NARRATOR:

Yes, when Dean Tweedy took over at that fine old finishing school -- he finished it. However, when there's trouble, you can always count on the headmistress, Miss Tilcy, to pitch in -- on Tweedy.

TILCY:

Look at them Dr. Tweedy. Two thousand men milling around the campus. Under the G.I. Bill of Rights they are entitled to stay. But Dr. Tweedy, has it occurred to you that we have no accomodations for men?

TWEEDY:

Oh, don't worry about that, Miss Tilcy. Don't give it another thought. I assume full responsibility.

NARRATOR:

Yes, Dean Tweedy's fertile brain tackled the housing shortage with characteristic vigor. Soon he was able to come back to Miss Tilcy and say --

TWEEDY:

Miss Tilcy, do you know where I can rent a room?

TILCY:

I do.

TWEEDY:

I've been sleeping on my desk, but the top keeps rolling down and -- You do?

TILCY:

Yes. You can move into my apartment.

TWEEDY:

(LAUGHS) Miss Tilcy.

TILCY:

I am leaving.

TWEEDY:

Leaving? A little vacation? Well, I'm very glad for you.

TILCY:

It's no vacation, and you're not half as glad as I am. Our chairman of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Pahts, is arriving this afternoon. When that old fathead goes back to New York he can take my resignation with him.

TWEEDY:

Resignation? You're joking.

TILCY:

(DEAD PAN LAUGH)

TWEEDY:

If it's because of me...I mean...I've tried to do my best since I came here. I've even taken care of housing for the men. I didn't sleep a wink until I put up all those Quonset huts.

TILCY:

M'm H'm. You put them too close to the girl's dormitory. Now I can't sleep.

TWEEDY:

Oh. Oh, that. (LAUGHS) I'll take care of the matter immediately. Don't give it another thought.

(MUSIC)

TILCY:

I tell you, Mr. Pahts, ever since that man came here --

PAHTS:

Now, now, Miss Tilcy. Don't you think you're being unnecessarily hard on Tweedy. I like that man. He has added something to our school.

TILCY:

Yes. The Army and Navy.

PAHTS:

I'm referring to our lovely campus.

TILCY: You mean those beautiful old ivy-covered Quonset huts?
PAHTS: I mean thanks to Tweedy the government has to pay the bill. And when I get through padding it --- (LAUGHS)
Oh, how I like that man. You'll also be interested to know that I've persuaded the trustees to put up twenty-five thousand dollars.

TILCY: For the new dormitory?

PAHTS: No, no. For this magnificent marble statue. Of me. I brought it along today. Of course it's not really a statue. It's a bust.

TILCY: So I see.

PAHTS: It was done by one of the finest sculptors in the country. Well? What do you think of it?

TILCY: All I can say is, you've been beautifully chiseled.

PAHTS: Yes, I think so too. My wife, Mrs. Pahts, is coming down for the dedication. (SENTIMENTALLY) I want this bust placed in the Pahts Memorial Hall alongside my father and grandfather. You know, Miss Tilcy, the happiest moments in my life are when I stand in that little green building, among my ancestors.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TILCY: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Well, Miss Tilcy, I've taken care of everything. When Mr. Pahts gets here you can tell the old fathead you've decided not to -- not to -- to --
(LAUGHS) How do you do, Mr. Pahts. I was just leaving.
PAHTS: Wait a minute, Tweedy. It's all right. I know people call me a fathead behind my back.

TWEEDY:

Yes, yes.

PAHTS:

But "fathead" is nothing ---

TWEEDY:

No, no.

PAHTS:

Compared to what they say about you.

TWEEDY:

Oh.

PAHTS:

You wanted to see Miss Tilcy?

TWEEDY:

Yes. I dropped by to tell her I've moved the boys out of those huts near the girls' dormitory.

PAHTS:

That's fine. Where did you put them?

TWEEDY:

In the little green building.

TILCY:

(AT THE SAME TIME) In the little green building.

TWEEDY:

(LAUGHS) Why, Miss Tilcy. How did you know?

TILCY:

Nobody but you would think of it.

TWEEDY:

(PLEASED) Well, one has to be on one's toes.

TILCY:

You are.

PAHTS:

Just a minute, Tweedy. You've quartered somebody in that building?

TILCY:

Drawn and quartered.

TWEEDY:

Oh, I knew I shouldn't do it.

PAHTS:

No!

TWEEDY:

It's such a dilapidated old place.

PAHTS:

Do you know what is in that dilapidated old place?

TWEEDY:

Yes. But they're not there now. I sprayed it with DDT. That got rid of everything. (LAUGHS) Except those stupied looking statues. I had to throw those out myself.

PAHTS:

You threw them out!!!

TWEEDY:

Don't get excited, Mr. Pahts. Why, they were positively idiotic. No self-respecting sculptor would ever make a human face looks so asinine.

PAHTS:

Well since you're such a connoisseur of art, what would you say about this bust right here.

TWEEDY:

That one? Same thing. Same idiotic expression. Same.. Why that looks like you.

PAHTS:

It is. And those other "asinine" statues happen to be my ancestors.

TWEEDY:

Now that you mention it, I commented on the resemblance at the time, and....(TAKE) Ancestors? Yours? er.....er.....

PAHTS:

Tweedy. I want those students out of that building and my ancestors back on their pedestals immediately.

TWEEDY:

Yes sir, I'll take care of it!

PAHTS:

Furthermore, I want you to put me upon a pedestal too.

TWEEDY:

Oh, yes.

PAHTS:

And be careful. That's genuine Italian marble.

TWEEDY:

Yes sir. I'll take you right out.

PAHTS: Don't carry me by my ears!

TWEEDY: What?

PAHTS: Grab hold of the bottom!

TWEEDY: But --

PAHTS: You heard me!

TWEEDY: Like this?

PAHTS: Yes!

SOUND: (CRASH)

TWEEDY: (PAUSE) Well -- those can be glued back on.

PAHTS: (TREMBLING WITH RAGE) Tweedy!

TWEEDY: Now don't get angry, Mr. Pahts. All I did was knock your ears off. There's a stonecutter down at the Pahtsfield cemetery who can fix you up. Don't worry about a thing. I'll have you in the cemetery in ten minutes.

(MUSIC)

STONE: Now here's a nice plot of ground, under a weeping willow. Sort of symbolic.

TWEEDY: I don't want to buy a cemetery lot. All I want you to do is work on this marble bust.

STONE: What good is a headstone if you haven't got a plot? Now here's one I was saving for myself -- but it was just made for you. Six feet long gives a man plenty of room to stretch out!

TWEEDY: I don't want it. I ---

STONE: Better snap it up. You know you ain't no chicken.

TWEEDY:

That's none of your business. Will you please listen to me. I have Mr. Pahts' ears in my pocket, and --

STONE:

Bad accident, huh? Makes you stop and think. It might have been you. Tell you what I'll do. You buy this plot and I'll fix up the headstone free.

TWEEDY:

You will? Fine. Fine. Here's the bust. I'm in a hurry.

STONE:

Why I could make a better headstone than that with my eyes close. What that thing needs is some wings.

TWEEDY:

Just get the ears back on!

STONE:

Wings would make it look more natural-like.

TWEEDY:

Not on Mr. Pahts.

STONE:

Well, maybe you're right. With ears like that he don't need 'em. How about a halo?

TWEEDY:

No! No wings. No halo. No harp. Not even a pitchfork! Just ears. How soon can you have it ready?

STONE:

I'll start digging this afternoon.

TWEEDY:

Never mind the digging. Just be careful with this bust. It's genuine Italian marble.

STONE:

That thing? Why that's soapstone if I ever saw it.

Look. All you have to do is give it a little rap with a hammer and ---

TWEEDY:

No! No! DON'T!

OUND:

(CRASH)

STONE:

Yep. You're right. It was Italian marble. Well, what do we do now.

TWEEDY:

Start digging.

STONE:

Tell you what I'll do. I'll make you another headstone. You won't be able to tell the difference. All I need is some pictures of the deceased.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

TILCY:

Come in.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPENS)

TWEEDY:

Miss Tilcy ---

TILCY:

I knew I shouldn't have said that.

TWEEDY:

Perhaps you can tell me where I can find some photographs of Mr. Pahts. Front and side view.

TILCY:

Don't bother me with trifles. It may interest you to know that I've changed my mind about leaving tomorrow.

TWEEDY:

(DELIGHTED) You have? I'm very happy to hear that.

TILCY:

I'm leaving today. Mr. Pahts has arranged for a substitute to take my place.

TWEEDY:

Oh. (SINCERELY) No one can ever take your place, Miss Tilcy. You are Pahts. You've devoted your life to this school.

TILCY:

(WHO IS NOT WITHOUT PRIDE) Yes. I did make it one of the finest girls' schools in the country. Now look at it.

TWEEDY:

It's only natural for things to be a little upset and confusing when a school like this suddenly becomes co-educational. But I assure you they'll straighten themselves out and everything will be back to normal.

TILCY:

If I could only believe that. Oh, but it's too late to change my mind. That substitute is already on her way.

TWEEDY:

Oh no. I can take care of that, Miss Tiley. Don't give it another thought. I'll attend to everything.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(TRAIN BELL....TRAIN IN STATION...CROWD EFFECT)

MRS. PAHTS:

Porter, place my bags on the Pahts College bus.

PORTER:

Yes ma'am. Are you gonna teach there?

MRS. PAHTS:

I'm not a teacher. I'm Mrs. Pahts. My husband is chairman of the board of trustees. I came down for his dedication.

PORTER:

Something happen to him.

MRS. PAHTS:

They are installing his bust in Memorial Hall.

PORTER:

My. My. You got my sincerest sympathy.

MRS. PAHTS:

I'll need it. He's making a speech.

PORTER:

Here comes Doctor Tweedy. He must have come to meet you.

MRS. PAHTS:

I daresay he has. Excuse me. You're Doctor Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Yes. I'm Doctor Tweedy. Thaddeus Q.

MRS. PAHTS:

Perhaps you came to meet me. I'm....

TWEEDY:

I know. Mr. Pahts sent for you, didn't he?

MRS. PAHTS:

Yes.

TWEEDY:

I was afraid I'd missed you.

PORTER:

I'll go put her bags on the bus.

TWEEDY:

No. She won't need her bags.

MRS. PAHTS:

What do you mean?

TWEEDY:

I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. You'll have to go back.

MRS. PAHTS: Back?

TWEEDY: I regret that I am the one who must tell you this.
Mr. Pahts no longer requires your services.

MRS. PAHTS: Er....will you say that again.

TWEEDY: You see, he's decided to keep Miss Tilcy.

MRS. PAHTS: Miss Tilcy!

TWEEDY: Oh yes. Miss Tilcy means a great deal to Pahts. And
after all these years together it would be a tragedy to
separate them. You understand.

MRS. PAHTS: Yes. That accounts for his weekly trips to the college.

TWEEDY: I'm sure you have excellent qualifications, but no one
else could ever do what Miss Tilcy has for Pahts.

PORTER: Excuse me, Doctor Tweedy, but I think I ought to tell
you that...

TWEEDY: Never mind that, Porter. As I was saying, Miss Tilcy
has endeared herself to Pahts.

MRS. PAHTS: I suspected that.

TWEEDY: Yes. She's been carrying on for years. Why she has
given the best years of her life to Pahts.

MRS. PAHTS: Really! And what about me?

TWEEDY: Well, it isn't too bad...Look at it like this. You
were taken for a nice ride.

MRS. PAHTS: I certainly was.

TWEEDY:

Naturally Mr. Pahts will be glad to pay for any inconvenience he has caused you.

MRS. PAHTS:

He'll pay plenty.. And what about my daughter?

TWEEDY:

Daughter? What's she got to do with it? Personally, I don't think he's responsible for her, too!

MRS. PAHTS:

Porter. Put my bags back on the train.

PORTER:

Yes ma'am.

MRS. PAHTS:

Doctor Tweedy. Tell Mr. Pahts he will be hearing from my attorneys.

TWEEDY:

It won't do you any good...Mr. Pahts has every right to..

PORTER:

Goodbye, Doctor Tweedy. I expect I'll be seeing you again, soon!

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(TRAIN PULLING OUT OF STATION)

TWEEDY:

Why Mr. Pahts What are you doing here at the station?

PAHTS:

(BURNING) I came to meet my wife. Did you see her?

TWEEDY:

Why no. No. But I've been looking forward to meeting her. What time does she arrive?

PAHTS:

She's arrived and departed. She wouldn't even speak to me. Somebody told her I was in love with Miss Tilcy.

TWEEDY:

You -- and Miss Tilcy? Ridiculous! Preposterous!

PAHTS:

Of course it is! And now she's going to divorce me!

TWEEDY:

Who could have told her that?

PAHTS:

That's what I'm going to find out! And when I do --

TWEEDY:

I don't blame you. Anybody who would do a thing like that ought to be horsewhipped.

PAHYS:

Yes.

WEEDY:

Yes. Undoubtedly it was someone who had a grudge against you.

PAHYS:

Yes.

WEEDY:

Yes. Someone who - who - who -- Was she wearing a red dress?

PAHYS:

Yes.

WEEDY:

With a red hat to match?

PAHYS:

Yes.

WEEDY:

With red bag and shoes?

PAHYS:

Yes. Why?

WEEDY:

She must have looked stunning. Well...I better run.

PAHYS:

Just a minute, Tweedy. It wasn't --- you didn't --

Tweeeeeeeeeeeedy,

WEEDY:

(HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

(MUSIC CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

TESTAND:

Before Frank Morgan continues -- here is Ernest Chappell.

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNRR: Ladies and gentlemen - If you're still smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes you'll want to make this convincing test. See what happens when you 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!"

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is smoother. "Outstanding" -

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is cooler. "Outstanding" -

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: 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 it, at the very first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: "Wherever particular people congregate" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

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

ORCH:

(FULL THEME & FADE FOR)

NARRATOR:

Now -- back to Frank Morgan as the Fabulous Doctor Tweedy! A criminal always returns to the scene of his crime. Thus Dean Tweedy returned to the Pahtsfield station. Mr. Pahts came down to see him off and wave farewell -- with his fist.

ORCH:

(FLARE OUT)

PAHTS:

So help me, if you don't get my wife back I'll knock your ears off, Tweedy!

TWEEDY:

Doctor Tweedy.

PAHTS:

Doctor Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Er --thank you.

T

(MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

As for Miss Tilcy -- well -- fortunately she has a sense of humor. She thought the whole thing was hilariously funny.

TILCY:

(LAUGHS) Me. Co-respondent in a divorce suit. It's the funniest thing I ever heard of. (LAUGHS)

PAHTS:

Will she be all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Yes. I'll have the nurse tighten those straps on her bed.

(MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

As for getting Mrs. Pahts back -- well, Doctor Tweedy obtained the advice of an eminent authority on domestic problems.

SOUND:

(SNEAK IN TRAIN EFFECT)

PORTER:

Well, Doctor Tweedy, I'll tell you. If you want to know what I think, I think ---

TWEEDY:

If you had anything to think with you'd have told me that woman was Mrs. Pahts. You knew who she was all the time.

PORTER:

Yes sir. But you wouldn't let me tell you.

TWEEDY:

I thought she was Miss Tilcy's substitute.

PORTER:

Yes sir. But you gave her the impression it was vice versa.

TWEEDY:

Then why didn't you say something? You wouldn't have been so quiet if somebody was breaking up your marriage.

PORTER:

Oh, nobody can break up my marriage. No sir. I've tried everything.

TWEEDY:

I'll have to get her back, that's all.

PORTER:

How you gonna do that?

TWEEDY:

(MIMICS) How you gonna do that? How do I know! In a half hour I'm due at the office of her attorney, Hacht, Smact and Kract.

PORTER:

Of course you could deny everything.

TWEEDY:

What! Deny everything! Are you suggesting that I, Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, Doctor of Philosophy, Dean of Pahts College, should lie!

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

I categorically deny everything.

ATTORNEY:

There is no use quibbling, Doctor Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

But I have a witness. The train porter was standing there all the time.

ATTORNEY:

That's right. And he's already signed an affidavit for our client, Mrs. Pahts.

TWEEDY:

Brutus. Very well. I admit it. But I beg you to believe me, Mrs. Pahts. Your husband loves you.

MRS. PAHTS: Then why isn't he here himself?

TWEEDY: Well... He has his hands full with Miss Tilcy.

MRS. PAHTS: Oh, he has?

TWEEDY: Yes. She's laughed herself sick.

ATTORNEY: She won't think it's so funny when she receives a subpoena from Hacht, Smact and Kract.

TWEEDY: I appeal to you - Mr. Hacht!

ATTORNEY: I'm not Hacht. I'm Kract.

TWEEDY: I see. But Mrs. Pahts - he can't live without you.

MRS. PAHTS: (SARCASTIC) Is that so? I suppose he'll commit suicide?

TWEEDY: Er - yes. Yes, that's it. He is going to shoot himself.

MRS. PAHTS: He couldn't hit the side of a barn door.

TWEEDY: Er - he's threatening to take poison.

MRS. PAHTS: After what he's been drinking it will be a good chaser.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Pahts. Brace yourself. You might as well know. Your husband has slit his ear from throat to throat.

MRS. PAHTS: It's no use, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Then I have failed.

MRS. PAHTS: Definitely.

TWEEDY: Well, goodbye, Mr. Kracht. Goodbye, Mrs. Pahts. Oh. When you see your husband in court, will you give him this.

MRS. PAHTS: What is it?

TWEEDY: My resignation. I never leave the house without one.

MRS. PAHTS: This isn't a resignation. It's a deed to a cemetery lot.

TWEEDY: What? Oh, I'm sorry. I made a mistake.

MRS. PAHTS: Why, it's made out in my husband's name.

TWEEDY: Yes, I had to buy it when I took his head down there.

MRS. PAHTS: His head?

TWEEDY: Yes. To get his ears --

MRS. PAHTS: It's true! It's true! He cut his throat from ear to ear! (SCREAM)

SOUND: (BODY FALL)

TWEEDY: She's fainted. Get some water.

ATTORNEY: Get it yourself! I have to call my partners.

TWEEDY: Water. Water. (GOING OFF) Water. Water. Water.
Water. Water.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, OFF - JIGGLING OF TELEPHONE
RECEIVER)

ATTORNEY: Hello. Miss Bennet, now listen and get this straight.
Get hold of Hacht and Smact! Tell them Mr. Pahts has
committed suicide. Tell them to unload all their stock
in the Pahts Corporation right away. When this hits the
newspapers the stock will go down to zero. What? Yes,
you can tip off your friends, but first tell Hacht and
Smact.

SOUND: (RECEIVER DOWN)

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (TELEPHONE BELL - RECEIVER LIFTED)

PAHTS: Hello. New York calling Mrs. Pahts? A reporter? I'll
take it. Hello. Yes. Yes. What do you mean, when is
the funeral? Whose funeral? Mine? Oh. A wise guy.
Well, I don't think practical jokes are funny, see?
Goodbye!

SOUND: (RECEIVER DOWN - KNOCK ON DOOR)

PAHTS: Come in!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Well, well, well. Here I am again.

(LAUGHS) Mr. Pahts, your worries are over.

PAHTS: Did you straighten things out with my wife?.

TWEEDY: "As thro' the land at eve we went,

And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,

We fell out, my wife and I,

Oh, we fell out, I know not why,

And kiss'd again with tears --"

Alfred Tennyson.

PAHTS: I'm not talking to Tennyson. I'm talking to you. Did you straighten things out?

TWEEDY: Wait until you hear what I've done, Mr. Pahts.

(LAUGHS) You'll die.

PAHTS: Answer my question.

TWEEDY: Tweedy has done it again.

PAHTS: Just say yes or no.

TWEEDY: Emphatically.

PAHTS: Emphatically yes or emphatically no?

TWEEDY: Yes.

PAHTS: AHEH!

TWEEDY: Er -- How is Miss Tilley?

PAHTS: Still laughing.

TWEEDY: Oh.

PAHTS: Where's my wife?

TWEEDY: She's downstairs. I had to see you first. Er - lie down.

PAHTS: Lie down?

TWEEDY: Yes. Just lie down on the couch, and moan like you're dying. I'll be right back.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF - TELEPHONE BELL -
RECEIVER UP)

PAHTS: Hello! What? Oh. It's you again. If you reporters don't have anything better to do than -- I tell you I'm not dead! What? My company's stock is down to sixty? Everybody selling? Listen. As long as I'm at the head of it, my company is sound as a dollar. Huh? Who said I committed suicide? Thaddeus Q. Tweedy? Who bought a cemetery lot for me? Thaddeus Q. Tweedy? My blood pressure! What? My stock's down to thirty? My blood pressure! My -- OHHHH.

SOUND: (BODY FALL)

PAHTS: (MOANS)

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN OFF)

MRS. PAHTS: (COMING IN) Where is he? Where is he?

TWEEDY: Right over there on the couch --

PAHTS: (MOAN)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHING) Oh no, here he is on the floor.

MRS. PAHTS: Darling. Darling. Forgive me. I'll never leave you again. Never.

PAHTS: I'm through. I've been stabbed in the back.

MRS. PAHTS: Oh. Don't move darling. Lie still. (GOING OFF) I'll call an ambulance.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

PAHTS: (MOANS)

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) What an actor. Mr. Pahts, you're a born han.

PAHTS: (MOANS)

TWEEDY: (APPLAUDS) Bravo. Bravo. Encore.

PAHTS: (MOANS)

TWEEDY: Magnificent. That red face. That cold sweat. What a death scene. What a Hamlet you'd make. "Now cracks a noble heart. Goodnight sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

PAHTS: Ohhhhhhhhhh!

TWEEDY: Keep it up. Keep it up. You're doing fine. (LAUGHS)

PAHTS: Help me up.

TWEEDY: Oh no. She'll be right back.

PAHTS: I said help me up!

TWEEDY: (STARTLED) Yes sir. Er -- there you are.

PAHTS: Tweedy. Why did you do it?

TWEEDY: Now you know the kind of friend I am.

PAHTS: Do you know what this means to me?

TWEEDY: Of course. Now the two of you can start all over again.

PAHTS: We'll have to. I slaved twenty-five years to build up that company. Tweedy, I'm going to let you have it!

TWEEDY: You mean you're going to give me the business?

PAHTS: I'm ruined. I'm ruined.

TWEEDY: What?
PAHTS: I'm broke. Wiped out.
TWEEDY: How did that happen?
PAHTS: (THROUGH HIS TEETH) It was reported that I had committed suicide.
TWEEDY: Why that's terrible. Who would say a thing like that.
You must have enemies who -- who -- who -- (HYSTERICAL LAUGH)
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)
MRS. PAHTS: (OFF) Doctor Tweedy. The ambulance is here!
TWEEDY: Have them wait. I'll be right out.
PAHTS: You certainly will!
(MUSIC)
VOICE: (FILTER) Calling Dr. Boles. Calling Dr. Boles.
TWEEDY: (GROANS)
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN OFF)
TWEEDY: (WEAKLY) Nurse. Nurse.
PAHTS: (COMING IN) It's me, Tweedy. Pahts.
TWEEDY: (YELLS) Help! Doctor!
PAHTS: Now, now, Tweedy. I must have been crazy to push you down those stairs. I want you to forgive me. Why you're the best friend I ever had.
TWEEDY: Help! Uh - I am?
PAHTS: You're a financial wizard. A genius. Let me shake your hand.

TWEEDY:

Oh, certainly. Use my left one. Er...what did I do?

PAHTS:

What did you do? You old fox. (LAUGHS)

TWEEDY:

(LAUGHS...TRAIL OFF)

PAHTS:

You always fool me with that silly look and those brilliant ideas.

TWEEDY:

Well, thank you.

PAHTS:

Thanks to you I made a killing in the stock market. I bought back all that stock I could find at ten dollars a share. Then when people found out I wasn't dead my stock went up to a hundred again. The smartest move on Wall Street since 1929 and it was all your idea.

TWEEDY:

Mine?

PAHTS:

You started the rumor of my suicide and you'll get yours out of this, Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

I don't want anything to do with that kind of money.

PAHTS:

Never mind. I said I'll take care of you and I will.

I'm going to pay your hospital bill. And furthermore, I'll let you have the privilege of unveiling my statue, at the dedication ceremony.

TWEEDY:

Did the stonecutter fix it?

PAHTS:

That measly little thing? I'm having a new one made. Full size. Costing a hundred thousand. And you will make the dedication speech...which I'm writing.

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

And now ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege and honor, to unveil this statue of our beloved, esteemed and honest (COUGH) chairman of the board of trustees, Mr. Pahts.

PAHRS:

Pull the curtain, Tweedy.

SOUND:

(CURTAIN SQUEAK...POLITE CONTINUED APPLAUSE)

PAHRS:

Take a bow, Tweedy,

TWEEDY:

Me?

PAHRS:

Sure. Go ahead. Bend over. Take a bow,

TWEEDY:

Well...if you insist.

PAHRS:

Tweedy! Be careful! You're backing into -- My Statue!!!

SOUND:

(CRASH)

MUSIC:

(CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

HOSTAND:

Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment with his
thought for the week -- but first here is Don Hancock!
(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNRR: Ladies and gentlemen here's what happens when a PELL
MELL smoker tries to light an old-fashioned, short
cigarette. Unconsciously, he holds the flame a good
half-inch beyond the tip of the short cigarette. He's
looking for something that isn't there. He's looking
for PELL MELL'S distinguished length and shape - the
streamlined PELL MELL Design - "Outstanding!"

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is smoother. "Outstanding" -

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is cooler. "Outstanding" -

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: 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 it, at the very first puff, that cooler,
smoother taste. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: "Wherever particular people congregate" - PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

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

ORCH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

HIESTAND:

Here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week.

MORGAN:

History is full of beautiful friendships -- Dante and Beatrice, Damon and Pythias, Montgomery and Ward. We have all heard of the friend in need, which brings me to my thought of the week -- "A friend in need is an awful pest -- duck him!" (LAUGHS) Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

NARRATOR:

(CREDITS) Be with us again next week at this same time when Pell Mell famous cigarettes present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Doctor Tweedy". Mr. Morgan appears through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, currently releasing "Two Sisters from Boston". Starring tonight with Mr. Morgan were Nana Bryant as Miss Tilley and Gail Gordon as Mr. Pahts. Ian Wolf played the stone cutter, Sarah Selby Mrs. Pahts, Eddie Green the porter, and Tyler McVey the attorney. Music was composed and directed by Eliot Daniel. Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH:

(THEME TO CUE)

ANNR:

The Frank Morgan show came to you from Hollywood.

THIS IS N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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