

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:

AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

BROADCAST:

REV. PROGRAM #3

DATE:

JUNE 16, 1948

PROGRAM:

THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

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: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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, smother 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)

CROCH:

(TWEEDY THEME FULL & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

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

CROCH:

(TWEEDY THEME UP & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. That is the golden rule of Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy. For thirty years he has set his alarm clock before retiring.

SOUND:

(CLOCK WOUND)

NARRATOR:

For thirty years it has awakened him promptly at six.

SOUND:

(ALARM)

TWEEDY:

(SNORES)

NARRATOR:

Yes, every morning -- setting-up exercises, a cold shower and a hearty breakfast prepare him for his day.

TWEEDY:

(SNORES)

NARRATOR:

Then a leisurely stroll across the beautiful Potts College campus to his office.

SOUND:

(CAR SPEEDING...SCREECH OF BRAKES..CAR STOP..CAR DOOR OPEN AND SLAM...FOOTSTEPS RUNNING.)

TWEEDY:

(BREATHLESS) Good morning. Morning. Nice day. Good morning.

NARRATOR:

He enters his sanctum sanctorum.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

NARRATOR:

And plunges into the day's work with boundless enthusiasm.

TWEEDY:

(SNORES)

NARRATOR:

Well, maybe he does have a little trouble waking up these days. But that's because he has so much trouble getting to sleep. You see, he lives next door to Mrs. Boggs, the school janitress, and she --

BOGGS:

(OFF) SNORES

TWEEDY:

GROANS

BOGGS:

(OFF) SNORES

TWEEDY:

Four thousand seven hundred and eighty-four

BOGGS:

(OFF) SNORES

TWEEDY:

Four thousand seven hundred and eighty-five.

NARRATOR:

Obviously something has to be done about Mrs. Boggs. So cross your fingers while Doctor Tweedy does it.

SOUND:

(LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BOGGS:

(OFF) Who's there?

TWEEDY:

It's me, Mrs. Boggs. Dr. Tweedy.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

BOGGS:

What's up? What's up?

TWEEDY:

Madame, I am up.

BOGGS:

Well, it's after midnight. Why ain't you asleep?

TWEEDY:

Mrs. Boggs, that is precisely what I want to talk to you about. It's a very delicate subject. It's hard for a bachelor to say anything like this to a widcw.

BOGGS:

Huh?

TWEEDY:

Er - let me put it this way. Is your throat dry?

BOGGS:

You mean you brung a bottle?

TWEEDY:

No.

BOGGS:

Oh. You want a snort. Well, I don't have none.

WEEDY:

I didn't ask for none, I mean any. But speaking of snorts Mrs. Boggs, you have become the bane of my existence.

BOGGS:

(FLATTERED) Oh, go on.

WEEDY:

I can't sleep at night because of you.

BOGGS:

Why, I didn't think you even noticed me.

WEEDY:

Noticed you? I can't keep my mind off your larynx.

BOGGS:

Well, you're kinda cute yourself.

WEEDY:

(BEGINNING TO LOSE HIS TEMPER) I am not asking for compliments. I'm only asking you to keep your mouth shut!

BOGGS:

About what?

WEEDY:

About eight hours! Madame, you snore!!

BOGGS:

(OUTRAGED) Snore? Look here, you can't insult a lady! It ain't enough that I work hard all day!

WEEDY:

Now, now, Mrs. Boggs -- Somebody might hear you.

BOGGS:

(ROARS) Let 'em hear!

WEEDY:

SHHH!

BOGGS:

I wash windows. I dust. I mop. I polish. I clean.

WEEDY:

But --

BOGGS:

I scrub. I sweep. I QUIT!!!!

(MUSIC)

TILCY:

As headmistress of Potts College, I insist on knowing what you said to Mrs. Boggs.

WEEDY:

Why Miss Tilcy! Me? Say? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

TILCY:

No? Then why did she walk off and leave us in this mess?

WEEDY:

Why I haven't spoken a dozen words to the woman since I've been here. All I've said is hello, good morning, nice day and -- Madame, you snore.

TILCY:

Oh, so you told her she snored.

WEEDY:

Yes. Tactfully, of course, I --

TILCY:

Doctor Tweedy. Has it occurred to you that the poor woman might have snored because she was tired? There are four large dormitories to be cleaned every day. If you got down on your hands and knees and scrubbed all those floors you would be exhausted.

TWEEDY:

(TOUCHED) Well now, perhaps I have been unjust. Yes, I daresay I would be exhausted.

TILCY:

I daresay you will. Until you replace her -- here is the scrub bucket.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS)

POTTS:

Miss Tilcy, I have a surprise for you.

TILCY:

Mr. Potts, after three weeks of Dr. Tweedy, nothing surprises me.

POTTS:

(BURSTING WITH ENTHUSIASM) As chairman of the Board of Trustees, I'm happy to have you meet our new football coach -- the great Happy Hogan.

TILCY:

(WITH FRANK DISTASTE) Oh. How do you do, Mr. Hogan.

POTTS:

Ahem, Miss Tilcy doesn't care much for football.

HOGAN:

She don't, huh? Wait'll I start rollin' toward the Rose Bowl.

HOGAN:

Listen. You just get me Windy Daye. With that star quarterback I'll clean up.

POTTS:

Don't worry Happy. Your back is in the bag.

HOGAN:

I'll make Windy Daye all-American if I can get him good interference.

TILCY:

May I recommend Dr. Tweedy.

POTTS:

Oh yes, Happy. I want you to meet Tweedy. Won't you come with us, Miss Tilcy.

TILCY:

No, thank you. I'm sure I'll hear all about it.

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS)

POTTS:

Come on Happy. His office is right over here. You'll like Tweedy. He's the dean of men, a man's man.

Doctor of Philosophy. Brilliant mind. Lots of dignity.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN...SCRUBBING)

POTTS:

Here he is. (SHOCKED) Tweedy. You're scrubbing the floor.

TWEEDY:

I was just -- (TAKE) Oh. Mr. Potts.

POTTS:

Never mind. (BEAMING) Look who's here.

TWEEDY:

Who?

POTTS:

(BEAMING) Happy Hogan. He's the boy who's going to clean up for us.

TWEEDY:

(DELIGHTED) Wonderful.

POTTS:

Yes sir. He's the boy who's going to mop 'em up and polish 'em off.

TWEEDY:

Well, I'm certainly glad to see you!!!

HOGAN:

The pleasure is mutual. Shake.

TWEEDY:

Owwwwwwwww!

POTTS:

How does he strike you, Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Well -- I must say he's good and strong.

HOGAN:

Say Potts, Don't you think you better take care of my back?

POTTS:

Oh yes. Yes. I forgot. I'll go right down and make the arrangements. (GOING OFF) Happy, if you want anything, just ask Tweedy. He'll fix you up.

SOUND:

(DOOR CLOSE OFF)

TWEEDY:

(WORRIED) Er...er...There's something wrong with your back, Happy?

HOGAN:

Wrong? The best back in the country.

TWEEDY:

That's good. Mine is beginning to get stiff.

HOGAN:

Who do I see about uniforms? I'll need around forty-four of 'em.

TWEEDY:

Forty-four????

HOGAN:

No. I'll need fifty-five. I forgot the scrub team.

TWEEDY:

Team? To scrub?

HOGAN:

And another thing. I want silk pants for 'em.

TWEEDY:

Silk pants!

HOGAN:

Yeah. What's the school colors.

TWEEDY:

Shocking pink and lavender.

HOGAN:

Oh brother! Those'll have to be changed.

TWEEDY:

Now see here, it's about time I put you in your place.

HOGAN:

Huh?

TWEEDY:

Just remember that yours is the lowest position on this campus.

HOGAN:

Is that so.

TWEEDY:

And furthermore, if you want any uniforms, you will pay for them out of your own salary. As far as I'm concerned you're just the janitor around here.

HOGAN:

Listen. I didn't come here to take any of your lip.

TWEEDY:

You're perfectly free to go somewhere else.

HOGAN:

You ain't kidding. But before I go, I'm gonna bust..

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

POTTS:

(COMING IN, SINGING) Happy days are here again. Well, well, Happy, everything is...

HAPPY:

Shaddap! I quit!

POTTS:

But Happy --

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAM)

TWEEDY:

Let him go, Mr. Potts. Let him go. I appreciate the fact that you went to a lot of trouble to bring him here. But I'm afraid he won't do. I fired him.

POTTS:

Fired? Happy Hogan???

TWEEDY:

(PLEASED) Frankly Mr. Potts. After I got through with him, he wasn't so happy. I must say he was the most insolent janitor I've ever...

POTTS:

Janitor? Tweeeeeeedy!!! You just fired the hottest football coach in the country.

TWEEDY:

Him? Coach? Hottest?

POTTS:

Tweeeeeeedy!

TWEEDY:

Now don't get excited, Mr. Potts. I'll bring him back. I'll talk football to him. Where's the encyclopaedia? Football. F-F-F-F.

(MUSIC)

SCUND:

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING....STOP)

TWEEDY:

It says here: "The game opens with a formal play called the kick-off. Prior there-to....."

(BREATHLESS) Oh son. Did a man just go by here?

WINDY:

What did he look like?

TWEEDY:

Like he wanted to kill somebody.

WINDY:

No sir. I haven't seen him. Where can I find Dean Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

I'm Dean Tweedy.

WINDY:

You are? Well my name's Daye. But everybody calls me Windy. I have a problem, Dean.

TWEEDY:

I don't need any more.

WINDY:

But they said you'd help me. I don't have any place to live.

TWEEDY:

Let me go or I won't either.

WINDY:

I got married while I was stationed in France.

TWEEDY:

Congratulations!

WINDY:

I'm enrolling at Potts under the G.I. Bill of Rights and now I have to find living quarters for my wife and --

TWEEDY:

Oh, no. Not a chance. That is the strictest rule in this college. No married students. We don't have the accommodations.

WINDY:

But they're expecting me. I drove all the way down here with Suzette.

TWEEDY:

I'm sorry, son. I didn't make the rule, but I am here to enforce it.

WINDY:

But Dean, the coach said...

TWEEDY:

Oh yes, the coach. The coach. I have to catch...

WINDY:

But let me explain.

TWEEDY:

There is no point in arguing. You'll have to go to some other school.

WINDY:

Yes sir.

TWEEDY:

And if I don't catch the coach, I'll go with you.

(GOING OFF) Let me see, what page was I on?

(READING) "When the game is in motion. The rules provide for ---

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

(FADE IN) So you see Mr. Hogan, it was all a delightful little joke.

HOGAN:

Very funny! Very funny.

TWEEDY:

As though anybody would believe that I, with all my years of football, wouldn't know Happy Hogan. (LAUGHS)

HOGAN:

Just a minute. What do you know about football!?

TWEEDY:

What do I know about football? Why, Mr. Hogan, you are talking to one of the pioneers of the game. Who do you think invented the backfield shift? Answer me that?

HOGAN:

Knute Rockne.

TWEEDY:

Er.....yes. But as I was saying, I was an intimate of the gridiron immortals. There isn't one of them I didn't know.

HOGAN:

I'll bet you never even saw Walter Camp.

WEEDY: Saw him! Why I helped him pitch his tent. And let me tell you another thing, Mr. Hogan, where I came from, you learned to carry a pigskin the hard way.

HOGAN: Yeah? How's that?

WEEDY: With the pig inside of it. Ah, I'll never forget the day of my first big game. One by one our men were injured...carried off the field. We ran out of substitutes. I had to double up. I played both ends.

HOGAN: That's impossible.

WEEDY: It was difficult, I admit.

HOGAN: But how could you play both ends?

WEEDY: Against the middle, of course. When I ran out on to the field there was a mighty roar. "Men, we've got to do or die," I said. The whistle blew...the ball was snapped. Suddenly a hole opened up! There was only one man between me and the goal post. He was a big bruiser, but I knocked him down and kept running. Fifty yards, a hundred yards, two hundred yards, three hundred yards..

HOGAN: Wait a minute, you're running out of the field.

WEEDY: Of course. The coach was chasing me. It seems I knocked down our own ball carrier.

HOGAN: (LAUGHS) That ain't bad, Tweedy. You're a little nutty but you're okay!

(BOTH LAUGH)

(MUSIC)

(DOOR OPEN)

WEEDY: (COMING IN - BRIGHTLY) Well, Mr. Potts, here we are. Here's Hogan and he's happy. Aren't you happy, Hogan?

YOGAN: Well, I'll be happy as soon as Windy Daye gets here
and I can start organizing the team.

WEEDY: Windy Daye?

YOGAN: Brother, is that kid dynamite. Just got out of the
Army. I'm gonna build my Rose Bowl Team around him.

WEEDY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Windy Daye, Windy. That name sounds
familiar.

YOGAN: Why every coach in the country would give his right
arm for that guy.

WEEDY: (THINKING) Windy Daye.

YOGAN: Oh, Tweedy, Mr. Potts told Windy you'd find him a place
to live. He's married, you know.

WEEDY: Married student? Oh. Of course. Now I remember. He
wanted to enroll here and I told him he couldn't ---
Oh no! No. No.

POTTS: Tweeeeeedy! You didn't ---

WEEDY: (HYSTERICAL LAUGH) Now don't get excited, Mr. Potts.
I'll bring him back. (GOING OFF) Don't worry. I'll
take care of everything.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

WEEDY: (CALLING) Windy! Wait! Windy!

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS STOP)

WEEDY: (REGAINING HIS BREATH) I - I was afraid you'd gone.

WINDY:

Oh I'm going as soon as I can get my car started.

TWEEDY:

No! You can't leave. You're going to enroll here.

WINDY:

But you don't accept married students.

TWEEDY:

Who told you a thing like that?

WINDY:

You did.

TWEEDY:

I did? Ridiculous. Preposterous. Of course you can enroll.

WINDY:

That's swell. But what about Suzette?

TWEEDY:

You and Suzette can live at my house.

WINDY:

Gee. Thanks.

TWEEDY:

I shall look upon Suzette as my personal responsibility.

WINDY:

Gee. Thanks.

TWEEDY:

You report to Happy Hogan immediately and leave her in my care.

WINDY:

Gee. Thanks.

TWEEDY:

Where is your wife?

SOUND:

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

WINDY:

My wife hasn't arrived yet. But here is Suzette.

SUZETTE:

(TERRIFIC BABY SCREAM)

TWEEDY:

A baby!

MUSIC:

(CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND:

Before Frank Morgan continues - here is Ernest Chappell.

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

1ST ANNR: Ladies and gentlemen - the next time you see a PELL MELL smoker try to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette watch what he does. 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 ANNR: And - they are mild!

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

2ND ANNR: And - they are mild!

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

2ND ANNR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: 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 ANNR: And - they are mild!

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 SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN PROGRAM)

(FULL THEME & FADE FOR)

ARCH:

NARRATOR:

And now back to The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy - starring Frank Morgan as Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, Doctor of Philosophy, Dean of Men and baby-sitter. How did he happen to get stuck with Windy Daye's baby? Well it was quite simple - for Dr. Tweedy. As simple as A,B,C. Dr. Tweedy goes right through the alphabet, and at this moment he's going through L.

SUZETTE:

(CRIES)

TWEEDY:

(SINGS) Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top. When the wind blows the cradle will rock.

SUZETTE:

(COOS)

TWEEDY:

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall. Down will come --- Ahhh. At last. Asleep.

SOUND:

(LOUD DOOR SLAM)

WINDY:

(YELLS) I'm home, Dr. Tweedy!!!

SUZETTE:

(YELLS)

TWEEDY:

Now see what you've done! It took me three hours to put her asleep and now you ---

WINDY:

Gosh, I'm sorry, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Here. She's your baby. You put her to sleep.

WINDY:

Gosh, I wish I could help you, but I'm in training. I've got to get to bed.

TWEEDY:

What!

WINDY:

Coach's orders.

TWEEDY:

Oh. Well ... Good night. Sweet dreams.

SOUND:

(OFF DOOR SHUTS)

SUZETTE:

(GURGLE & COO)

TWEEDY:

(SINGS) Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top.

When the wind blows the cradle will -- oh-oh.

SUZETTE:

(CRIES)

TWEEDY:

Water?

SUZETTE:

(CRIES)

TWEEDY:

Milk?

SUZETTE:

(CRIES)

TWEEDY:

Back on my lap?

SUZETTE:

(COOS)

TWEEDY:

Just like a woman.

SUZETTE:

(COOS)

TWEEDY:

(SOFTLY) Go to sleep. Go to sleep.

SOUND:

(CHIMES - TWO O'CLOCK)

TWEEDY:

Two o'clock feeding. But let's not drink anymore
tonight, huh? Go to sleep.

SUZETTE:

(COOS)

TWEEDY:

(SINGS) Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top.

(YAWNS) When the wind blows the cradle will

(YAWNS) rock.

When the bow (STARTS TO DOZE OFF) breaks the cradle
will fall.

Down will come -- (VOICE TRAILS OFF -- PAUSE)

Ooooooooooooooooooooo!

SUZETTE:

(LAUGHS)

TWEEDY:

No, dear, we mustn't do that. That is Uncle Tweedy's
moustache. We mustn't pull. No. No.

SUZETTE:

(SCREAMS)

TWEEDY:

All right, all right. But not hard. Owwww, Now that's enough!

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN OFF)

WINDY:

(COMING IN) Gosh, Dean Tweedy. I don't like to complain, but I can't sleep.

TWEEDY:

Isn't my bed comfortable?

WINDY:

Oh yes. It's very soft.

TWEEDY:

If I remember correctly, it was.

SUZETTE:

(CRIES)

TWEEDY:

Does her crying bother you?

WINDY:

No. I'm used to that. It's your yelling that wakes me up.

TWEEDY:

Well, she keeps pulling my moustache.

WINDY:

I know. She loves them. That's why I shaved mine off.

TWEEDY:

I won't have to. Mine will be gone by morning. Er -- how long do you think it will be before your wife gets here?

WINDY:

Gosh, I don't know. Yvonne had to fill out some kind of citizenship papers, and --

SUZETTE:

(GURGLES)

WINDY:

What are you doing to Suzette?

TWEEDY:

What's it look like I'm doing.

WINDY:

But that's not the way to do it.

TWEEDY:

Then why don't you do it.

WINDY:

Gee, I wish I could help you out, Dean Tweedy, but the coach says I have to get twelve hours of sleep every night. And I'd appreciate it if you'd be kinda quiet. Good night.

TWEEDY:

Humph. Good night.

SUZETTE:

(WHIMPERS)

TWEEDY:

There you are. (SIGHS) Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man. Bake a -- No dear, we mustn't stick our finger in Uncle Tweedy's eye. Patty-cake, patty ---- owwww! (MUSIC).

TILCY:

Go on, Miss Putters, you say that Dr. Tweedy visited your class on the care and feeding of infants?

PUTTERS:

He certainly did, Miss Tilcy and he showed more than an academic interest! He asked me how to put a baby to sleep and he ---- Oh I could go on for hours, Miss Tilcy!

TILCY:

I see.

PUTTERS:

If you want my opinion, I think you should investigate.

TILCY:

I'll look into this immediately.

PUTTERS:

But Miss Tilcy. What would he be doing with a baby?

TILCY:

If it were someone else, I'd say it was a blessed event. But with Dr. Tweedy, I'd say it's spontaneous combustion.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR OFF)

WINDY:

Coming.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

YVONNE:

Windy! Mon petit chou!

WINDY:

Yvonne! Honey! Baby!

YVONNE:

Oh, my darling, my lover, it is so wonderful, wonderful to kiss you again. (KISSES)

WINDY:

Whew! Gosh, how did you get here so soon? I thought it would take you weeks to get through all that red tape.

YVONNE:

Not for Yvonne. Poof. Poof. Red tape. I go to man at desk. I make smile. He make wink, he make smile. I make wink. So. Here is Yvonne.

WINDY:

Oh, I see. You're going to do all right in this country.

YVONNE:

Oui. Oui. Where is baby?

WINDY:

She's asleep. She was up all night with Dr. Tweedy.

YVONNE:

Doctor! She is not sick?

WINDY:

Oh no. She's all right. But Dr. Tweedy doesn't look so good. I think he has insomnia.

YVONNE:

Who is this Tweedy?

WINDY:

He's a swell guy. You'll like him. He's given us the run of his house.

YVONNE:

Oh, he is a darling. I love him already. I must give him a kiss!

WINDY:

Honey, you've got to stop being so enthusiastic. People won't understand that you are just naturally..... enthusiastic.

YVONNE:

I can't help. When I am happy. I want to sing. Kiss me.

WINDY:

(PAUSE) Gosh.

YVONNE:

Again.

WINDY:

(PAUSE) Whew. Honey --- (GULPS) I got to go to football practice.

YVONNE:

Oh-h-h.

WINDY:

But I'll be back in a couple of hours. Better go up to Suzette. (OFF) Goodbye honey.

YVONNE:

Goodbye, cherie.

SOUND:

(DOOR CLOSE)

YVONNE:

(HUMS A FEW BARS OF A FRENCH SONG)

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR...FOOTSTEPS RUNNING...DOOR OPEN)

YVONNE:

Darling. You have come back for more kisses? Oh!

I thought you were someone else.

TILCY:

Obviously! I'm Miss Tilcy! Well! You're a little bigger than I expected.

SOUND:

(DOOR CLOSE)

YVONNE:

You are a friend of Dr. Tweedy perhaps?

TILCY:

And where is Dr. Tweedy?

YVONNE:

I don't know. I cannot wait to see him. He is so kind. I love him. I must give him a great big kiss!

TILCY:

Well!

YVONNE:

He is so -- so -- How do you say it?

TILCY:

I don't use that kind of language.

YVONNE:

Won't you sit down and wait for him?

TILCY:

I'll wait all right.

YVONNE:

Thank you..(GOING OFF) I must run upstairs to see Suzette.

TILCY:

Suzette! Good heavens! There are two of them.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

TWEEDY:

(COMING IN) Well, well, well, Miss Tilcy!

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy!

TWEEDY:

What brings you to my house, on this lovely morning?

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy, I know everything.

TWEEDY:

You do? Oh. Well, I guess you can't keep a thing like this quiet very long. Have you seen her?

TILCY:

I certainly have.

TWEEDY:

Quite a baby, isn't she?

TILCY:

How could you do such a thing?

TWEEDY:

You know me, Miss Tilcy. I just can't say no.

TILCY:

Don't you think she's a little too young for you?

TWEEDY:

Yes, yes. But you have to admit she's cute and cuddly.

TILCY:

Oh!

TWEEDY:

I'm looking after her for a friend.

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy. You astound me!

TWEEDY:

After all, I'm only human. When she looks up at me with those baby blue eyes and runs her hand over my cheek (SIGH) it melts my heart.

TILCY:

I didn't think you were capable of anything like this.

TWEEDY:

It's quite a job. I didn't get a wink of sleep last night. I was chasing around all night. Getting her bottles.

TILCY:

Do you realize people are talking?

TWEEDY:

Oh dear. I tried to keep her quiet. I guess it was just her night to howl.

TILCY:

Really, Dr. Tweedy, this is too much for me.

TWEEDY:

It's too much for me too.

TILCY:

Don't you think your conduct is a bit unbecoming to the dignity of your position?

TWEEDY:

Well, I suppose it is. But it is only a temporary arrangement. I'm sure I can get rid of her in a week or so.

TILCY:

That's all I can take. Goodbye, Dr. Tweedy!

TWEEDY:

Miss Tilcy. Did I say something to offend you?

UND:

(DOOR SLAM)

YVONNE: (SINGING .. OFF)

YVONNE: (CALLS ... SURPRISED) Is that you, Windy?

YVONNE: (COMING IN) Ahh. I know who you are.

YVONNE: But who -- who -- who --

YVONNE: I am Yvonne Daye. Windy's wife.

YVONNE: I'm certainly glad to see you.

YVONNE: You are Dr. Tweedy. No?

YVONNE: Yes. How did you know?

YVONNE: Suzette has the other half of your moustache. Did you see the lady who was here?

YVONNE: Yes. She left. She seemed rather disturbed about your daughter.

YVONNE: But she did not see Suzette. All she saw was me.

YVONNE: She didn't see -- she thought I was talking about... Ohhhhhhhhhh! Well, it has been nice here at Potts, but I think I'd better pack my bags.

(MUSIC)

YVONNE: (TRAIN IN STATION)

CONDUCTOR: All aboard. All aboard.

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

YVONNE: It's all right, Miss Tilcy. I'm leaving.

YVONNE: Dr. Tweedy. Mr. Potts explained everything. I'm sorry. Will you accept my apology?

YVONNE: Apology? Well I don't know. Miss Tilcy it is very humiliating when people always think the worst of me. I guess it would be best for everybody if I went away. Yes I think it would -- but I can't let you go when it was I who made the blunder -- this time.

YVONNE: You really want me back?

WILCY: Well...(CHANGES THE SUBJECT) We have given Windy's wife
a position in the French department.
WEEDY: That's nice. But who's going to look after the baby?
WILCY: And you'll be glad to know I have also persuaded Mrs.
Boggs to return to the college.
WEEDY: Yes. But who's going to look after -- (TAKE) Mrs.
Boggs? (ALARMED) She isn't going to live next door to
me again?
WILCY: No. No, we have given that house to Mr. Hogan.
WEEDY: (SIGHS) Oh. I'm glad to hear that. She makes more
noise than the baby. The way that woman snores --
WILCY: Mrs. Boggs is going to look after the baby --so we're
moving her into your house. You understand.
WEEDY: Of course.....I....(TAKE) MY HOUSE?
(MUSIC)
BOGGS: (SNORES)
SUZETTE: (CRIES)
WEEDY: (SLEEPILY) Seven thousand four hundred and thirty-one.
BOGGS: (SNORES)
SUZETTE: (CRIES)
WEEDY: (FALLING ASLEEP) Seven thousand four hundred and
thirty-two.
BOGGS: (SNORES)
SUZETTE: (CRIES)
WEEDY: (SNORES)
SUZETTE: (COOS)
BOGGS: (SNORES)

MUSIC:

(SNEAK FIDDLES) ... (CURTAIN... (ROCKABYE BABY UNDER
ABOVE)

(APPLAUSE)

STAND:

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)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

2E ANNR:

"Wherever particular people congregate!" - PELL MELL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES - Outstanding!

SOUND:

(DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

1ST ANNR:

And - they are mild!

2E 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

over the longer route of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine

tobaccos - it filters the smoke - gives it, at the very

first puff, that cooler, smoother taste.

1ST ANNR:

PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Wherever particular
people congregate!"

2ND ANNR:

On land!

SOUND:

(BUGLE CALL)

1ST ANNR:

In the air!

SOUND:

(DIVE BOMBER)

2ND ANNR:

On the sea!

SOUND:

(WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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 FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

OFCH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR:)

HIESTAND:

Here again is Frank Morgan with his thought for the week. Our topic for today is success. I want to caution you young men and women starting out on the road of life. You can't always tell a successful man, but he can sure tell you. Which brings me to my thought of the week. "If at first you don't succeed, the heck with it."

ATFGAN:

(LAUGHS) Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

OFCH:

(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 Dr. Tweedy." Mr. Morgan appears through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, currently releasing "Easy to Wed."

Starring tonight with Mr. Morgan were Nana Bryant as Miss Tilcy, Frank Albertson as Windy Daye and Gale Gordon as Mr. Fotts. Verna Felton played Mrs. Boggs; Eddie Mahr -- Happy Hogan, Jerry Hausner -- the baby; Janet Scott - Miss Putters, and Viola Vonn played Yvonne. Music was composed and directed by Eliot Daniel. Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight for Pell Mell famous Cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

OFCH:

(THEME TO CUE)

ANNR:

The Frank Morgan show came to you from Hollywood.
THIS IS N.B.C. -THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RU

CLIENT:

PROGRAM

1ST ANNR:

END ANNR:

1ST ANNR:

SOUND:

END ANNR:

SOUND:

1ST ANNR:

SOUND:

END ANNR:

SOUND:

1ST ANNR:

END ANNR:

1ST ANNR:

SOUND:

RECEIVED

JUN 21 1946

R. B.