

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:

AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

BROADCAST: REV. PROGRAM #4

DATE: JUNE 23, 1946

PROGRAM:

THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

NETWORK: NBC

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

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, 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)

ORCH:

(TWEEDY THEME FULL & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

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

ORCH:

(FULL THEME & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR:

According to the ancient Chinese proverb, a big tree attracts much wind. But in the woods near Potts College the big trees have attracted a small breeze.

TWEEDY:

(HAMMING IT UP) Oh, this is the forest primeval. The
murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, (FADE) and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,

NARRATOR:

You see, Dr. Tweedy has taken some of his students on a hike. Yes, Nature study is a hobby of his.

TWEEDY:

Students, nature is wonderful. I've devoted many years to the study of flora and fauna. Now, can anyone identify this specimen I'm holding?

SUSAN:

Yes sir. That's poison ivy.

TWEEDY:

Er -- er -- so it is, Susan. Don't ever touch it.

SUSAN:

Ahem. Can anyone tell me what this is?

TWEEDY:

Yes sir. Poison oak?

NARRATOR:

Er -- er -- that's right. That's right. Now can anyone tell me a good cure?

Yes, Dr. Tweedy is a veteran woodsman. When all of his students were home safe and sound, Dr. Tweedy was able to look around him and say --

TWEEDY:

(CALLS) Where am I? Help! Where is everybody?

Help! Help!

SOUND:

(EFFECT OF WALKING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH...HOOT OWLS)

TWEEDY:

Where are you? Help!

BUM:

(MATTER-OF-FACTLY) Hey, Mac. Pipe down.

TWEEDY:

Who's that? Where are you? Where are you?

BUM:

Get offa my stomach.

TWEEDY:

Oh, I'm sorry. What are you doing down there?

BUM:

Listen, Mac. How do you expect us poor bums to sleep out here with you yappin' your head off!

TWEEDY:

I seem to have lost my bearings.

BUM:

They ain't around here. Listen Mac...

TWEEDY:

The name is Dr. Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. PhD.

BUM:

Yeah. Listen, Mac...

TWEEDY:

Perhaps you could direct me to Potts College.

BUM:

Okay, Mac. It's a deal. If I aim you, will go off?

TWEEDY:

I'd appreciate your assistance.

BUM:

Okay. There you are. Now beat it.

SOUND:

(FEET IN BRUSH)

TWEEDY:

Thank you. Thank you very much. Goodnight.

BUM:

(OFF...YELLS) And don't step on my rabbit traps.

TWEEDY:

I won't.

SOUND:

(TRAP)

TWEEDY:

Owwwwwwwww.

MUSIC:

SOUND:

(CHIMES - TWO O'CLOCK - WEARY FOOTSTEPS)

TILCY:

Welcome home, Dr. Tweedy. Welcome home.

TWEEDY:

Why Miss Tilcy. I hardly expected to find the dean of women on my doorstep at this hour. Something wrong?

TILCY:

Yes. Ten minutes ago Mildred Burke was pushed through the dormitory window.

TWEEDY:

(HORRIFIED) What! Oh no! Not pretty little Mildred. Is she hurt? Did she break anything?

TILCY:

Yes. She broke her good conduct record.

TWEEDY:

Oh.

TILCY:

I caught her sneaking in the window after hours.

TWEEDY:

Well, frankly Miss Tilcy, from now on you will have to expect that sort of thing.

TILCY:

Indeed?

TWEEDY:

Nine-thirty may have been a satisfactory curfew when this was just a girl's school, but now it is entirely too early.

TILCY:

Indeed?

TWEEDY:

Yes. Put yourself in the position of a student. Try to imagine yourself as a pretty young girl. (LAUGHS) Imagine me as a handsome young boy.

TILCY:

(IMITATES HIS LAUGH)

TWEEDY:

Ahem. You have fallen in love with me. After flirting with me for weeks I have finally give you a date.

TILCY:

I'm not very popular, am I?

TWEEDY:

We go to a picture show...Dutch. We go for a drive.

TILCY:

You put your arms around me. You kiss me. You're so madly in love with me you don't know what time it is.

TWEEDY:

And before you realize it you have been locked out. So I have to boost you in the window. Just like Mildred Burke was.

TILCY:

I suspected as much when I saw Mildred get out of your car a little while ago.

TWEEDY:

M - M- My car?

TILCY:

I could hardly mistake that foxtail on the radiator cap.

TWEEDY:

May I ask where you were all evening?

TWEEDY:

Out in the woods.

TILCY:

You admit it?

TWEEDY:

Alone of course.

TILCY:

Of course. A little tramp in the woods.

TWEEDY:

Yes. A pleasant little fellow. I stepped on his stomach. But he was kind enough to show me the way to..

TILCY:

Then who was driving your car?

TWEEDY:

No one. It's being repaired by one of the students. I have a little knock in my motor.

TILCY:

What is the student's name?

TWEEDY:

Name? Er...his name. Let me see. I'd know him if I saw him. He wears a tie.

TILCY:

You certainly have. What is the student's name?

TWEEDY:

I'll think of it, Miss Tilcy. Just give me one minute.

TILCY:

That's all I ask. One minute.

MUSIC:

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS)

TWEEDY:

(MUTTERS) His name. What is his name. (ALOUD) Good morning. (MUTTERS) Fine old name. (ALOUD) Good morning. (MUTTERS) New England settlers.

SOUND:

(FEET RUNNING)

SUSAN:

(CALLING) Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Hello, Susan.

SOUND:

(FEET TO STOP)

SUSAN:

Dr. Tweedy, have you seen my new jacket?

WEEDY:

Yes. Yes. It's very pretty.

SUSAN:

Not this one. My suede jacket.

WEEDY:

You can show it to me tomorrow. Right now I have to find a boy who...

SUSAN:

You don't understand. It's lost! I've got to find it because it has my boyfriend's fraternity pin on it.

WEEDY:

Well, a pretty girl like you can get another one.

SUSAN:

I know, but this one has a sentimental value.

WEEDY:

An heirloom?

SUSAN:

No. I want to throw it back in his face.

WEEDY:

In his face? Now, now, Susan. You must have been in love with that boy to accept his fraternity pin.

SUSAN:

I was. I even wrote home that I might marry him.

WEEDY:

That's nice. I have to find a boy who...

SUSAN:

Not now I'll never look at another man as long as I live.

WEEDY:

That's been said before. (LAUGHS) What did he do?

SUSAN:

What did he do? Last night he took my very best girl friend out and I saw him help her through the dormitory window at two o'clock this morning.

WEEDY:

That's wonderful!

SUSAN:

That's horrible!

WEEDY:

Why that's the boy I'm looking for! Susan! Your boyfriend, what's his name? Tell me!

SUSAN:

I can't. I took a solemn oath I'd never mention his name again.

WEEDY:

(GROAN) But Susan, I have to know. It's important.

USAN:

Dr. Tweedy, you wouldn't ask me to break a solemn oath, would you?

WEEDY:

Er...er...well, where can I find him?

USAN:

Just follow me. You'll see him when I throw that pin back in his face.

WEEDY:

All right. Let's go. Have you any idea where you lost the jacket?

USAN:

Yes. During our hike in the woods.

WEEDY:

The woods. Oh no. Oh no. No. I'm not going out there again.

USAN:

All right. Then you'll just have to find my ex-boyfriend yourself.

WEEDY:

Oh yes. The boy. Er -- er -- Well don't just stand there. Let's go.

(MUSIC)

OUND:

(EFFECT OF NIGHT IN THE WOODS - OWLS, CRICKETS, ETC. -- LOUD TWIG SNAPS AND BUSHES RUFFLED)

USAN:

(WORRIED) What time is it, Dr. Tweedy?

WEEDY:

I don't know. I got my watch wet when I fell in the creek. You aren't worried, I hope.

USAN:

Oh. Then you know where you are.

WEEDY:

Certainly I know where I am. (SIGHS) But where's the college?

USAN:

I knew it. We're lost.

WEEDY:

Lost? Me? Whatever gave you that idea?

USAN:

Well, this is the third time we've passed this old stump.

WEEDY:

There you are. We're right on the trail. Just leave everything to Dr. Tweedy. I found your jacket, didn't I?

I?

Yes. But it's late and I'm scared.

Now, now, there's nothing to be frightened about. Why the woods are beautiful at night.

(SHRILL BIRD SHRIEK)

(SCARED SILLY) W-w-what was that??

I - I - don't know.

(NERVOUS) Well -- you go first. Er -- I don't want anything to sneak up behind you.

(FEET THROUGH BRUSH...OWL)

(NERVOUS LAUGH) Wait for me, Susan.

(FEET RUNNING THROUGH BRUSH TO STOP)

Er - Er - better let me hold your hand. (RELIEVED)

There. Now we feel safer, don't we?

Then why is your hand shaking so?

I tell you there's nothing to be frightened about.

Why Shakespeare set some of his most beautiful love scenes in the forest. Let me see.

"It is not night when I do see your face,

Therefore I think I am not in the night"

Isn't that beautiful?

The way you say it, it is.

(MODEST LAUGH)

I never knew poetry could sound so lovely. You give it so much meaning.

I do, don't I?

SAN:

I'm cold.

TWEEDY:

Would you like my coat?

SAN:

Yes. Thanks, Dr. Tweedy. Do you know any more love scenes from Shakespeare?

TWEEDY:

Oh, yes, yes. Let me see.

"This bud of love by summer's ripening heat

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

SAN:

(SIGHS) Gee, that's romantic. (SWITCH) My feet hurt.

TWEEDY:

Oh. Well, we'll rest a bit.

"Sit Jessica" --

SAN:

I'm Susan.

TWEEDY:

I know. I'm reciting again. Merchant of Venice.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon his bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit Jessica!"

UN:

(LOW AND DRY) Get offa my stomach.

TWEEDY:

What did you say, dear?

UN:

I said get Jessie offa my stomach.

SAN:

Dr. Tweedy! It's a man!

TWEEDY:

Oh. It's you again. (LAUGHS) Hello.

UN:

Listen, Mac. I thought you promised you'd never come back to these woods again!

TWEEDY:

So I did. (ELOQUENTLY) Well, Susan, as Longfellow put it!

"Let us fold our tent like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

MUSIC:

(SNEAK)

SOUND:

(TWO O'CLOCK)

SUSAN:

(WHISPERS) Let's try this window, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Very well. (STRAINS)

SOUND:

(WINDOW OPENS NOISILY)

TWEEDY:

Shhhhhh! Can you get in all right?

SUSAN:

Just give me a little boost.

TWEEDY:

(GUNT) There.

SUSAN:

Hand me my jacket.

TWEEDY:

Don't you have it?

SUSAN:

No. I thought you had it.

TWEEDY:

(EXPLODES) You mean to say you -- (WHISPERS) I mean, after all I've been through you left it out in the woods again?

SUSAN:

I guess I dropped it when we ran away from that tramp. We'll have to go back tomorrow.

TWEEDY:

No! Absolutely not!

SUSAN:

You could recite more Shakespeare to me. You have such a wonderful memory.

TWEEDY:

Yes. I can remember everything but your boyfriend's name.

SUSAN:

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow."

SOUND:

(WINDOW DOWN)

TWEEDY:

Wait! Susan!

SOUND:

(SOFT RAPPING OF WINDOW -- WINDOW RAISED)

TILCY:

Yes, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Now listen to me, dear.

TILCY: I'm listening, dear.

TWEEDY: I -- I -- Why, Miss Tilcy! (LAUGHS)

TILCY: I'm listening.

TWEEDY: Er -- er -- I just saw somebody help a girl in this window.

TILCY: So did I.

TWEEDY: But don't worry. I'll catch him.

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy, where have you been?

TWEEDY: Yes. Where have I been? Er -- er --

TILCY: I suppose you've been home all evening.

TWEEDY: Yes, yes, that it.

TILCY: M'm, h'm. No doubt Susan's grades have been low and you were tutoring her.

TWEEDY: Yes. Yes. That's right.

TILCY: Until two in the morning.

TWEEDY: She -- er -- she fell asleep.

TILCY: Your lights were out all evening.

TWEEDY: I blew a fuse. My wires are crossed.

TILCY: So are your stories.

TWEEDY: Miss Tilcy, you'd never believe it, but --

BUM: (COMING IN) Hey. Hey, Mac. (TWEEDY REACTS) Your girl friend left her jacket in the woods.

TWEEDY: What? Who are you? I never saw you before in my life.

BUM: I wish you was right.

TILCY: You saw him out in the woods tonight?

BUM: Yeah. He was out there recitin' poetry to Jessie.

TWEEDY: Shut up.

FROM:

He was yappin' about the moonlight. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bum. Sit Jessie!

TWEEDY:

I said shut up!

TILCY:

Give me that jacket. And thank you for returning it.

FROM:

Lady, it's a pleasure. I was afraid he'd come back after it.

TILCY:

Goodnight Dr. Tweedy!

TWEEDY:

Goodnight.

SOUND:

(WINDOW SLAMMED DOWN)

TWEEDY:

Ahem. Tell me, Mac. How does one go about being a bum?

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 - here's a simple test that will open your eyes if you're still smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes. Light a PELL MELL. Notice how you unconsciously hold the match a half-inch closer to your face than you have to - that's a good half-inch inside the tip of your PELL MELL. Now you have discovered for yourself 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.

2ND ANNR:

And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR:

"Outstanding" - PELL MELL is cooler.

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)

CH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

REPORTER:

And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Doctor Tweedy. At the moment, the distinguished Dean of Men is calling together all his faculty -- his faculty for getting into trouble.

DOCTOR:

(KNOCK ON DOOR AND OPEN)

CONSTABLE:

Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Yes. Won't you come in?

CONSTABLE:

Thanks. I'm the county constable.

TWEEDY:

Oh. Well, I was just leaving.

CONSTABLE:

Just a minute, Doctor Tweedy. Night before last we tagged your car going seventy miles an hour through Humansville.

TWEEDY:

Impossible. My car was being overhauled by one of the students. A boy named -- h'm -- er -- ah --

CONSTABLE:

A kid named Winthrop Ames was driving your car.

TWEEDY:

That's it. Winthrop Ames. Thank you. I've been going crazy trying to remember that name.

CONSTABLE:

There's a thirty dollar speeding fine and somebody has got to pay it.

TWEEDY:

He'll pay it, Constable. He'll pay for a lot of things when I get my hands on him.

CONSTABLE:

Well you'd better dig him up in a hurry. I haven't got all day.

TWEEDY:

Just sit down and make yourself comfortable. I'll find him. Can I get you something to read? Here. Let me recommend the "Case Of The Mangled Maniac". I'll have him here in ten minutes.

(MUSIC)

(WITH BOOMING DIGNITY) WIN - THROP. WINTHROP AMES.

(DEJECTED DRAWL) Hello Dr. Tweedy.

(MIMICS) Hello Dr. Tweedy. Is that all you have to say? You borrowed my car without my permission. You went through Humansville at seventy miles an hour. You were out after hours. You broke Susan's heart and Mildred's good conduct record and I am blamed for the whole mess, but all you have to say is (MIMICS) Hello Dr. Tweedy.

Well I've got a lot of things on my mind.

The Constable wants to see you.

I don't care. I'd just as soon be in jail as any place else.

Well, I wouldn't. You go over to my house and pay the Constable that speeding fine. Thirty dollars.

Jumpin' grasshoppers, Dr. Tweedy. I'm flat broke. Maybe you would lend me thirty dollars on this engagement ring?

I'm not in the hockshop business.

I made a fifty dollar down payment on it, but now the jeweler won't take it back. He says it isn't worth fifty dollars.

Let me see that ring.

It's a genuine blue-white diamond. Absolutely pure. You ought to see it under a magnifying glass.

How else could you see it?

Not a flaw in it.

There isn't room for any.

WINTHROP:

I had to pay extra for the inscription on the inside, but I know a dentist who could grind it off for free.

TWEEDY:

It's soo small. I can't read it.

WINTHROP:

It says, "To my beloved and adored Susan, with all my love forever and ever. Winthrop Ames." The guy who did it does a lot of work on pinheads.

TWEEDY:

I'm sure he does. But where was all that love for Susan the other night when you were out with Mildred.

WINTHROP:

Jumpin' grasshoppers. I wasn't out on a date with her. Mildred is Susan's best friend so I asked her to go along and help me pick out the ring. I wanted to surprise Susan.

TWEEDY:

But jewelry stores aren't open until two in the morning.

WINTHROP:

It took the engraver a long time to get all that inscription inside the ring.

TWEEDY:

Well all you had to do was explain that to Susan.

WINTHROP:

I tried to. But she wouldn't speak to me.

TWEEDY:

Oh.

WINTHROP:

That's why I'd just as soon go to jail. Life isn't worth living without Susan. I can't eat. I can't sleep. (SHRUGS) I dunno.

TWEEDY:

Now. Now. Things can't be that bad. I'll help you. I'll lend you the money to pay this fine.

WINTHROP:

You'll give it to me?

TWEEDY:

I said lend. Here. Take it over to the constable.

WINTHROP:

Jumpin' grasshoppers, Dr. Tweedy. You're swell. Why are you doing it?

BOY:

Let's just say I've been deeply touched. I'll explain things to Susan for you. And let me take this ring along. It'll make it much easier. Do you know where she is?

ANTHROP:

Yeah. Over in the Administration Building with her parents.

NEEDY:

Good. I'd like to meet them.

(MUSIC)

WOODWARD:

Please, Susan, make up your mind.

MOTHER:

Your father and I want to meet this boy you are in love with.

WOODWARD:

She just said she isn't. Susan, are you or aren't you in love?

SUSAN:

Yes and no.

WOODWARD:

What kind of an answer is that? Do you think your father is an idiot?

MOTHER:

Darling, don't embarrass the child.

WOODWARD:

I insist on meeting that boy.

SUSAN:

We aren't speaking.

WOODWARD:

So what. Your mother and I don't speak half the time. And she speaks the other half.

MOTHER:

(WARNINGLY) Hershel. (TO SUSAN) Now Susan dear. What happened? You seemed so enthusiastic about him in your letters.

WOODWARD:

Yes. You said he was handsome, popular, star pitcher on the baseball team. Sounds like me as a young man.

SUSAN:

Father, I caught him with another woman.

WOODWARD:

Oh.

MOTHER:

Sounds like you as an old man. Go on, dear.

SAY:

Romance is poetry, and poetry is truth. Truth is beauty, and beauty, truth.

WOODWARD:

What is she talking about?

SAY:

I'm talking about the man who opened my eyes to beauty.

THE

Tweedy. Tweedy. There is even poetry in his name.

WOODWARD:

Tweedy? Who's Tweedy?

SAY:

He's the man who saved me.

OTHER:

From what?

SUSAN:

From myself. I might have forgiven Winthrop and married him. But for Thaddeus.

WOODWARD:

Thaddeus. Who's Thaddeus?

SUSAN:

Tweedy! He's the dean of men. Last night when we were out in the woods--

WOODWARD:

(MENACE) Yes. Go on.

SUSAN:

He opened my eyes.

WOODWARD:

I'll close his.

SUSAN:

Did you know that Shakespeare set his most romantic love scenes in the woods?

WOODWARD:

Susan! Go outside and wait in the hall. I want to talk to your mother alone.

SUSAN:

But --

WOODWARD:

(EMPHATICALLY) Go outside and wait in the hall.

SUSAN:

All right. But nothing will ever change my mind about dear Dr. Tweedy.

SOUND:

(DOOR CLOSE)

TWEEDY:

(COMING IN) Susan! Oh, Susan! I want to talk to you.

SUSAN:

Dr. Tweedy. We were just talking about you.

TWEEDY:

We?

SAN:

My mother and father are in the office. I told them about last night.

EDDY:

Goodbye, Susan.

SAN:

It's all right, Dr. Tweedy. I explained everything to them.

EDDY:

Er -- you told them the truth?

SAN:

Yes.

EDDY:

Oh. Well, then I have nothing to worry about. Look, Susan you've done Winthrop a great injustice.

SAN:

But Dr. Tweedy.

EDDY:

Let me finish. That boy is madly in love with you. His whole life has been wrecked. He can't eat. He can't sleep and he can't pay.

SAN:

All because of me?

EDDY:

Of course. He wasn't out on a date with Mildred Burke.

SAN:

She only went with him to help select this ring for you.

SAN:

Ohhhhhhhh. It's beautiful! To think I accused Winthrop unjustly!

EDDY:

Yes. Yes, well, suppose you go tell him that. He's over at my house now.

SAN:

I will, Dr. Tweedy. I'll let him know how much I love him. I don't know how to thank you. You've opened my eyes. Here. Here's a big kiss for you.

OUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

ODWARD:

Susan!

SAN:

Oh, father. Look. Look what Dr. Tweedy just brought me. An engagement ring.

ODWARD:

A what!

STEEDY:

(LAUGHS) An engagement ring.

SUSAN:

I'll be back soon. (GOING OFF) Dr. Tweedy will tell you all about it.

STEEDY:

Well, well, so you're Susan's father and mother.

WOODWARD:

Yes!

STEEDY:

Mr. Woodward, I feel like one of the family. I guess you know that I've taken quite an interest in your daughter.

WOODWARD:

Yes. We know. We know all about it.

STEEDY:

Then you know about her splitting up with her boyfriend.

WOODWARD:

Yes.

STEEDY:

I took care of that.

WOODWARD:

You did!

STEEDY:

Personally, I think she's made a very good catch.

WOODWARD:

Now mother, don't faint.

STEEDY:

(LAUGHS) Mothers are all alike. But let's look at it this way. You haven't lost a daughter. You have gained a son. And if I may say so myself a very handsome one. A bit stupid, but handsome.

WOODWARD:

Steady, Mother, steady.

STEEDY:

Oh. I think I ought to tell you that your future son-in-law is financially embarrassed. You'll probably have to pay for the honeymoon.

WOODWARD:

You have the nerve to stand there and say that to me!

STEEDY:

I just want you to know what to expect. You'll probably end up paying for that diamond ring yourself. I've contributed thirty dollars, but that's all I intend to spend.

WOODWARD:

So that's what's behind all this. Trying to jump on the gravy train, huh? How did you talk my daughter into this?

TWEEDY:

Oh. That was easy. (LAUGH) There's nothing to help romance along like poetry. As Shakespeare said:

"Oh, what a happy title do I find,

Happy to have thy love.

Happy to die."

WOODWARD:

Mother, hold my coat. I'm going to make Dr. Tweedy a happy man.

TWEEDY:

Are you angry about something?

WOODWARD:

Tweedy, I'm going to knock your ears off. No old geezer is going to call me Daddy. And you're not marrying my daughter.

TWEEDY:

Me? Marry? Your daughter? Mr. Woodward! Oh. You think? Oh, noooooo.

WOODWARD:

Mother, hold my glasses.

MOTHER:

Please, Hershel, no. Remember what happened when you broke that man's jaw.

TWEEDY:

(FRANTIC) Broke his jaw? No, no. Please. Let me tell you exactly what happened.

WOODWARD:

Stand back, Mother.

TWEEDY:

(HYSTERICAL) She said she lost her jacket. Had a pin.

Throw it in his face. Found jacket. Out in woods.

Lost. (OWL) Hoo, hoo. Feet hurt. Sit, Jessica.

Get offa my stomach. Open window. Miss Tilcy.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

CONSTABLE:

Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Constable, am I glad to see you!

CONSTABLE:

Winthrop said I'd find you here. Before I left, I wanted to --

TWEEDY:

To put me under arrest? All right, Constable. I'll go quietly.

CONSTABLE:

No. I just wanted to warn you about letting that kid drive your car.

TWEEDY:

A warning isn't enough. The owner of a car is as responsible as the driver. As constable of this county it is your duty to put me in jail!

CONSTABLE:

No, no. You're all right, Tweedy.

WOODWARD:

Of course he's all right. My name is Woodward, Constable.

TWEEDY:

I know my rights. Arrest me.

CONSTABLE:

Aren't you kind of mixed up?

WOODWARD:

Just leave him here and I'll straighten him out.

TWEEDY:

I'm guilty and I'm anxious to pay the penalty. Just look at my car. No brakes. No tail light. Why, I haven't even a driver's license. And if you've had any hit and run cases lately - I'll bet I did it.

CONSTABLE:

I can't arrest anybody without a complaint.

TWEEDY:

I'm complaining.

CONSTABLE:

Well, if you insist. Come along.

TWEEDY:

Lock me up for - how long are you going to be in town, Mr. Woodward?

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(KEYS. IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

CONSTABLE:

Dr. Tweedy, a friend of yours is here to bail you out.

TWEEDY:

Man or woman?

STABLE:

A woman.

BOY:

Oh. Probably Miss Tilcy. Well, thank you, Constable.

Good night.

AND:

(FOOTSTEPS ON CEMENT - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

OTHER:

Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

BOY:

Mrs. Woodward. It's you. I thought - er - where's your husband?

OTHER:

It's perfectly all right. Susan explained everything to us.

NEEDY:

Oh.

OTHER:

It's such a lovely moonlit night. Shall we walk back to the college?

NEEDY:

A charming idea. Charming.

OTHER:

I can understand Susan being romantic about poetry. I was that way too when I was young. She says you recite divinely. Would you mind - well - perhaps a stanza or two.

NEEDY:

I'd be delighted. Let me see.

"The moon shines bright! - In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees.

And they did make no noise, in such a night --"

OTHER:

(SIGHS) Lovely.

NEEDY:

You like the Merchant of Venice, Mrs. Woodward?

OTHER:

You may call me Olivia.

KEDY:

Well, thank you. Francis Thompson wrote a lovely thing called "To Olivia".

"I fear to love thee, Sweet, because

Love's the ambassador of loss.

I love --"

OTHER:

Ah-h-h.

KEDY:

MRS. WOODWARD! Here comes Mr. Woodward!

MUSIC:

(CURTAIN)

(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)

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

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

151 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
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: (WHOOH WHOOH WHOOH)

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)

ORCHESTRA:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

HOSTAND:

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

MORGAN:

"The man who's worthwhile is the man who can smile," so why don't we all go through life with a perpetual smile. After all, a hyena looks all right to another hyena -- which brings me to my thought of the week...Just let a smile be your umbrella and you're going to get awfully wet. (LAUGH) Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR:)

HOSTAND:

Be with us again next week at this same time when Pell Mell, famous cigarettes presents 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 was Nana Bryant as Miss Tilcy.

Allan Bridge played the constable, Barbara Eiler - Susan, Lee Millar - Winthrop Ames, Ed Max - the tramp, Janet Scott - the mother and Earl Ross - the father. Music was composed and directed by Eliot Daniel.

Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight for Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

(THEME TO CUE)

ANNR:

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