

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
 PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
 PROGRAM: THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

REV. PROGRAM #6
 BROADCAST: JULY 7, 1946
 DATE: NBC
 NETWORK:

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)

ORCHESTRA: (TWEEDY THEME FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

ORCHESTRA: (FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

NARRATOR: Bells are the laughter of music. So ring, out wild bells,
ring out to the wild sky.

SOUND: (CARILLON)

NARRATOR: Yes. Those are the beautiful bells in the tower of Potts
College. Dr. Tweedy, the dean of men, heard them at
seven o'clock tonight and called out...

TWEEDY: "Those evening bells! Those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells."

NARRATOR: Miss Tilcy, the dean of women, heard them at one o'clock
in the morning.

SOUND: (DISCORDANT CLANGING OF BELLS)

NARRATOR: And she called on Dr. Tweedy.

SOUND: (EXCITED KNOCKING ON DOOR)

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy! Dr. Tweedy!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

TWEEDY: Miss Tilcy, did you hear that too?

TILCY: It sounded horrible. I've never been so startled in my
life.

TWEEDY: Didn't it come from the tower?

TILCY: Yes. I was sitting up late, working on the annual
financial statement, when suddenly....

TWEEDY: Now, now, Miss Tilcy. Don't be alarmed. Maybe we have
bats in our belfry.

ILCY: I want you to go up there and investigate.

WEEDY: Me? Up there? At night? In the dark?

ILCY: There is undoubtedly somebody up there. Or something.

WEEDY: Something?

ILCY: And it's up to you to find out what it is.

WEEDY: Er...Er...All right. I'll go up there the first thing in the morning.

ILCY: You'll go now!

WEEDY: Yes..now..Bell Tower. You know, it reminds me of those lines by Edgar Alan Poe.

"To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells....

ILCY: Dr. Tweedy...

WEEDY: "Bells, bells, bells....

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

ILCY: Dr. Tweedy!

WEEDY: Yes, Miss Tilcy?

ILCY: If you are unwilling to go up there, just say so, and I shall go myself..a lone and defenseless woman.

WEEDY: No, Miss Tilcy, no. I would never permit a thing like that. I'll go.

ILCY: Thank you.

WEEDY: With you.

(MUSIC)

(FOOTSTEPS ON CREAKY FLOOR)

WEEDY: It's so dark in here Miss Tilcy you can't see your hand in front of your face.

TILCY: Strike another match.

TWEEDY: That was the last one. But I'll run back and get some more.

TILCY: You better stay here.

TWEEDY: Oh, I don't mind. I'd be glad to run back.

TILCY: Nevermind. There's a full moon tonight. It'll be lighter in the tower.

TWEEDY: The T-T-Tower?

TILCY: As I recall the ladder is over in the corner.

TWEEDY: Oh. Then you've been up here before? That's good. You can lead the way.

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy. I've got it. Come over here quick.

TWEEDY: Er...What have you got?

TILCY: The ladder.

TWEEDY: Oh.

TILCY: I'll keep it steady while you climb up.

TWEEDY: Er...

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy!

TWEEDY: Well, here I go.

TILCY: Be careful when you step on the third rung.

TWEEDY: Why?

TILCY: It isn't there.

TWEEDY: Oh.

TWEEDY: (BODY FALL)

TWEEDY: Neither is the fourth.

TILCY: Can you get up all right?

TWEEDY: Yes. Owwwww.

TILCY: Are you hurt?

TWEEDY: Splinters.

SOUND: (A BOX OVERTURNED)

TWEEDY: What was that? Did you stumble?

TILCY: No.

TWEEDY: Er...give me your hand. There. Don't be frightened.

TILCY: I'm not frightened.

TWEEDY: No? Then why is your hand so cold?

TILCY: (OFF) It isn't cold.

TWEEDY: It certainly is. It...Miss Tilcy. Your voice sounds so far away.

TILCY: Naturally. I'm over here at the other end of the room.

TWEEDY: Well...if...if you're over there, then...then whose... whose hand am I holding!!!

BUD: It's mine, sir.

TWEEDY: Who...who...who...who are you?

BUD: If you'll let go of my hand, sir, I'll turn on my flashlight, sir.

TWEEDY: Don't you dare turn on anything....give me that flashlight.

BUD: Yes, sir.

TWEEDY: Why Miss Tilcy, it's a bellboy.

BUD: No, sir. I'm a cadet, sir. From the Humansville Military Institute, sir.

TILCY: H. M. I. is ten miles from here. May I ask what you are doing on our campus?

TWEEDY: Yes. What are you doing in our belfry? You're not a bat.

BUD:

I'm sorry, sir. I can't tell you that, sir. It's a point of honor, sir.

TWEEDY:

Well, think up some kind of plausible lie so I can get back to bed.

TILCY:

Is one of our girl students involved in this?

BUD:

I'm sorry, ma'am. I can't say, ma'am. It's a point of honor, ma'am.

TWEEDY:

Honor. Honor. What's so honorable about ringing bells at one o'clock in the morning?

BUD:

I'm sorry, sir. But I tripped over the bell rope.

TILCY:

What is your name?

BUD:

Cadet Harris, ma'am. Bud Harris.

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy --

TWEEDY:

I know. I know. You want me to go over and complain to the commandant of H.M.I.

TILCY:

Yes. No. On second thought, I'll take care of this matter myself. You're entirely too easy with people. They can talk you into anything.

TWEEDY:

That's right, Miss Tilcy. You'd better take care of it. Nobody can talk you out of anything.

TILCY:

It's about time you realized that.

TWEEDY:

Then I'll say goodnight.

TILCY:

Goodnight, Dr. Tweedy and don't trip over the bell rope.

TWEEDY:

(OFF) What did you say?

TILCY:

I said don't trip over the --

TWEEDY:

(REACTS)

SOUND:

(DISCORDANT CLATTER OF BELLS)

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR -- DOOR OPEN)

COLONEL: Yes, ma'm?

TILCY: You are the commandant of this school?

COLONEL: Yes ma'm. Won't you come in ma'm.

TILCY: Thank you.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

TILCY: I am Miss Mary Tilcy, dean of women at Potts College.

COLONEL: Colonel Jackson at your service ma'm.

TILCY: It isn't necessary to kiss my hand.

COLONEL: Not necessary, but a pleasure I hope you won't deny me.
Allow me get you a chair. Perhaps you'll join me for a
cup of tea. Tea at my desk is an old campaign habit of
mine.

TILCY: Thank you, I don't care for any tea.

COLONEL: I hope you will pardon my staring, but I find it hard to
believe anyone so young and attractive is at the head of
a college.

TILCY: (SOFTENING) Er --

COLONEL: Your calling today is a delightful coincidence. I was
planning to visit you this afternoon.

TILCY: You were?

COLONEL: The Institute has its weekend dance this Saturday. I
wanted you to honor us by being a chaperone. But now
that I've seen you, that would never do. You would give
the young ladies too much competition. You would make
wallflowers of them all.

TILCY: I believe I will have some tea.

COLONEL: Thank you, It isn't often that I can share my tea with
anyone so charming and beautiful.

SOUND: (CUP AND SAUCER RATTLED)

TILCY: (SOLIDLY ON THE HOOK) You're too generous with your compliments, Colonel.

COLONEL: You command them, Miss Tilcy. Meeting you is like - like the sight of a magnolia tree in bloom or the smell of wild honeysuckle. I'm from the South you know. Sugar?

TILCY: No, Colonel. No sugar.

COLONEL: You aren't on a diet? Why you're as slender as a willow.

TILCY: Two lumps, please. You say you're having a dance this weekend?

COLONEL: Our annual ball.

TILCY: I'm fond of dancing.

COLONEL: With the right person I prefer to sit it out.

TILCY: Of course you mean with your - er- your wife.

COLONEL: I'm single ma'am.

TILCY: H'm. Yes, I'm very fond of dancing.

COLONEL: All young women are.

TILCY: Yes.

COLONEL: But I wouldn't dream of asking you to be a chaperone.

TILCY: Oh.

COLONEL: However, if you would favor us by being our special guest of honor.

TILCY: When you put it so charmingly, how can I refuse. Oh dear. I forgot. I have to go to New York over the weekend.

COLONEL: Surely not.

TILCY: Mr. Potts is expecting me, I usually take the financial report for the annual meeting of the trustees.

COLONEL: Don't you think registered mail would be safe enough?

TILCY: Perhaps. (MACHIARELLI) But I think I have a better idea. I know who I can send it with. And then everything will be safe.

COLONEL: I'm mighty pleased, ma'm, mighty pleased.

TILCY: (COY) Oh Colonel.

COLONEL: I beg your pardon ma'm. It just occurred to me. I've been very rude. I haven't let you tell me why you called.

TILCY: Oh yes. Why did I? Well, it can't be important. Perhaps I'll think of it at the dance.

COLONEL: At the dance I'm going to be awful selfish. I won't let you think of anything but me. Goodbye Miss Tilcy. Mary.

COLONEL: My mother's name.

TILCY: Goodbye, er - er --

COLONEL: Oh. Oh, yes. Er...permit me to kiss your hand.

TILCY: (LITTLE LAUGH OF DELIGHT) Goodbye -- Colonel.
(MUSIC)

GEEDY: Salt, pepper, onions, carrots, slumgullion!

M: Hey, Doc. Do we gotta have slumgullion for dinner every night? It's coming out of my ears. I thought that maybe --

GEEDY: But, Welby, this is our anniversary dinner.

M: Anniversary?

GEEDY: Yes. It was exactly one week ago tonight that I found you and slumgullion out in the woods.

M: I know, Doc. But just for a change, couldn't we have some beans?

GEEDY: Now, Welby. Let's not have any complaints.

OH: Oh, I ain't complaining, Doc. Anything you say is okay. I know you stuck your neck out for me.

WEEDY: I should say so. Do you realize what would happen if Miss Tilley found you in my house?

OH: Tilly's a tough baby, huh, Doc?

WEEDY: Just remember. She sent me to chase you away.

But did I? No. Instead I took you in and gave you a home.

OH: Yeah, you did, Doc, and I guess I ain't worth it.

I'm a no good heel.

Now. Now. Welby. Don't cry in the stew.

Gee Doc. You're the greatest guy what ever lived.

I wouldn't go that far, Welby.

(DOORBELL)

That's the front door Doc. I'll get it.

Oh no. No, you stay here. I'll answer it. Don't let the stew boil over.

(FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN)

(AGHAST) Miss Tilcy!

(DOOR CLOSE)

(A ROMANTIC INGENUE -- MUSICALLY) Good evening, Dr. Tweedy. Isn't it a glorious night. There's a full moon. A balmy summer breeze is dancing through the trees. And how is our dear, dear Dr. Tweedy this evening?

Well, I thought I was all right. But now I don't know.

You seem a little pale.

Miss Tilcy. What's happened to your face? I mean -- have you been to a beauty shop?

Yes. I spent the afternoon there.

(GALLANTLY) They did all that in only one afternoon? It's amazing what they can do these days. What an improvement!

You think so?

Yes. Yes. You've burst your cocoon. The caterpillar has become a butterfly.

Why, Dr. Tweedy.

I can see a light in your eyes. And your hair's lighter too. Red fingernail polish. Lipstick. And your figure!

TILCY: I bought a new ---- dress.

TWEEDY: I admire a woman who refuses to give in to middle age.

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Er ---

TILCY: I have a favor to ask of you.

TWEEDY: Certainly. Certainly. What can I do for you?

TILCY: I am unable to take the financial report to the board of trustees this year. Some urgent personal business has come up.

TWEEDY: You mean, you want me to go to New York?

TILCY: It would be a tremendous relief to know that you're there -- with the report.

TWEEDY: Miss Tilcy, you know you can always depend on me.

EDM: (OFF) Hey Doc. The slungullion's about ready. Let's put on the nosebag.

TILCY: Who is that?

TWEEDY: Er -- Er that -- er -- he's -- er --

TILCY: That isn't the tramp you were supposed to chase out of the woods?

TWEEDY: Er --

TILCY: What is he doing here?

EDM: (COMING IN) Hey Doc. Come on. I -- (WHISTLES)

TWEEDY: Shut up.

EDM: Who's the gorgeous babe?

TWEEDY: I said shut up.

TILCY: (SWEETLY) What is your name?

EDM: Welby Skinkle.

TILCY: How do you do, Mr. Skinkle. I'm Miss Tilcy.

IN: (SURPRISED) You're Tillie? Hey, Doc. I thought she was an old battleaxe.

WEEDY: Well, if I'm going to New York I'd better pack my bags.

IN: I'm your valley, Doc. I'll pack 'em. When do we leave?

WEEDY: (GOING OFF) I'm leaving right now!

UND: (DOOR SLAM)

M: What a guy. What a swell guy.

ICY: Well, at least I'll have a pleasant weekend. This is one time Dr. Tweedy can't do anything about it. Or can he?

M: Sure he can. Doc can do anything.

IC: (CURTAIN)

STAND: Before Frank Morgan continues - here is Ernest Chappell.

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

T ANN: Ladies and gentlemen, if you're still smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes, see for yourself what happens when you light a PELL MELL! Notice that 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!"

D ANN: And - they are mild!

T ANN: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is smoother.

D ANN: And - they are mild!

T ANN: "Outstanding" - PELL MELL is cooler.

D ANN: And - they are mild!

T ANN: 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!"

JND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

D ANN: And - they are mild!

SP ANN: "Wherever particular people congregate" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

JND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

D ANN: And - they are mild!

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

ORCH:

(TWEEDY THEME)

NARRATOR:

And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. Miss Tilcy is attending the annual ball with the Colonel at H.M.I.

(MUSIC)

NARRATOR:

Dr. Tweedy is delivering the annual financial statement to Mr. Potts in New York.

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

Well, here you are, Mr. Potts. A big fat deficit. We're in the red, but a check from you will put us in the pink.

POTTS:

Right now I have other things on my mind.

TWEEDY:

Is there something wrong, Mr. Potts?

POTTS:

Tweedy, don't ever make the mistake of having a pretty daughter.

TWEEDY:

I'm not married.

POTTS:

Don't make that mistake, either. One thing leads to another - and the worst headache a man can have is a pretty daughter.

TWEEDY:

What has Mary done now?

POTTS:

Same thing. She's always trying to run off and get married to somebody or other.

TWEEDY:

Frankly, Mr. Potts, I think it was a mistake to take her out of school. What Mary needs is discipline. A firm hand.

POTTS:

I used a hair-brush.

TWEEDY:

Well, that's a means to an end.

POTTS:

All she ever thinks about is men, men, men. She's absolutely hopeless.

TWEEDY: Now, now. I wouldn't say that, Mr. Potts. Running away from home is typical of all adolescents. I could straighten her out in two minutes.

POTTS: You could?

TWEEDY: Certainly, I have a way with young people. First I win their confidence. Then - just let me talk to her for two minutes - No - one minute will be enough - and I guarantee she will never run away from home again.

POTTS: Well, I've tried everything else. You couldn't make it any worse. I'll get her, Tweedy.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

POTTS: Mary, come in here.

MARY: (COMING IN) Yes father. Oh, hello Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Hello. Mr. Potts, do you mind if I speak to Mary alone?

POTTS: You're the doctor. (GOING OFF) I'll be back in a few minutes.

TWEEDY: One minute will be sufficient.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

TWEEDY: Now Mary, I'd like to have a little chat with you, Sit down.

MARY: Thank you, Dr. Tweedy. I'd rather stand.

TWEEDY: Oh yes. The hairbrush. Well, I know how you feel. I've been the same way since I fell off the ladder in the bell tower.

MARY: At the college? What were you doing in the bell tower?

TWEEDY: I was up there one night with Miss Tilcy.

MARY: You and Miss Tilcy?

TWEEDY: We were hunting for someone.

MARY: I used to go up there too. Did you find anyone?

TWEEDY: Yes. We found a boy.

MARY: Was he good looking?

TWEEDY: That has nothing to do with it. He was a cadet from H.M.I.

MARY: I'll bet it was Bud Harris.

TWEEDY: Yes. That's the name. Bud Harris.

MARY: He's the boy I used to meet up there. Until we had an argument.

TWEEDY: Yes, well I want to talk to you on the subject of boy friends.

MARY: Dr. Tweedy, don't you realize what this means? He was probably up there looking for me.

TWEEDY: You? Why you've been out of college for a month.

MARY: I know but he doesn't know that. We weren't speaking at the time.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well now I want to talk to you on the subject of --

MARY: I know why he came back. He wanted to make up and invite me to the annual ball. But now he'll invite some other girl. They'll go down along flirtation walk to the kissing rock and if he kisses her there, that's the same as a proposal. Everyone knows that.

TWEEDY: That's neither here nor there. I want to talk to you about...

MARY: What am I going to do?

TWEEDY: Will you please listen to me? I want to talk to you about running away.

MARY: Yes. That's it. I'll run away.

TWEEDY: No!

MARY: If I hurry I can get down there in time for the ball.

TWEEDY: No!

MARY: Thank you, Dr. Tweedy. It's wonderful of you to help me this way.

TWEEDY: Wait! Your father --

MARY: You're right. I can't let him see me. I'll go out the back way.

TWEEDY: No. You can't --

MARY: (OFF) Goodbye!

TWEEDY: Oh! Goodbye!

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE..OFF)

TWEEDY: But -

POTTS: (COMING IN) Well, Tweedy, you've had exactly one minute. Have you talked her into anything?

TWEEDY: Yes. But don't worry, Mr. Potts. I'll talk her out of it -- if I can catch her.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE ..FAST DANCE MUSIC FINISHES)

SOUND: (APPLAUSE)

TILCY: (PUFFING) Thank you, Colonel.

COLONEL: The pleasure was all mine.

TILCY: Er - Colonel...

COLONEL: Yes?

TILCY: It is true that you have a - er - a little path called - er - Flirtation Walk?

COLONEL: An institution that I borrowed from West Point. General Robert E. Lee and I went to West Point, you know. Not together, though. (LAUGHS)

TILCY:

Isn't there a place along the walk called Kissing Rock?

COLONEL:

Yes. There's a legend that the rock will fall if a girl refuses to kiss a boy beneath it. It hasn't fallen yet.

TILCY:

Er - it's very warm indoors tonight, isn't it?

COLONEL:

Can I get you a glass of cold punch?

TILCY:

No thank you. I feel a little faint. Perhaps some - fresh air.

COLONEL:

May I accompany you on a stroll along...Flirtation Walk?

TILCY:

(DEFINITE) Oh, no, no. We mustn't be seen in a place like that.

MUSIC:

(UP AND OUT)

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

TILCY:

So this is Flirtation Walk.

COLONEL:

I give you fair warning, ma'am, when we reach Kissing Rock, I intend to claim a kiss.

TILCY:

Oh, no. You mustn't say things like that. If I thought you'd do anything like that I'd never have come out here.

COLONEL:

I merely wanted to --

MARY:

(OFF) Come on, Bud.

BUD:

But, Mary --

COLONEL:

I merely --

FILCY:

Shhh! Here come some students. They'll hear you.

MARY:

(COMING IN) Come on, Bud. Hurry up before somebody beats us to the rock.

BUD:

But, Mary, I didn't know you were coming to the dance. I invited another girl, and --

MARY:

Oh, she's all right. I got one of those droopy stags for her. After all, Bud, I ran away from (GOING OFF) home to come down here, and I think I'm entitled to...

FILCY:

That girl! She looked like -- she sounded like -- but she couldn't be!

COLONEL:

Be what?

FILCY:

The daughter of -- But she's in New York. Yet, I could have sworn -- Excuse me a moment, Colonel. I must find out.

(MUSIC)

NEEDY:

(OFF, CALLING) Mary. Mary. (COMING IN)

COLONEL:

I beg your pardon, sir. I am the commandant of this school. Can I be of any assistance? Colonel Jackson at your service, sir.

NEEDY:

Can you tell me where Kissing Rock is? That's the logical place to look for her.

COLONEL:

Who, sir?

TWEEDY:

Well, I'm Dr. Tweedy from Potts College. I'm looking for the young lady from --

COLONEL:

The young lady from your school?

TWEEDY:

Oh, she isn't a student.

COLONEL:

I know who you mean. I've been dancing with her all evening. A charming person.

TWEEDY:

Charming? What's so charming about her? As far as I'm concerned, she's a pain in the neck.

COLONEL:

Sir, you are talking about the woman I admire.

TWEEDY:

Well, I'll admit she is pretty. But the trouble with her is she is uniform crazy. She wants to marry every man who wears brass buttons.

COLONEL:

I advise you to watch your language.

TWEEDY:

I know what I'm talking about. She has nothing but love on her brain. If she has a brain, which I am inclined to doubt.

COLONEL:

Those are fighting words.

TWEEDY:

The other night when Miss Tilcy and I were up in the bell tower we --

COLONEL:

Sir. Take off your coat --

TWEEDY:

Just a minute. I'm not saying she's a bad girl -- but the trouble with her is men. Always a new man. She is perpetually in love.

COLONEL:

Well. She did seem in a hurry to get me down to Kissing Rock.

TWEEDY:

Exactly. That's all she can think of. A few weeks ago there was a sailor. Then that bellboy. I don't know how many more.

COLONEL:

Strange. She didn't strike me as that kind of person.

NEEDY:

Take my word for it, Colonel. I know her. She has to be handled with a firm hand.

COLONEL:

What do you mean?

NEEDY:

If you're not careful, she'll lead you around by your nose. You have to put your foot down with her. That's the only kind of treatment she understands.

COLONEL:

(THOUGHTFULLY) Is that so?

NEEDY:

Yes. With most girls you can be gentle. But with her it's just the opposite.

COLONEL:

You mean he-man stuff?

NEEDY:

Exactly!

(MUSIC)

COLONEL:

Come here, sugar.

WILCY:

I couldn't catch up with her but -- what did you say?

COLONEL:

I said come here, sugar.

WILCY:

That's what I thought you said.

COLONEL:

We've been wasting that big old moon's time. Come on. Sit down, baby.

WILCY:

Baby? Colonel, what's happened to you?

COLONEL:

I've been using the wrong approach on you. Some women like sweet talk and some like the Clark Gable handling, and a southern man can do both.

WILCY:

Take your arm from around my waist.

COLONEL:

I thought you liked cavemen.

TILCY: And I thought you were a gentleman, but you're just like all the rest.

COLONEL: Yes, I've heard about all the rest. I'll have that kiss now, baby. (KISS) There.

SOUND: (FACE SLAPPED)

COLONEL: You slapped my face.

TILCY: And what else did you expect?

COLONEL: Dr. Tweedy just said you had to be manhandled.

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy? He isn't here!

COLONEL: Yes. He told me that ---

TILCY: You needn't repeat it.

COLONEL: It seems you're quite a girl. He said --

TILCY: You needn't tell me. Your performance just now has given me a rough idea.

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) I found her, Colonel. I found Mary. Here she is. I -- Why Miss Tilcy! What are you doing here? You and the Colonel? (LAUGHS) I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

SOUND: (FACE SLAPPED)

TWEEDY: Owwwwwwwwww.

TILCY: Good night!

SOUND: (FAST STEPS OFF)

TWEEDY: Is she mad about something?

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy ---

TWEEDY: Mary, you keep quiet!

COLONEL: So. Miss Tilcy has to be manhandled.

TWEEDY: What?

COLONEL:

You told me --

TWEEDY:

I was talking about ----Did you think -- Oh no. No.

I was only....

COLONEL:

Just a minute. I think I'm beginning to see the light.

TWEEDY:

I knew you'd understand.

COLONEL:

I certainly do. You were jealous of me, sir. You just wanted me out of the way so you could have her all to yourself.

TWEEDY:

Let me explain, Colonel.

COLONEL:

Sir. Take off your coat.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS UP STAIRS)

MARY:

But Dr. Tweedy. Where am I going to sleep tonight?

TWEEDY:

There's room in the girl's dormitory. But first you're going to help me explain everything to Miss Tilcy.

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

TWEEDY:

You can cause more trouble than any --

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

TWEEDY:

Er...Hello Miss Tilcy.

TILCY:

You have the audacity to come here to my house?

TWEEDY:

Really, I'm not as bad as you think I am.

TILCY:

That's debatable.

TWEEDY:

May we come in?

MARY:

Miss Tilcy, wait till you hear why he did it!

TILCY:

Well, Come in.

SOUND:

(DOOR CLOSE)

TWEEDY:

Er -- well, here we are.

TILCY: I am waiting for your explanation.

TWEEDY: Er --- well ---

MARY: Would you like me to tell her, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY: Yes. Yes. You tell her, Mary.

MARY: Miss Tilcy. He was jealous of the Colonel. Weren't you, Dr. Tweedy?

TILCY: Jealous?

TWEEDY: Yes. I -- What!

MARY: He wanted the Colonel out of the way so he could have you all to himself. He just couldn't stand the thought of you being in the arms of another man.

TWEEDY: Mary!

MARY: Isn't that romantic?

TWEEDY: It's about time you went to bed.

MARY: I get it. Well, good night. (GOING OFF) I'll leave you two alone.

MUND: (DOOR CLOSE OFF)

TILCY: Dr. Tweedy. What did she mean - jealous of the Colonel?

TWEEDY: Er -- There are times, more or less, when, so to speak, people do things and say things, and then again there are times when they don't.

TILCY: If you felt that way toward me, why haven't you said so, Thaddeus. I never dreamed that you looked on me - that way.

TWEEDY: Er --

TILCY: But now that I think back, you have done things that should have told me.

TWEEDY:

I have?

TILCY:

The little favors. The attention. The flowers from your garden. Thaddeus --

TWEEDY:

Er -- Er --

TILCY:

Thaddeus, sit down, sit here beside me. Let's talk this over.

TWEEDY:

Er -- um -- er --

SOUND:

(DISCORDANT BELLS OFF)

TWEEDY:

The bells! Somebody's in the bell tower! (RUNNING OFF) Don't worry, Miss Tilcy. I'll find out who it is. I'll catch them!

SOUND:

(DOOR SLAM)

TILCY:

Thaddeus, you're fabulous!

MUSIC:

(CURTAIN)

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)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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

UND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

3T ANNR: And - they are mild!

1D 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.

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

1D ANNR: On land!

UND: (BUGLE CALL)

1T ANNR: In the air!

UND: (DIVE BOMBER)

1D ANNR: On the sea!

UND: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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

UND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

1D ANNR: And - they are mild!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

ORCH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR:)

HOSTAND:

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

MORGAN:

For centuries, Poets and philosophers have written of love and romance. How true the bard who wrote "My love is like a red, red rose" - fool around with it and you're going to get stuck. (LAUGH)

ORCH:

(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, producers of the technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed".

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH:

(THEME TO CUE)

ANNR:

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