

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:

AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

BROADCAST: ^{REV.} PROGRAM #9

DATE:

JULY 28, 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 presents - "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy", written by Robert Riley Crutcher, and starring, Frank Morgan.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: (FULL THEME & FADE FOR:)

NARRATOR: They say that no man is a hero to his valet. Dr. Tweedy the dean of men at Potts College, is the exception which proves the rule. His gentleman's gentleman, Welby Skinkle, idolizes him.

WELBY: For Doc, I'd cut my right arm off up to here.

NARRATOR: Only a month ago Welby was a homeless vagabond. A tramp. But under Dr. Tweedy's careful guidance he has become a minor major domo. Now he can wash dishes with the best of them.

SOUND: (DISHES BROKEN)

NARRATOR: He repairs the gas stove.

SOUND: (BOOM-EXPLOSION)

NARRATOR: And he soothes Dr. Tweedy's nerves after a hard day at the college.

MUSIC: (HOT JIVE - OFF)

TWEEDY: (YELLS) Welby! Turn off that radio!

WELBY: (OFF - YELLS) What, Doc?

TWEEDY: (YELLS) Turn off that radio!

MUSIC: (OUT)

TWEEDY: (MUTTERS) The idea! Playing hot music on the hottest night in the year.

WELBY: (COMING IN) Sorry, Doc. I kinda felt like jumpin' tonight.

TWEEDY: Then suppose you jump out in the kitchen and fix some cold lemonade.

WELBY: I can't, Doc. We ain't got no sugar.

TWEEDY: Oh, well -- Go over to Miss Tilcy's and borrow some.

WELBY: Aw no, Doc. Tillie don't like me.

TWEEDY: Nonsense.

WELBY: Tillie treats me like I was the invisible man.

TWEEDY: Now Welby, it's just that Miss Tilcy maintains an aloof dignity in keeping with her position as dean of women. Just go to the back door and get it from her maid.

WELBY: Tillie's got a maid?

TWEEDY: Yes. A very attractive girl, I understand.

WELBY: No kiddin'. A good looking dame in my social strategy.

Okay. I'll go right over and get me some sugar.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPEN)

LUCY: Yes?

WELBY: Hy. I'm Welby Skinkle.

LUCY: Yes?

WELBY: I'm Dr. Tweedy's valley.

LUCY: Yes?

WELBY: We're gettin' off to a good start with all them "yesses."

LUCY: (COOL) You desire something?

WELBY: Yeah. Doc sent me over to borrow some sugar. Did anybody ever tell you you look like Hedy Lamarr?

LUCY: How much sugar did you desire?

WELBY: A cup will be okay. What's your name?

LUCY: You may address me as Miss.

(CROCKERY RATTLED)

SOUND:

Miss what?

WELBY:

Just Miss! Here is your sugar. If there is nothing

LUCY:

else you desire, goodbye.

WELBY:

Er -- could I have three or four lemons? We're making
lemonade over at our house.

SOUND:

(PAPER BAG RATTLED)

LUCY:

Here you are. You have the sugar and lemons. How
about some ice to cool you off?

WELBY:

No. We got ice.

LUCY:

Then if there's nothing else - goodbye.

WELBY:

Er - do you have any straws?

LUCY:

No.

WELBY:

Can you spare a pitcher?

LUCY:

No. Anything else?

WELBY:

I don't know. I'd better come in and see what you've
got.

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

(CALLS) Welby! Welby! There's so much food in this
kitchen. You can't turn around. You've brought in
enough this past week to open a grocery store. (MUTTERS
AS HE RUMMAGES THROUGH THE ITEMS) Pickles. Pickles.
Sardines, Sardines. Forty pounds of potatoes. More
pickles. (CALLS) Welby! Where are you?

WELBY:

(OFF) In the bedroom, Doc.

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

TWEEDY:

Why did you buy all that food? Welby, what are you
doing in bed?

WELBY:

I just don't feel like getting up, Doc.

TWEEDY:

On a beautiful summer morning like this?

WELBY:

I don't feel good, Doc.

TWEEDY:

Don't feel well? I'd better call Doctor Perkle.

WELBY:

No. I'll be okay, Doc. I want to get up but I can't.

TWEEDY:

You know, the spirit is willing but the meat is weak.

Flesh, Welby flesh. I believe we have some tonic here somewhere.

WELBY:

I drunk it all.

TWEEDY:

Oh. Perhaps some sulphur and molasses.

WELBY:

I just want to lay here.

TWEEDY:

Or a big spoonful of castor oil.

WELBY:

I'm up!

TWEEDY:

Welby, if you'll just tell me what the trouble is...

WELBY:

It ain't physical, Doc.

TWEEDY:

Well, you can confide in me.

WELBY:

It's nothin'.

TWEEDY:

Oh come on. Tell me.

WELBY:

No.

TWEEDY:

I'm your best friend.

WELBY:

No.

TWEEDY:

(AMUSED) Welllllllby. I smell a rat.

WELBY:

(HURT) Doc!

WEEDY: Are you in love?
WELBY: No.
WEEDY: Welllllllby.
WELBY: Yeah.
WEEDY: (LAUGHS) You! In love! (LAUGHS)
WELBY: (HURT) Doc!
WEEDY: Oh, I'm sorry, Welby.
WELBY: You laughed at me.
WEEDY: That was very rude. Forgive me, Welby. And tell me.
Who is the lucky girl?
WELBY: I don't know her name.
WEEDY: You mean you're in love with someone you've never even
spoken to?
WELBY: Oh no. We speak every day. I say "Hy" and she says
"scram!" She's beautiful, Doc. (SIGHS)
WEEDY: I'm sure she is.
WELBY: You ain't seen nothin' till you've seen her come out on
the back porch and shake her dust mop. But she won't
have nothing to do with me.
WEEDY: She repulsed you?
WELBY: Oh no. She didn't repulse me. I think she's pretty.
WEEDY: Ah, unrequited love.
"A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain."
WELBY: You took the words right out of my mouth.
WEEDY: Why does she spurn you, Welby?
WELBY: I don't know. I can't understand it. It's uncanny.

TWEEDY:

But don't despair, Welby. Love makes the world go round. And where love is concerned you must listen to your heart.

WELBY:

Mine's got a knock in it.

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

TWEEDY:

So it has.

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

TWEEDY:

Oh no. That's the door. I'll answer it. You stay here in your room.

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS DOOR OPEN)

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy --

TWEEDY:

Why, Miss Tilcy. Good morning. Good morning. Won't you come in?

TILCY:

Dr. Tweedy. May I ask how long this is going to continue?

TWEEDY:

Continue? What do you mean?

TILCY:

This borrowing business. You have practically borrowed me out of house and home. Day after day. Ten times a day. Sugar. Lemons. Pickles. Sardines. Potatoes. Do you have a tapeworm?

TWEEDY:

I did notice that my kitchen was well stocked, but --

TILCY:

It should be. Lucy, my maid, tells me that your man hasn't returned a single item he borrowed.

TWEEDY:

Lucy? Lucy? Aha! Lucy! (LAUGHS) Miss Tilcy, I'm beginning to see the light.

TILCY:

Then take a look at this grocery bill.

TWEEDY:

It seems Welby has been paying court to your maid.

TILCY:

Yes. But who is going to pay this grocery bill?

TWEEDY:

I'll take care of everything, Miss Tilcy.

Nearly a hundred dollars.

Er -- I'll return everything! And perhaps you can put in a good word for Welby with your maid. Apparently she won't have anything to do with him.

I can't say that I blame her.

But Miss Tilcy --

At least she has good taste.

What's wrong with Welby?

He's a tramp.

Miss Tilcy, you can't judge a man's character by his manners. Welby is a diamond in the rough.

He's a tramp.

Welby is one of the finest men I have ever known. What he lacks in manners he makes up in character.

It is very obvious that you don't understand women.

It is very obvious that you don't understand men.

Well! Now that we've settled that, will you please return my food or pay the grocery bill. Goodbye...

(DOOR CLOSE)

Humph!

(COMING IN) Doc. I heard what you said. Gee, it was swell of you to go to bat for me.

I found her remarks concerning gentlemen very provoking. Welby, we have been challenged. She threw down the gauntlet. Let us pick it up.

Okay, where is it?

If Lucy wants fine manners, she shall have them.

What do you mean, Doc?

I'll make a gentleman out of you. Yes -- I shall do as Pygmalion did.

WELBY:

Yeah? What did Piggy do?

NEEDY:

He made a statue -- and it was so beautiful he fell in love with it.

WELBY:

Doc!

NEEDY:

When I finish with you, you shall have poise - finesse - impeccable manners - savior faire - dignity --

WELBY:

I'm gonna be like you, Doc?

NEEDY:

Well, we can't expect a miracle. But, Welby, you will be a reasonable facsimile thereof.

(MUSIC)

NEEDY:

There you are, Welby. Clothes make the man.

WELBY:

Gosh, Doc, it's swell of you to let me wear your best suit.

NEEDY:

Just be careful with it.

WELBY:

The coat and vest fit great, Doc, but the pants are awful tight. Say, Doc, don't a gentleman carry no watch?

NEEDY:

Er...no.

WELBY:

Suppose Lucy wants to know what time it is?

NEEDY:

Keep her mind off the time.

WELBY:

I think I ought to have a watch.

NEEDY:

Oh, all right - here. But be careful. It's an heirloom.

WELBY:

Don't apologize, Doc. I don't care how you got it. Say, Doc - that little gold key looks swell hanging on your vest.

NEEDY:

My Phi Beta Kappa key? Oh, no! That's out of the question. That key is the proud emblem of an educated man.

WELBY:

You said I'd be a educated man when you got through with me.

WELBY:

I'm not through with you.

WELBY:

Doc.

WELBY:

Well - here.

WELBY:

Thanks.. How do I look?

WELBY:

Er....yes! Not let's start off with an introduction.

I'm Lucy and we are meeting for the first time. Now remember, when you meet a woman you bow from the waist.

WELBY: I can't Doc.

TWEEDY: Of course you can. Go ahead. Bow.

WELBY: But, Doc...

TWEEDY: Bow!

SOUND: (PANTS RIPPED)

TWEEDY: My best suit!

WELBY: Sorry, Doc.

TWEEDY: Well, it can't be helped. Now let's rehearse table manners. What is the first thing you do?

WELBY: I remember that one. First I pull out the dame's chair.

TWEEDY: Not dame, Welby. You refer to her as Miss. Now. Ready?

WELBY: Okay, you gets into position. I slide the chair out..

SOUND: (CHAIR SLIDE)

WELBY: You get ready to sit down. I slide the chair back under..

SOUND: (CHAIR SLIDE..BODY FALL)

WELBY: (VERY GRACIOUSLY) May I help you up, Miss?

TWEEDY: (GRUNTS) You'll have to move faster than that, Welby.

However, you said, "May I help you up, Miss" very nicely.

WELBY: Let's try it again, Doc.

TWEEDY: Oh no, we'll go on with the table manners. You will notice that there is a small fork and a large fork on your left, a large knife, a small knife, a large spoon and a small spoon on your right. You are being served the entree, which consists of grenadine of beef, potatoes au gratin, and French peas. What's the first thing you would do?

WELBY: That's easy. I pick up the small knife and take a piece of butter...

TWEEDY: (PLEASED) Yes....yes....

WELBY:

.....the butter keeps the poas from rolling off the knife.

WEEEDY:

Oh nooo! Perhaps we'd better forget the table manners for the time being and take up.....

WELBY:

Yeah, Doc. Let's get around to wooing the dame.

WEEEDY:

(SIGHS) Yes. You and Lucy are sitting at the table..

What do you do?

WELBY:

I eat.

WEEEDY:

You ask Lucy to dance.

WELBY:

On an empty stomach?

WEEEDY:

Gentlemen don't always think of something to eat.

WELBY:

Doc, I guess I'm just a bum at heart.

WEEEDY:

Don't give up, Welby. You're doing fine. Now, how would you ask me to dance? Pretend I'm Lucy. Ask me to dance with you.

WELBY:

Aw no, Doc.

WEEEDY:

Come on. I'm a pretty girl.

WELBY:

I just can't do it, Doc. You don't look like Lucy.

WEEEDY:

Well....er...perhaps if I helped the illusion along a bit. I believe there's an apron here in the closet.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

WEEEDY:

Oh yes. Here it is. And a dust cap too. Welby. Put a record on the phonograph.

WELBY:

Okay. Somethin' with a lot of jump.

WEEEDY:

No. A waltz.

WELBY:

Okay. Here's one.

MUSIC:

(SOFT WALTZ)

WEEEDY:

Now. Do I look better in an apron and dust cap?

WELBY: Gosh, Doc. You're cute.

TWEEDY: Ahem. Let's get on with the dance.

WELBY: Now it's easy. (GRACIOUSLY) Shall we dance?

TWEEDY: (GIGGLES...THEN LIKE WOMAN) I'd rather sit this one out.

WELBY: What do I say now?

TWEEDY: Ask me again. Lucy is coy.

WELBY: Either she wants to dance, or she don't.

TWEEDY: (ANGRY) Who's Lucy...you or me?

WELBY: You.

TWEEDY: Then ask me again.

WELBY: Okay. (THE CHARM) Lucy, would you care to dance?

(ROUGHLY) And this is the last time I'm askin'.

TWEEDY: (WOMAN) You're so strong and masterful...(GIGGLES) I'd be delighted.

WELBY: What do we do now?

TWEEDY: (WOMAN) We dance. (SELF) We dance.

WELBY: I ain't a very good dancer, Lucy.

TWEEDY: (HUMS...WOMAN) You dance divinely. (HUMS)

WELBY: You ain't just sayin' that?

TWEEDY: Oh no. I could dance like this forever...and ever.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

WELBY: Hello, Miss Tillie.

TILLY: Welby, I've been knocking and knocking at the door. Will you tell Dr. Tweedy I...Oh..no!

WELBY: Dr. Tweedy? Why this here is...OUCH!

TILLY: (GRASPS THE SITUATION AND IS UNABLE TO RESTRAIN HER AMUSEMENT) Oh, er..excuse me, Welby. I didn't know you were entertaining.

WELBY: Huh?

WILLY:

Your young lady seems to be very shy. She's hiding her head in the corner.

WELBY:

But Miss Tillie, that's...

WILLY:

My. What big feet she has. I wish she'd turn around. She's so bashful. She looks so cute from the back I'm sure she's very pretty.

WEEDEY:

(MAD) All right, all right. I'll turn around.

WILLY:

Why, Welby. She's adorable.

WEEDEY:

I don't see what's so funny! Women wear slacks, don't they!

WILLY:

She has a lot of spirit, hasn't she? (LAUGHS)

WELBY:

Doc. Tell her you was teachin' me to...

WEEDEY:

You shut up!

WILLY:

(LAUGHS)

WEEDEY:

(FURIOUS) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MUSIC:

(CURAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

REISTAND:

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 - you've seen it happen. When a
PELL MELL smoker tries to light an old-fashioned, short
cigarette he does this: 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: PELL MELL is cooler. "Outstanding!"

2ND ANNRR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNRR: PELL MELL is smoother. "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)

ORCHESTRA:

(FULL UP AND FADE FOR)

NARRATOR:

And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. Welby has fallen in love with Miss Tilcy's maid. To make him worthy of her, Dr. Tweedy has performed a miracle. He has transformed Welby into a gentleman. His table manners are flawless.

TWEEDY:

That's right, Welby. Head up and chin out of the soup bowl.

NARRATOR:

And when Welby speaks, he sounds like a Harvard man.

WELBY:

It ain't no use, Doc. I'm a born bum.

TWEEDY:

Confidence, Welby. Confidence. Self-confidence is half the battle. Faint heart never won fair lady.

WELBY:

No. I just ain't got the nerve to tell Lucy I love her.

TWEEDY:

Very well then. I shall be your emissary.

WELBY:

What's that, Doc?

TWEEDY:

Your cavalier of the silver rose.

WELBY:

I don't get you, Doc.

TWEEDY:

Cupid.

WELBY:

Oh.

TWEEDY:

Welby. I shall be your John Alden. Er -- you don't know who he is either, do you?

WELBY:

Don't rub it in, Doc.

TWEEDY:

Well, back in the days of the pilgrims a man named Miles Standish was in love with a girl named Priscilla. But he didn't have the courage to proclaim his love to her.

WELBY:

Like me.

TWEEDY: Exactly. But his best friend, John Alden, was a very eloquent and persuasive man.

WELBY: Like you.

TWEEDY: Precisely. So Miles Standish asked his best friend John Alden to woo the girl for him.

WELBY: How'd it come out, Doc?

TWEEDY: Er - she married John Alden.

WELBY: Doc!

TWEEDY: Er -- don't worry, my friend. We won't repeat that mistake. I shall speak on your behalf. Eloquently, persuasively.

MUSIC: (SNEAK IN)

TWEEDY: First - a bouquet of flowers. Then - a box of candy. And finally - poetry. The elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR - DOOR OPEN)

LUCY: Yes?

TWEEDY: You are Lucy?

LUCY: Yes.

TWEEDY: I am Dr. Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. Phd. Dean of men.

LUCY: You want to see Miss Tilcy?

TWEEDY: No, Lucy. I came to the back door because I wanted to see you.

LUCY: Me?

TWEEDY: Yes. These are for you.

LUCY: Flowers.

TWEEDY: They become like faded weeds in the presence of your beauty. Oh. This is for you too.

LUCY: Candy.

TWEEDY: Sweets to the sweet. Lucy -- you have made a conquest.

LUCY: I have? Who?

TWEEDY: Lucy - May I come into your kitchen?

LUCY: Gee. Sure.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE)

LUCY: Golly. I never expected anything like this.

TWEEDY: Come, come, Lucy. Surely you know that your beauty can make slaves of men.

LUCY: Golly.

TWEEDY: Lucy, you have captured a heart. You are loved as Juliet was love by Romeo, and Helen of Troy by Paris. Spurn this love and your lover dies of a broken heart.

LUCY: (LAUGHS) Wouldn't be much use dead.

TWEEDY: No. And right now he isn't much use alive. He can't think of anything but you. You. You.

TILCY: (OFF) Lucy!

LUCY: That's Miss Tilcy. You better scram. Come back tonight after she's gone to bed.

TWEEDY: But --

LUCY: You've got to give me time to think. I never expected a man like you to propose to me.

TWEEDY: Propose? Me? Oh no. No. I -

TILCY: (OFF) Lucy!

LUCY: You'd better beat it.

TWEEDY: But I want --

LUCY: I know. A kiss. Here. (KISS) Come back tonight.

TWEEDY: But I --

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSE - FOOTSTEPS DOWN WOODEN STAIRS)

TWEEDY:
WELBY:
TWEEDY:
WELBY:
TWEEDY:
WELBY:

Welby. What are you doing here?

I followed you, Doc. I wanted to see how you worked.

Oh, well --

I seen that kiss, Doc.

Kiss? Oh, that. Well --

Oh Doc. How could you do this to me? Lead me on.

Make me think you're helping me. And all the time you was planning to pluck the fairest flower of them all for yourself.

TWEEDY:

Welby, listen to me --

(MUSIC)

WELBY:

No...

(MUSIC)

WELBY:

No....

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

Welby, listen to me..

WELBY:

I'm moving out, Doc. Just as soon as I pack my handkerchief.

TWEEDY:

But I've explained about the kiss. It was nothing.

WELBY:

Nothing, he says. Doc, you don't have to alibi to me. All's fair in love or war, win or lose.

TWEEDY:

Listen...Welby.

WELBY:

You have to have her at any price...even at the price of our cameraderie.

TWEEDY:

I was only trying to help you.

WELBY:

And instead you help yourself. (MOURNFULLY) Oh Doc..

TWEEDY:

Believe me, I have no interest what so ever in Lucy. She doesn't mean a thing to me..not a thing - She Doesn't appeal...

WELBY:

Now Doc...that ain't the way to talk about the woman we love.

TWEEDY:

We? Now see here. She's a wonderful girl...for you!

WELBY:

No....You won her. She's yours.

TWEEDY:

I don't want her.

WELBY:

I wish you both every happiness. And as for me...I'll travel on...alone...I couldn't bear to be around and watch you lovebirds billing and clawing at each other. I got feelings, Doc.

TWEEDY:

Of course you have, Welby.

WELBY:

....I only wish I was more like you...you got everything that a girl like Lucy wants...you're a romantic gentleman.

TWEEDY:

Yes....Well, I can also make a romantic gentleman out of you.

WELBY:

Don't you think that's locking the stable after you stole my horse?

TWEEDY:

Certainly not.

WELBY:

You ain't leading me on, Doc?

TWEEDY:

Trust me, Welby...I'll help you win Lucy. I shall be your Cyrano.

WELBY:

Huh?

TWEEDY:

Well, he's the hero of a famous play. And we can borrow an excellent love scene from it. Tonight we'll go beneath her window. I'll stay back in the shadows and whisper the romantic words for you to say. Just leave everything to me.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

TWEEDY:

Shhhh! Don't make so much noise.

WELBY:

Doc - you sure this is the way to win a girl --- yelling pomes at her at midnight?

TWEEDY:

It never fails.

WELBY:

That's Lucy's room up there. Should I let go with the pebbles?

TWEEDY:

Yes. Throw them against the window pane.

WELBY:

Okay. Here goes.

LUCY:

(OFF) Ouch!

TWEEDY:

Window must have been open.

LUCY:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Who's down there? Who conked me on the head?

TWEEDY:

(SOTTO) Tell her not to be alarmed.

WELBY:

Don't be alarmed, Lucy.

LUCY:

Is that you, Dr. Tweedy?

WELBY:

No. It's me. Welby.

LUCY:

Scram!

TWEEDY:

(SOTTO) Listen Welby. Say, "Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I".

WELBY:

Oh what a -- rogue --

TWEEDY:

And peasant slave am I.

WELBY:

And pleasant knave am I.

What are you talking about?

Let me take over. (RAISES VOICE) Lucy. Lucy love.

Welby. What's happened to your voice?

I have another voice tonight.

I can't see you down there.

"Night, making all things dimly beautiful,

One veil over us both - You only see

The darkness of a long cloak in the gloom,

And I the whiteness of a summer gown -

You are all light - I am all shadow! How can
you know what this moment means to me?"

What do you mean? Where did you get all those words?

All the words that blossom in my heart I'll fling to

you. Armfuls of loose bloom. Love, I love beyond

breath, beyond reason, beyond love's own power of

loving. Your name is like a golden bell hung in my

heart; and when I think of you, I tremble, and the

bell swings and rings - Lucy! -- Lucy! Along my veins,

Lucy!

That's love all right.

Yes, that is love - that wind of terrible and jealous

beauty, blowing over me - that dark fire, that music.

Golly, you're romantic Welby.

Ask her for a kiss, Doc.

Don't be silly....she'd know it was me.

You just ask her...I'll do the kissing.

Shhhhhh.

Welby...

Yes Lucy.

LUCY: Golly, your voice sure changes.

TWEEDY: Uh...the night air, Lucy. Say the word that will make you mine...Be my wife...I'll work for you...I'll wait on you hand and foot.

WELBY: Doc, take it easy...

TWEEDY: I'll be your servant and your slave...your every wish will be my command...all I ask is the pleasure of serving you for the rest of my life...to work my fingers to the bone.

LUCY: Oh, Welby.

WELBY: Oh, doc.

TWEEDY: Say you'll be mine.

WELBY: Give her time to think it over.

LUCY: Welby...I'm yours...I'll be right down.

TWEEDY: You've made me the happiest man on earth.

SOUND: (WINDOW CLOSED)

TWEEDY: (WITH A FLOURISH) Take her away, Welby. She's yours..

WELBY: Oh no! I'm not working myself to death like you said for no dame. (GOING OFF) Not me. Come on Doc, let's run.

TWEEDY: Welby! Come back here! Welby! Wait for me!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

LUCY: (COMING IN) Welby. Welby, darling. Oh. It's you, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Yes. (LAUGHS) Welby!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

HOSTAND: Frank Morgan will be back in just a moment with his thought for the week -- but first here is Nelson Case.

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL.)

V CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

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
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: (WHOOF WHOOF WHOOF)

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)

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

ANCH:

HESTAND:

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

MORGAN:

Our topic for today is money. A nice topic to have plenty of. Always live within your means, even if you have to borrow the money to do it. Which brings me to my thought for the week. A fool and his money is a nice guy to know. (LAUGHS) Goodnight!

(APPLAUSE)

ANCH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

HESTAND:

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, "Holiday in Mexico".

(APPLAUSE)

ANCH:

(THEME TO CUE)

ANNR:

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

AUGUST