

# RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

## RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT: AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY  
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

REV. PROGRAM #11  
BROADCAST: AUG. 11, 1946

PROGRAM: THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

DATE:

NBC

NETWORK:

I OPENING NEW YORK

### AS BROADCAST

1ST ANN: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES PRESENT - FRANK MORGAN AS  
THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!

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

1ST ANN: On land!

SOUND: (BUGLE CALL)

2ND ANN: In the air!

SOUND: (DIVE BOMBER)

1ST ANN: On the sea!

SOUND: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

1ST ANN: And - they are mild!

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

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

2ND ANN: 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 the Fabulous Dr. Tweedy written by Robert Riley Crutcher and starring Frank Morgan.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

(THEME AND FADE FOR)

NARRATOR:

A few weeks ago Dr. Tweedy, the dean of men at Potts College, acquired a house guest. A littled girl named Patsy. A very, very good little girl, and as sweet a sweet can be.

TWEEDY:

"What are little girls made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice. That's what little girls are made of."

NARRATOR:

Yes, Dr. Tweedy is crazy about her. And she loves the very ground he walks on.

TWEEDY:

Who filled my shoes with mud!

PATSY:

I don't know, Uncle Tweedy. Maybe the cat did.

TWEEDY:

I suppose it was also the cat who borrowed my safety razor.

PATSY:

No, that was my teddy bear. He needed a shave. Now he needs a new head.

TWEEDY:

And I need a new safety razor. No. This time I'll get one with a strap.

NARRATOR:

Yes, little Patsy has brought the dreamy philosopher down to earth.

SOUND:

(BODY FALL)

TWEEDY:

Patsy. Why do you always leave your roller skates on the stairs. Now put them away.

PATSY:

Yes, Uncle Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Where's the other one?

PATSY:

There it is.

TWEEDY:

Where?

SOUND:

(BODY FALL)

TWEEDY:

I found it.

PATSY:

Are you mad at me, Uncle Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

Well - my child psychology says no. But my anatomy says yes.

PATSY:

Am I bad?

TWEEDY:

Well - yes and no. You're like the little girl in Longfellow's poem.

PATSY:

I am? What was she like?

TWEEDY:

"There was a little girl

Who had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead.

When she was good

She was very, very good,

But when she was bad she was horrid."

PATSY:

I don't have a curl in the middle of my forehead.

TWEEDY:

That isn't the point. When you're bad I just can't believe that you're my Patsy. You seem like another little girl.

PATSY:

That's it, Uncle Tweedy. Another little girl does all those bad things. I want to be good. But the other Patsy inside me, she tells me to do the bad things.

TWEEDY:

Why do you listen to her?

PATSY:

Because she says it'll be fun. And it is. But maybe I'll be good when I grow up.

TWEEDY:

Maybe. But at the rate you're going, Uncle Tweedy won't live to see it. (ARCHLY) I was planning to take you to the circus this afternoon, but now I think I'll change my mind.

PATSY:

All right.

TWEEDY:

(CRESTFALLEN) Er...you mean you don't want to go to the circus?

PATSY:

No. I have to look after my lemonade stand.

TWEEDY:

Welby can look after your lemonade business.

PATSY:

No. He'll drink me out of business.

TWEEDY:

(SHARPLY) But I bought two tickets in the front row.

PATSY:

You said I was a bad girl so you shouldn't take me.

TWEEDY:

Well - you haven't been that bad.

PATSY:

Oh yes I have. Besides, I'd rather sell lemonade.

TWEEDY:

Be reasonable, Patsy. (SELLING) We'll get hot dogs and cotton candy and ice cream and soda pop. How does that sound?

PATSY:

Like a tummy ache.

TWEEDY:

Er...we could see the lions and tigers and feed peanuts to the elephants. Won't that be fun, Patsy?

PATSY:

If you want to go so bad, Uncle Tweedy, go ahead. I won't tell anybody.

TWEEDY:

Me want to go. Ridiculous. Circuses are for children. Er -- personally, I detest the things. Just a lot of noise and people pushing you around.

PATSY:

But Uncle Tweedy --

TWEEDY:

(MAD) You're just being stubborn. I never heard of a child not wanting to go to the circus.

PATSY:

But you said I've been bad and --

TWEEDY:

You certainly have. And I'm going to punish you by taking you to the circus.

SOUND:

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

TWEEDY:

(MAD) Come in.

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

TILCY:

(COMING IN) Good morning, Thaddeus. I dropped by to see if you'd finished grading those examination papers.

TWEEDY:

Er..no. I haven't gotten around to them. Miss Tilcy. What do you think of a little girl who doesn't want to go to the circus?

TILCY:

Patsy doesn't want to go to the circus?

PATSY:

I'd rather sell lemonade.

TILCY:

But Patsy. Surely you'd like to see the bareback rider? She's a beautiful girl with long blonde hair and looks just like your doll there.

PATSY:

She does? She looks like my doll?

TWEEDY:

The very image.

TILCY:

Yes, and she stands up on the back of a beautiful white horse and rides around and around the ring.

PATSY:

I want to see her. I want to see her.

TWEEDY:

Ah, thank you, Miss Tilcy. I'll go right upstairs and get ready.

PATSY:

But Uncle Tweedy. You said you didn't like circuses.

TWEEDY:

Er...well...

TILCY:

You said they were just a lot of noise with people pushing you around.

PATSY:

Yes. But - but -

TWEEDY:

If you don't want to go, Thaddeus, I'll be glad to take her.

WEEDY: No, no. I wouldn't think of it. You have enough to do as dean of women.

TILCY: Not at all. I haven't been to a circus in years. I'd really enjoy it. The peanuts and popcorn and clowns..

WEEDY: Yes. Well, I want --

TILCY: I know. You want a quiet afternoon all to yourself.

WEEDY: I have two tickets in the front row --

TILCY: Well, thank you, Thaddeus. That's very sweet of you.

I do wish you could come with us.

WEEDY: Well, if you insist. I could get another tick---

TILCY: But you still have those examination papers to grade.

WEEDY: Er...yes..

TILCY: I'll take Patsy off your hands Run along dear and dress.

PATSY: Uncle Tweedy, while I'm gone, I'll let you look after my lemonade stand.

WEEDY: Thanks.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (CIRCUS ATMOSPHERE)

TILCY: My, that hot dog was good. I think I'll have another.

PATSY: But you already had four, Miss Tilcy.

TILCY: Are you having a good time, Patsy?

PATSY: Uh-huh. What is that man over there doing?

TILCY: He guesses people's weight.

PATSY: Why don't you let him guess yours?

TILCY: It's none of his business.

SPIELER:

(FADE IN) Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Don't push. Come one, come all. See Mamie the lion tamer. She handles the most vicious lions and tigers ever captured in the darkest jungles of Africa. (LAUGHS) But she's not afraid of them -- are you Mamie?

MAMIE:

Afraid? What is there to be afraid of? I'm not afraid of nothin'. Nothing scares me.

SPIELER:

(FADE) Watch her handle these vicious animals like --

MUSIC:

(ORIENTAL THEME...DOWN AND CARRY UNDER)

BARKER:

(FADE IN) Here she is. Here she is. The Egyptian fortune teller. She knows the secrets of the sphinx. For one dollar. She reads your palm. She reads your mind. She tells your future by the bumps on your head.

PATSY:

Let's go in and see her, Miss Tilcy.

TILCY:

No. The idea. Bumps on your head. That's for a lot of silly idiots.

PATSY:

Oh look. There's Uncle Tweedy going in.

MUSIC:

(UP AND OUT)

TWEEDY:

Well madame, which will it be first? My palm, my mind, or the bumps on my head?

FORTUNE:

One dollar, please.

TWEEDY:

Oh, I see. First, it's your palm. Here you are.

FORTUNE:

Now let me see your hand.

TWEEDY:

Here you are.

FORTUNE:

H'm -- Uh huh -- Well, well.

TWEEDY:

What is it?

FORTUNE:

I'd rather not tell you, Mister. Here's your dollar back.

TWEEDY: Will another dollar help you?

FORTUNE: Thank you.

TWEEDY: Here you are. Well?

FORTUNE: Go home.

TWEEDY: What.

FORTUNE: Get away from this circus as fast as you can. I see trouble here for you. It's a matter of life and death.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Life and death. Ridiculous. Preposterous.

(CONCERNED) What do you mean?

FORTUNE: Give me another dollar and I'll tell you some more.

TWEEDY: Oh no you don't. I can see through your game. Good day, madame.

FORTUNE: (OFF) Remember I warned you.

TWEEDY: Bah.

I am the master of my fate:

I am the captain of my soul.

Only a fool would come in here. Oh. Hello, Miss Tilcy.

TILCY: (LAUGHS) Why Thaddeus. Did you have your head examined?

TWEEDY: I only went in out of curiosity. Sheer curiosity. Can you imagine? She said I was going to get into trouble.

TILCY: I could have told you that for nothing. You're supposed to be grading examination papers.

TWEEDY: Er -- why don't we all have some pink lemonade? Here's the stand. Three please.

TILCY: I don't want any.

TWEEDY: Two please.



TILCY:

It always looks so good and tastes so poisonous.

TWEEDY:

Poisonous...life and death...make that just one.

TILCY:

Thaddeus, you don't know what you're missing. Why I've tried everything today. I've had hot dogs, hamburgers, cotton candy, taffy apples, peanuts, corn on the cob, and -- oh dear....

TWEEDY:

What's the matter, Miss Tilcy?

TILCY:

Er -- excuse me. I have to get some bicarbonate of soda.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(BIG TOP EFFECTS)

TWEEDY:

Look, Patsy. Look at that clown with the traffic light nose. See. First it's red and then it's green.

PATSY:

Where did Miss Tilcy go?

TWEEDY:

Huh? What? Oh, Tilcy. She went home. She wasn't feeling very well. I think it was that last bicarbonate of soda that did it.

PATSY:

Oh, look. That clown fell off the horse and the fire truck ran over him. He's hurt.

TWEEDY:

No. He's not hurt. See. He's running around.

PATSY:

That's right. He's laughing.

TWEEDY:

Even if he were hurt, he'd laugh.

PATSY:

What do you mean, Uncle Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

It's his job to laugh and make us laugh.

PATSY:

Gee, I bet it would be fun to have a job like that.

TWEEDY:

Not always, Patsy. It isn't much fun to have to laugh when your heart is breaking. Perhaps he's hiding sadness behind that painted grin.

PATSY: What's he so sad about?

TWEEDY: Well. Maybe his house burned down. But the show must go on.

PATSY: But he lives in a tent.

TWEEDY: In a tent, yes...well...Maybe his wife is in the hospital and his little girl is sick too. Perhaps he can't afford a doctor. But in spite of his troubles he has to come out here and make us laugh while his heart is breaking.

PATSY: Uncle Tweedy, he's leaving the ring. Let's go back and cheer him up.

TWEEDY: No, no. Look. Here come the elephants.

PATSY: (EDGE OF TEARS) Well he made me laugh, and now he's out there crying by himself because he's lonely and sad.

TWEEDY: Now, now, that was just a story.

PATSY: (BAWLS) I want to make him laugh.

TWEEDY: No. We are not going to go bothering any clowns!

PATSY: (HEARTY BAWLING)

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY: I beg your pardon, sir. We're trying to find one of the clowns.

PATSY: The one with the traffic light nose.

TWEEDY: I'm him. That nose is a very outstanding gimmick, ain't it?

PATSY: Is your wife any better?

TWEEDY: Huh?

TWEEDY: Ahem. Patsy.

PATSY: Uncle Tweedy said your wife was in the hospital and your little girl was sick and you couldn't afford a doctor and you were back here crying.

TWEEDY: Perhaps I exaggerated a little.

JOEY: What's your racket, bud? Insurance?

TWEEDY: No, no. You see, I merely pointed out that clowns make other people happy but are not always happy themselves. In other words, that you might have a secret sorrow.

JOEY: Me? Joey Schultz wit a secret sorrow? Listen. I'm sittin' on top of the world.

TWEEDY: Can't you think of anything that makes you unhappy? Perhaps a broken romance?

JOEY: Boy, what a wet blanket. Listen. Tonight I'm popping the question to the most beautiful dame in the world. Lulu, the bareback rider. She ought to be here in a few minutes.

TWEEDY: Oh. Well, perhaps your health isn't all it should be.

JOEY: I knew the guy was selling insurance. Look, bud, I feel great.

TWEEDY: Well -- er -- everybody has financial problems.

JOEY: Not me. I just got a raise, see? And I got a patent on my nose that lights up, see? In fact I'm thinking of putting that nose into mass production, for bedlamps. Boy, I'm the happiest guy in the world, see.

(DEFEATED) I see. Apparently I was wrong, Patsy.

If Lulu says yes tonight I've got the ring all ready.

Can I see it please?

Sure. Come on in. But you stay out here, mister, and don't let anybody in. (GOING OFF) I don't want Lulu to see it until tonight.

But -- oh, very well. But hurry up. I'm missing a lot of the show.

(COMING IN) Excuse me. I gotta see Joey.

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm afraid you can't go in there.

Afraid? What are you afraid of? I'm not afraid of nothin'. Nothin' scares me. Don't you know who I am?

Yes, I know who you are, but you can't go in there now. You're a very lucky young lady. Joey has been telling me how much he's in love with you.

He has?

Oh yes.

(OFF) There you are, Patsy. Isn't that ring a beauty? Boy, when I pop the question and give her this sparkler, is she gonna be surprised.

Joey's even got the ring.

Yes. But you weren't supposed to hear that. When he gives it to you, act surprised.

What a kick I'll get out of telling this to Lulu.

Lulu?

Yeah, Lulu. That bareback rider. So me, Mamie, the liontamer, is gonna marry Joey after all.

TWEEDY: Liontamer. But I thought --

MAMIE: (OFF) Tell Joey I'll be right back, Pop.

TWEEDY: (CALLS) But wait. I didn't know you were -- (WEAKLY)  
-- Mamie.

PATSY: (COMING IN) Uncle Tweedy, Uncle Tweedy. The ring is  
beautiful. Joey let me wear it.

TWEEDY: Yes. Well, Uncle Tweedy has to explain something to  
Joey right away.

JOEY: I haven't got time now. (GOING OFF) I'm late for my  
act.

TWEEDY: (MOANS)

PATSY: You see, Uncle Tweedy, clowns aren't really unhappy.

TWEEDY: Well...er...sometimes they have troubles they don't  
know anything about. It's just a matter of digging  
them up.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

HOSTAND: 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 - watch a PELL MELL smoker try to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette and you'll make an interesting discovery ... a discovery that is important to you if you're still smoking short cigarettes. 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: PELL MELL is cooler. "Outstanding!"

2ND ANNR: And - they are mild!

1ST ANNR: PELL MELL is smoother. "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)

ORCHESTRA:

(THEME)

NARRATOR:

And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. The circus fortune teller saw trouble in Dr. Tweedy's palm. Now Dr. Tweedy is doing a little fortune telling on his own. He can see trouble coming in Joey's fist.

JOEY:

Here comes Joey, Uncle Tweedy.

JOEY:

Yes. Er...Patsy, you go over there and watch the elephants and giraffes.

JOEY:

What do the giraffes do?

JOEY:

They stick their neck out - like Uncle Tweedy. Run along.

JOEY:

(OFF) All right.

JOEY:

Joey.

JOEY:

(IN THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR) Please leave me alone, mister.

Don't talk to me. My heart's busted. My romance has gone down the drain.

JOEY:

(SYMPATHETICALLY) I know, Joey. And I was the one who pulled the plug.

JOEY:

Huh? You busted me up with Lulu, the bareback rider?

JOEY:

Yes. I did it. I pulled your love off the horse's neck and stuck it in the lion's mouth.

JOEY:

What did you tell Lulu?

JOEY:

I told Lulu you were madly in love with her. Then I found out she was Mamie.

JOEY:

The liontamer? How could you make a mistake like that?

JOEY:

Well, not many people can do it, but I can.

JOEY:

I've lost Lulu. There's nothing left in life for me.  
But I still gotta go out there and do my act - be a  
clown.

TWEEDY:

It's Pagliacci all over again.

JOEY:

At the end of the show I've got to go up on the high  
wire and clown around with the flying trapeze artists.

TWEEDY:

But you can't do it in that condition.

JOEY:

A hundred feet in the air. And no net. I swing out  
over the audience and let go. I start to fall, and  
just in the nick of time Grippo catches me by the seat  
of my pants.

TWEEDY:

Now don't worry, Joey. I started this thing and I'll  
see it through to a finish. You come with me and I'll  
straighten everything out.

(MUSIC)

TWEEDY:

You wait right here, Joey, while I talk to Mamie.

JOEY:

Mamie?! Why don't you talk to Lulu!

TWEEDY:

Tut tut. Leave it to Dr. Tweedy. I know how to handle  
these things. Wait here. (CALLS) Mamie. Mamie.

(MUTTERS) Hmm. How does one knock on a tent? (CALLS)  
Mamie.

MAMIE:

(OFF) Come in.

SOUND:

(SWISH OF CANVAS)

MAMIE:

Oh. It's you.

TWEEDY:

My, what a big roomy tent you have.

MAMIE:

Yeah, I need room to limber up these whips.

SOUND:

(CRACKS OF WHIP)



TWEEDY: Er - are you very good with a whip?  
MAMIE: See that match over there on the table?  
SOUND: (WHIP CRACK)  
MAMIE: Lit. I could take your mustache off hair by hair.  
TWEEDY: Er...I'm sure you could. But I've grown attached to it.  
MAMIE: (FEELING GREAT) What do you want? Ask me a favor.  
This is the happiest day in my life.  
TWEEDY: Are you sure you really love Joey?  
MAMIE: You said he's gonna ask me to marry him, didn't you?  
SOUND: (CRACK OF WHIP)  
MAMIE: Didn't you?  
TWEEDY: Did I? I mean I did. But --  
MAMIE: Would you believe that not many men want to marry a liontamer?  
TWEEDY: Really? I can't understand it. You look very feminine -- with that whip in your hand. But after all, this is a serious step. You should look before you leap.  
MAMIE: What are you trying to say?  
TWEEDY: Er...well...Joey is a clown. And you know clowns. Always clowning. Anything for a laugh. I hope you haven't told anyone about his ...er...proposed proposal.  
MAMIE: I only told Lulu.

NEEDY: Only Lulu. Madame, I'll be frank with you. And I'm afraid this is going to hurt me worse than you. Joey doesn't want to marry you, and furthermore, he never did.

MAMIE: No?

NEEDY: No. It was all my fault. When you came up to me outside his tent, I thought...

MAMIE: I suppose you're going to pull that old gag that you thought I was Lulu.

NEEDY: Yes. That's right.

MAMIE: You know, you're the bravest man I ever saw.

NEEDY: Thank you.

SOUND: (CRACK OF WHIP)

NEEDY: Where did my necktie go?

MAMIE: You tell Joey he ain't giving me the bum's rush.

NEEDY: I'm sorry, but you have no hold on Joey.

MAMIE: Maybe not, but my brother Grippo has. When Joey does his stunt on the high wire, Grippo is the one who is supposed to grab the seat of Joey's pants.

NEEDY: Supposed to?

MAMIE: And when Grippo hears that his little sister Mamie has been jilted, he may get butterfingered.

NEEDY: Oh no.

MAMIE: Oh yeah. Tell him he'll either be a live husband or a dead fiance.

NEEDY: I'll give him your message. Goodbye.

SOUND: (SWISH OF CANVAS)

NEEDY: Joey?

JOEY: (COMING IN) Here I am, Dr. Tweedy. You got everything straightened out?

TWEEDY: Well, I'm getting warmer. But complications have set in.

JOEY: Look. Maybe you'd better just forget the whole thing.

TWEEDY: Oh no, my friend. When I start something I always finish it.

JOEY: Couldn't you make an exception in my case?

TWEEDY: No, no, I won't hear of it. I take full responsibility. When I first met you you said you were sitting on top of the world. You had health, wealth and happiness.

JOEY: I know. But all I got left is health and wealth.

TWEEDY: Well - I wouldn't count on the health. Joey, you mustn't go up on that high wire today.

JOEY: I gotta go up there. In my contract it says if I miss one show the boss can drop me.

TWEEDY: And if you go up there, Grippo will drop you. Now don't you worry about that contract. Where is the owner's wagon?

JOEY: Look. I'll settle for just the wealth. Aren't you satisfied?

TWEEDY: No. I want to fix this thing up right. What's the owner's name?

JOEY: Mister Ross.

(MUSIC)

MAMIE: Mr. Ross, you're the boss of this outfit. I want you to throw a certain old guy off the grounds.

JOEY: Anything you say, Mamie. And I'm glad you dropped around.

MAMIE: This guy keeps sticking his nose into -- You're glad?  
ROSS: Yes. I was thinking of dropping over to your cage and asking you to have dinner with me.

MAMIE: No kiddin'.

ROSS: It keeps me pretty busy running this circus, but I've had my eye on you for a long time. You've got what it takes, Mamie. You handle those lions like I handle the mugs who work for me.

MAMIE: Gee, I never knew you felt that way about me, Mr. Ross.  
ROSS: Charlie.

MAMIE: (FLIRTATIONOUSLY) Charlie.

ROSS: I don't use a lot of fancy language. And I don't waste a lot of time. But maybe you and me would make a pretty good pair. Maybe we ought to team up.

MAMIE: Gosh. I've hit the jackpot today.

ROSS: Or am I just one of the guys in your parade?

MAMIE: Well --

ROSS: Because the only parades I like are with elephants.

MAMIE: Oh no, Charlie. There isn't anybody else.

ROSS: Good. I like to be the big boss.

MAMIE: And with Mamie it's the best or nothing.

ROSS: That means me, baby.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

ROSS: Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

NEEDY: (COMING IN) How do you do, Mr. Ross. I - er - hello, Mamie. Er - Goodbye, Mr. Ross.

ROSS: Hey. Wait a minute. What do you want?

NEEDY: You're busy. I'll come back later.

ROSS: You seem to know Mamie.

NEEDY: Yes. Our meeting is stamped on my - memory.

ROSS: Pull up a chair and sit down.

NEEDY: Er - thank you. I'd rather stand.

ROSS: What's on your mind, mister?

MAMIE: Charlie you're the only man in my life. (WITH MEANING)

I want you to know that.

NEEDY: Oh. You mean you were only joking about Joey?

ROSS: Joey? My clown?

NEEDY: Yes. She told me --

MAMIE: Forget it.

NEEDY: (LAUGHS) I'll never forget it. She told me she wanted to marry Joey. She said if he didn't marry her, Grippo wouldn't grab Joey's pants.

ROSS: What are you talking about?

MAMIE: Listen, Charlie. This guy has been chasing me all over the grounds.

ROSS: (MENACE) He has?

NEEDY: Yes. I was trying to straighten out Joey's romance.

MAMIE: He told me Joey was in love with me, didn't you?

NEEDY: Well, yes, I did, but --

ROSS: Listen. No clown's cutting in on my time. Beat it.

NEEDY: But --

ROSS: And you can tell Joey he's fired.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

NEEDY: (MEEKLY) Joey. Oh, Joey.

JOEY: Don't tell me, mister. I know.

NEEDY: Now, now. I said I'd straighten things out and I will.

JOEY: Take it easy, will you? All I have left is my life.

(DOOR OPEN OFF)

(COMING IN) ROSS: Hey. Joey.

JOEY: Yes, Mr. Ross?

ROSS: Pick up your pack check and pull up stakes.

NEEDY: An excellent idea, Joey.

JOEY: Huh?

NEEDY: You're wasting your brilliant talents in a small circus like this. You belong in the big time. Here you have no scope for your genius. But in my circus you will be the star.

ROSS: Your circus?

NEEDY: The Tweedy Bigtop.

ROSS: Never heard of it.

JOEY: Me neither.

NEEDY: What? You've never heard of the Tweedy Bigtop? The greatest, most stupendous, miraculous, breath-taking, super-colossal show on earth? The only four ring circus in the world.

ROSS: Four rings?

NEEDY: Yes, four rings. A bit daring, but typical of my gigantic operations. Nothing is too good for my suckers -- I mean customers. One of my prize exhibits is a zebramutation. Very unique. The stripes run from head to tail. And now that you've fired Joey, I'll have the greatest clown in the world.

ROSS: So that's it. You tricked me into firing him so you could get him yourself.

NEEDY: Precisely

JOEY: Well, it won't work. I've got him under contract.

TWEEDY: Contract? Then you couldn't have fired him.

JOEY: No, but he didn't know that.

TWEEDY: I can break that contract for you, Joey.

JOEY: Thanks, but I'd rather stay here with Lulu.

TWEEDY: Say the word and I'll break it. I'm an authority on contracts.

JOEY: No, no. Don't. Joey, I'll give you a raise. Fifty more a week.

TWEEDY: The contract law clearly states that: "An offer for which such consideration has been given or received, irrespective of termination by insanity or --?"

ATSY: (COMING IN) Uncle Tweedy. Uncle Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Uncle Tweedy is busy, dear. As I was saying, "Where an offeree exercises dominion over --?"

ATSY: It's time to go home. You have to grade those examination papers.

JOEY: Examination papers?

ATSY: Yes. Uncle Tweedy teaches at Potts College.

TWEEDY: (LAUGHS) Good afternoon, gentlemen. Come on, Patsy.

JOEY: Why you --

TWEEDY: Hurry. Run.

JOEY: (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)

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

ND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ST ANNR: And - they are mild!

ND 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.

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

ND ANNR: On land!

ND: (BUGLE CALL)

ST ANNR: In the air!

ND: (DIVE BOMBER)

ND ANNR: On the sea!

ND: (WHOOF WHOOF WHOOF)

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

ND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ND 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.

NEEDY:

Today's topic is luck. What's lucky for some is unlucky for others. For instance, that lucky rabbit's foot you carry wasn't so lucky for the rabbit. Which brings me to my thought for the week. If your cup runneth over -- drink from the saucer. (LAUGHS)  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

HOSTAND:

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, producers of the technicolor musical, "Holiday in Mexico". Starring tonight with Mr. Morgan were Nana Bryant as Miss Tilcy and Dawn Bender as Patsy. Music was composed and directed by Eliot Deniel. Eddie Marr played Joey, Laureen Tuttle -- Mamie, Georgia Backus - the fortune teller and Earl Ross - the circus owner. Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight for Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

(THEME TO CUE)

THE FRANK MORGAN SHOW CAME TO YOU FROM HOLLYWOOD.  
THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.