

RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

CLIENT:

AMERICAN C. & C. COMPANY
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

REV. PROGRAM #15
BROADCAST: SEPT. 8, 1946
NBC

DATE:

PROGRAM:

THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

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)

TECH: (TWEEDY THEME FULL & FADE FOR)

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

(APPLAUSE)

TECH: (FULL THEME & FADE FOR)

NARRATOR: Saturday is a lonely day on the campus of Potts College. Only two people are at work in the deserted administration building -- Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, the dean of men, and Willie Beezer, the college handyman.

SOUND: (SWEEPING IN RHYTHM WITH SINGING)

WILLIE: (SINGS SONG SUCH AS CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO OR BLUES IN THE NIGHT)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS COMING IN)

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Willie, what's that horrible noise?

WILLIE: Why, Dr. Tweedy, that was me singing. I guess I don't sound much like Bing Crosby, do I?

TWEEDY: Sounds more like one of his horses.

WILLIE: Well I got a little frog in my throat.

TWEEDY: Then let the frog sing.

WILLIE: Yeah. But I like to sing when I'm workin'.

TWEEDY: You certainly spend a lot of time cleaning Mr. Potts' office. You never give my office this much attention.

WILLIE: I know, Dr. Tweedy. But Mr. Potts is chairman of the board of trustees. Your boss and my boss. I like to stay on his good side.

TWEEDY:

Good side? Does he have one?

WILLIE:

Aw, Mr. Potts is very kind, Dr. Tweedy. Remember when I sprained my back moving his desk? He insisted I take the rest of the day off.

TWEEDY:

That doesn't sound like Mr. Potts.

WILLIE:

Of course he docked me a full day's pay.

TWEEDY:

That sounds like Mr. Potts. All he ever thinks about is money. He's spent his whole life making money. But nobody likes him. He hasn't any friends.

WILLIE:

You said it. What's he got to show for it?

TWEEDY:

Just a million dollars.

WILLIE:

That's a lot of friends.

TWEEDY:

But it's only money, Willie. You know what they say.
"Money doesn't bring happiness."

WILLIE:

No. But it can bring the kind of misery that I enjoy.
If you don't like money, Dr. Tweedy, why are you trying to get the job of Chancellor at twice your present salary?

TWEEDY:

It's simply the pride of achievement, Willie -- NOT THE MONEY. Thank heavens money has never gotten a hold on me....or vice versa. It's all very silly anyway -- Mr. Potts never intended to give me the Chancellorship.

WILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy. You mean to say he's been stringing you along? I'm profoundly shocked.

TWEEDY:

He doesn't fool me with that act he puts on -- the big, successful executive. Anybody could do that. Watch.
Here's Mr. Potts coming into his office.

WILLIE: Oh-oh. Where's my dustpan? Where's my broom?

TWEEDY: No, no, Willie. I'm just Mr. Potts in fancy.

WILLIE: In fancy what?

TWEEDY: In fancy nothing.

WILLIE: That's an awful good way to catch cold.

TWEEDY: No, no, Willie. I'm just pretending I'm Mr. Potts.

WILLIE: I get it. You're playing you're Mr. Potts.

TWEEDY: Yes. Now -- I come into the room --

SOUND: (BELL TINKLE)

TWEEDY: (IMITATING POTTS) Willie. Willie Beezer. Where's Tweedy?

WILLIE: Oh -- Oh. Mr. Potts, what's he done now?

TWEEDY: Have Tweedy come to my office on the double. Today's my day to give him twenty lashes. And bring some salt to rub in the wounds.

WILLIE: Better be careful, Mr. Potts. Things like that might make him quit his job.

TWEEDY: Oh no. I'll dangle the Chancellorship in front of him. That poor sucker bites every time.

WILLIE: He sure does.

TWEEDY: Shut up. Ahem. While I'm waiting for Tweedy, I'll sit down in my great big overstuffed chair and put my great big feet up on my solid mahogany desk.

SOUND: (LONG SCRATCH ON WOOD)

WILLIE: M'm M'm...You sure made a big scratch on your desk... Mr. Potts.

TWEEDY: H'm. Nail in my heel. Order three new desks. And charge them to the college.

TWEEDY:

Now I want to relax. I'll dictate a few nasty remarks. Where is my dicta----- Oh, look Willie. Mr. Potts bought one of those new wire recorders.

ILLIE:

Wire recorder?

TWEEDY:

Yes. You talk into it and everything you say is recorded on a wire. Then you press a button and it plays back everything you said.

ILLIE:

Oh, that's wonderful. Could I sing in there and hear how I sound?

TWEEDY:

No, no. You're better off not knowing. Here. I'll turn it on.

SOUND:

(CLICK....LIGHT HUM)

ILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy. You sure we ought to do this?

TWEEDY:

Oh, I understand these machines perfectly. And Mr. Potts will never know. There's just the two of us in the room. Now. I'll press this button.

POTTS:

(FILTER - OFF STAGE) Tweedy. Tweedy, you're too darn nosy. Keep your hands off my new wire recording machine (LAUGHS) Caught you, didn't I? I recorded my voice here because I knew you'd come nosing around. (LAUGHS)

ILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy. Don't pop your eyes out like that.

TWEEDY:

Where did that come from?

ILLIE:

From the recording machine.

TWEEDY:

Er -- or -- That's a typical Potts trick. Of all the underhanded and insulting things he's ever done to me, this is the worst. Imagine, suspecting me of fooling around with his new machine.

ILLIE:

Especially when you was only fooling around with it.

TWEEDY:

Yes. Well, I'll put a little something on the machine for him to hear when he comes in. Willie, press that button.

SOUND:

(CLICK AND HUM)

WILLIE:

You're on the air.

TWEEDY:

Mr. Potts, you are an unmitigated, unadulterated fathead.

WILLIE:

You can say that again.

TWEEDY:

You're a pompous double-dealing nincompoop. You're lower than a nincompoop. You're a noncompoop.

WILLIE:

Noncompoop? What's that, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY:

That's a non-commissioned nincompoop. And furthermore, I resent the slippery way you've taken advantage of me. I resign.

WILLIE:

Three cheers for Dr. Tweedy. Hurrah. Hurrah. Hurrah.

TWEEDY:

Thank you, Willie.

WILLIE:

Why don't you tell that to Mr. Potts' face sometime?

TWEEDY:

Er...er...Oh no. I might get fired.

WILLIE:

Then you better remove your remarks from that machine.

TWEEDY:

Er...yes. You're right, Willie. As I recall, these wire recorders have three buttons. One for recording, one for playing it back and one for erasing what you recorded. Oh yes. Here's the erase button.

SOUND:

(BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ)

WILLIE:

H'm. The line's busy.

TWEEDY:

We'll try it again. I've got to erase my words off there!

SOUND:

(BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ...SQUEAL)

WILLIE: No use Dr. Tweedy. The erase button's jammed.
TWEEDY: So am I.
WILLIE: Oh, Dr. Tweedy. When Mr. Potts comes in here and plays that....
TWEEDY: Oh...ee-er Willie! I've got to get somebody to fix this machine before Mr. Potts gets here.
MUSIC: (PERHAPS BRASS LAUGHS)
SOUND: (FAST FOOTSTEPS)
POTTS: (COMING IN) Tweedy. Oh Tweedy.
TWEEDY: Oh. Mr. Potts. I was just thinking about you.
POTTS: Tweedy. Come up to my office. I want to talk to you.
TWEEDY: Er...Mr. Potts, couldn't we talk outdoors here? You know. The sunshine. The birds. I want to feel free to run...around..if I want to run around.
POTTS: Tweedy, my friend, why are you so upset?
TWEEDY: Your friend. Oh. Then you haven't been to your office.
POTTS: No I haven't. Tweedy, you act like a little boy that was caught stealing soda pop.
TWEEDY: Yes..Well I haven't gotten the soda yet..But I'm expecting something to pop any minute.
POTTS: Tweedy, I have a terrible problem.
TWEEDY: How is Mrs. Potts?
POTTS: She's fine. My problem is with Rocky Rummel, our star fullback. That boy has something on his mind.
TWEEDY: I didn't think he had anything between his ears but solid bone.

POTTS:

Solid as a cue ball, but he does think in a primitive sort of way. Enough to send word to me that he's leaving school.

TWEEDY:

Why, I only got him away from H.M.I. last week. I thought he'd be here at least ten or twelve years.

POTTS:

Tweedy, I want you to talk to Rocky Rummel and make him stay here. The team needs him. We can't win without him.

TWEEDY:

But Mr. Potts. That's his business. And I make it a habit never to interfere in other people's business.

POTTS:

Except mine! I don't care what his reasons are. You make him stay.

TWEEDY:

No, Mr. Potts, no! Absolutely not. I've learned my lesson.

POTTS:

Tweedy, this means a lot to me. I've bet thousands of dollars on the football games this year.

TWEEDY:

Well, you shouldn't gamble. Let this be a lesson to you.

POTTS:

(THREATENING) Tweedy, let me ask you a question. What am I?

TWEEDY:

You mean...er...you really want to know?

POTTS:

Er...(QUICKLY) I'm chairman of the board of trustees. The trustees select the....

TWEEDY:

I know, the Chancellor. Oh no, Mr. Potts. I won't bite on that again.

POTTS:

I had a very favorable meeting with the board today, Tweedy. You're under consideration for the post.

TWEEDY:

No! No!...Er, I am?

POTTS:

And I've eliminated a lot of other candidates, Tweedy. Because I want you to get what you've got coming to you

TWEEDY: Yes, I feel that you're in back of me...ready to give me that boost. Chancellor Tweedy. Chancellor Thaddeus Q. Tweedy. It has a nice ring.

POTTS: And it pays twice your present salary.

TWEEDY: Er....I'll take care of it, Mr. Potts. Don't worry about a thing. Rocky's probably down at Mrs. Muldoon's Malt Shop eating one of her big banana splits with three scoops of ice cream and...and...Mmmm...(DROOLING) Three scoops. I'll see you later, Mr. Potts.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN..JUKE BOX IN..DOOR CLOSE..BRING DOWN JUKE BOX)

TWEEDY: Mrs. Muldoon. One banana split.

MRS. MULDOON: (BROGUE) Sure, and here you are, Dr. Tweedy. I've got it all ready. I saw you coming.

TWEEDY: (BROGUE) Ah, Mrs. Muldoon, and when I bite into one of your banana splits, it's like a breath of old Ireland.

MRS. M: Ah, go 'way with you!

TWEEDY: By the way, Mrs. Muldoon, I'm looking for Rocky Rummel. Has he been here?

MRS. M: He's in the back booth. I just took him his fifth banana split. There's something on that boy's mind.

TWEEDY: Oh, no. He fools everybody. Excuse me.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

MURDON: Hello, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Hello.

NESTAND: Hiya, Doc.

TWEEDY:

Hello. Oh, here you are, Rocky. And how is the world's greatest football player?

ROCKY:

Broken hearted, Dr. Tweedy. I'm drowning my sorrows in banana splits.

TWEEDY:

Now now, Rocky, that's a weakling's way out. What's on your mind? And I use the word loosely. What's this I hear about your leaving Potts College?

ROCKY:

That's right, Dr. Tweedy. I've got to leave. I can't stand it here any longer. Mary Potts has tossed me aside like an old shoe.

TWEEDY:

Rocky, you can't leave school. The team needs you. Besides, you'll break Mary's heart.

ROCKY:

Huh?

TWEEDY:

Just because she goes out with other boys doesn't mean she doesn't love you. She's trying to make you jealous.

ROCKY:

You really think that's it?

TWEEDY:

That's got to be it. Ask yourself. What other reason could there be? You're handsome. You're tall. You're strong. You're intell-- intell -- You're strong.

ROCKY:

Gee.

TWEEDY:

Stay here at Potts, Rocky. Get in there and fight. Sweep Mary off her feet. Ask her to marry you.

ROCKY:

Dr. Tweedy, I was all ready to do that. I even bought this ring. But then I lost my nerve. If I only knew how to propose.

TWEEDY:

Rocky, give me that ring. I'll show you how to propose. The Tweedy method never fails. I know all about women.

ROCKY:

But you're not married.

TWEEDY: You see. (LAUGHS) I know all about women. When you use the Tweedy technique on Mary, she's yours.

ROCKY: Okay, Dr. Tweedy. I'll stay.

TWEEDY: Now, let's pretend that you're the girl. I look deep into your eyes. I -- Er - brrr. Oh no. I'll have to have another subject. Go over and get Mrs. Muldoon. She'll be a slight improvement.

ROCKY: Okay.

TWEEDY: Tell her I'm going to give you a demonstration. I'm going to show you how to propose.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

ROCKY: Okay.

TWEEDY: (OFF) The Tweedy method is sure fire.

ROCKY: Mrs. Muldoon. Dr. Tweedy wants you to come over to the booth. He wants to show me how to --

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

MRS. M: Dr. Tweedy can talk for himself.

ROCKY: But Mrs. Muldoon, he wants me to tell you --

MRS. M: Never mind, Rocky. Ah, there you are, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: (BROGUE) Mrs. Muldoon, what a pleasure to gaze upon your beautiful face. (SOTTO VOICE) Now pay close attention, Rocky, Sit down, Mrs. Muldoon. No, no. Right next to me.

SOUND: (BENCH SQUEAKS)

TWEEDY: (BREATHLESS) Sure, and it's wonderful to have you so close. Leaves me breathless.

MRS. M: I'll move over a little.

TWEEDY:

Mrs. Muldoon. The fairest widow in all Pottsville. I want to speak to you from the heart. May I call you Katie?

MRS. M:

(LAUGHS RAUCOUSLY) Oh, Dr. Tweedy, you're really heaping the blarney.

TWEEDY:

Katie, my own sweet Katie, how I've been longing for this moment. I'm trapped in the magic of your spell. Your nearness sends the red blood coursing through my veins.

MRS. M:

Oh, Dr. Tweedy, you're making me feel like a sixteen year old bride.

TWEEDY:

For love of you I can't sleep. I can't eat. When I see your face before me, I lose my appetite. I long for the delirious, maddening moment when I can put my arms alllllll the way around you.

MRS. M:

Ah, you're making me break out in a cold sweat.

TWEEDY:

Katie, I love you. And my love is like a raging forest fire sweeping through the tall timber.

MRS. M:

And Katie Muldoon is so inflammable.

TWEEDY:

Take my bursting heart and make it yours. Say that all of you will be mine, all mine. Say you will marry me.

MRS. M:

Oh, Mother Machree, this is it. Yes, I'll marry you.

TWEEDY:

Now, Rocky, give me the ring.

ROCKY:

Here you are.

TWEEDY:

Katie, my beloved, let me have that slim, delicate third finger on your left hand and I'll slip this ring upon it. (GRUNTS) Oh well, it looks all right there on the first joint.

MRS. M:

Ah! It's beautiful.

TWEEDY: You see, Rocky. There's nothing to it.
MRS M: My man! Kiss me, kiss me, me darling.
TWEEDY: (HORRIFIED) Mrs. Muldoon!
MUND: (THE BIGGEST KISS AVAILABLE)
TWEEDY: (PROTESTING THROUGH KISS) Oh, no. No. No.
MRS M: There. I'll bet you've never been kissed like that.
TWEEDY: Help me up off the floor, Rocky!
MRS M: (SLIGHTLY OFF AND SHOUTING) Listen, everybody. I've
got an announcement to make. Dr. Tweedy just proposed
to me and I said yes. See the ring? Banana splits are
on the house!
(AD LIB: CHEERS, APPLAUSE - FADE A LITTLE AND HOLD)
ROCKY: Congratulations, Dr. Tweedy.
TWEEDY: (STUNNED) Congratulations?
ROCKY: The Tweedy method never fails.
TWEEDY: But, Rocky - didn't you tell her I was only pretending?
ROCKY: No.
TWEEDY: No? Oh, no! No! No!
CSIC: (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 - you'll be surprised to see what happens when a PELL MELL smoker tries to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette. 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 AND FADE)

HARR:

And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy is frequently like a bull in a china shop. But a little bull in the malt shop has gotten Dr. Tweedy engaged to Mrs. Muldoon. Even his closest friends know nothing of his whirlwind romance.

SOUND:

(BELL TINKLE)

POTTS:

Willie! Willie!

WILLIE:

Yes, Mr. Potts.

POTTS:

Has Dr. Tweedy been using my office?

WILLIE:

Oh, I'm sure Dr. Tweedy wouldn't fool around with nothing that belonged to you, Mr. Potts.

POTTS:

I rather figured that he'd want to play around with this new wire recorder of mine.

WILLIE:

Oh-oh.

POTTS:

In fact, I was so sure, I put a little message on it for him.

WILLIE:

Goodbye, Mr. Potts.

POTTS:

Wait a minute, Willie. I want you to hear it.

WILLIE:

I appreciate the gesture. Goodbye.

POTTS:

Listen to this. Think how it would have surprised Tweedy.

SOUND:

(CLICK OF SWITCH)

TWEEDY:

(FILTER - OFFSTAGE) Mr. Potts, you are an unmitigated, unadulterated fathead!

WILLIE:

(FILTER) You can say that again.

TWEEDY: (FILTER) You're a pompous, double dealing nincompoop. You're lower than a nincompoop. You're a noncompoop.

WILLIE: (FILTER) Noncompoop? What's that Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: (FILTER) That's a non-commissioned nincompoop. And furthermore, I resent the slippery way you've taken advantage of me. I resign.

POTTS: Why, that's Tweedy.

WILLIE: (FILTER) Three cheers for Dr. Tweedy. Hurrah. Hurrah. Hurrah.

POTTS: And that's you, Willie Beezer.

WILLIE: (VERY SICK) Hurrah. Hurrah. Hurrah.

POTTS: (FURIOUS) Fathead. Nincompoop. Noncompoop. Well, just wait until I get my hands around the neck of Dr. Thaddeus - Q. Tweedy!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

TWEEDY: (COMING IN) Did you call me, Mr. Potts?

WILLIE: Goodbye, gentlemen.

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

POTTS: (LIKE CAT WITH MOUSE) Oh, Dr. Tweedy. Have you seen my new wire recorder?

TWEEDY: Er - er - it looks complicated. I'm sure I couldn't learn to work it.

POTTS: Oh, I think you could learn to work it in no time. Here. Let me show you -

SOUND: (CLICK OF SWITCH)

TWEEDY: (FILTER) Mr. Potts, you are an unmitigated --

SOUND: (CLICK OF SWITCH)

POTTS: I'd rather not hear it again. Tweedy, didn't that voice sound familiar to you? Who could it be?

TWEEDY: Let me think. Churchill? Molotov? It couldn't have been Molotov - he walked out.

POTTS: Tweedy - it's you.

TWEEDY: (PINNED TO THE WALL) Me? Mr. Potts, let me tell you --

POTTS: Let me tell you, Tweedy. I accept your resignation.

TWEEDY: Er - er - Oh dear. And just as I had almost convinced Rocky Rummel to stay here. Oh, I hate to see you lose all that money.

POTTS: Money.

TWEEDY: Yes. The money you bet on the football games.

POTTS: Tweedy, I absolutely refuse to accept your resignation. The idea of resigning when you're practically the Chancellor of the college.

TWEEDY: You've talked me into it, Mr. Potts. I'm sure you want me to get right back to work. Excuse me.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

TWEEDY: Whew!

ROCKY: Dr. Tweedy...

TWEEDY: Er -- Rocky.

ROCKY: I've got to have my ring back, so that I can propose to Mary.

TWEEDY: Don't worry. I'll get it back from Mrs. Muldoon somehow.

ROCKY: You'll probably have to use a hacksaw to get it off.

TWEEDY: No, no. I'll use scap. Soft-soap.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN...JUKE BOX...DOOR CLOSE)

MRS. M: Thaddeus, me darling.

SOUND: (BIG KISS)

M: Oh wait darlin'! Now that you're going to be one of the family, I'd be likin' you to meet my brother Timothy.
(CALLS) Timothy.
(COMING IN) What do you want, sis? Who's the punk.
M: Now, Timothy, this is my fiance, Dr. Tweedy.
Well, well, well. Brother Tweedy.
EDY: Oh brother. So you're little Katie Muldoon's brother.
I can see a strong family resemblance.
M: Timothy's a prizefighter.
Heavyweight. Had eighty-seven fights so far. I'm still going strong. Built like an ox.
EDY: Yes, there's a strong family resemblance.
M: I want you two to like each other..
EDY: Mrs. Muldoon, I want...
M: Call me Katie, lover.
EDY: Lover. Katie, I want to talk to you about that ring. You see...
M: Not now. I have to go wait on some customers. Every moment away from you will be torture, darling.
EDY: (BIG KISS)
M: Oh, my love.
EDY: Oh, my liver.
M: (GOING OFF) I'll be right back.
EDY: Timothy, you're her brother. You can help me.
Is there somebody you want me to beat up for you? I love to fight.
EDY: This is about Katie.
About Katie? Did anybody say something about her? If anybody ever hurt little Katie's feelings I'd smash him to a pulp. I'd bust him wide open. Like this.

(FIST SMASHING WOOD - CRASH)

Now -- what was you gonna say about Katie?

WE'LL make a handsome couple, won't we?

I love being a fighter. Did I tell you I've had eighty-seven fights? Not many guys can last that long. They go crazy. You know - punch drunk. And when they're really gone they hear bells all the time. Answer the phone, brother.

Phone?

Yeah. The phone's ringing. Can't you hear the bell?

Bell? Phone. Oh yes.

(RECEIVER UP)

Hello. No. He isn't here.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

Who was that?

He wasn't there.

Oh. Let me see. What was we talking about? Oh yeah.

Did I ever tell you about my corkscrew punch? Hey.

Brother. There goes the phone again.

Phone? You mean you hear a phone ringing?

Shure.

You have sharp ears -- for a dull fellow.

(COMING IN) Here I am, lover boy.

(BIG KISS)

I think I'll go in the back room and do a little shadow boxing. (GOING OFF) I'll leave you two lovebirds alone.

Alone at last.

M: I know you're proud, Thaddeus, but I hope you'll let me keep my little malt shop after we're married. It will keep me in pin money.

EDY: Pin money? My salary is the pin money. This is what we'll live on. In fact, I was planning to retire.

M: Retire? But I only make only one hundred dollars a week profit.

EDY: Hundred dollars? Katie, you're beautiful.

M: And all I have in the bank is five hundred.

EDY: Five hundred, I don't want to rush you, Katie, but let's get married tomorrow.

M: Dr. Tweedy, would you be wanting to marry me for my money?

EDY: Mrs. Muldoon. Look in the mirror. Take a good look at yourself. Would I be marrying you for your money?

M: Well. Let's face it. No.

EDY: Well if you can face it, I can. Ah Katie, my own true love, how much insurance do you have?

M: Oh about seven hundred doll--- Dr. Tweedy, are you absolutely sure it's me you want and not my money?

EDY: Katie, my darling two people who love each other as we do shouldn't be suspicious of each other. Why do you want to marry me?

M: Because I thought an educated man like yourself would be making a lot of money.

EDY: Yes. Well let's see how much we have in the cash register. I'm a little short.

ED: (CASH REGISTER BELL)

M: Get your mitt out of that drawer! And here. Take your ring. You've just broken our engagement.

EDY: But Katie --

M: Mrs. Muldoon to you!

(COMING IN) Did I hear a bell? Hey. What's going on here?

M: Timothy. (SNIFFS) Our engagement is broken.

EDY: Well Mrs. Muldoon, I'm very sorry if I hurt your feelings --

You hurt my little sister's feelings? Tweedy, put up your dukes.

EDY: Er - I'm not in shape. I have to do some roadwork first. Excuse me.

(FAST FOOTSTEPS OUT -- DOOR SLAM)

(POUNING ON DOOR)

Tweedy, I know you're in your office. Open the door.

(POUNING ON DOOR)

You can't fool me. I know you're in there.

(OFF) LOUD SNEEZE

Okay. So don't open up. I'm coming in anyway.

(TIMOTHY FORCING DOOR)

Oh. Timothy. I didn't hear you knock.

Me and you's gonna fight. Put up your dukes.

(NONCHALANTLY) No thank you. I'll just keep them here behind my back.

(BELL TINKLE)

I'm gonna beat your brains -- (STOPS DEAD) -- Wait a minute. Did you hear that?

What?

(BELL TINKLE)

That! That's it! The bell.

I didn't hear a thing.

Then it's happened. I'm hearing bells. Tweedy.

Please. Please tell me you hear them too.

(BELL TINKLE THROUGH)

(DURING TINKLE) The room's as quiet as a tomb.

Then the horrible moment has come. I'm punchdrunk.

I'm nuts. (SCREAMS) Bells, bells, bells, bells!

(COMING IN) Excuse me, Dr. Tweedy. Mr. Potts wants that little bell you took off his desk.

Bell? What bell?

That little bell behind your back. The one you're ringing.

Shush - scat - get out! I don't hear any bell.

I hear the bells.

ME: I hear the bells.

EDY: (MIMIC) I hear the bells! You two punch drunk boys better get together and fight it out. I'm going home to dinner.

(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)

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: (WHOO WHOO WHOO)

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:)

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

EDY: My topic for today is having a good time. They say the best things in life are free. Name one. Which brings me to my thought for the week. Money is the root of all evil -- I guess I have an evil mind. (LAUGH)
Goodnight!

(THEME AND FADE FOR:)

STAND: Be with us 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".

Verna Felton played Mrs. Muldoon, Eddie Green - Willie, Lou Merrill - Tim, Gale Gordon - Mr. Potts and Jack Mather - Rocky Rummel.

Music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. 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 N.B.C. - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.