

FROM - 2-45
RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING

RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST: PROGRAM #16

DATE: SEPT. 15, 1946
NBC

PROGRAM: THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY

NETWORK:

I OPENING NEW YORK

AS BROADCAST

ST ANNR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present FRANK MORGAN as
THE FABULOUS DR. TWEEDY!

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

ST ANNR: On land!

SOUND: (BUGLE CALL)

ED ANNR: In the air!

SOUND: (DIVE BOMBER)

ST ANNR: On the sea!

SOUND: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

ST ANNR: And - they are mild!

ED 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.

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

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

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

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

SOUND: (CHIMES)

NARRATOR: It is six o'clock in the morning on the campus of Potts College. Dr. Tweedy, the dean of men, always rises promptly at six o'clock - thanks to Willie Beezer, the college handyman.

TWEEDY: (SNORE)

WILLIE: (DISGUSTINGLY BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL) Wake up, Dr. Tweedy, it's six a.m. (IMITATES BUGLE) (REVEILLE)

TWEEDY: (MUMBLE UNINTELLIGIBLY)

WILLIE: Dr. Tweedy, wake up! A new day is dawning. Rise and shine.

TWEEDY: Ah, no shine! Go away, Willie! Go away!

WILLIE: (SINGS "OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING")

TWEEDY: Shut up!

WILLIE: Come on, Dr. Tweedy. Your day's work lies ahead of you.

TWEEDY: Willie. Why did you wake me up? It's still dark.

WILLIE: Well, open your eyes.

TWEEDY: Oh, yes. Willie, did you draw my ice cold tub?

WILLIE: Oh, yes sir.

TWEEDY: Well, pull out the plug.

WILLIE: You and Mr. Rocky Rummel was sure up late last night.

TWEEDY:

Yes. He's got to pass his examination to be eligible for football. I've been tutoring him every night this week.

WILLIE:

Sure must be a thankless task.

TWEEDY:

No wonder they nicknamed him Rocky. There's nothing under that short haircut but fine Italian marble.

WILLIE:

And Dr. Tweedy, you ain't no Leonardo da Vinci.

TWEEDY:

On the contrary, Willie, constant repetition makes a lasting impression. Remember, the constant dripping of water can wear through stone, and as far as Rocky is concerned, I am the drip. I mean, I'm the man who can teach him.

WILLIE:

Well, anything can happen in the atomic age.

TWEEDY:

When I finished with him last night he knew the answer to every question. Ah, what a sight he was. You should have seen him standing there with that dim glimmer of intelligence way back in his eyes - deep furrows of thought in that sloping forehead - the determined look of his receding chin. It was like a dream.

WILLIE:

Sounds more like a nightmare.

TWEEDY:

He answered every question correctly.

WILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy, you sure that wasn't a dream?

TWEEDY:

Don't be silly, Willie. Of course it wasn't a dream - er - it couldn't have been - er - or could it?

WILLIE:

Well, Mr. Rocky's downstairs asleep on the couch. Why don't you go ask him?

EDY: (EXCITED) Yes, yes. My robe. My slippers. Come on, Willie. I have to find out.

ND: (FAST FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS)

EDY: Rocky! Rocky! Wake up! Wake up!

LIE: Be careful, Dr. Tweedy. He's pretty violent when you wake him up. He always dreams about football. Last time I woke him up he kicked me for a field goal.

EDY: Never mind, Willie. Rocky! Wake up!

CKY: (IN SLEEP) Okay, guys. Get set for a pass. I got the ball.

EDY: Rocky! Let go of my head!

CKY: (GRUNTS)

EDY: Ouch!

LIE: The pass was incomplete.

CKY: (WAKES UP) Oh. Dr. Tweedy. I'm glad you woke me up. I was having a terrible nightmare. Somebody passed me a football with a nose on it.

EDY: Listen. Rocky. I know this is asking a lot of you, but I want you to think. Did you answer all the questions last night?

CKY: Yeah. Pretty good, wasn't I?

EDY: Ah! Then I didn't dream it! You'll be able to pass the exam.

CKY: Yeah, but I don't think I want to stay, anyway.

EDY: But Rocky, you've got to stay! You're our star fullback! Mr. Potts is depending on you to win the games this year.

ROCKY:

I'm a football player, not a janitor. Ten dollars a week is not enough for washing dishes, setting tables, mowing lawns and turning on the sprinklers.

NEEDY:

; You turn them off, too, don't you?

ROCKY:

Sure.

NEEDY:

Then you should have more money. Willie, take down this telegram to Mr. Potts -- Offices of the Board of Trustees, Quote: "I absolutely guarantee that Rocky Rummel will pass his exams."

WILLIE:

That will make Mr. Potts stand up and cheer.

NEEDY:

"Rocky Rummel wants an increase in salary."

WILLIE:

That'll make him sit down.

NEEDY:

"If he doesn't get it, he's leaving."

WILLIE:

That'll make him fall off the chair.

NEEDY:

Send it collect.

WILLIE:

Mr. Potts is out cold.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(DOOR OPEN)

NEEDY:

(SURPRISED) Why, Mr. Potts. What are you doing here?
I thought you were in New York.

POTTS:

I rushed right down here this morning, Tweedy, someone is trying to make trouble for me.

TWEEDY:

How is Mrs. Potts?

POTTS:

Making trouble for me. But this is someone else.

Tweedy, can you think of a single reason why I should be removed as chairman of the board of trustees?

TWEEDY:

Oh, certainly, Mr. Potts. In the first place --

POTTS:

Tweedy!

TWEEDY:

Mr. Potts, you've been stabbed! You must have enemies.

POTTS:

I think so too, Tweedy, I'm still chairman of the board, but my seat is very shaky.

TWEEDY:

Oh, I wouldn't be nervous, Mr. Potts. I think you fill the chair adequately.

POTTS:

Thank you, Tweedy, but certain members of the board don't agree with you. They want a new chairman.

TWEEDY:

(DELIGHTED) Mr. Potts, it's been very nice knowing you.

POTTS:

Tweedy. Stop shaking my hand. I'm not out yet. But have you considered what a new chairman would mean to you?

TWEEDY:

Oh, yes. Quite frequently..

POTTS:

Don't forget. I'm the one who always stands up in front of the board of trustees and says, give Tweedy another chance. Remember, if I go, you go.

TWEEDY:

But, Mr. Potts, what have you done?

POTTS:

Not a thing, Tweedy. It's all a misunderstanding. They imagine that I am paying large salaries to our football players.

TWEEDY:

That's ridiculous! You don't pay large salaries to anybody.

POTTS: Of course not. Uh - Tweedy! And get this! They suggested that I was pilfering star football players from other colleges, by offering them more money. Doesn't that shock you, Dr. Tweedy?

TWEEDY: What a loathsome idea, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Everyone knows that they get that money for honest physical labor but some busybody sent a telegram to the Board of Trustees this morning about Rocky Rummel wanting more money or he'd leave.

TWEEDY: (NERVOUS) Really? Do you know who sent the telegram?

POTTS: (HOT) Somebody right here in this college!

TWEEDY: It was? I wonder who it could have been.

POTTS: Tweedy --

TWEEDY: Oh no --

POTTS: I mean to find out.

TWEEDY: Ah yes!

POTTS: Tweedy, I'm delegating you, as a committee of one, to find that sneaking snake in the grass, and report back to me.

TWEEDY: Oh, I couldn't do that.

POTTS: Why not?

TWEEDY: Well, -- he might be a friend of yours.

POTTS: He's no friend of mine, Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Well, -- maybe he's someone very close to you.

POTTS: I'd like to get close to him.

TWEEDY: You are! Uh, I mean, -- you would?

POTTS: Tweedy, because of that idiotic telegram, a member of the board is on his way down here right now to investigate. If this thing isn't cleared up, it means that I'm through at Potts College, the college my grandfather founded.

DY: (PAUSE) Well, it's been nice having known you, Mr. Potts.

S: Just a minute, Tweedy. You're in this as deeply as I am. Remember, if I go, you go.

DY: You go, I go. Uh---(BRIGHTLY) Mr. Potts, I've got an idea. If I can head off this investigation, by the board member, I can nip this whole thing in the bud.

S: It's the only way.

DY: Mr. Potts, think no more about it. I'll take care of everything. Don't worry about a thing.

C:

D: (FOOTSTEPS)

IE: (SINGING - ST. LOUIS BLUES - "WITH ALL THEM DIAMOND RINGS")

D: (CAR STARTER OFF & FOUR TONE HORN)

LA: (OFF) Young man. Oh, young man.

IE: Yes'm. (CALLS) Are you calling me, ma'am?

LA: (OFF) Yes. Would you mind coming over here, please?

D: (FAST FOOTSTEPS)

IE: Oh yes'm, I'm coming.

LA: Could you help me get my car started?

IE: If it can be cone, it's done. A Rolls Royce. Long, black and shiny. (GRUNT OF APPROVAL)

LA: It's really quite old.

IE: It may be old but there ain't a wrinkle on it.

SOUND:

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

WILLIE:

M'm. M'm. Zebra hide upholstery. Platinum ignition key. Sure smells delightful in here. Is that Channel number five?

AMELA:

No, that's a perfume my company makes. I'm Miss Chadsworth of the House of Chadsworth, cosmetics and perfumes.

WILLIE:

I'm Willie Beezer of the House of Tweedy.

AMELA:

I'm very glad to know you, Willie. I'm also a member of the board of trustees of Potts College. Do you work here?

WILLIE:

Oh, yes'm. I do.

AMELA:

Then I daresay you know Dr. Tweedy.

WILLIE:

Yes ma'm. Dr. Tweedy's a gentleman and a scholar.

AMELA:

How nice. But there's a little trouble I'd like to discuss with him.

WILLIE:

Trouble? Dr. Tweedy's your man.

AMELA:

I think he is. The board received a telegram he sent to Mr. Potts.

WILLIE:

Oh, that's the telegram I sent. Is Mr. Potts gonna raise that football player's salary?

AMELA:

We are going to throw that football player off the campus -- along with a few other people.

TWEEDY:

(OFF) Willie! Willie!

WILLIE:

Oh - oh! 'Scuse me, ma'm.

SOUND:

(FAST FOOTSTEPS)

WILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy, you're walking into trouble.

TWEEDY:

Willie, where have you been? I want to talk to you about that telegram.

WILLIE:

I want to tell you about it. See that lady over there standing next to that beautiful long black shiny car?

TWEEDY:

Never mind that. What's that got to do with the telegram.

WILLIE:

She's beautiful, ain't she.

TWEEDY:

Yes...er yes. But what about that telegram?

WILLIE:

Oh yeah, Dr. Tweedy, I --

AMELA:

(OFF CALLING) Oh young man.

WILLIE:

She's calling you, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Me? Of course. Excuse me, Willie. (FADES)

WILLIE:

But Dr. Tweedy, about that telegram. Oh me! (FADING)

I got a feeling I better find us both new jobs.

SOUND:

(FOOTSTEPS)

TWEEDY:

I hope you won't think I'm too presumptuous madame but I'm Dr. Tweedy, Thaddeus Q., Phd., dean of men here at Potts College. Could I be of some assistance..I hope?

AMELA:

(CHARMINGLY) Oh. You're Dr. Tweedy. I've a great deal about you. I've looked forward to meeting you, but I didn't expect to find such a handsome man.

SOUND:

(TWEEDY HEARS BIRDS SINGING)

TWEEDY:

(BEAMS AND MUTTERS BIG TAKE)

PAMELA: I'm Pamela Chadsworth.

TWEEDY: (ROLLS IT ON HIS TONGUE) Pamela Chadsworth. Where have I heard the name before? Oh yes. Pamela Chadsworth cosmetics. (SNIFFS) Is that some of your perfume I smell?

PAMELA: Yes. It's called "Birdsong."

SOUND: (BIRDS)

TWEEDY: Oh. I can almost hear them.

PAMELA: Dr. Tweedy. You must be very important to the college. You're so brilliant and suave and alert.

TWEEDY: (MODEST) Well, Mr. Potts, chairman of our board doesn't make a move without me. His fate is frequently in my hands.

PAMELA: But with all those responsibilities and worries, how can you remain so strong and virile and handsome?

TWEEDY: (MUTTERS) Ironized yeast. Perhaps I better get to work on your car.

PAMELA: Oh that can wait. I'm really terribly interested in hearing about you and your work here in the college.

TWEEDY: Oh you are?

PAMELA: Yes. Shall we sit in my car and talk?

TWEEDY: (PLEASED STUTTER)

SOUND: (CAR DOOR OPEN)

PAMELA: Won't you get in?

SOUND: (CAR DOOR SHUT)

TWEEDY: Mhm. Zebra hide upholstery.

PAMELA: Dr. Tweedy. I've heard so many things about your football team.

TWEEDY: We think we have the finest team in the country.
(SNIFFS) That perfume. It seems to be getting stronger.

CAMELA: Oh, I keep an atomizer full of "Birdsong" in the car all the time. See.

SOUND: (ATOMIZER - ALWAYS TWO SQUIRTS - BIRDS)

TWEEDY: It's very realistic.

CAMELA: Dr. Tweedy - about your football team. I know you're an authority on the subject. Is Rocky Rummel really intelligent enough to be in college?

TWEEDY: Well there are two schools of thought about that in this college, but we'll see to it that he passes his examinations.

CAMELA: I see. Then giving him his examination is just a matter of form.

TWEEDY: Yes. All the ground work's been done.

CAMELA: You're so clever, Dr. Tweedy. So masculine. You make me feel helpless and clinging.

TWEEDY: Er - excuse me. I think I'd better open the window.

CAMELA: Your conversation is so interesting. Everything you tell me is something I want to know. Please Dr. Tweedy..Thaddeus, if I may.

TWEEDY: You may. In October.

CAMELA: Thaddeus. Tell me all about yourself.

TWEEDY: Well, there isn't much to tell.

CAMELA: Oh come on, now, Dr. Tweedy. I know better than that. I can read you like a book.

TWEEDY: You can? Well look out for page nine. (LAUGHS)

AMELA: Oh Dr. Tweedy. Come now, I want to hear about the college.

TWEEDY: Well it..

AMELA: About your associates.

TWEEDY: Well they..

AMELA: About Mr. Potts..

TWEEDY: Well he..

AMELA: About Rocky Rummel..

TWEEDY: Oh that. Well, we have all afternoon. Let's take a walk around the campus and I'll tell you everything you want to know.

USIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

TESTAND: 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 - a simple test will give you the facts. If you're still smoking old-fashioned, short cigarettes, make this convincing test for yourself. Notice what you do when you start to light a PELL MELL! Unconsciously, 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. Now you have discovered for yourself 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)

ARCH:

(THEME AND FADE)

GARR:

And now back to Frank Morgan as the Fabulous Dr. Tweedy. Potts College doesn't need alterations but it looks as though there may be some changes made. Miss Pamela Chadsworth, a member of the board of trustees, has come down to Potts College to launch an investigation as a result of an innocent telegram sent by Dr. Tweedy. At this moment we find Dr. Tweedy and Willie walking across the college campus.

WILLIE:

Dr. Tweedy. Mr. Potts is looking for you!

TWEEDY:

Well I've been with Miss Chadsworth all afternoon. Oh-oh.

WILLIE:

Did you find out what she was looking for down here?

TWEEDY:

Yes. She's looking for a chauffeur. How about you Willie?

WILLIE:

No. I mean about her investigating the football team.

TWEEDY:

Yes. She's quite interested. Our team is making history. But how would you like to be her chauffeur, Willie?

WILLIE:

Me?

TWEEDY:

Yes, she's taken quite a fancy to you!

WILLIE:

Me? Driving that big, long, black shiny car? Me sitting way up there on the zebra hide upholstery? Yes sir! I accept the position.

TWEEDY:

The way you describe it, I may take it myself.

WILLIE:

Oh now, Dr. Tweedy, don't deprive me of that chauffeur's royal purple uniform - M'm m'm. That would really set off my type of beauty. Them shiny brass buttons. Them highly polished puttees. But I hate to leave you, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

I'll certainly miss you too, Willie -- but remember you'll be making a lot more money.

WILLIE:

Any more would be a lot more than I is making now. I can see you now, Willie Beezer, behind the wheel of that car - blowing that horn. (IMITATES FOUR-NOTE HORN)

TWEEDY:

(LAUGHS) Well, Willie, you better hurry up and get down to Mrs. Muldoon's Malt Shop to see Miss Chadsworth before she leaves.

WILLIE:

Yes sir, Dr. Tweedy, and you better hurry over to see Mr. Potts before he leaves.

MUSIC:

POTTS:

Tweedy, where have you been all afternoon?

TWEEDY:

Well, I --

POTTS:

Did you find out who sent that telegram?

TWEEDY:

Telegram? Patience, Mr. Potts. Patience.

POTTS:

Patience, my foot. I told you there's a board member on the way down here to investigate.

TWEEDY:

And as soon as he gets here, I'll straighten everything out. You can always depend on me to fix things up.

POTTS:

Just don't say the wrong thing when she arrives.

TWEEDY:

She?

POTTS:

Yes. Pamela Chadsworth. She's the new member of the board.

TWEEDY:

Oh no!

POTTS:

Oh yes.

TWEEDY:

You mean she-- er - investigate - er - football - er --

POTTS: What's the matter with you, Tweedy? You act like you're crazy. Now when she gets here, be charming to her. Talk to her. Smooth things over. Tell her somebody made a big mistake.

TWEEDY: Somebody did! Mr. Potts, I didn't know who she was. I've been with her all afternoon.

POTTS: Oh no!

TWEEDY: Oh yes!

POTTS: What did you tell her?

TWEEDY: Well, I think we might as well start packing.

POTTS: Tweedy, how could you do it?

TWEEDY: I didn't know what I was doing. She took advantage of me. She sprayed me with perfume. I was Mata Harried. But don't worry, Mr. Potts. She's over at Mrs. Muldoon's Malt Shop. I'll go right over there and straighten things out.

MUSIC: (JUKEBOX)

HIM: Looking for somebody, lady?

PAMELA: (ASIDE) Well, it's human! Why, yes. I'm looking for Rocky Rummel.

HIM: The back booth there. You can see his feet sticking out.

PAMELA: Thank you.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

PAMELA: Are you Rocky Rummel?

ROCKY: Yeah. In the flesh.

AMELA:

(ASIDE) The missing link. Er...I'm Miss Chadsworth of the board of trustees. I'd like to ask you a few questions.

ROCKY:

Please. No more questions. My head is killing me. Dr. Tweedy's been tutoring me every night for a week so I could pass my exams.

AMELA:

Tutoring you? Oh, but of course the examination he gives you star football players is easy.

ROCKY:

Easy? Holy cats! Ours is tougher than anybody else's.

AMELA:

Well, but Mr. Fotts makes all that studying worth while by paying you large salaries to play football.

ROCKY:

Salary? Oh no, ma'am. I got a job. I work hard for that money.

AMELA:

Well. Apparently I've misjudged Dr. Tweedy. I've wronged him terribly.

ROCKY:

Yeah. He's a real swell guy. Oh, all the hard work he puts in on my head.

AMELA:

It doesn't show.

TWEEDY:

Oh, there you are, Miss Chadsworth. (COMING IN) Rocky, would you excuse us? There are some things I want to tell Miss Chadsworth.

ROCKY:

(GOING OFF) Oh, sure. Be seeing you Dr. Tweedy.

AMELA:

Thaddeus. Please sit down.

TWEEDY:

What I want to say I can say best standing up. Miss Chadsworth, you have done a very sneaky and underhanded thing.

AMELA:

I know. Will you ever forgive me?

NEEDY:

Well, I don't know. You took advantage of me while my head was turned. Pumping all that information out of me with your perfume atomizer.

AMELA:

But since then I've talked to Rocky and found out everything.

NEEDY:

Oh, you mean there was something I missed telling you?

AMELA:

Yes. Rocky assured me that you were completely honest.

NEEDY:

Well, Rocky is smarter than I thought.

AMELA:

And he assured me Mr. Potts was completely honest.

NEEDY:

Well, Rocky can overdo it.

AMELA:

I know that this has been quite a blow to you.

NEEDY:

Ah, yes. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!

Or to take arms against a sea of trouble and by opposing, end them.

AMELA:

Thaddeus, you have such a gift for words. You should have been a poet.

NEEDY:

Well, I'm poor enough.

AMELA:

Thaddeus, there is a way that you could end all your worries about money.

NEEDY:

Shoot myself?

AMELA:

Look at me, Thaddeus. Look deep into my eyes.

END:

(BIRDS)

NEEDY:

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Uh - shall we order banana splits?

Oh, Timothy!

(COMING IN) Hello Doc. Are you gonna buy the lady something?

EDY:

Miss Chadsworth, this is Mrs. Muldoon's brother, Timothy.

PAMELA:

How do you do, Timothy.

TIM:

I do great. I'm a prize fighter. Had eighty-seven fights so far. 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, Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

The phone. Oh. Oh yes. (PATIENTLY) They hung up, Timothy.

TIM:

Oh. The phone rings all day long, and then the bum hangs up before I get there.

TWEEDY:

You'd better not let the phone company know you have an extension in your head. They'll want to remove it.

TIM:

Doc, this your new girl-friend? You sure get around. A new one every week.

TWEEDY:

Timothy. Shhh!

TIM:

You know, kid, you better watch out for this Tweedy. Only last week he was sitting right here with my kid sister, Mrs. Muldoon.

TWEEDY:

Timothy, the phone's ringing again. If you run you can get there before he hangs up.

TIM:

Cut it out, Tweedy. You tryin' to make her think I'm a punch drunk fighter. Where was I? Oh yeah. He asked my kid sister to marry him.

PAMELA:

Thaddeus. Is this true? Did you propose to Mrs. Muldoon?

TWEEDY:

Well, yes, but it was all a horrible mistake.

PAMELA:

Did she accept your proposal?

TWEEDY:

Mrs. Muldoon would accept anybody's proposal.

TIM:

Them's fightin' words, Tweedy! Wait a minute -- was that the phone?

TWEEDY:

Yes, hurry up and answer it.

TIM:

Too late. They hung up. Tweedy, you jilted my kid sister.

TWEEDY:

Timothy, I had no intention of marrying your sister.

TIM:

Oh, Stringing her along. Busting her little heart.

Tweedy, you're a wolf.

PAMELA:

Thaddeus. Are you going to let him stand there and call you names?

TWEEDY:

Certainly not. Er -- sit down, Timothy.

TIM:

Oh no. You stand up. And put up your dukes.

PAMELA:

Thaddeus, this man obviously needs discipline.

TWEEDY:

Oh, I'm perfectly willing to give him a thrashing but I want to spare you the horrible sight.

PAMELA:

Then take him outdoors.

TWEEDY:

Er -- very well. If you insist. Come, Timothy, we'll decide this with brute force.

SOUND:

(PONDEROUS FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

TIM:

Okay. We're outdoors. Put up your dukes.

TWEEDY:

Wait a minute. I hate to do this to you Timothy.

TIM:

Do this to me. I've had eighty-seven fights, remember? When I get through with you, they can wipe you up with a damp rag.

TWEEDY:

Rag -- er -- what color?

TIM:

Well it was a kinda purp----- Why you ---

TWEEDY:

I'd be taking advantage of you.

TIM:

Put up your mitts.

TWEEDY:

Patience Timothy, wait until I place my coat on these rocks.

TIM: In a minute you'll be laying alongside them rocks.

WEEDY: (IDEA) Rocks? Er -- rocks. On second thought, I think I'll put my coat back on.

TIM: Well, what are we waiting for?

WEEDY: Before we start, I think it's only fair to warn you, you're confronting a man of prodigious strength. A veritable Sampson.

TIM: Oh yeah?

WEEDY: One blow from these sinews of steel has been known to fell an ox.

TIM: Yeah? You ain't kidding me, are you Doc?

WEEDY: My boy, observe my mighty right arm. Feel this powerful muscle.

TIM: What a muscle. Feels like a rock. Gee Doc, as one fighter to another, maybe we'd better shake and forget the whole thing.

WEEDY: I am shaking...er...shake.

SOUND: (ROCK FALLS)

TIM: Where'd that big rock come from?

WEEDY: Rock? What rock?

TIM: The one that fell out of your sleeve.

WEEDY: Oh -- I forgot to tell you -- I'm so light on my feet I have to use a rock for ballast. Goodbye Timothy.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)
(APPLAUSE)

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)

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: (WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP)

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)

ARCH:

(FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

HIESTAND:

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

TWEEDY:

My topic for the day is age. A man is only as old as he looks...and most men will look at anything. Which brings me to my thought for the week. The best way to act and feel young is to be about eighteen years old. (LAUGHS)
Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

ARCH:

(THEME AND FADE FOR)

HIESTAND:

Be with us next week at the 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."

Eddie Green played Willie, Lurene Tuttle -- Pamela, Gale Gordon -- Mr. Potts, Jack Mather -- Rocky Rummel and Lou Merrill -- Tim.

Music was composed and conducted by Eliot Daniel. Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight for Pell Mell famous cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

ARCH:

(THEME TO CUE)

ENR:

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