

ROOM - 4-43
RUTHRAUFF & RYAN Inc. ADVERTISING
RADIO DIVISION

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

BROADCAST: PROGRAM #17
DATE: SEPT. 22, 1946
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)

(TWEEDY THEME FULL & FADE FOR)

EDITOR:

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

(APPLAUSE)

E:

(FULL THEME & FADE FOR)

EDITOR:

The graduates of every college carry with them into life some fond and cherished recollection of their alma mater. The sons and daughters of Potts College take with them a truly golden memory...the solemn dignity and haunting grandeur of the tower bells.

ED:

(SIX BELL NOTE MELODY WITH SOUR BELL NOTE ON FOURTH.)

EDITOR:

Ahem. It is noon. Dr. Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, the dean of men, always eats a simple, leisurely lunch. He instinctively seeks the solitude, seclusion and serenity of Mrs. Muldoon's Malt Shop.

ED:

(BRIEF FOOTSTEPS -- DOOR OPEN)

E:

(JUKE BOX -- LOUD)

MB:

(LOUD BACKGROUND VOICES)

BY:

(YELLS) Hello Dr. Tweedy.

BY:

(YELLS) Hello, Timothy. Quiet today, isn't it? I'll take that booth in the back.

E:

(FOOTSTEPS -- FADE NOISE)

BY:

Well, Timothy, what delightful surprise is on the menu today?

BY:

Hungarian galoshes.

BY:

Hungarian galoshes? Well I hope you removed the buckles.

TIMOTHY: Made it myself. It's good, Dr. Tweedy. Tender new potatoes. Big chunks of beef. Garden fresh peas and carrots. Gee. That sounds good.

EDDY: Well, sit down and have some with me.

TIMOTHY: Thanks. A prizefighter like me has to keep up his strength. Look at the shape I'm in. You get this way from eatin'.

EDDY: Well, you certainly are a mess of muscles.

TIMOTHY: Eatin' and exercise. A fighter spends a lot of time working with dumbbells.

EDDY: So does a teacher.

TIMOTHY: 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, Tweedy.

EDDY: The phone. Oh yes. All right, Timothy.

EDDY: (RECEIVER UP)

EDDY: Hello. Yes. Yes. I'll tell Timothy.

EDDY: (RECEIVER DOWN)

EDDY: The operator said to limit your calls to three minutes.

TIMOTHY: Oh. So that's who's been calling me all morning. I run but I never get to the phone in time. Ya know something. Rocky Rummel's got the same trouble. He calls Mary Potts on the phone all day and nobody answers. She ain't talking to him any more.

EDDY: What? Rocky Rummel and Mary Potts aren't speaking to each other? I'll have to look into this.

ROCKY: Well, there they are -- sitting in the booth over there.

DR. TWEEDY: Hum, it can't be too bad. They're both eating from the same banana split. Excuse me, Timothy. I'll go over and patch things up.

DR. TWEEDY: (FOOTSTEPS)

ROCKY: Well, well. Rocky and Mary. What's this I hear about you two? (PAUSE) Er -- I don't hear a thing. What's the trouble, Rocky?

ROCKY: I don't know, Dr. Tweedy. She won't talk to me.

DR. TWEEDY: (TEARFUL) Because you forgot our anniversary, that's why. It was one month ago today that we met and you didn't remember it. You didn't give me anything. You didn't even mention it. And now you're eating up the banana split while I'm talking.

ROCKY: (MOUTH FULL) But gosh, Mary --

DR. TWEEDY: Rocky, put your spoon down and let her catch up.

ROCKY: But gosh, Dr. Tweedy.

DR. TWEEDY: Mary, I don't think Rocky forgot your anniversary.

ROCKY: You don't?

DR. TWEEDY: As a matter of fact, Rocky tried to borrow money from me to give you a present. Didn't you, Rocky?

ROCKY: Er -- yeah. And you wouldn't give it to me, would you?

DR. TWEEDY: Naturally not.

ROCKY: Oh, Rocky. I think you're mean, Dr. Tweedy.

DR. TWEEDY: Now, now. I was just a little short at the time. But now I have some money. Let me see. It was five dollars that you wanted, wasn't it, Rocky?

Oh no. When it comes to Mary, I'm no cheapskate. I asked you for twenty.

But I distinctly remember. It was five.

Dr. Tweedy, can you truthfully say you remember me asking you for five dollars?

Truthfully. Er -- here's the twenty you asked for. You're so sweet, Dr. Tweedy. Here's a big kiss for you.

(KISS)

(PLEASED) Well, any time you need more money, just -- I mean, no. If you two are so in love, why don't you get engaged. And then later, maybe you can get married. I can't afford to keep patching up your quarrels, even if your father is the chairman of the board of trustees. Get married?

Married?

Yes. Marriage is beautiful. Look at Mr. and Mrs. Potts. Well, there must be a better example.

Yes, Rocky. Mother and daddy have been sort of happily married for twenty-five years. It's their anniversary tomorrow.

It is? Why that's wonderful. Thanks for telling me, Mary. I must buy them a gift immediately. Er -- gift. Money. Well, gifts are so impersonal. I'll congratulate them by phone. I'll go to my office and place a call to New York right away.

(MUSIC)

(TELEPHONE BELL -- RECEIVER UP)

TWEEDY:

Hello, oh yes, operator. My call to New York? Yes, I'm ready. Hello, Mr. Potts. I - er - Oh, Mrs. Potts. Well, this is Dr. Tweedy. I called to congratulate you and Mr. Potts on your wedding anniversary. He isn't there? He's supposed to be here? Oh, no, Mrs. Potts. He should have been home hours ago. He left early this morning with Pamela Chadsworth. In her car. No, no. It's Miss Pamela Chadsworth. She's on our board of trustees. He told you that the women on the board was nothing but old prunes? Well, Miss Chadsworth is quite a plum. I can't imagine what's delayed him. Maybe he's had an accident. Oh. He'll have one when he gets home. Er - well, congratulations on your anniversary, Mrs. Potts. I'm sending you a beautiful bouquet of lillies. Oh. I'd better send them to Mr. Potts? Well. Goodbye, Mrs. Potts. Happy anniversary.

END:

(RECEIVER DOWN)

TWEEDY:

Hmm. I can't understand Mrs. Potts. The least little thing upsets her.

END:

(DOOR OPEN)

POTS:

(COMING IN) Excuse me, Tweedy. I want to use your phone a moment.

TWEEDY:

Why, Mr. Potts. I didn't expect to see you again - until you'd recovered.

POTS:

I'll talk to you in a minute, Tweedy. I want to call the college operator.

END:

(RECEIVER UP)

TS:

Hello. Miss Pennypacker. This is Mr. Potss. I want you to send this wire to my wife. Quote. "Dearest. Pressing business makes it imperative for me to stay at the college another day."

EDY:

But Mr. Potts ---

TS:

"I hate every moment I'm away from you. Signed, your own Cuddles."

ED:

(RECEIVER DOWN)

EDY:

Cuddles. (LAUGHS)

TS:

That's not funny, Tweedy.

EDY:

Do you really think you should send that telegram, Mr. Potts?

TS:

Of course. You see, my wife expected me home this morning. You understand, Tweedy, but she wouldn't if she knew Miss Chadsworth was giving me a lift back to town. She'd be furious.

EDY:

She certainly was. Is. Would be.

TS:

Who'd ever believe that her car broke down?

EDY:

I wouldn't. What did happen?

TS:

Her car broke down. But don't worry, Tweedy. I know how to keep Mrs. Potts under control.

EDY:

I sincerely hope so. But don't you think you should hurry home. You know, tomorrow is your wedding anniversary.

TS:

Anniversary! That's right. It is! Tweedy, you've saved my life.

EDY:

Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that. Miss Chadsworth came back with you, didn't she?

TS: Yes. You know, Tweedy, I think Miss Chadsworth has set her cap for you.

EDY: It isn't her cap that worries me. It's her perfume, Mr. Potts. That perfume does something to me.

TS: She has very good taste. Perhaps she can help me select a gift for my wife. Tweedy, you old fox, how did you ever find out it was my anniversary?

EDY: Mary mentioned it. Naturally I wanted to congratulate both of you, so I went to the ph---picked it up and - oh no.

TS: Oh yes, Mary. I've been wanting to discuss her with you. Is she still going with that dumb football player?

EDY: Well this morning they weren't speaking to each other.

TS: Good. Good. I hope they never see each other again.

EDY: But Mr. Potts, I thought you wanted Rocky and Mary to go together. Remember what you said? Anything to keep a star football player happy.

TS: He is no longer a star football player. The coach tells me he fumbles all the time.

EDY: But Mr. Potts, they're in love.

TS: Love leads to engagements. Engagements lead to marriage. How can he support her?

EDY: Well - you have lots of money.

TS: They wouldn't get a cent from me. Rocky would have to leave school and go to work. And can you tell me one place where that dummy could get a job?

TWEEDY: Why certainly. He could -- let me see -- dummy -- job -
married -- support -- Goodbye, Mr. Potts, I have to find
Mary and Rocky.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (JUKE BOX)

ROCKY: Here you are, Mary. A banana split all your own. As
long as Dr. Tweedy's money holds out there's nothing too
good for you.

MARY: Oh Rocky, do you really love me?

ROCKY: Do I love you? You should come out on the football field
and watch me fumble. When a guy tackles me I even
forget to stick my thumb in his eye.

MARY: Those are the things a girl wants to hear.

TIM: (COMING IN) You gonna kiss her now, Rocky?

ROCKY: Scram, Timothy.

TIM: But I've been watchin'. I've been watchin' and waitin'
for you to kiss her. Maybe this love stuff is better
than fightin'. Did I ever tell you I've had eighty
seven fights. Not many guys can last that long. They get
punch drunk. Excuse me. There goes the phone again.

ROCKY: Gee, Mary, you sure look pretty. (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

MARY: Why don't you put your arm around me?

ROCKY: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

MARY: There. Gosh, you're strong. It's so wonderful to put
my little head on your great big strong shoulder.

ROCKY: (EMBARRASSED LAUGH)

MARY: If we were married we could sit like this all day long.

ROCKY: Yeah. Will you marry me right now?

MARY: Oh yes., (RAPID FIRE) But we can't get a license here in Pottsville. We'll have to go to Humansville. And we can't go to Humansville because we don't have a car. Who do we know that has a car. Oh. There's Dr. Tweedy. I'll borrow his. Don't move, Rocky. Stay right there.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

MARY: Dr. Tweedy, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Mary. I've been looking for you.

MARY: Dr. Tweedy. Can I borrow your car?

TWEEDY: Mary, I want to talk to you about your engagement to Rocky. Your father feels that Rocky is not the boy for you.

MARY: Daddy doesn't approve of Rocky?

TWEEDY: Mary. Your father has a financial objection to your engagement.

MARY: Oh. Well, if you'll let me borrow your car I promise you that I won't be engaged to Rocky tomorrow.

TWEEDY: You promise? That's wonderful. This will make your father very happy. He'll be very pleased with me, too. Here's the car key.

MARY: Oh Dr. Tweedy. You're so sweet.

SOUND: (KISS)

TWEEDY: Have a good time.

MARY: Thank you, Dr. Tweedy. (CALLS) Rocky. I got it. Come on.

ROCKY: (COMING IN) Gee that's swell. Thanks, Dr. Tweedy. We'll name the first one Tweedy. (GOING OFF) Be seeing you.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN - SIAM SHUT)

TWEEDY: Tweedy? First?

TIM: (COMING IN) You're a great guy, Dr. Tweedy, lettin' those kids have your car so they can elope.

TWEEDY: Elope? Elope? But they can't elope. I promised Mr. Potts!

TIM: Yeah. Pretty soon the wedding bells will be ringin'. I can hear them now. Oh those bells. Excuse me. There goes the phone again.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

HIESTAND: 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 - have you ever watched a PELL MELL smoker try to light an old-fashioned, short cigarette? You'll be surprised at what he does. 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)

ARCH: (THEME AND FADE)

NARRATOR: And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. We find Dr. Tweedy talking to the only man who can help him stop Mary's elopment.

SHERIFF: (MEEK, HEN-PECKED HUSBAND TYPE) But Dr. Tweedy, I can't arrest anybody for that. There's no law against people getting married.

TWEEDY: Well, Sheriff, it's high time there was. Certain marriages should be prevented.

SHERIFF: Oh, you don't have to convince me, Dr. Tweedy. I'm married.

TWEEDY: There must be some way we can get the state police to stop that car.

SHERIFF: Of course you could report a stolen car to me.

TWEEDY: But then they'd go to jail.

SHERIFF: Not if you refused to file charges. That would be up to you.

TWEEDY: Oh I see. Sheriff, I want to report a stolen car.

SHERIFF: This is serious, sir. Are you sure it was stolen?

TWEEDY: Absolutely. I gave the criminals the keys myself.

SHERIFF: What's the license number of the car?

TWEEDY: Let me see. 26 -- er -- 26 -- er -- well, you know my car when you see it.

SHERIFF: Well, I gotta fill out this form. What make is it?

TWEEDY: Make. Make. It's a convertible. I have too much on my mind to remember small details. It has a fox tail on the radiator cap.

SHERIFF: Any other distinguishing marks? Dents or anything?

TWEEDY: Well, the right front fender is smooth.

SHERIFF:

Never mind. The state police will look it up in the files. I'll let you know as soon as we've got them behind bars.

TWEEDY:

I hate to do this, but I've got to stop this wedding. Call me as soon as you pick them up.

(MUSIC)

SOUND:

(TELEPHONE BELL - RECEIVER UP)

TWEEDY:

Hello. Yes, Sheriff, this is Dr. Tweedy. You picked up my car last night? Well, why didn't you call me? (SARCASTIC) Oh. You wanted me to get a good night's sleep. That's fine! I've been sitting here by the phone all night waiting for it to ring. I'll be right down.

SOUND:

(RECEIVER DOWN - FOOTSTEPS - DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE - FOOTSTEPS)

MARY:

Good morning, Dr. Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Good morning, Mary. I can't stop now. I have to go down to the jail and get Mary and Rocky -- Mary! Why aren't you in jail? How did you get out? Where's Rocky?

ARY: Don't mention his name to me. I never want to see him again. We're through.

WEEDY: Then you're not married?

ARY: I wouldn't marry him if he were the last football player on earth. Do you know what he did?

WEEDY: Fumbled again?

ARY: He went to buy me a wedding ring with your twenty dollars and when he came back he was wearing a new football helmet.

WEEDY: But what did you do with my car?

ARY: Oh that. Daddy and Miss Chadsworth took your car away from us yesterday. They drove over to Humansville to buy an anniversary present for mother.

WEEDY: I hope they found something nice to -- Oh no. No, Mr. Potts. Miss Chadsworth. Arrested. In jail. All night. Mrs. Potts. Oh no. No. No.

(MUSIC)

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

WEEDY: (COMING IN) Sheriff. Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Hello, Dr. Tweedy. When you put me on this stolen car case I didn't think it would be so big. Imagine Mr. Potts eloping with that woman. We ought to call in the newspapers.

WEEDY: Put down that phone.

SHERIFF: But I'd get my picture on the front page.

TWEEDY: And I'd get my name in the obituary column. Sheriff, you've made a terrible mistake.

SHERIFF: Mr. Potts said the same thing, but I explained to him that you insisted on the arrest.

TWEEDY: Oh. Then he knows. W-w-what did he say?

SHERIFF: Funny. Didn't say a thing. Just turned a bright purple and started beating his head against the wall. But I figured his wife would stick by him, so I called her and told her everything.

TWEEDY: Oh no. No. No. No. Told her everything. Why?

SHERIFF: Because I figured you might forget to do that.

TWEEDY: You didn't miss a thing, did you? Sheriff, were any of your ancestors named Tweedy?

SHERIFF: Why? You think maybe we're related?

TWEEDY: I hope not. But that telephone call to Mrs. Potts is pretty strong evidence.

SHERIFF: Well, now that you're here, should I let them out?

TWEEDY: No, no. I'd better explain things to them before you let them out.

SHERIFF: Suit yourself. They're right back here.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS - DOOR OPEN)

POTTS: Let me out of here. Let me out of here.

SOUND: (CELL DOOR SHAKEN)

SHERIFF: Here's the key to his cell, Dr. Tweedy. (GOING OFF)
I'll go let Miss Chadsworth out.

TWEEDY: Er -- good morning, Mr. Potts.

POTTS: Well, well, well. Dr. Tweedy. Slumming?

TWEEDY:

Mr. Potts, I can explain the whole unfortunate contretemps.

POTTS:

What? I can't hear you, Tweedy. Come a little closer.

TWEEDY:

Oh certainly. If you will give me a chance --

POTTS:

I still can't hear you, Tweedy. Come a little closer.

TWEEDY:

Of course. I said -- Oh no. It's safer to stand back here and raise my voice.

POTTS:

Tweedy, of all the things you've done to me, this tops everything.

TWEEDY:

Mr. Potts, you say that every time.

POTTS:

Open this door and let me out of here.

TWEEDY:

Oh no. Not until you let me explain. Mary and Rocky were eloping and ---

POTTS:

I won't accept any of your half-baked excuses.

TWEEDY:

Er - (ATTACKING) Well, Mr. Potts, you had no right to take my car without my permission. In the eyes of the law that's the same as stealing.

POTTS:

But Tweedy. Miss Chadsworth's car was broken down.

TWEEDY:

I won't accept any of your half-baked excuses. Stealing a car is grand larceny.

POTTS:

But Tweedy, if I'd asked you, you would have let me have your car.

TWEEDY:

But you didn't ask. Mr. Potts, you can get ten years in the state penitentiary for this.

POTTS:

Certainly you're not going to prefer charges, Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Doctor Tweedy.

POTTS:

Doctor Tweedy.

TWEEDY: Well, now I guess it's safe to let you out.

SOUND: (CELL UNLOCKED...DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN)

MRS. P: (OFF) Alexander! Alexander!

POTTS: My wife! My wife! Every man for himself.

SOUND: (CELL DOOR SLAMMED AND LOCKED)

TWEEDY: Mr. Potts, please. Let me get in there with you.

MRS. P: (COMING IN) Oh, it's a good thing you're behind those bars, Alexander. Thanks to Dr. Tweedy, I know everything you've been up to. So the women on the board of trustees are all old prunes. What about Miss Chadsworth, you worn out wolf --

POTTS: But darling..

MRS. P: Shut up! So pressing business was keeping you in Pottsfeld. What kind of business? Shut up! I won't accept any of your half-baked excuses.

TWEEDY: Mrs. Potts. That glow of rage in your cheeks makes you look like a sixteen year old girl. Such magnificent color.

MRS. P: Dr. Tweedy, I'm glad I can depend on you to tell me these things.

TWEEDY: You should get angry with Mr. Potts more often. That fire in your eyes is exciting.

MRS. P: (FLATTERED) Oh, Dr. Tweedy. The things you say to a girl.

TWEEDY: Girl. I was merely thinking of the many flattering and romantic things that Mr. Potts has said about you.

MRS. P: That heel.

POTTS: Yes dear?

MRS. P: Shut up!

TWEEDY:

Not many young girls like you are lucky enough to have such a fine, upstanding, distinguished, handsome -- er -- distinguished looking husband.

MRS. P:

What about Miss Chadsworth?

TWEEDY:

(PRETENDING TO BE INFATUATED) Miss Chadsworth. Pamela. Dear Pamela. There's such music in that name. I've written a poem about her. I --

MRS. P:

Why, Dr. Tweedy. You mean you and Miss Chadsworth --

TWEEDY:

(SIGHS) Yes. You've guessed our secret.

MRS. P:

Why, I had no idea you two felt that way about each other. Then I was all wrong about Alexander and Miss Chadsworth.

TWEEDY:

Of course you were.

MRS. P:

Cuddles, can you forgive me?

POTTS:

Darling!

TWEEDY:

Oh, how fortunate you and Mr. Potts are to be so happily married. How I wish I were married.

MRS. P:

Why don't you propose to Miss Chadsworth?

TWEEDY:

No. No. I'm not worthy of such happiness..

PAMELA:

Thaddeus. I think you are.

TWEEDY:

Miss Chadsworth! You -- you were listening? Er -- oh -- um -- oh --

(MUSIC)

MUND:

(JUKE BOX)

ST:

(AD LIB)

PAMELA:

Thaddeus, couldn't you have selected a more romantic spot than Mrs. Muldoon's Malt Shop?

TWEEDY:

Well -- er -- I like to -- er -- keep an eye on the students.

PAMELA: But there's no intimacy here. It's so crowded. Wouldn't you rather be alone?

TWEEDY: Oh, much rather.

PAMELA: Well, there's an empty booth back there in the corner. Shall we take it?

TWEEDY: Er - but we'd get much better service at the counter. You take this stool and I'll stand.

PAMELA: Thaddeus. I want you all to myself. Come.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS)

PAMELA: Here. Sit next to me, Thaddeus.

TWEEDY: (SNIFFS) You're wearing that perfume again.

PAMELA: You like it?

TWEEDY: Er -

PAMELA: It's called "Birdsong." Remember? I have an atomizer right here in my purse. I'll scent the booth for you.

TWEEDY: Oh no.

SOUND: (TWO ATOMIZER SQUIRTS...BIRD WHISTLE)

TWEEDY: Miss Chadsworth. You don't know what that does to me.

PAMELA: Oh yes I do.

SOUND: (TWO ATOMIZER SQUIRTS...BIRD WHISTLE)

TWEEDY: Pamela. Do you hear canaries?

PAMELA: Those are love birds, Thaddeus.

SOUND: (TWO ATOMIZER SQUIRTS...BIRD WHISTLE)

TWEEDY: Pamela. That perfume. Those birds.

PAMELA: Thaddeus. You know how I feel about you. What are you going to do about it?

SOUND: (BIRD WHISTLE)

TWEEDY: Do about it. I better call the waiter. Timothy.

TIM: (COMING IN) You gonna kiss her, Dr. Tweedy? I've been watchin' and waitin' for you to kiss her.

TWEEDY:

Timothy. Sit down. Tell us allll about your eighty seven fights.

TIM:

Well, not many guys can last that long. They go crazy. You know. Punch drunk. And when they're really gone they hear bells. Answer the phone, Tweedy.

TWEEDY:

Well thank you, Timothy. I've been expecting that call.

SOUND:

(FAST FOOTSTEPS OFF)

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.
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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: (WHOOH WHOOH WHOOH)

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)

ORCH:

(THEME AND FADE FOR)

HIESTAND:

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

MORGAN:

Tonight I would like to lay aside my philosopher's stone in order to extend a hand of welcome to the replacement show for the winter of this Sunday period, Jack Benny. Oh no! What am I saying! Jack will be back with his own great show next Sunday, and I know that all of you will be close to your radios ready to give him the welcome home he deserves. As for me, well, you can find me as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy" every Wednesday night over these same stations starting Wednesday October second. I'd like to feel that all of you good friends, who have spend these Sundays with me and my cast all summer, will be with me again on Wednesday nights. That's Wednesday -- W-E-D-N-E-S-D-A-Y. And now if someone will hand me back my philosopher's stone I will leave you with this thought -- All work and no play makes Jack. (LAUGHS) Good night!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH:

(THEME AND FADE FOR)

HIESTAND:

Be with us again on Wednesday, Oct. 2nd 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". The Frank Morgan show was directed by Sam Pierce.

(MORE)

HIESTAND:
(CONTD)

Now this is John Hiestand reminding you that beginning a week from Wednesday, and every Wednesday night thereafter, over these same stations, Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes will again present Frank Morgan as "The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy."

ARCH:

(THEME TO CUE)

NNR:

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

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