

**RUTHRAUFF & RYAN *Inc.* Advertising
RADIO DIVISION**

CLIENT: American Tobacco Co

Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes

PROGRAM: The Fabulous Dr. Tweedy

BROADCAST: Rev. Program #10

DATE: August 4, 1946

NETWORK: NBC

Cast:

Announcer

Thaddeus Q. Tweedy

Welby

Narrator

Mrs. Simms

Horace Cooney

Opening New York

Announcer: Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes Present - Frank Morgan as the Fabulous Dr. Tweedy. Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Wherever particular people congregate!" On land!

Sound: (BUGLE CALL)

Announcer: In the air!

Sound: (DIVE BOMBER)

Announcer: On the sea!

Sound: (WHOOOP WHOOP WHOOP)

Announcer: "Wherever particular people congregate!" Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

Sound: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

Announcer: And - they are mild! 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.. "Wherever particular people congregate!!" - Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

Sound: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

Announcer: And - they are mild!

(Switchover To Hollywood For First Half Of Program)

Sound: (Tweedy Theme Full & Fade For:)

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

(APPLAUSE)

Sound: (Full Theme & Fade For:)

Narrator: They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But Dr. Tweedy, the dean of men at Potts College, has found that the way to a man's stomach is through his pocketbook.

Tweedy: (LETTING OFF STEAM) Four dollars for a steak! I'll starve to death before I pay those prices!

Welby: Doc, that butcher's a crook! The price of his meat is out of sight.

Tweedy: Yes. And a couple of weeks ago his meat was out of sight. Prices must be reduced. And I, Thaddeus Q. Tweedy, am the man to do it.

Welby: How, Doc? The world is waitin' to hear.

Tweedy: It's perfectly simple... We'll organize a buyers' strike. We'll refuse to buy anything from that butcher. His stock will accumulate. His prices will be reduced. It's simple economics.

Narrator: Yes, Dr. Tweedy began a buyers' strike! Within a week there was a substantial reduction.

Tweedy: Hm. I've lost three pounds.

Welby: Doc, I'm hungry.

Tweedy: I'm sorry, Welby, but I WILL NOT pay those fantastic prices.

Welby: I'm so hungry for meat I could eat worms.

Tweedy: Worms? Hm, Welby, you've given me an idea.

Welby: Doc! I was only kidding!

Tweedy: Tonight we shall have a fresh fish dinner. And it won't cost us a cent. Not a cent.

Welby: Where you gonna get the fish, Doc?

Tweedy: We'll obtain our fish the same way you did when you were a tramp - the natural, simple way.

Welby: Oh. You mean bum 'em from somebody.

Tweedy: No. We'll take them where we find them.

Welby: I get it, Doc. As soon as it gets dark we sneak down to the butcher shop and --

Tweedy: No, no, Welby. We're not going to STEAL the fish.

Welby: No? Then how are we gonna get 'em?

Tweedy: We are going to FISH for fish.

Welby: Oh. Yeah. I never thought of that way.

Tweedy: Welby. This is perfect trout weather. Ah! The thrill of that first cast with the rod. The tense moment as the cagey old trout strikes. The suspense as you pull him in. The triumph as you drop him in the pan. Um. Um. I can smell him now, sizzling in the skillet. I know a stream that's stocked with big, fat trout. I feel wonderful already. Come on, Welby, we're wasting time.

Welby: Doc. Ain't you supposed to give your class an examination this afternoon?

Tweedy: Examination? Oh-ah - I'll postpone it! I - er - I don't feel well today.

Welby: You just said you felt great.

Tweedy: (THREATENINGLY) WELBY!

Welby: Oh. Oh, I get it, Doc. (LUGUBRIOUSLY) Gosh, Doc, you look kind of punk today.

Tweedy: (SICKLY GRUNT) I do?

Welby: Yup. Awful peaked. Sort of white around the gills.

Tweedy: (WEAKLY) Yes, I haven't felt like this in years.

Welby: No vim. No vigor. No vitality.

Tweedy: (ON HIS DEATH BED) Yes, it came over me all of a sudden.

Welby: Maybe you ought to go to bed.

Tweedy: (ANGRILY) WELBY!

Welby: Okay, Doc, okay. I'll go get your fishing tackle. Are we dragging her along with us?

Tweedy: Her?

Welby: Patsy. The kid you brought back from New York.

Tweedy: No, I'll send her over to Miss Tilcy. Hurry up, Welby.

Sound: (MUSIC)

(OUTDOOR SOUNDS)

Tweedy: (ECSTATIC) Look at that pool. Look at those trout! Mother Nature's fish market. (LAUGHS) Where are the trout flies?

Welby: Don't worry, Doc. When you catch them fish there'll be plenty of flies around here.

Tweedy: I mean casting flies. Welby, get me a Flashy Widow.

Welby: Flashy Widow? Okay, Doc. There's one lives across the street from...

Tweedy: A Flashy Widow is a lure.

Welby: That's right, Doc. She's got plenty. She lives across the street from...

Tweedy: Never mind. Just get everything ready and cook them as fast as I catch them. Unfortunately the limit is only ten, so you'd better hurry. Do you have your skillet?

Welby: Yep.

Tweedy: Cooking fat?

Welby: Yep.

Tweedy: Salt and pepper?

Welby: Yep.

Tweedy: Lemon?

Welby: Yep.

Tweedy: Napkins?

Welby: Yep. And tooth picks.

Tweedy: Good, we're all set. I think I'll start with that big fat fellow over there. (SMACKS LIPS) He looks just right. Hand me my fishing rod.

Welby: Fishing rod? Doc, you're gonna hate me.

Tweedy: (BURNS) Don't tell me you forgot to bring the fishing rod?

Welby: Aw, Doc, I've let you down. I've spoiled your fun. I ought to be kicked. Go ahead, Doc. Kick me. OWWWW! Doc! You DID!

Tweedy: I'm sorry, Welby. I lost my temper. Well, there are more ways of catching fish than with a rod. We'll just have to guddle them.

Welby: Cuddle?

Tweedy: Guddle.

Welby: Guddle.

Tweedy: GUDDLE.

Welby: I don't get you, Doc.

Tweedy: Tickle them.

Welby: Tickle fish?

Tweedy: An ancient and honorable art. You simply reach in the water and tickle the trout's belly.

Welby: Is that right? What a skull you got, Doc.

Tweedy: Come along. Off with your shoes and sox.

Welby: Okay, Doc. But how do we know which fish are ticklish?

Tweedy: The ticklish ones start laughing. They open their mouths and drown. (LAUGHS)

Welby: Aw Doc.

Tweedy: I was only joking, Welby. But you CAN catch trout by guddling. Now. You go in over there.

Welby: It looks awful deep, Doc, and I can't swim.

Tweedy: Nonsense. You can see the bottom. Now, go on in.

Welby: Okay, Doc. Anything you say.

Sound: (EFFECT OF HEAVY BODY FALLING INTO WATER - GURGLE - -GURGLE - - ONE LAST FEEBLE GURGLE - - SILENCE)

Tweedy: (PAUSE) Welby. (PAUSE) Welby! (PAUSE) Don't worry, Welby. I'm coming! I'll save you!

Sound: (TWEEDY JUMPS IN...SAME AS ABOVE)

(MUSIC)

Welby: (TEETH CHATTERING) Gee, Doc, ya saved my life.

Tweedy: Brrr...I'm cold. We'd better build a fire.

Welby: But the matches are wet, Doc.

Tweedy: So am I. Well, there are more ways of starting a fire than with a match. We'll rub two dry sticks together. Here's one. Hand me that one over there.

Welby: You don't want that one, Doc.

Tweedy: Why not?

Welby: It's got little beady eyes and it's crawling away.

Tweedy: Er - - don't detain it. Ah. Here's another stick. Now watch. I rub them together like this. (GRUNTS)

Sound: (STICKS RUBBING TOGETHER)

Tweedy: The trick is to rub them together with great rapidity. (MORE GRUNTS)...then they'll (GRUNTS) get hot...(GRUNTS) make a spark...(GETTING WINDED)...nothing to it. (STOPS) Well. No. On second thought, I don't want to start a forest fire.

Welby: I'm getting awful hungry. I think I'll root around for some food, Doc.

Tweedy: Yes. You do that, Welby. I'll look around myself.

Welby: (OFF) If you find anything, Doc, yell.

Sound: (FOOTSTEPS THROUGH BRUSH)

Tweedy: Hm. What have we here? Strawberries. Wild strawberries. Ummm. Delicious. (CALLS) Welby! Welby! Come back! (TO HIMSELF) Big as hen's eggs. Umm. (CALLS WITH MOUTH FULL) Welby! Umm. Good!

Mrs. Simms: Hey! You. You down there on your hands and knees.

Tweedy: (WITH MOUTH FULL) Welby, these are the most - - Oh! Madam, I didn't see you standing there = = (SWALLOWS) - - with your shot gun.

Mrs. S: What are you doing in my strawberry patch?

Tweedy: YOUR strawberry patch? Why, I thought they were wild.

Mrs. S: They're tame. I'M wild. What are you doing on my land?

Tweedy: Well, I came out today to catch some trout.

Mrs. S.: In a strawberry patch?

Tweedy: Er - -

Mrs. S.: It ain't enough that a poor widder has to kill herself slaving on a farm, but you tramps have to come along and steal my chickens and strawberries.

Tweedy: One moment, Madam, one moment. I am not a tramp. I am Dr. Tweedy. Thaddeus Q. PhD. Dean of men at Potts College.

Mrs. S.: Oh, it ain't enough that I got tramps. Now I got college teachers.

Tweedy: But Madam, I meant no harm. You see, teaching can become very monotonous. Especially in weather like this. I yearn for the great outdoors. As Wordsworth said: "I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd A host of golden daffodils."

Mrs. S.: Say. That's right pretty.

Tweedy: You like poetry?

Mrs. S.: Yep. But I ain't got time for it. Ain't got time for anything but work. I run this farm all by myself.

Tweedy: Don't you have any help? A hired hand?

Mrs. S.: I have one ordered. Expect him tomorrow afternoon.

Tweedy: That's nice.

Mrs. S.: And when he gets here, I'm going to marry him.

Tweedy: Is it that hard to find help?

Mrs. S.: It ain't only that. A body gets lonesome out here. So I advertised for a husband. Been working hard to forget how lonesome I was...didn't give myself time to think...got so I'd find more and more work to do...And now, well...I need a little tenderness and someone to sit on the porch with after the day's work is done. Been a widder for the last ten years, you know.

Tweedy: Really? I can't believe anyone like you could remain single that long.

Mrs. S.: (GIGGLES) Go on!

Tweedy: I mean it. You must have married VERY young.

Mrs. S.: Help yourself to some more strawberries.

Tweedy: Why, thank you.

Mrs. S.: (FLIRTATIIOUSLY) Did I tell you I advertised in the Humansville Bugle for a husband?

Tweedy: Yes you told me. I - - er - - hope you won't take offense, Madam, but if the man who answered your ad is coming tomorrow afternoon, I'm afraid you ought to do something about your appearance. I mean - - after all - - those overalls - - that old straw hat - - that hair - - those army shoes - - er - - I'm not offending you, am I?

Mrs. S.: Get going.

Tweedy: But - -

Mrs. S. GET GOING.

Tweedy: Madam, I - -

Sound: (SHOT GUN)

Tweedy: (A MILE OFF...AUDIENCE MIKE) Goodbye.

(MUSIC)

Sound (UNDERBRUSH SHAKEN)

Welby: (OFF) Doc. Oh Doc.

Tweedy: Here I am, Welby.

Welby: (COMING IN) Doc. Look what I got for dinner.

Sound: (CHICKEN CLUCKS)

Tweedy: (HORRIFIED) Welby!

Welby: Er - - I'll bet you never seen such a big quail.

Tweedy: Welby, where did you get that chicken?

Welby: Let's talk about it after dinner, Doc. I'm hungry.

Tweedy: You stole it.

Welby: (HURT) Me? Steal? This chicken just followed me.

Tweedy: Followed you? Then what is it doing in your arms?

Welby: Well...the poor thing got tired of walking, so I carried it.

Tweedy: Put it down.

Welby: It'll run away, Doc. Think what a wonderful dinner we could have. We build a little fire...put a stick through this chicken's middle...keep turning until juicy and brown. Garnish with juice from same,and we're ready to put on the nosebag.

Tweedy: It sounds delicious. Er - - NO!

Welby: Aren't you hungry, Doc?

Tweedy: No...not at all.

Welby: But we ain't eaten all day.

Tweedy: I...er...had a few strawberries.

Welby: You ate...without me?

Tweedy: I just tasted one...and then, you know how it is, one led to another.

Welby: You mean...you stuffed yourself with strawberries. Where did you get them?

Tweedy: Er.....well.....

Welby: Someone give them to you?

Tweedy: I found them on the ground.

Welby: That's where I found the chicken.

Sound: (CHICKEN SQUAWKS)

Tweedy: Welby, take your hands off that chicken's neck.....and take him back - - no. I'll take him back.

Welby: You don't trust me. You think maybe I'd eat him all by myself?

Tweedy: Yes. Now tell me...just where did this chicken begin to “follow” you?

Welby: The farmhouse over the hill.

Tweedy: I’ll take it back. Er - - after it gets dark.

(MUSIC)

Sound: (TWIGS SNAP, CHICKEN CLUCKS)

Tweedy: Ssssssssh. You’ll be safe on your roost in a moment.

Sound: (CHICKEN CLUCKS)

Tweedy: Ssssssssh.

Sound: (STUMBLE, BOARD FALLS, CONCERTO OF HOWLING DOGS, CACKLING HENS, GRUNTING PIGS, MOOING COWS. PERSISTENT DOG BARK)

Tweedy: Shut up.

Sound: (DOG GROWL)

Tweedy: OWWWW. Let go.

Mrs. S.: (OFF) Hold on to him, Samson. Hold on. I’m coming.

Sound: (DOG GROWL)

Tweedy: Let go of my pants.

Sound: (SHOTGUN GOES OFF - DEAD SILENCE)

Tweedy: Ohhh. I’m shot.

Mrs. S.: Shot nothing. Now see what you made me do. I missed you and killed my chicken.

Tweedy: Oh. Well, I’m very sorry.

Mrs. S.: It’s you again.

Tweedy: Madam, I can explain.

Mrs. S.: So. A chicken thief, too.

Tweedy: I am not a chicken thief. I was just returning a stray.

Mrs. S.: Keep those hands up or I'll let go with the other barrel. The sheriff will take care of you in the morning. Now get in that chicken coop.

Tweedy: What? Madam, this is a gross indignity.

Mrs. S.: Inside.

Tweedy: Me - - with the chickens? How can I stay in there?

Mrs. S.: Climb up on a perch.

Sound: (COOP DOOR CLOSED AND LOCKED)

Mrs. S.: And don't try to escape...(GOING OFF) I'm the best shot in the country.

Tweedy: (GROANS)

Sound: (CHICKEN GURGLES CONTENTEDLY)

Tweedy: Oh, shut up and move over.

Music: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

Narrator: Before Frank Morgan continues - - here is Ernest Chappell.

(REVERT TO NEW YORK FOR COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen - your cigarette is important to you. That's why we ask you to make this simple test. If you're still smoking old-fashioned, SHORT cigarettes, light a PELL MELL and notice what you do. Unconsciously you hold the match a half-inch closer to your face than you have to - that's a good half-inch INSIDE the tip of your PELL MELL. That means you've discovered PELL MELL. That means you've discovered PELL MELL'S DISTINGUISHED length and shape - the streamlined PELL MELL design - "OUTSTANDING!"
AND - THEY ARE MILD!
PELL MELL is cooler. "OUTSTANDING!"
AND - THEY ARE MILD!

PELL MELL is smoother. "OUTSTANDING!"
AND - THEY ARE MILD!

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)

Announcer: AND - THEY ARE MILD!
"Wherever particular people congregate" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "OUTSTANDING!"

Sound: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

Announcer: AND - THEY ARE MILD!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR SECOND HALF OF FRANK MORGAN PROGRAM)

Orchestra: (FULL AND FADE FOR)

Narrator: And now back to Frank Morgan as the fabulous Dr. Tweedy. Last night Dr. Tweedy went to bed with the chickens.

Sound: (CHICKEN CLUCKS)

Tweedy: (SNORES)

Narrator: And this morning Dr. Tweedy is up with the chickens.

Sound: (ROOSTER CROWS)

Tweedy: Get off me. Shoo. And take this egg with you.

Sound: (DOOR UNLOCKS AND CREAKS OPEN)

Mrs. S.: All right. You can come out now.

Tweedy: Madam, this has been the most humiliating experience in a long career of humiliating experiences.

Mrs. S.: You know, I didn't sleep a wink last night. Was thinking over what you said yesterday. About my appearance.

Tweedy: Er - - Madame, I'm terribly sorry I said - -

Mrs. S.: Forget it. You were right. I can't expect a man to get interested in me looking like this.

Tweedy: I only suggested that because I know what an attractive woman you could be, Mrs. - - er - - er - -

Mrs. S.: Simms. But what can I DO about it?

Tweedy: Why not go into town and buy a new dress? Go to the beauty shop and - -

Mrs. S.: I'd like to but how can I? Got to feed the pigs, milk the cows, pitch hay, plow the south field, fertilize the north field, sow the west field and harvest the corn.

Tweedy: I'd be glad to take over your work while you're gone.

Mrs. S.: You?

Tweedy: Surely you don't believe I'm a common chicken thief?

Mrs. S.: Well...no. I guess I could catch a ride into town with the postman. But you look like a good day's work would kill you.

Tweedy: Madame, just feel the bicep in this arm. NOT SO HARD!

(MUSIC)

Sound: (COWS MOOING)

Mrs. S.: First you've got to milk every cow in this barn. You know how to milk?

Tweedy: Of course. What is there to know?

Sound: (CONTENTED COW)

Mrs. S. Better rub your hands together and warm them up first. Bossie here kicks...now, you do like this.

Sound: (STRONG RHYTHMIC SQUIRTING INTO METAL PAIL)

Tweedy: Simple, isn't it? Let me try.

Mrs. S.: Here's a nice fresh pail.

Tweedy: (GRUNTS)

Sound: (FASTER PAUSE) (ONE DROP OF LIQUID LANGUIDLY FALLS INTO PAIL)

Mrs. S.: You're doing fine. Should have a pint in a day or so. Here. I'll show you again.

Sound: (STRONG RHYTHMIC SQUIRTING INTO METAL PAIL MILKING SOUND BLENDS WITH)

(MUSIC)

Mrs. S.: Now you pitch the hay like this...swing the pitchfork from the right, twisting it as you jab it into the hay...keeps it from sliding off.

Tweedy: I see. Like eating spaghetti. Watch this, a gentle graceful sweep...and the hay is tossed into the wagon.

Sound: (SWISH)

Tweedy: Did you see where that pitchfork went?

Sound: (SHRILL POSTMAN'S WHISTLE)

Tweedy: Who's that?

Mrs. S.: That's Luke, the postman.

Sound: (POSTMAN'S WHISTLE)

Tweedy: Does your postman always whistle twice?

Mrs. S.: Yep. Luke's been whistlin' like that for ten years now. (GOING OFF) I'll have to hurry if I want him to give me a lift into town.

Tweedy: Goodbye. Don't worry about a thing. Just leave everything to me. (MUTTERS) Now let me see. Swing the pitchfork from the right - turning it as you jab it into the hay - -

Welby: Owwwwwwwwww!

Tweedy: Why, Welby. What are you doing in that haystack?

Welby: Gosh, Doc. I was sound asleep. I hunted every place for you last night.. Where was you?

Tweedy: Never mind. There is a lot of work to be done. We're looking after the farm for Mrs. Simms. We have to feed the pigs, milk the cows, pitch hay, plow the south field, fertilize the north field, sow the west field, and harvest the corn.

Welby: We gotta do all that?

Tweedy: It can be done if we put our backs to it.

Welby: Well, okay, Doc. Where do we start?

Tweedy: You start with the pigs. I'm going to take a little nap here in the hay.

(MUSIC)

Tweedy: (SNORING)

Horace: Hey - you. Wake up.

Tweedy: (WAKENS) What? What? Oh.

Horace: My name is Horace Cooney.

Tweedy: How do you do? I'm Dr. Tweedy.

Horace: I'm looking for Mrs. Simms. But there doesn't seem to be anybody home.

Tweedy: Oh. You're not by chance the lucky man who is going to marry her?

Horace: Well, I came here to -

Tweedy: Let me be the first to congratulate you.

Horace: Thank you. But I came here to look around first. Kinda shopping you know. Tell, what kind of woman is she?

Tweedy: Charming. Charming. You'll love her.

Horace: Is she very tall?

Tweedy: Oh, no. On the contrary.

Horace: WIDE, eh?

Tweedy: Well, now, if I were you I wouldn't make any preconceived notions. (AFTER THOUGHT) But there's no harm in bracing yourself for a nice big surprise.

Horace: BIG, eh?

Tweedy: Oh, no. Not big. Charming. Charming.

Horace: Funny she never sent me no picture of her. All the others did.

Tweedy: Oh, you'll love her!

Horace: Between you and me, Dr. Tweedy, I'm not leaping until I look. Mrs. Simms is just another pebble on my beach.

Tweedy: Mr. Cooney, I wouldn't want to think that you're a butterfly, fluttering from flower to flower.

Horace: Well, man-to-man, her letters were a mite warmer than mine. While I usta put down ONE cross on the bottom of the page.. her letters looked like a hen-yard.

Tweedy: I have only the highest regard for Mrs. Simms, and I know that when you see her, you will recognize a perfect lady.

Horace: May be important to some, but 'tain't to me.

Tweedy: You're about to begin a new and wonderful life, Mr. Cooney.

Horace: Not so fast. Don't push me.

Tweedy: I wouldn't dream of trying to influence you. I was just thinking what a lucky man you are.

Horace: I don't believe in luck. Never play hunches. I gotta have a sure thing. Is this farm all paid for?

Tweedy: Well...

Horace: How's her bank account?

Tweedy: Well...

Horace: I gotta know these things. I've got other prospects you know.

Tweedy: Well...

Horace: Take a peek into this envelope and just flip through some of these pictures.

Tweedy: (PAPERS) Hmm. Here's a bathing beauty. Must be sixty by now though.

Horace: She wrote me she was almost thirty.

Tweedy: Wearing a bathing suit with STOCKINGS?

Horace: Hmm. Looks like they was full of walnuts too, don't they? But just look at that coffee shop behind her.

Tweedy: Would you compare a coffee shop to a farm?

Horace: See that gas-station to her left? That's all to the good, you know. But take a look at this one. She's younger. Owns her own electric appliance company.

Tweedy: No comparison. No comparison at all.

Horace: Y'think I'd do better with Mrs. Simms, eh?

Tweedy: Look out over this acreage. What a beautiful view. Look at all that new mown hay. Inhale its aroma. (INHALES) Er...the wind's changed.

Horace: Between you and me, what I'm interested in ain't hay.

Tweedy: Mr. Cooney, just what are your intentions toward Mrs. Simms?

Horace: If I'm gonna be a farmer, I'm gonna be a gentleman farmer. Everything has to be signed over to me. You see, all I want to do is supervise the work.

Tweedy: Mr. Cooney, I've been very patient with you. I don't know whether or not this farm is paid for. I don't know how much money Mrs. Simms has in the bank. I don't know how a letter from you could impress a fine woman like Mrs. Simms. But I do know this pitchfork is sharp. Do you get the point? Or shall I GIVE you the point?

Horace: Okay. Suit yourself! (GOING OFF) I reckon I'll marry that coffee shop after all.

Welby: (COMING IN) Hey, Doc. Who was that?

Tweedy: Welby, the lowest form of human life is the man who is afraid of work. The man who sits back and expects someone else to do his share.

Welby: Aw, that's okay, Doc. I didn't mind doin' your work while you was snoozin'!

Tweedy: I mean that man I just chased off the farm. He was after Mrs. Simms' hard earned money. Welby, greed is the worst evil in the world today. I know I did the right thing....but how can I tell HER that?

Welby: Maybe it ain't so bad, Doc. Maybe you can dig up some other guy to marry her.

Tweedy: Where? Where can I find a man who is single and worthy? Where can I find a man who...er..(IDEA)...Welby.

Welby: Aw, no Doc. No. Not me.

Tweedy: You said you'd cut off your right arm for me. All I'm asking for is the third finger of your left hand.

Sound: (FEET RUNNING ON GRAVEL)

Tweedy: (YELLS) WELBY! COME BACK HERE!

(MUSIC)

Sound: (PIGS SQUEALING)

Tweedy: Sooooo! Pig! Pig! Pig!

Mrs. S.: (COMING IN) Dr. Tweedy. Dr. Tweedy. I'm back.

Tweedy: Mrs, Simms! You look ravishing. I can't believe it's really you.

Mrs. S.: It's me all right, with a new layer of top soil. Luke, the postman, tells me he met Horace Cooney on his way here to marry me.

Tweedy: Oh yes - Mrs. Simms, it's very difficult for me to tell you this. Mr. Cooney is gone.

Mrs. S.: Gone?

Tweedy: Yes. I sent him away. He's not the man for you, Mrs. Simms.

Mrs. S: What do you mean?

Tweedy: You must believe in the sincerity of my intentions.

Mrs. S.: Y OUR intentions?

Tweedy: Yes - you deserve a man who loves you for yourself alone - a man who can see the real you beneath all that "top soil".

Mrs. S.: Like you?

Tweedy: Yes. The moment I met you I said to myself, "Now there's the woman to make a man happy."

Mrs. S.: So that's why you sent me into town to be groomed and curried.

Tweedy: Yes.

Mrs. S.: Well, why didn't you come right out and say you loved me?

Tweedy: Because I - - (TAKE) Love? Me? Oh! I - - er - - Ohhh!

Mrs. S.: I should have knowed it the way you was so anxious to take over the farm chores.

Tweedy: Oh no. No. I'd never make a farmer. Look at these flabby muscles.

Mrs. S.: You're a born farmer. You got the farm all over you.

Tweedy: Well - I've been feeding the pigs.

Mrs. S.: Dr. Tweedy! I'd marry you right this minute.

Tweedy: No!!!

Mrs. S.: And I'd make you a good wife too.

Tweedy: No!!!

Mrs. S.: Yes I would.

Tweedy: Yes, I know you would, but - -

Mrs. S.: But on the way back from town - - I married the postman.

Tweedy: (HYSTERICAL LAUGH OF RELIEF)

Mrs. S.: I hope I ain't broken your heart.

Tweedy: Madam, I shall never recover from this terrible moment. (LAUGH) Allow me to be the first to kiss the bride. (KISS)

Mrs. S.: Hm...I wonder if I married the right man after all.

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

Narrator: Frank Morgan will be back in a moment with his thought for the week - - but first here is Don Hancock!

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(SWITCHOVER TO NEW YORK FOR CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

Announcer: “Wherever particular people congregate!” - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - OUTSTANDING!

Sound: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

Announcer: AND - THEY ARE MILD!
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.
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - “Wherever particular people congregate!”
On land!

Sound: (BUGLE CALL)

Announcer: In the air!

Sound: (DIVE BOMBER)

Announcer: On the sea!

Sound: (WHOOOP WHOOP WHOOP)

Announcer: “Wherever particular people congregate!” - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - OUTSTANDING!

Sound: (DRUM ROLL WITH RIM SHOT FINISH)

Announcer: AND - THEY ARE MILD!

(SWITCHOVER TO HOLLYWOOD FOR FRANK MORGAN SIGN-OFF)

Orchestra: (FULL THEME AND FADE FOR)

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

Morgan: My thought for today is thinking. Always look before you leap. There may not be any water in the swimming pool. Which brings me to my thought for the week. Two heads are better than one - but it'll take you longer to shave.
(LAUGHS) Goodnight.

(APPLAUSE)

Orchestra: (FULL THEME AND FADE FOR:)

Announcer: 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". Our music was composed and directed by Eliot Daniel. Ed Max played Welby, Verna Felton - Mrs. Simms, and Will Wright played Horace Cooney. Now this is John Hiestand saying goodnight for Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

(APPLAUSE)

Orchestra: (THEME TO CUE)

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

Sound: NBC. Chimes