

THE MAGNIFICENT MONTAGUE

“Lost in Hollywood”

Originally aired January 19, 1951

Transcribed by The Indefensible Craig Gustafson for “Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear” old time radio recreations.
www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

EDDIE KING (ANNOUNCER) –
AGNES –
LILY BOHEME –
EDWIN MONTAGUE –
CAB DRIVER –
RECEPTIONIST –
WALTER LOTT –
B.B. –

SFX:

Footsteps –
Coffee cup, handed & slammed –
Loud whistle (human) –
Cab driving past –
Cab tires squealing, stop –
Cab starting, taking off –
Cab door open & close –
Intercom Buzzer –
Door knocking –
Door opening –
Door closing –
Bus takes off. –
NBC Chimes –

MUSIC: MAGNIFICENT MONTAGUE FANFARE)

**KING: The National Broadcasting Company presents, transcribed from
Hollywood, The Magnificent Montague – starring Monty Woolley!**

**MUSIC: MAGNIFICENT MONTAGUE THEME, ESTABLISH THEN
FADE OUT)**

KING: It was not too long ago that Edwin Montague – the Magnificent Montague of Shakespearean Theatre fame, would have preferred death rather than sink artistically into the depths of radio or the movies. Today, he is involved in both. He is “Uncle Goodheart”, star of an afternoon radio program, and now we find him in Hollywood, lured here by Empire Pictures to star in Shakespeare’s immortal tragedy, *Macbeth* under the name “Raoul Randolph.” The Montagues, Edwin and his wife and former leading lady Lily Boheme, and Agnes the maid have sublet a small bungalow in Beverly Hills. It is seven o’clock of the morning Edwin is due at Empire Studio. Agnes and Lily are up and around, waiting for his majesty to arise...

AGNES: (SINGING) Hooray for Hollywood, Ha ha ha ha ha ha Hollywood...

LILY: Agnes! Agnes, where are you?

AGNES: Coming, honey. I was just out getting a little tan. Ahh, this is the life – layin’ out there on the *pateeo*.

LILY: That’s “patio”.

AGNES: Oh.

LILY: Agnes, isn’t California wonderful? After living our entire lives in an apartment in New York.

AGNES: Yeah.

LILY: Oh, the air! Imagine me up at six-thirty in the morning and feeling human!

AGNES: This is it, kid. Is the Magnificent Monster up yet?

LILY: He has to report to the studio at eight. Agnes, you'd better change. You can't serve breakfast in those shorts and that bandana top.

AGNES: Are you kiddin'? I ain't gettin' out of these until we hit Times Square again. Oh, beat me sunshine, eight to the bar.

LILY: But Agnes, you can't walk around the house that way.

AGNES: Look honey, did you get a load of how the dames go around out here? Compared to them, this is a ski suit.

LILY: Agnes, you know how conservative Edwin is. Now, you can't serve him breakfast in that.

AGNES: Why not? What's wrong with shootin' him a little thrill with his Wheaties? (SINGING) Hooray for Hollywood...

LILY: Agnes! Now, you get breakfast ready and I'll get Edwin up. Oh, everything would be so wonderful about Hollywood if only Edwin didn't hate it so.

AGNES: That miserable grouch. He wouldn't be happy in the Garden of Eden. He'd complain because his fig leaf didn't have a belt in the back.

LILY: Now, get his breakfast and I'll wake him up.

AGNES: Okay, baby. (SINGING) Hooray for Hollywood, Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey Hollywood...

(SFX: LILY'S FOOTSTEPS; KNOCK ON DOOR)

LILY: Edwin? (BEAT) Edwin?

(SFX: DOOR OPENING)

LILY: Edwin. Time to get up and go to the studio.

EDWIN: (SNORES; GRUMBLES IN HIS SLEEP)

LILY: Edwin.

EDWIN: Huh? Where am I?

LILY: Edwin, wake up.

EDWIN: Oh, Lily. It's you. What a horrible night.

LILY: Oh, now darling...

EDWIN: OOHHH, what a nightmare. I dreamt I was in Hades.

LILY: Oh, now Edwin... you're in your own little bungalow in Hollywood.

EDWIN: Hollywood. The dream was true.

LILY: Edwin, you have to be at the motion picture studio at eight o'clock.

EDWIN: Eight o'clock... now I know how they get away with those moving pictures. (YAWNING) They make them in the middle of the night so the authorities can't tell what they're doing.

LILY: Oh, Edwin, they have to start early. They have to make tests. Makeup, story conferences.

EDWIN: Oh, how low can a man sink! Edwin Montague in the movies. It's like asking Professor Einstein to do the Charleston.

LILY: Ah, Edwin, but it's not just another movie. It's Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Now come on, get dressed. Agnes has your breakfast ready.

AGNES: Got him up, huh?

LILY: Well, Agnes, doesn't Edwin look wonderful in his sport shirt?

EDWIN: Good morning, Agnes.

AGNES: Good morning, Bing.

EDWIN: Aahhh... (SEES HER; HORRIFIED) Oh, Lily! Get her to put something on!

LILY: That's her sun suit.

AGNES: Some stuff, eh, Buster? (BARKING) Ruff ruff ruff!

EDWIN: Agnes, is this your way of beating the high price of food, by running around spoiling people's appetites?

AGNES: How do you think *you* look with that sport shirt and beard. Looks like the stuffing coming out of a loveseat.

LILY: Now, please...

EDWIN: Lily, have pity. Must the first thing that greets my eyes in the morning be a middle-aged delinquent running around in polka-dot diapers?

LILY: Oh now, Edwin... women out here show their legs.

EDWIN: Well, not *those* legs. It's like waking up in the middle of an ostrich farm.

AGNES: Ooo, I hope he gets to be a big movie star. I wanna be there when they bury him in cement in front of Grauman's Chinese.

LILY: Edwin, you'll be late at the studio. Agnes, start serving.

AGNES: Ok.

EDWIN: Oh, this is charming. Watching her prance back and forth in that outfit... it's like having breakfast on the runway of a burlesque house.

LILY: Edwin, she's just trying to get a tan. That's why she's got that suntan lotion on.

EDWIN: So that's what it is. She looks like something that was left for the cat in a sardine can.

LILY: Edwin, will you *please* relax?

(SFX: COFFEE CUP BEING HANDED.)

AGNES: Here's your coffee, Ronald.

EDWIN: Thank you, Hedy. Ah, coffee... (A CRY)

(SFX: CUP SLAMMED DOWN.)

LILY: Oh, Edwin – something wrong with the coffee?

EDWIN: Lily, we're rich. I think Agnes struck oil in the kitchen.

LILY: Oh now, Edwin...

EDWIN: Lily, Agnes is supposed to be our maid. She can't keep house, she can't cook, she can't even make coffee.

AGNES: Isn't my sparkling personality enough?

EDWIN: Ah, Lily, let's try out our barbeque pit. Agnes is all greased and ready.

LILY: Edwin, you'll be late. You have to leave for Empire Studio.

EDWIN: Lily, you'd better come along, I'll never find it.

LILY: Oh, nonsense, Edwin.

EDWIN: Every street looks the same out here. The same stucco bungalows and those trees that all look like they needed haircuts.

LILY: But those are palm trees, Edwin. You can walk there – the studio sent instructions.

EDWIN: Lily, come along. I got lost six times yesterday. No taxis. No elevators. Yesterday I got on a bus to go to the radio station and spent the afternoon on it, just seeing movie stars' homes.

LILY: Aw, Edwin, it's so simple...

EDWIN: Not for me. I have to remember that they have no subways here. I keep walking down into people's basements.

LILY: Now here are the instructions from the studio. Listen:

EDWIN: Go ahead.

LILY: You go two blocks til you get to Cahuenga.

EDWIN: Ca what?

LILY: Cahuenga. That's a boulevard.

EDWIN: Oh? Yes?

LILY: Then you go south to Alta Vista until you until you reach Las Filas Boulevard. Left on Las Filas until you get to Graciosa Drive. Then two blocks as you pass Estrada Street, El Centro, Figueroa, San Benito, Loma Vista, Puerto Alto til you get to Eighth Street.

EDWIN: *Eighth* Street?

LILY: Yes.

EDWIN: Why, what a quaint name for a street! Go on, go on.

LILY: Now stay on Eighth until you get to Sepulveda. Sepulveda to San Marino, San Marino to Pico, and there you are!

EDWIN: Lily, I had these instructions yesterday and I couldn't find the place. San Marino, Loma Vista, Vista Loma, Santa Pica, oh, such streets!

LILY: Couldn't you ask a policeman to help you?

EDWIN: I did! I asked a policeman, but he couldn't help me. He only spoke English.

AGNES: Ok, I'm all dressed. Let's go.

EDWIN: "Let's go"? Where are you going? And why haven't you left months ago?

AGNES: I'm goin' to the studio with you.

EDWIN: Oh, nooooo...

LILY: Edwin, I promised Agnes she could go with you. She wants to see the stars.

AGNES: I got my autograph book, my smelling salts – I'm ready for action.
(SINGING) Hooray for Hollywood...

EDWIN: Quiet! Lily, what are you doing to me? First you dress me up in this outfit, now you've chained Agnes to me. At least give me an organ to grind so we can pick up a few pennies!

LILY: Edwin, Agnes won't be any trouble.

AGNES: You heard her, Buster. She says I'm goin', and I'm goin'!

EDWIN: My dear Agnes, I assure you – once the people at the studio see *you*, Lassie is through.

LILY: Edwin, you'll be late. Agnes *is* going.

EDWIN: All right, put her on the leash. Let's go.

LILY: You're sure you have the directions?

EDWIN: Yes, I sewed them inside my sport jacket.

(SFX: DOOR OPENING.)

EDWIN: Goodbye, Lily. If you never see me again, you will know the state demanded that I pay the price for hurling Agnes into the La Brea tar pits.

AGNES: Hurry up, lover boy.

LILY: Goodbye, Edwin. Bye, Agnes.

AGNES: So long, honey. I'll take good care of Junior.

(SFX: DOOR SHUTTING.)

EDWIN: Now let's see... we go south on Cahuenga to Las Filas, then past Graciosa Drive. Alta Vista, Vista Loma, El Centro, El Figueroa... is that right, Agnes?

AGNES: Si, si, señor.

EDWIN: Let's go.

MUSIC: BRIDGE – A LITTLE TRAVELING MUSIC.)

KING: Edwin and Agnes have been walking for an hour, carefully following the instructions to the studio. They have now passed the same Nutburger Stand for the fourth time.

AGNES: I told you we shoulda turned *left* on Loma Vista.

EDWIN: We *did*. We went wrong on Las Filas. You had to chase that woman with your autograph book for three blocks. I told you she wasn't Bessie Love.

AGNES: How about that half hour you wasted with those kids?

EDWIN: Now, Agnes, I couldn't be rude to the little tykes. They wanted my autograph.

AGNES: Til they found out you weren't Gabby Hayes.

EDWIN: This isn't getting us to the Empire Studio. Oh, if only that infernal sun would stop beating down on me. Oh! When I think of those lucky people back in New York up to their knees in that wonderful, cool slush!

AGNES: So let's ask somebody.

EDWIN: "Ask somebody!" "Ask somebody!" We've asked every person we've met. They've either just got into town themselves or they try to sell you a tip sheet for Santa Anita.

AGNES: Why don't we circle back to Las Filas Street?

EDWIN: Not again – if I spend any more time on Las Filas, I'll be eligible to vote there.

AGNES: Maybe if we keep walkin' – hey, look. Here comes a cab. Yell!

(SFX: CAB DRIVING TOWARD THEM AND KEEPS GOING.)

EDWIN: Oh, it's no use; they never stop out here. Taxi! Taxi! Taxi! I told you.

AGNES: Let me try.

(SFX: LOUD WHISTLE FROM AGNES.)

AGNES: (SCREAMING) HEY, YA BIG JOIK!

(SFX: TAXI TIRES SQUEAL TO A HALT.)

AGNES: (CALMLY) Come on; he stopped.

DRIVER: Where to, folks?

(SFX: CAB DOOR OPENS.)

EDWIN: Get in, Agnes, before he changes his mind.

AGNES: He does and he gets a rock through the windshield.

(SFX: CAB DOOR CLOSES.)

EDWIN: Ahhh... it's good to sit down.

DRIVER: Well, where'll it be, folks?

EDWIN: Driver, do you know where the Empire Motion Picture Company hides its studio?

DRIVER: Empire... yeah, let's see; that's in the Valley, isn't it?

EDWIN: Judging from the few pictures I've seen of theirs, I would say "yes".
Death Valley.

AGNES: Hey, Barney Oldfield, let's go, huh? We got instructions.

(SFX: CAB TAKES OFF.)

EDWIN: According to the instructions, we should wind up around Pica and Sepulveda.

DRIVER: *Sepulveda. Sepulveda.* Gotta learn those names if you wanna get around out here. (LAUGHS LIKE MR. MAGOO, AND WITH GOOD REASON) All French, you know. (BEAT) Local joke.

EDWIN: Look, Driver, I have to get to Empire Studio.

DRIVER: Well, I'll get you there, folks. You just sit back, relax and enjoy the ride. You folks from the east?

AGNES: Yeah, Manhattan, New York.

DRIVER: (SMUGLY) Well, you're in *God's* country, now.

EDWIN: (IN AGONY) I know...

DRIVER: I don't know what all that shouting is about New York. I was there once. Not a *bad* little place, but nothing to do at night! Give me a town that has some action, like out here. There's always something to do. If a man wants to bowl, he can *bowl*! Not like some towns – when the sun goes down, they pull in the sidewalks! (ANOTHER MR. MAGOO LAUGH) Out here they got bowling alleys that don't close down til nine or ten at night!

EDWIN: Gad – it's another Barbary Coast.

DRIVER: You take me, for instance. I'd rather bowl than eat.
(CONFIDENTIALLY) Even got my own bowling ball.

EDWIN: Well, I hope the two of you will be very happy.

DRIVER: Now, uh, don't get the idea that that's *all* you can do out here at night is bowl. No sirree bob. Tell me... you play *bingo*?

EDWIN: No. No, I've led a very sheltered life.

DRIVER: Now, you talk about excitement... !

EDWIN: Who was talking about excitement?

DRIVER: Well, about six years ago come April, a fellow and his wife rush into my cab, see, and he yells, "Santa Monica Maternity Hospital, quick!" Never made it. Halfway there, it happened. Baby was born right in this cab. Right where you're sitting. Eight pound boy.

EDWIN: (SO BORED) Reeceally?

DRIVER: Well sir, a year later to the day, another husband and wife hail me, "Cedars of Lebanon Hospital", he yells. Never made it. Six pound girl, right here in the cab. Right where you're sitting.

EDWIN: Good.

DRIVER: Uh, say...

EDWIN: Huh?

DRIVER: You two married?

EDWIN: My dear man, I assure you, you have nothing to worry about. Please, I've got to get to Empire Studio. Hurry, will you?

DRIVER: (MAGOO LAUGH) That's you people from the east every time. Hurry, hurry, hurry! We folks out here take it easy; we have a saying, "Haysta Manana." (RHYMES IT WITH "BANANA")

EDWIN: "Haysta Manana."

DRIVER: "Haysta Manana." It means, "Tomorrow You May Die."

EDWIN: From boredom. Right here in this cab. Right where I'm sitting.

DRIVER: Say, would you like to see a few sites?

EDWIN: *No!*

DRIVER: It's only a few blocks out of the way. I'll show you where I bowl.

EDWIN: No, no. The temptation is almost overpowering, but I'm fighting it off. Get us to the Empire Studio.

DRIVER: Oh no, we're gonna get there! (SINGS) Mona Lisa, men have named you, muhna uh uh... (SPEAKS) Say, you know, I just thought of it. You know what would be a smart thing for you folks to do?

EDWIN: Yes: get out of this cab.

DRIVER: No, you oughta get out there and see that Forest Lawn Cemetery.

EDWIN: Thank you, but we'll let you know when we're ready.

DRIVER: There's a beautiful place for you. Ah, that Forest Lawn! There're mountains on one side, those flowers and plants, those marble mausoleums gleaming in the sun. Everything's so nice and peaceful.

EDWIN: That's living.

DRIVER: How about it? It's not far out of the way.

EDWIN: No, just get us to the studio. I'm an hour late already.

AGNES: Hey, hold it! Stop!

EDWIN: Agnes!

AGNES: That's a movie star's home! Wow, isn't it gorgeous. Whose is it?

DRIVER: Oh, that's a bowling alley. How about it, huh?

EDWIN: How about what?

DRIVER: Like to bowl a couple o' strings? I've got the ball right with me.

EDWIN: No, but if you'd like to stop and bowl, why can't we drop *you* off and drive on?

DRIVER: (MUTTERING) Oh boy oh boy, wouldn't I like to stop off and bowl... (ALoud) The young lady seems to be interested in movie stars' homes. Now, Buster Crabbe has a little place where...

EDWIN: Never mind, never mind.

DRIVER: You know, site-seeing busses, the movie stars' homes – that's where the *real* money is. I'm saving up for my own bus.

EDWIN: How interesting, now get us to the studio, quick.

DRIVER: Ok, ok, be there in a minute. I'll just cut across Ventura over to Alta V... say, what was that studio again?

EDWIN: Oh, nooo...

MUSIC: BRIDGE.)

(SFX: CAB PULLS UP, STOPS.)

DRIVER: Well, there's your studio. Pico and Sepulveda.

AGNES: Hey, Mr. Montague; wake up. We're here.

EDWIN: (SLEEPY SOUNDS) What is it?

AGNES: We're here. Here's the studio.

EDWIN: I don't believe it. It must be a mirage. I'm sure in a minute it'll disappear and we'll be back on Las Filas.

AGNES: Come on, let's get out of this cab.

EDWIN: I sort of hate to do it. It's like leaving home. After all, we've been living in it for six hours.

AGNES: Hey look! Walking into the studio! Quick – my smelling salts. It's *Mae Busch!*

EDWIN: Agnes! All right, Driver, how much do I owe you?

DRIVER: Ah, let's see now... call it fourteen dollars even.

EDWIN: Fourteen dollars?

DRIVER: Well, it would be a lot more, but I stopped the meter while I was showing you around Forest Lawn.

EDWIN: All right, all right; I was trapped. Here's your money. Agnes, let's go...

DRIVER: Hey... uh... uh...

EDWIN: What is it?

DRIVER: I didn't know who you were until I just recognized you.

EDWIN: You did?

DRIVER: Are you kidding? Oh boy, wait'll I tell my wife I've been driving around all day with Gabby Hayes!

(SFX: CAB REVS UP, PULLS AWAY.)

EDWIN: Here was a day well wasted.

AGNES: You're not kiddin'. Come on, let's go in here. Here's the main door.

EDWIN: Let's go in.

AGNES: Hey, look! There goes Sabu! (RUNNING AFTER HIM) Hey, Mr. Sabu! Autograph, Mr. Sabu! Hey!

EDWIN: Agnes! Come back! – Watch out for that elephant! Oh, why did I bring her? Oh well – it may all turn out for the good. She might get stepped on. I might as well go in and get the fuss over with.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES.)

RECEPTIONIST: Yes, sir?

EDWIN: Well, here I am.

RECEPTIONIST: And who are you?

EDWIN: You may tell the big brains of this enterprise that Edwin Montague has arrived.

RECEPTIONIST: Just what do you do, Mr. Montague?

EDWIN: I'm a *tap dancer*.

RECEPTIONIST: Thank you.

EDWIN: My dear young man, I am Edwin Montague of the New York Theatre, who was dragged out here by your studio to make a motion picture of Shakespeare's great play *Macbeth*.

RECEPTIONIST: (BEAT) *This studio is going to make Macbeth?*

EDWIN: Yes.

RECEPTIONIST: (BEAT) Oh, dear. Here goes another wage cut. Would you please wait in the waiting room, Mr. Montague?

EDWIN: Oh, nooooo...

RECEPTIONIST: And here's a magazine to read. The latest issue of *Screen Confessions*.

EDWIN: Thank you, thank you. What luck. My copy hadn't arrived this month. By the way... if a woman by the name of Agnes is scraped off the bottom of an elephant's foot, put a tag on what's left. I'll pick it up on the way out. Do you hear?

RECEPTIONIST: Yes, sir.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSES.)

EDWIN: More sitting around. Oh, why did I ever leave Forest Lawn? Compared to this place, Forest Lawn was jazzy. Let me see this magazine. This article looks interesting: "How I Found True Happiness in Marriage" by Elizabeth Taylor. I wonder who she is. Well, as long as she's happy... Whose picture is this? "Marie Wilson." Gad. It says, "Recently divorced Marie Wilson declares, 'I am now looking for a man who will love me only for my mind.'" That'll be a search. What's this...?

LOTT: Uh. Uh. Pardon me.

EDWIN: Yes?

LOTT: Mr. Montague, you won't remember me, but... when you did *Hamlet* back in nineteen thirty-five, I was the third assistant stage manager. My name is Walter Lott.

EDWIN: Oh – a pleasure, Mr. Lott. I never expected to meet anyone who was even minutely exposed to culture in Hollywood. Visiting?

LOTT: (SQUIRMING) Uh, no, no. You see, I'm... I'm with this studio. I'm a... *director*.

EDWIN: *Shame* on you.

LOTT: Gosh, Mr. Montague, I... I... I'm so sorry to see you like this.

EDWIN: Like what?

LOTT: Well... the Magnificent Montague of the theatre – hanging around looking for Extra work.

EDWIN: Extra work?

LOTT: Oh, it's unfair! It's a dirty, rotten shame! You gave your life to the theatre and now you have to come *begging* for a day's work!

EDWIN: I assure you, I am doing very well! This studio practically shanghaied me out here. They are starring me in *Macbeth*.

LOTT: *Macbeth*? This studio? (LAUGHS LIGHTLY) Oh, Mr. Montague, you must be hungry – let me buy you a meal.

EDWIN: No, no. No thanks. I had a cheeseburger at Forest Lawn. I tell you, I am out here to do *Macbeth*. Take me to someone in charge of this asylum.

LOTT: Mr. Montague, are you serious?

EDWIN: I assure you, I didn't drag my body three thousand miles (as the Super Chief flies) just for the orange juice. Now are you going to take me to the head of this studio or must I wait for visiting day?

LOTT: *Macbeth*! Mr. Montague, you come with me. I'm taking you right to B.B. himself.

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS.)

EDWIN: Thank you.

LOTT: This way. Here's his private office. Let's go in.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS.)

LOTT: Hello, B.B! I want you to meet...

B.B.: Hold it, Walt! (B.B. IS A BOMBASTIC MAN WHO SPEAKS IN EXCLAMATION POINTS AND SOUNDS LIKE FRED FLINTSTONE. AGAIN, WITH GOOD REASON.)

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER. FIRST OF MANY.)

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Yes, B.B?

B.B.: Where's Korngold?

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) He's in New York.

B.B.: New York? What's he doing in New York?

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) You sent him out there this morning.

B.B.: Well, get him back here right away! Columbia's cleaning up with *Born Yesterday*. We start shooting tomorrow on a new picture: *Born the Day Before Yesterday*!

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Check, B.B!

B.B.: Now, what's up, Walt?

LOTT: B.B., I want you to meet one of the greatest actors of the American theatre.

B.B.: Walt! You delivered him! You got him here! Ho ho, wait til Republic wakes up tomorrow and finds out we got Gabby Hayes!!!

EDWIN: Oh, nooooo...!

B.B.: What's with the "Oh, no"? We'll double what you got at Republic! Walt, talk to him...

LOTT: B.B., you see... this isn't Gabby Hayes. This is the greatest actor in the world: the famous Edwin Montague. You've heard of the Magnificent Montague.

B.B.: Yeah. I always thought it was a horse!

EDWIN: A horse! My dear man, I have an overwhelming desire to puncture your eardrum and let the air out of that balloon head!

LOTT: Mr. Montague...

EDWIN: Of all the insufferable, stupid *boobs*...

B.B.: Ha HAAA! Walter, I *like this boy*! I like his spirit! Buy him. Buy me that boy. I must have that boy.

LOTT: But B.B... he's...

B.B.: He's a natural for the Comedy Bellhop in *Ladies' Night at the YMCA*!

EDWIN: A bellhop! I'm reaching new heights!

LOTT: But, B.B...

EDWIN: Quiet!

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER.)

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) B.B.?

B.B.: Where's Korngold?

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Just left New York for Hollywood.

B.B.: Well, catch him in Chicago and send him back to New York to buy that *Ladies' Night* story. Tell him we're desperate – the sky's the limit! Up to two hundred dollars!

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Check, B.B.

LOTT: Uh, Mr. Montague came here for *Macbeth*.

B.B.: *IIIII* don't care, we'll pay him double of what *Macbeth* is willing to pay him! Buy me that boy. I want that boy.

LOTT: But *Macbeth* is, is... (BEAT) Mr. Montague. Show B.B. Show him *Macbeth*.

EDWIN: *Macbeth*. Act Five, Scene Eight: (THIS IS NOT SUBTLE) I will not yield to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet! Before my body I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff! Ho hoooh –

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER.)

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) B.B.?

B.B.: Where's Korngold?!

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) He's on his way back to New York.

B.B.: What is he doing? Chasing dames? I want him on the lot tomorrow – we're finally going ahead with *Way Down in the Ozarks*! (HAPPILY) We've found a hog caller!

LOTT: Look, B.B... listen... Mr. Montague came out here to do *Macbeth*! It's a play by William Shakespeare.

B.B.: Well, *get it for him*! Buy it! I like this boy! When I like someone, anything they want, they can have! You want *Macbeth*? Buy it for him! I want my boy to be happy! (WHENEVER HE STARTS ON THE "YOU'RE MY BOY" STUFF, WE SHOULD GET THE IMPRESSION THAT HE'S PINCHING EDWIN'S CHEEKS)

LOTT: Buy it?! You... you...

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER.)

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) B.B.?

B.B.: Where's Korngold?

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) He's just landed in Chicago.

B.B.: *He's always in Chicago!* Tell him to get hold of a writer called Bill Shakespeare! Bring him to Hollywood. I'd like to see this Shakespeare in my office tomorrow morning!

EDWIN: So would I.

B.B.: Like the way I work, huh? Anything for my boy, and *you're my boy!*

LOTT: B.B., for heaven's sake. Look, Shakespeare is dead.

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER.)

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) B.B.?

B.B.: Where's Korngold?

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) He's just left Chicago.

B.B.: What does he always got against Chicago? Contact him on the plane. Tell him Shakespeare is dead. He can release it to the newspapers – something *dignified*: “The studio regrets the untimely death of William Shakespeare” – you know, get in a couple of plugs for the picture. Send flowers.

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Got it.

B.B.: Tell them to track down Shakespeare's widow and buy *Macbeth* from her. And tell him just for *once*, for pete's sake, not to go on the *make!* She just buried her husband!

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Check, B.B.

B.B.: (SMILING) There it is! You asked for it, Montague, you got your *Macbeth!* You're my boy, and for my boy, anything!

LOTT: B.B., listen! *Macbeth* is a kind of a play...

B.B.: Yeah, yeah – what's it about? *King Kong* type of thing? We got a great monkey on the lot!

EDWIN: Could he ever feel more at home?

LOTT: B.B., *Macbeth* is a classi...

EDWIN: Allow me to explain. Look, B.B...

B.B.: *What's with this “B.B.”?!* Just call me “B”.

EDWIN: Yessss... look “B”, *Macbeth* is a classic.

B.B.: About the Kentucky Derby!

EDWIN: No, this is the story of an ancient Scotch king.

B.B.: Hold it. Hold it, hold it! Is there a dame in it?

EDWIN: Yes. Lady Macbeth.

B.B.: Oh, Hoooooh!

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER.)

EDWIN: Where's Korngold?

B.B.: Who needs Korngold? This is *my* discovery!

LOTT: Discovery?

B.B.: What a day for the studio! I got the dame for Lady Macbeth – she'll be sensational! I just discovered her today!

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Yes, B.B.?

B.B.: Did you find a new for our new discovery?

RECEPTIONIST: (FILTERED) Yes: Bubbles Borden!

B.B.: Bubbles Borden! Terrific!

EDWIN: Bubbles Borden as Lady Macbeth!

B.B.: You don't like the name? Change it! You're my boy! Anything for you!

(SFX: INTERCOM BUZZER.)

B.B.: Send in Bubbles Borden!

(SFX: DOOR OPENS.)

B.B.: Mr. Montague, here's your Lady Macbeth!

EDWIN: Agnes!

AGNES: Mr. Montague, get me outta here! These guys are *nuts*.

B.B.: You two know each other?! Get romance items in all the columns!

EDWIN: Now, wait a minute! Before the proper authority drops a net on all of us and carts us away: Why do you want to do *Macbeth*?

LOTT: Yeah, B.B. We're a tiny little studio. Why *Macbeth*?

B.B.: (LAUGHS) Think I'm dumb? I just read the announcement that Empire Studio across the street is making *Macbeth* with some new star, Raoul Randolph. We'll make it with Montague in two days and beat 'em to the punch!

EDWIN: Ohhh, no! I'm in the wrong studio! Let's get out of here, Agnes!

AGNES: Coming!

(SFX: DOOR OPENS.)

B.B.: Now, wait a minute! Wait! My boy!

(SFX: DOOR SHUTS.)

EDWIN: It's this way out, Agnes!

AGNES: I'm with ya!

EDWIN: How did you ever get involved?

AGNES: Who knows? I was halfway up the elephant to get Sabu's autograph when somebody yelled, "Buy me that girl!" and slam, bam, alakazam: I was Bubbles Borden, at twenty-five dollars a week.

EDWIN: What an outfit! They offered me fifty.

AGNES: You gonna check into Empire?

EDWIN: Not today! I don't want to hear another word about Hollywood, stars or pictures as long as I live! Let's get home.

AGNES: There's a cab.

EDWIN: No! No cabs. Here, get on this bus.

AGNES: Ok.

EDWIN: Ahhh...

(SFX: BUS TAKES OFF.)

DRIVER: And now, folks, the first movie star's home that you're gonna see on this site-seeing bus is the home of Buster Crabbe...

EDWIN: OH NOOOO! My money... he bought the bus!

DRIVER: And, as an added treat, I'm taking you all to Forest Lawn! The most beautiful cemetery in the world!

EDWIN: ARRGGGHHHH! Will you join me, Bubbles?

AGNES: Yes, Raoul.

EDWIN AND AGNES: (SINGING) Hooray for Hollywood, Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey Hollywood...

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME IN, AND CONTINUE UNDER:)

KING: Join us again next Friday at this same time for another visit with *The Magnificent Montague*, starring Monty Woolley. Created and directed by Nat Hiken and written by Nat Hiken and Billy Friedberg. Anne Seymour was Lily, Pert Kelton was Agnes. Included in tonight's cast were Alan Reed as B.B., Peter Leeds as the Receptionist and Jim Backus as the Cab Driver and Walter Lott. This is Eddie King, saying stay tuned for *Duffy's Tavern*, which follows immediately.

MUSIC: OUT)

MUSIC: NBC CHIMES) THE END