

# Magnificent Montague

## “Baby in the House”

*Originally aired, May 12, 1951*

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for “Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear” old time radio recreations. [www.ttdyradio.com](http://www.ttdyradio.com)

### **CAST:**

Announcer  
Montague  
Lily  
Agnes  
Mr. Zinzer  
Diaper Delivery  
Cigar Salesman  
Simon  
Doctor  
Baby

### **SFX:**

Door buzzer  
Door open and close  
Phone  
Keys jingling  
Footsteps  
Unwrapping  
Paging bell  
Moving box

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### **MUSIC:**

**ANNOUNCER:** “The Magnificent Montague”, starring Monty Wooley.

(APPLAUSE)

**ANNOUNCER:** Yes, it’s “the Magnificent Montague,” the Saturday night transcribed feature on NBC’s All-Star festival of comedy, music, mystery, and drama. Brought to you by RCA Victor—world leader in radio, first in recorded music, first in television. And by the makers of Anacin—fast relief from the pain of headaches, neuritis, or neuralgia.

### **MUSIC:**

**ANNOUNCER:** It’s been many years since the name of Edwin “the Magnificent” Montague has been seen in lights starring in a Shakespearian production. Today he is “Uncle Goodheart”, hero of an afternoon radio program. It is early afternoon. Montague, having finished his program, is expected home momentarily. And awaiting him is his wife, Lily, and the Montague maid, Agnes, who is happily planning dinner.

**AGNES:** (SINGING) Abba-dabba-dabba-dabba, dabba-dabba, said the monkey to the chimp. Abba-dabba-dabba-dabba,..

**LILY:** (CALLING) Agnes!

**AGNES:** (CONTINUING ON) ...dabba-dabba... yeah, honey?

**LILY:** Oh. (ENTERING) Was that you?

**AGNES:** Yeah, I was singing.

**LILY:** Oh. Well, that’s nice.

**AGNES:** Yeah, I'm thinking about what I'm gonna cook for your husband tonight. Singing keeps me from being revolted.

**LILY:** Oh, come, Agnes. Cooking for Edwin is no problem.

**AGNES:** It ain't the cooking, it's the serving. I gotta get my hands off the plate or they'll get bitten off.

**LILY:** Oh, come, Agnes, he's not *that* big an eater.

**AGNES:** He ain't, huh? Honey, when he says, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," he ain't recitin' Shakespeare, he's ordering lunch.

**LILY:** Well, have you decided what to make for dinner?

**AGNES:** Let me see now. Maybe a nice thick sirloin steak.

**LILY:** Oh good. Edwin loves steak.

**AGNES:** He does, huh? Well, then that's out.

**LILY:** Oh. Now really, Agnes. Don't you think that it's time you and Edwin called a stop to this bickering and shook hands?

**AGNES:** Honey, the day I came to work here....<sup>1</sup>

**LILY:** It's so senseless. This has been going on for Twenty-five years. Why?

**AGNES:** Why? Because for twenty-five years I've been asking him to do me one little favor, and he always refuses.

**LILY:** What do you want him to do?

**AGNES:** Drop dead.

**LILY:** Oh, stop. I know the two of you just live to argue with each other. Now why don't you run down and get three nice steaks for dinner?

**AGNES:** Three steaks? Okay, I'll buy 'em. Gimmie your jewels to hock.

**LILY:** Oh. Is meat still so expensive?

**AGNES:** Expensive? It's cheaper to eat a mixed green salad made of fifty dollar bills.

**LILY:** Really?

**AGNES:** Oh, that butcher of ours, is *he* riding high. He don't even cut the meat himself anymore. He's got a surgeon from Johns Hopkins working at the meat counter.

**LILY:** Oh, that's silly.

**AGNES:** All the butcher does is just weigh the meat. His thumb is insured for four hundred thousand dollars.

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<sup>1</sup> The recording was damaged here and it's clear that Agnes makes some wisecrack, because the audience laughs. But we'll never know what it is. Best to just ride over it.

**LILY:** Oh, now stop being ridiculous. You've always gotten along with the butcher.

**SOUND:** BUZZER

**LILY:** Oh. Someone's at the door.

**AGNES:** I'll get it.

**SOUND:** DOOR OPENS

**AGNES:** Well, well, hello, Mr. Zinzer.

**ZINZER:** Oh, hello, Agnes.

**AGNES:** It's Mr. Zinzer, the director of Montague's radio program.

**LILY:** Well, come in, Mr. Zinzer.

**ZINZER:** Hello, Mrs. Montague. I came to see Mr. Montague.

**LILY:** He isn't here yet. He went to his Proscenium Club right after the broadcast.

**ZINZER:** Ohhhh, fiddle-faddle.

**LILY:** Well, what is it? Can I help?

**ZINZER:** Oh no, it's very personal. (GIGGLES)

**LILY:** Mr. Zinzer, you can tell me.

**ZINZER:** Well, it's not the kind of thing I like to discuss. (GIGGLES)

**LILY:** Mr. Zinzer, we're all friends. You can tell me. Go ahead.

**ZINZER:** Well... my wife... oh, I shouldn't be saying this.

**LILY:** Oh, Mr. Zinzer, out with it, what is it?

**ZINZER:** Well... (GIGGLES) My wife is expecting. (GIGGLES)

**LILY:** Mr. Zinzer. A baby?

**AGNES:** What'd'ja think, a Maytag automatic washing machine?

**LILY:** Oh, that's wonderful. But tell me, Mr. Zinzer, what's this got to do with Edwin?

**AGNES:** The suspense is killing me.

**LILY:** Agnes.

**ZINZER:** You see, my wife—Mrs. Z—is a great admirer of your husband. She listens to him as Uncle Goodheart on the radio. And she thinks he must be just as sweet and kind in real life as he is on the radio. (GIGGLES) Stupid, isn't she?

**LILY:** Mr. Zinzer, where does Edwin come in?

**ZINZER:** I'm coming to that. You see, my wife's in the hospital right now.

**LILY:** You mean...?

**ZINZER:** Aaaaaaany minute.

**LILY:** Well, shouldn't you be at her side?

**ZINZER:** I guess so, but she made me come over here to ask Mr. Montague to be... well, the whole thing is mad. Mad.

**LILY:** She wants Edwin to be what?

**ZINZER:** The baby's Godfather.

**LILY:** Edwin Montague? The Godfather of a baby?

**AGNES:** Fat chance of that happening.

**ZINZER:** I know, I tried to explain to my wife, Mrs. Z, that Mr. Montague is a... well, not the sentimental type. He's more like a... um...

**AGNES:** Say it. A monster.

**LILY:** Agnes.

**ZINZER:** I told her not to bother him. But you know how women are in her... \*ahem\* condition. They want the craziest things. Sour pickles, ice cream, salami.

**LILY:** I know.

**AGNES:** And *she* wants Montague.

**ZINZER:** How about that?

**LILY:** I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Zinzer, but knowing the way he feels about it...

**ZINZER:** Oh, I understand.

**LILY:** Some men love children. Like yourself.

**ZINZER:** Well, I should. This'll make ten.

**AGNES:** Ten kids. Stranger than fiction.

**ZINZER:** I love kids. I hang their baby shoes on the windshield of my car.

**LILY:** Really?

**ZINZER:** Mm-hm. I gotta drive with my head out the window.

**LILY:** Mr. Zinzer, you'd better get back to your wife in the hospital.

**ZINZER:** I can't. I've got to go home and take care of the kids.

**LILY:** Oh, but she shouldn't be alone in the hospital at a time like this.

**ZINZER:** She don't mind. We got nine more kids at home. Lying in the hospital having a baby is the only rest she gets.

**LILY:** Well, Agnes, we'll go up and see Mrs. Zinzer this afternoon.

**ZINZER:** Oh, she'd like that. She's in room 204 at the Riverside Maternity Hospital.

**LILY:** Room 204. Remember that, Agnes.

**AGNES:** 204.

**LILY:** Well see her every day.

**ZINZER:** Oh, she'll only be there until the baby comes.

**LILY:** But Mr. Zinzer, she can't bring a new baby right into a house that already has nine children.

**ZINZER:** I know, but she hates hospitals. What can I do?

**LILY:** She and the baby should be in a quiet place for a week or so. Some place where people can wait on her... Mr. Zinzer, I have it!

**ZINZER:** You have?

**LILY:** She can stay here!

**AGNES:** Honey, are you nuts?

**LILY:** No. Mrs. Zinzer can use the guest room and we can use Edwin's den as a nursery for the baby.

**AGNES:** Honey, you can't have a baby spend the first week of it's life in the same house as Montague. It'll warp it's mind.

**ZINZER:** Thanks, Mrs. Montague, but it'd be too much trouble.

**LILY:** Trouble? A baby in the house. Oh, it would be wonderful. I'm so excited. Agnes, let's start making arrangements. A bassinette, diaper service, bottle water...

**AGNES:** And a straitjacket.

**LILY:** Straitjacket?

**AGNES:** For Montague, when he hears about it.

**LILY:** Oh, that's right. Edwin.

**ZINZER:** He'll flip his lid.

**AGNES:** Forget about it, honey.

**LILY:** No, I will not. Mr. Zinzer, I'll discuss it with my husband. I'm sure having your wife and child here for one week isn't going to kill him.

**ZINZER:** Oh, it won't? I mean, gosh, Mrs. Montague, you're sure true-blue.

**LILY:** Well, I'll just get everything ready. Agnes and I will go see your wife this afternoon. Goodbye.

**ZINZER:** Goodbye.

**SOUND:** DOOR CLOSE.

**AGNES:** Honey, stop kidding yourself. You don't think the Magnificent Monster is going to let you bring a baby into this house?

**LILY:** Agnes, when I get through explaining what it means to me, he'll come around. I've always been able to handle him.

**AGNES:** I know, but a baby in his den. This time you're hitting below the beard.

**LILY:** Oh, Agnes, it'll be something I've always wanted to do—taking care of a baby. (GETTING SENTAMENTAL) Making the formula, warming the bottles, bathing it. Then there's the diapers.

**AGNES:** That's where I come in.

**LILY:** Oh, Agnes, I'm so thrilled.

**AGNES:** So am I.

**SOUND:** DOOR BUZZER

**LILY:** That's Edwin.

**AGNES:** The thrill is gone.

**LILY:** Agnes, let Edwin in.

**AGNES:** Must I? Okay.

**SOUND:** DOOR OPEN.

**AGNES:** Here he is.

**MONTAGUE:** Hello, Agnes. Hello, Lily.

**LILY:** Hello, Edwin. Oh my, you look happy. Isn't it a lovely spring day?

**MONTAGUE:** Beautiful. I just walked through Central Park. It's alive with blossoms and flowers. As I walked, I hummed, "Hark, hark, the lark."

**AGNES:** Well, shake the larks outta your beard and sit down.

**MONTAGUE:** Ah, Lily, I can't wait until the Fourth of July, when we can stand in front of the house and fire Agnes.

**AGNES:** Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. Here comes the "Bad Humor Man."

**LILY:** Agnes.

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, I just remembered. It's daylight saving time. Let's turn Agnes back... to the junk man.

**LILY:** Now, stop that. Edwin, you came home in such high spirits.

**MONTAGUE:** I was, until this loudmouth bass started coughing at me.

**LILY:** All right. Now, Agnes, be quiet. Edwin, what happened today that makes you so happy?

**AGNES:** He saw someone run over by a truck.

**LILY:** Agnes, really. Edwin, now tell me what happened.

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, when I arrived at the Proscenium Club, the members were all excited about something. Guess who wants me.

**AGNES:** The Psychopathic Ward at Bellevue.

**LILY:** Never mind, Agnes. Who wants you?

**MONTAGUE:** The drama department at Columbia University. They want me to give a talk tonight on the Shakespearian theater.

**LILY:** Edwin! A lecture at Columbia.

**MONTAGUE:** Mm-hm.

**AGNES:** It's a good thing Eisenhower isn't still President.

**LILY:** Agnes, please.

**AGNES:** If he ever saw Montague with that big mouth of his open, he'd think it was a camouflaged howitzer.

**MONTAGUE:** Really, Lily, we must get some new furniture for Agnes' room. I've got my eye on the cutest little electric chair.

**AGNES:** Speaking of... speaking of furniture, you're in for a surprise. There's gonna be a lot of new furniture around here.

**LILY:** Oh, Agnes, never mind. I'll tell him myself.

**MONTAGUE:** Tell me what?

**LILY:** It's a... nothing much, Edwin. Uh... you see...

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, if it isn't important, can't it wait? I have to go to the Library and get some facts on Shakespeare for my lecture tonight.

**LILY:** Well, this'll only take a minute, Edwin. Uh... sit down.

**AGNES:** Before you fall down.

**LILY:** Agnes, quiet.

**MONTAGUE:** Hurry up, Lily. What's on your mind?

**LILY:** Well it's... so hard to begin. Edwin... we've never had any children.

**MONTAGUE:** I know, Lily, it's the one thing that's kept us together.

**AGNES:** He's so charming.

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, I'm in a hurry.

**LILY:** Edwin, hav... haven't you noticed that all the families around us have children? Even the Harrison's across the hall have a little girl.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh, is that what it is?

**LILY:** Edwin!

**MONTAGUE:** Look, Lily, if you're hinting about a donation for some summer camp to make children healthy, give whatever you want to. Just keep my name out of it. I don't like to encourage that sort of thing.

**LILY:** Oh, Edwin. Shame on you. Why, children are the...

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, don't mention children to me. I don't trust them.

**LILY:** But the only children you've ever come in contact with were child actors who were in plays with you.

**MONTAGUE:** The dirty little scene stealers. You can't turn your back on them.

**LILY:** Edwin!

**LILY:** The magnificent scenes I've played on the stage, I'll have the audience eating out of my hand, when along would come some miserable curly haired brat, lisp out two words, the audience would "Ooh," and "Ahh", and I'd be left standing there with my face hanging out. Children will knife you every time.

**LILY:** Edwin, you were a child yourself once.

**MONTAGUE:** That's a dirty lie.

**AGNES:** He's right. He was born a full grown monster.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh, Agnes, you must have been cute when you were born—the pride of the litter.

**LILY:** Edwin, don't be surprised to wake up some morning and hear the patter of little feet.

**MONTAGUE:** I knew it, the mice are back.

**LILY:** Edwin, let me tell you...

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, I have a lecture tonight, and you're going to waste my time babbling about children.

**LILY:** Honestly Edwin, you're the most exasperating man in the world.

**AGNES:** Yeah.

**MONTAGUE:** You stay out of this, Agnes. Just take care of your own duties around here. Where are my clean shirts?

**AGNES:** They haven't come back from the laundry yet.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh no! I have to lecture tonight.

**LILY:** Take it easy, Mr. Montague! The shirts will be here today.

**MONTAGUE:** Well, they'd better be.

**LILY:** Well, they will be!

**MONTAGUE:** Oh. It was such a beautiful day. Goodbye!

**LILY:** Goodbye!

**AGNES:** Parting is such sweet sorrow.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh, quiet!

**SOUND:** DOOR SLAM

**AGNES:** Well honey, there goes the Godfather.

**LILY:** Oh. (STARTING TO CRY) Oh, he can be so impossible.

**AGNES:** Aw, now honey, don't take it that way. Just give me the word and I can cook him a dinner that'll end it all.

**LILY:** (CALMING DOWN) When I think of Mrs. Zinzer having to go back to a noisy house, and *we* have all this room. Agnes!

**AGNES:** What?

**LILY:** I don't care what Edwin thinks or does about it. We're going to have Mrs. Zinzer and her new baby right here.

**AGNES:** I'm with you, honey.

**LILY:** Oh, we can't waste a minute now. Look up a diaper service.

**AGNES:** Okay.

**LILY:** And we'll rent a crib, a bassinette, we'll need baby oil, talcum powder, scale...

**AGNES:** Here's a diaper service. "Cosmopolitan Diaper Service." I'll ring 'em.

**(SOUND: PICKING UP PHONE AND DIALING)**

**LILY:** Hm. We'll order more milk. I'll get a book on how to make formula. Oh, Agnes, I am so...

**AGNES:** Hold it, honey. Hello? Cosmopolitan Diaper Service? One moment. Here, honey.

**LILY:** Uh, hello. I'd like to start a diaper service immediately. Yes, I'll hold the wire. (TO AGNES) She's getting an order blank. Agnes, we'll have to rush right up to the hospital to be with Mrs. Zinzer. You have the room?

**AGNES:** Yeah, 204, Riverside Maternity Hospital.

**LILY:** Oh, Agnes, I can't believe it! A baby in our house at last!

**MUSIC:**

APPLAUSE

**ANNOUNCER:** We'll be back with "The Magnificent Montague" in just a moment. Here's a word from RCA Victor. (PAUES) What the fireplace was to early American homes, the television set is to modern American homes. It's the center, not only of your life, but your living room. So be smart. Insist not only on RCA Victor, "Million-Proof" television, proven in well over two million homes, but on RCA Victor "Million-proof" television in a *console* cabinet. You have your choice of a breathtaking variety of RCA Victor console models. Every one, a furniture masterpiece—worthy to occupy the most important place in your living room. Period models, like the Regency, and the Rutland, and the Hillsdale, which look like treasures straight out of an 18<sup>th</sup> Century palace. Classic models, like the Provincial, whose simple dignity makes it equally fitting for cottage or castle. Streamlined models, like the Modern—a clean-lined functional beauty on a swivel base. See your RCA Victor dealer tomorrow for your RCA Victor television console. And to you and your family, in every sense of the word, "Happy Looking."

**MUSIC:**

**ANNOUNCER:** And now back to "The Magnificent Montague." He is returning from the library full of facts for his lecture. But he returns to an empty house. His wife, Lilly, and Agnes are at the hospital, awaiting Mrs. Zinzer's blessed event.

**SOUND:** DOOR BUZZER RINGS SEVERAL TIMES.  
THEN THE JINGLE OF KEYS AND THE DOOR OPENS.

**SOUND:** FOOTSTEPS

**MONTAGUE:** (ENTERING) Well, won't you even open the door for me anymore? Why must I... where is everybody? Lily? Agnes? Huh. Fine welcome. Just when I wanted early dinner to give me time to get over to Columbia University, they're out *shopping*, or something. Well, I'd better get dressed. Hope the laundry delivered the shirts. Oh, this must be the laundry, here on the table.

**SOUND:** UNWRAPPING

**MONTAGUE:** What the... Talcum Powder. Oil. Hah. What *junk* women have to use. Maybe they put the shirts in my bedroom. (EXITING)  
If they didn't come...

**SOUND:** DOOR CLOSE

**SOUND:** DOOR BUZZER

**SOUND:** DOOR OPENS

**DELIVERY MAN:** Cosmopolitan Diaper Service! Hey? How do you like that?  
It's a hurry call, and no one's home. Hello! Hello!

**SOUND:** DOOR OPENS

**MONTAGUE:** (ENTERING) Not a shirt in this... Oh, there you are.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Cosmopolitan...

**MONTAGUE:** Well, it's about time.

**DELIVERY MAN:** I got here as soon as I could. Your wife phoned.

**MONTAGUE:** Good. Where are they?

**DELIVERY MAN:** I got 'em in the truck.

**MONTAGUE:** In the truck? I got to put one on right away.

**DELIVERY MAN:** You?

**MONTAGUE:** Who do you think they were for?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Well, live and learn. If you still wear 'em, you still wear 'em.

**MONTAGUE:** Will you hurry up? I'm lecturing at Columbia tonight. Do you want me to stand in front of the entire Drama department without one on?

**DELIVERY MAN:** No, no.

**MONTAGUE:** Don't just stand there with your mouth open, get them. This is a formal affair, I hope they've been starched.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Starched? Starched? This is a *new* complaint. Usually they ain't soft enough.

**MONTAGUE:** Do you mind if I like them stiff so they don't wrinkle and fit nice and snug?

**DELIVERY MAN:** They'll fit you nice and snug.

**MONTAGUE:** Good. Then please bring them out.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Okay. But first I better bring in the can.

**MONTAGUE:** Can? What can?

**DELIVERY MAN:** No charge for the can. It's part of our service.

**MONTAGUE:** A can?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Yeah. Where you can throw the used ones.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh. Never mind. I'll just throw the old ones in the closet.

**DELIVERY MAN:** In the closet?

**MONTAGUE:** Yes. Anything wrong with that?

**DELIVERY MAN:** No, it's your closet.

**MONTAGUE:** Thank you. I'll get them. I hope the buttons are still on.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Buttons? Look, with our kind you just need safety pins.

**MONTAGUE:** Safety pins? On a shirt?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Shirt? Hey, what are you talking about?

**MONTAGUE:** My shirts! Aren't you delivering the laundry?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Look, mister, I'm from the "Cosmopolitan Diaper Service."

**MONTAGUE:** Diaper service! You've got the wrong apartment.

**DELIVERY MAN:** No. No, I ain't. Ain't this the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Montague? Here, look at the order. Lily Montague.

**MONTAGUE:** Lily Montague. Well, she probably had it delivered here because someone in the building wasn't home. She probably left a note about it. Oh yes, here. Here's a note. On the telephone stand. It says... it says, "Dear Edwin, you can reach me at room 204, Riverside Maternity Hospital." What's the matter with Lily lately!? Bending my ear about children, I find *baby powder* and *oil* all over the house, a diaper service, now she's in room 204 at the Riverside Mater.... Aiiyyyyyyyy! I'm... I'm a father! I'm a father!

**DELIVERY MAN:** Take it easy, mister.

**MONTAGUE:** I'm a father, a father.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Here, here. Come here, you gotta lie down.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh, thank you.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Congratulations.

**MONTAGUE:** Me! A father! I can't believe it. Lily, I must call Lily. Where's the phone? Oh here. What's the matter with this phone?

**DELIVERY MAN:** Mister, you're dialing a bridge lamp. I'll make the call for you. What's the number?

**MONTAGUE:** Here, the note. Room Riverside, the 204 Maternity Hospital. Here, here's the note.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Yeah, yeah. All right, I got it.

**SOUND:** PHONE DIALING

**MONTAGUE:** Poor Lily, all afternoon she tried to tell me, and I just insulted her. Oh did there ever live such a miserable dog as I am. I... I'm a cad. A horrible, horrible cad.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Sh, sh, shhhh. Hello? Riverside Maternity Hospital? One moment. Here's the phone.

**MONTAGUE:** Ah... aahba... uh... Hello? I want room 2-2-2-2... (TO DELIVERY MAN) tell her.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Okay. He want's room 204. What? Not accepting any calls?

**SOUND:** HANGS UP PHONE.

**MONTAGUE:** What is it?

**DELIVERY MAN:** No calls. Must be pretty close.

**MONTAGUE:** I must get to the hospital. You have a truck? Let's go!

**DELIVERY MAN:** It's full of diapers.

**MONTAGUE:** I'll buy them all. Let's go.

**DELIVERY MAN:** Mister, will you relax? They won't let you in there till four o'clock. Look, I'll go bring up your diapers. So long.

**SOUND:** DOOR CLOSE.

**MONTAGUE:** Lily. She'll be in that hospital with all those squalling brats. What am I saying? Oh, what am I saying? One of them will be mine! My son! I will mold him into a great actor. I will teach him all I know. He will carry on in the heir Montague. Shakespearian theater will live again. His debut will be in "Romeo and Juliet." And like his daddy, he will be the greatest Romeo who ever lived.

**MUSIC:**

**SOUND:** PHONE DIAL

**MONTAGUE:** Hello? Harvard University? Well, take this down. I wish to register Master Edwin Montague, Jr. in the class of 1970. Thank you.

**SOUND:** HANG UP PHONE.

**MUSIC:**

**SOUND:** DOOR OPEN. BELL RINGS.

**CIGAR SALESMAN:** Yes, sir. What'll it be?

**MONTAGUE:** I want ten boxes of the best cigars you have in the place.

**CIGAR SALESMAN:** Ten boxes?

**MONTAGUE:** I said ten boxes. For your information, I am about to become a father.

**CIGAR SALESMAN:** You?

**MONTAGUE:** Yes.

**CIGAR SALESMAN:** Have a box on me.

**MUSIC:**

**SOUND:** MUSIC BOX

**MONTAGUE:** That's a nice toy.

**SOUND:** MUSIC BOX STOPS. LID SHUTS.

**MONTAGUE:** I'll take two on them, clerk. Ah, now what have I got? The catcher's glove. The football. The "Hopalong Cassidy" cowboy outfit. I'll pick up the rest later. Gad, I hope they deliver the pony to the apartment on time.

**MUSIC:**

**SOUND:** HOSPITAL PAGING BELL RINGS SEVERAL TIMES

**MONTAGUE:** Doctor! For heaven's sake! What's happening in room 204?

**DOCTOR:** Not you again. I told you all we can do is wait.

**MONTAGUE:** I've been waiting for four hours.

**DOCTOR:** You'll have to wait it out just like the other fathers here in the waiting room. And don't bother me any more.

**MONTAGUE:** Don't be impertinent, young man, I'll report you. I'm in radio. I'm a very close friend of "Young Doctor Malone<sup>2</sup>." Please, look at my hands. They're shaking.

**DOCTOR:** Have another sedative.

**SOUND:** DOOR OPENS

**AGNES:** Hurry, Doc. Room 204. Somethin's cookin.

**DOCTOR:** Coming.

**MONTAGUE:** Agnes!

**AGNES:** Oh, so you decided to show up after all.

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<sup>2</sup> A long running soap opery (1939-1963) on the radio and television, about a small town physician, Dr. Jerry Malone, who dispensed prescriptions and advice to the folks of Three Oaks.

**MONTAGUE:** Show up? Where should I be at a time like this? Agnes, wait.  
What's happening?

**AGNES:** They just pushed the bed into the delivery room.

**MONTAGUE:** Delivery room? Quick. How is Lily?

**AGNES:** Lily's fine. She helped 'em push the bed in.

**MONTAGUE:** No! What kind of a hospital is this? Agnes, when you see Lily,  
tell her I'm sorry for the way I spoke about children this  
afternoon.

**AGNES:** It's time you were sorry, you beast.

**SOUND:** DOOR CLOSE.

**MONTAGUE:** Agnes, wait! All this waiting. This infernal waiting.

**SIMON:** Uh, scuse me, mister. You got a match?

**MONTAGUE:** Here. Keep the box.

**SIMON:** Thanks. You nervous?

**MONTAGUE:** What do you think? I shake like this all the time?

**SIMON:** This your first?

**MONTAGUE:** My what?

**SIMON:** Your first. Your first kid.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh. Yes, yes.

**SIMON:** My name's Simon. Rudolph Simon. The name mean anything to you?

**MONTAGUE:** Simon? Rudolph Simon? No, I can't say that it does.

**SIMON:** What's the matter, whiskers? Don't you read the newspapers, don't you?

**MONTAGUE:** The newspapers? You're in the newspapers?

**SIMON:** Every year, like a clock. "Rudy Simon does it again." Triplets, twins,  
quaduplets. I'm high score for this hospital.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh, you're *that* Rudy Simon.

**SIMON:** Remember me now, huh? You know, the way I figure it, if people don't  
even remember you for a thing like that, is the whole thing  
worth it?

**MONTAGUE:** Simon, believe me, at any other time, I'd try and figure out that  
statement. Right now, I'm too nervous.

**SIMON:** You know the most amazing thing?

**MONTAGUE:** Well what?

**SIMON:** Me with twins, triplets, quadruplets, schmadruplets... would you believe it? When I play a slot machine, nothing happens.

**MONTAGUE:** No.

**SIMON:** Yeah. Take the other day...

**SOUND:** DOOR OPENS

**DOCTOR:** Okay, Mr. Simon. It's a boy.

**SIMON:** How many?

**DOCTOR:** Only one.

**SIMON:** You're kidding?

**DOCTOR:** No. Only one.

**SIMON:** How do you like that? And I passed up a pinochle game just to be here tonight.

**SOUND:** DOOR CLOSE.

**MONTAGUE:** Doctor, please!

**DOCTOR:** Sorry, no news from room 204!

**MONTAGUE:** Gad, I hope Lily realizes the torture I'm going through.

**ZINZER:** Well, hello, Mr. Montague.

**MONTAGUE:** Zinser! Zinser, you came here.

**ZINZER:** Yes, sir. I didn't think I could break away from the kids.

**MONTAGUE:** Zinser, how sweet of you to come here.

**ZINZER:** Well, I thought it was my place to be here.

**MONTAGUE:** Zinser, I'll never forget you for this.

**ZINZER:** You won't?

**MONTAGUE:** It's in times like these, when a man finds who his real friends are.  
I have a friend.

**ZINZER:** You have? Where is he?

**MONTAGUE:** You!

**ZINZER:** Me? Oh, it was terribly sweet of you to be here, Mr. Montague.

**MONTAGUE:** Zinser, it's my place to be here.

**ZINZER:** It is?

**MONTAGUE:** Certainly. When she comes out of the ether, I'm going to be right by her side.

**ZINZER:** She'd like that. She's crazy about you.

**MONTAGUE:** Imagine, Zinzer. I, Edwin Montague, after all these years...

**SOUND:** DOOR OPENS.

**AGNES:** Okay, folks. The waiting is over.

**MONTAGUE:** Agnes!

**AGNES:** It's a six pound bouncing baby girl.

**MONTAGUE:** A baby girl! Zinzer, did you hear?

**ZINZER:** Whoopie!

**MONTAGUE:** A baby girl!

**LILY:** (Entering) Yes, Edwin, isn't it wonderful?

**MONTAGUE:** Wonderful? Why, it's a... **LILY!!** Get her back to bed. Lily, are you crazy? What kind of hospital is this? Give me the head physician?

**LILY:** Edwin, quiet. Mrs. Zinzer is asleep.

**MONTAGUE:** Mrs. Zinzer? Is she here, too?

**LILY:** Of course she is. She just had the baby.

**MONTAGUE:** Mrs. Zinzer had *our* baby? What kind of a hospital is this?

**LILY:** Edwin, what are you talking about?

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, the diaper service, the baby oil, the pony, the patter of little feet.

**LILY:** That's right. Mrs. Zinzer and the baby are going to stay with us for a week.

**MONTAGUE:** They are?

**LILY:** And Edwin, it was wonderful of you to show up to be the Godfather.

**MONTAGUE:** I'm a Godfather? Ooooh, noooooo!

**MUSIC:**

**SOUND:** NEWBORN BABY CRYING.

**MONTAGUE:** 4:00 in the morning. Lily, what did you do, asking them here?

**LILY:** Edwin, go back to sleep.

**MONTAGUE:** Oh, who can sleep? Mrs. Zinzer in the guest room, the baby in my den.

**LILY:** Oh, Edwin, stop crabbing. You're the Godfather. Wasn't it sweet of them to call the little girl, "Edwina"?

**MONTAGUE:** Lily, stop with that slushy sentiment.

**LILY:** Oh, go to sleep. Baby's stoped crying. I must say, Edwin, little Edwina certainly seems to like you.

**MONTAGUE:** Really, Lily? Of all the stupid things to say, that a tiny little baby knows enough to recognize... Lily? (WHISPERING) Lily. She's asleep.

**SOUND:** DOOR OPEN. FOOTSTEPS OUT. DOOR CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS WALKING. DOOR OPENS. BABY CRIES.

**MONTAGUE:** (CHUCKLES) Look at her. Look at her.

BABY QUIETS DOWN. THEN STARTS CRYING AGAIN.

**MONTAGUE:** Edwina? Edwina, it's me, Uncle Eddie.

BABY QUIETS AND BEGINS COOING.

**MONTAGUE:** Kitchie, kitchie, kitchie, coo.

BABY STARTS CRYING AGAIN.

**MONTAGUE:** (LAUGHS) Listen to that voice. Gad, she will be the greatest Juliet of all time.

**MUSIC:**

APPLAUSE

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**MUSIC:**

APPLAUSE

**ANNOUNCER:** Listen again next week, friends, to "The Magnificent Montague." The Saturday night transcribed feature on NBC's All-Star festival of comedy, music, mystery and drama. Brought to you by RCA Victor—world leader in radio, first in recorded music, first in television—and by Anacin, for fast relief from the pain of headache, neuritis, or neuralgia. "the Magnificent

Montague” was written by Nat Hiken and Billy Friedburg. Anne Seymour was Lily, Pert Kelton was Agnes. Also heard, were Art Carney, John Griggs, and Johnny Gibson. This is Don Pardo speaking.