

Firesign Theatre

How Can You Be In Two Places At Once When You're Not Anywhere At All?

SOUNDS: Street and traffic noises under.

RALPH: Hiya, friends! Ralph Spoilsport, Ralph Spoilsport Motors, the world's largest new used and used new automobile dealership, Ralph Spoilsport Motors, here in the City of Emphysema. Let's just look at the extras on this fabulous car! Wire-wheel spoke fenders, two-way sneezethrough windvent, star-studded mudguards, sponge-coated edible steering column, chrome fender dents, and factory air-conditioned air from our fully factory-equipped factory. It's a beautiful car, friends, with doors to match! Birch's Blacklist says this automobile was stolen, but for you, friends, the complete price, two thousand five hundred dollars, in easy monthly payments of twenty-five dollars a week, twice a week, and never on Sundays

...

BABE [calling]: Ralph! Ralph!

SOUND: Cars screeching as Babe runs through traffic.

BABE: I'll take it! I'll take it! I can't wait to get away from it all!

RALPH: Well, OK, fine! Let's just take a look inside your beautiful new home! Come on in!

SOUND: A car door opens and closes, silencing the street sounds.

BABE: Thanks ...

RALPH: As you can see, this car's been fully equipped with a complete line of extras, designed with your mind in mind!

BABE: WOW!

RALPH: Here, for instance, an all-weather climate control in red, blue or green, with a special oxygen danger- indicator level.

BABE: Gee whiz!

RALPH: And here, of course, your own personal remote-controlled, picture-sized color TV, with matching brass knobs! just reach above the bar and press the button right there under the handy laminated imitation masonite WildWest gun rack with the look of real wood, for the channel of your choice!

BABE: Ralph, can I try it?

RALPH: Sure.

SOUND: TV set turned on.

TV RALPH [cutting in]: . . . on't we do it in the road, here at Ralph Spoilsport Motors, here in the City of West Gomorra? So just give us a call at 9-1-9-9 . . . [fading under]

RALPH: How do ya like those colors? Isn't that nice?

BABE: Nice! Can you get UHF?

RALPH: No, I don't believe in flying saucers.

TV RALPH [continuing under]: . . . that's TR-Tricky on your dial . . .

RALPH: I got a little blue halo around my head.

BABE: Can I-uh, can I get a little more orange in his face?

RALPH: Sure. Right there . . .

BABE: Where? Right . . .

RALPH: No. Move that.

BABE: Under the trigger here?

RALPH: Yeah, that's right.

BABE: just a second. I've got to get the safety off. Oh, ho, ho! Look at that blue horse!

SOUND: TV soundtrack cuts to a movie in progress.

MOVIE ALEXANDER: People of Alexandria! People of Alexandria! Who burned the library?

SOUND: Crowds yelling. Movie music.

BABE: I think I've . . . Isn't that . . . ?

RALPH: Look at the muscles on that dude! He's got muscles in his ear.

BABE: That's-uh-Steve Reeves.

RALPH: No, no.

BABE: No? Uh-there he is! That's Steve Reeves.

RALPH: No. That's Agnes Moorhead.

BABE: Oh, yeah? I thought ... I have seen this one. Where's the bathroom?

SOUND: The TV movie continues under.

RALPH: Oh! Right next to the radio, completely modulated with dual left and right stereo speakers in two compatible frequencies. Your AM ...

SOUND: AM radio turned on.

AM DJ: . . . Super Box Number Time! In the fifteen hundred, on the 27-62 on the digital in just a moment!

RADIO RALPH: \$249.95! \$387.07! \$743! \$70.84! Three dollars and sixty-two cents Seven days a week, seven days a year, five days a week, 365 days a month ... [continues under]

RALPH: By the way, we also have FM. Right here.

BABE: FM over here? Let me try it.

SOUND: FM radio turned on.

FM ANNOUNCER: ... so hop in your wife and head in any direction on the freeway of your choice, and we'll see you in a couple of hours, here at Ralph Spoilsport Motors, the World's Biggest, here in the City of Fine Music. Thanks for the insurrection, and now back to our morning concert of afternoon showtime favorites-the Magic Bowl movement from Symphony in C Minus by Johann Amadeus Matetsky.

SOUND: Music on the FM.

BABE: Hey, Ralph! That's great fidelity on that FM! Nice tone!

RALPH: You haven't heard nothing yet. I've got right here in this car, for your trans-Atlantic driving pleasure, this fully hallicrafted Sea-Master short-wave radio in this non-returnable, non-disposable zinc-lined carrying case!

BABE: Can I get Duluth on it?

RALPH: Duluth, bucko! You can get Tierra Del Fuego!

SOUND: Short-wave radio turned on.

LATIN ANNOUNCER: !Hola, amigos Latinos! Aqui a Ralph's Used Motors, tres-cientos Nort' Hoover, a la esquina de 42nd Place, tenemos millones de automoviles. . . [fading under]

RALPH: Yeah, yeah ...

BABE: Nice picture. I like it.

RALPH: What?

BABE: I like it. I like the car!

RALPH: Wait a minute! Let me just turn off some of this-we'll get back to business ... Turn this FM off ...

SOUND: Radio turned off. Classical music out.

RALPH: ... this radio over here ...

SOUND: Other radios turned off.

RALPH: OK. There ...

BABE: I'll get the TV ...

MOVIE OSIRUS: ... Odysseus! Odysseus!

MOVIE ODYSSEUS: Osirus!

RALPH: No, no. Leave it on for a minute ...

MOVIE OSIRUS: Odysseus, my friend! What has happened to your nose?

RALPH: Yeah, yeah. I have seen this before. Go ahead. Turn it off.

MOVIE ODYSSEUS: What news of my family?

MOVIE OSIRUS: Oh! Horrible, horrible!!

MOVIE ODYSSEUS: What! How did ...

SOUND: The TV set is turned off.

RALPH: Well, that's it! Here's your keys. Goodbye, friends, and happy motoring back on the Freeway, which is already in progress ...

SOUND: Car door opens and closes.

BABE: Whew! Well, here goes ...

SOUND: 'Babe starts the car and begins to drive. Car sound under.

BABE: Nice feel. Let's see . . . [sings to himself] "Oh, how can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at a-a-all!" I think I'll give this old baby a spin on the Freeway ...

ROADSIGNS: "Wrong Way"..."Entering Freeway"

BABE: Here we go!

ROADSIGNS: "Emergency Parking Only"..."Merging Busses Ahead"...

BILLBOARD 1: "Giant Slide! 19 Holes! Underground Parking! Midden Hills Retirement Paradise! Swingers Only!"

BABE: Oh, too bad-

BILLBOARD 2: "Easy access"..."Speedometer Check-Zero"...

ROADSIGNS: "Goldoni Avenue Half Mile"..."Strassburg Lane One Mile"...

BABE: Speedometer's only got half-a-mile I .

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Fwy--5-in-a-shield--N Alt.-Two mi..."

BABE: Antelope Freeway North. Do I wanna go north, or do I wanna take the-let's see-the Gomorra Expressway West?

BILLBOARD 1: "Shadow Valley Condoms! If you lived here, you'd be home by now!"

BILLBOARD 2: "Antelope Hills. Selected Living. Comfortable. Easy. OK."

ROADSIGNS: "Antelope Freeway. This Lane. Exit Only ..."

BABE: Yeah, I think I'll take the old Antelope. Less traffic.

SIGN: "Easy Street Overpass ..."

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One Mi..."

BILLBOARD 2: "Clean Up Armenia Get a Hairlip!"

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Half Mile..."

SIGN: "Chili Avenue Overpass"

BABE: Let's see what they've got in this car.

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Quarter Mile..."

BABE: Let's see ...

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Eighth Mi..."

BABE: We've got lights, wipers, defrost ...

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Sixteenth Mi..."

BABE: ... temperature and Climate Control! Hummmmm ...

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Thirty- Second Mi..."

BABE: Let's see what kind of climate' I can get ...

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Sixty-Fourth Mi..."

BABE: Winter Wonderland. Spring Fever ...

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Mi ..."

BABE: ... Indian Summer ...

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Two Hundred and Fifty-Sixth Mi..."

BABE: . . . Tropical Paradise. Tropical Paradise.? I think I'll give it a try . . .

ROADSIGN: "Antelope Freeway One-Five Hundred and..."

SOUND: A click. The road sounds disappear, replaced by birds, wind, crickets and frogs.

BABE: Wow! What a groove! A Tropical Paradise!

SOUND: Clap of thunder. Rain begins to fall. Babe yawns as the rain continues. Ducks

quack and distant thunder rolls. Babe yawns and then falls silent. As the rain dwindle off, there are the sounds off footsteps sloshing through mud.

OLD MAN [fading in]: Alright! This way! This way now! What a wonderful clearing in the jungle! just the place to build our camp! Alright, you men get cracking now. The pup-tents right over there, I think. Right!

SOUND: Dog barking. Men moving about in the wet.

OLD MAN: The foundation should go right about here The stockade! The stockade!

DR DOG: Excuse me, Sir. Can I speak to you alone, Sir?

OLD MAN: Why of course you can.

DR DOG: Daddy, I've lost the Lincoln Logs!

PABLO: That's alright! I've got an Erector Set!

DR DOG: Show-off!

OLD MAN: Throw a towel over it!

DR DOG: Do some push-ups, Pablo! It'll go away! [They all laugh uproariously]

BABE [startled awake]: Hey! What are you guys doing in my car?

OLD MAN: The foxtrot! You can have the next dance. Herbert! Throw him the fox.

SOUND: The fox being thrown.

BABE: This animal is sick!

OLD MAN: Yes, it is a catchy little number!

BABE: [Coughs]

DR DOG: Oh, oh! I think he's caught it! Doctor, give him something for his cough!

DOCTOR: Alright, alright! Here's a quarter.

OLD MAN: That's not much.

DOCTOR: It's not much of a cough!

BABE: I need a gas station! Did I pass one?

OLD MAN: No, but the fox did! Squeeze him right there, maybe he'll pass another one!

BABE: No! No! Gasoline!

DR DOG: Oh, my boy, if it's drugs you want, the Old Doctor can help you out!

DOCTOR: Right this way.

BABE: Get your hands off me! I don't want to leave!

DOCTOR: Then roll up your arm and bend over! Do you want Regular or Premium?

BABE: Oh, this is ridiculous! You guys are nothing but a pack of cards!

ALL: Drink me! Eat me! Smoke me!...

OLD MAN [singing]: "Drink to me only with thine fox

BABE: There must be some way out of this. I'll change the air, that's what I'll do. What have I got left on the Climate Control? Dust Storm? Tibetan Wilderness? Land of the Pharaohs? Land of the Pharaohs! That sounds great!

SOUND: A click. The atmosphere is replaced by blowing sand and Arabian music.

OLD MAN: Alright! Alright! Here we are in the Land of the Pharaohs!

BABE: Oh, no!

OLD MAN: Well, we'll need to talk to the natives. Does anyone here know a little Egyptian?

DR DOG: Bill! Bill, come on! You're good at languages!

BILL: Ah, yes! Yes, indeed

DR DOG: "Yes, indeed!" The voice isn't right!

BILL [tries again]: Yes. Yes, indeed

OLD MAN: That's wonderful!

BILL: Yes! A little Egyptshine? Let's see! A little Egypsheen? Yes, everybody knows Ahmet! Served my every need. Did a grand job on my ankles, too!

BABE: Now, hold it right there!

OLD MAN: Glad to! [Moves off Now, I think I'll hold it over here!]

DR DOG: Oh, boy! It's nice out!

BILL: Yes. I think you ought to leave it out!

BABE: Hey! Hey, look, fellas! Fun's fun, but I've got to find a place to stay. It'll be night soon. I'm tired. I'm lost.

BILL: What's the matter with that dude?

BABE: I wanna go to bed!

BILL: Ah, my bony boy! In the Estonian Mountains, we used to go to sleep leaning up against a wind-fall. I was but a mere pratt then. I'll never forget the time a snake slithered into my wife! I wasn't but knee-high to a married grasshopper then. Never saw the woman again....

BABE: No, no! That's all very interesting, but the sun is going down!

BILL: Oh, no, no! You are confused! The horizon is moving up!

BABE: Hey, listen! Come on, you guys! Help me, please!

OLD MAN: I know, I know! Let's ...

ALL: Stand him on his head!

BABE: Hey, hey! Put me down!

BILL: Easy boy!

SOUND: They struggle with Babe.

OLD MAN: Now, you see? Now it's morning!

BABE: Ah-ah-Help!

SOUND: He crashes down.

DR DOG: He's no fun. He fell right over!

BABE: Oh, hey, won't somebody please help me?

BILL: Easy, easy, my lad. At times of dexterity like this, my wee native compendium Mohameet used to pray to the divinities. His little brown froggy body a-quiver at my loins, chanting a stream of ancient Egyptshine holograms ...

BABE: What?

BILL: Eh-diaphragms? I used to date . . .

BABE: No, no! Hieroglyphs! That's it! Do you remember any? Will they help? Anything at all!

BILL: Of course! Of course, I t was a jackal-headed woman with her eyes akimbo, a King sitting sideways on his throne, adrip with gold, chipped nose up-lifted-thusly! All engraven on a Pyramis of Massey size, with the body of a Lion, paws that refreshes, a tale told by an idiot, and the head of a Fox!

SOUND: Chanting and strange music.

BABE: That Pyramid is opening!

OLD MAN: Which one?

DR DOG: The one with the ever-widening hole in it!

BABE: I'm saved! I'm going in!

MOM: [from within the pyramid]: No! Don't do that, son! It's dark and dirty in there!

BABE: Aw, but Mom

MOM: It's full of bees and spiders! You might poke your eye out! Wait 'til your Father comes home!

BABE: I'm going in, Mom! There's a Vacancy!

SOUND: The strange chanting builds to a climax and disappears. The "ding" of a deskbell is heard.

DESK CLERK: Good evening, Sir! Welcome to the only Nice Motel in town. How long will you be with us?

BABE: Just for tonight.

DC: Ah! Very well, Sir. You'll find it's very Clean here. just fill out this card.

SOUND: A crowd laughing and chatting in the background. Bar music.

BABE: Oh, thanks. Oh, look-it's dirty. Somebody's already used it. There's a name on it

PC: That's all right.

BABE: Well, I couldn't get you to believe my name is "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith," could I?

DC: Well, of course you could! It's Nice to have you with us, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. [Rings bell]

Front! EDDIE: Hey! Aren't you Mr. and Mrs. John Smith from Anytown, USA?

JOE: I'm Joe, boy, and this here's Ed.

EDDIE: Hi, fella!

BABE: I'm not really Mr. and Mrs. John Smith

JOE: That's OK. I'm not Joe

EDDIE: And he's not Ed! Hey, fella, how about bending a couple in the DooDah Room? If you catch my meaning!

JOE: If ya get my drift!

BABE: Thanks, fellas, but I'm kinda tired. Hey, Desk Clerk-can I have my key, please?

DC: Sure! What about G7? Hit it, Jimmy!

music: Piano under-score begins.

JOE [Singing]: "I can tell by the pie on your tie,

EDDIE [Singing]: "You're an American! Well, so am I

JOE [singing]: "Hi, bub! How are ya? How do ya' do?

BOTH [Singing]: "And while we're on the subject

And while we're on the subject

(And while we're on the subject)

How's your Old Wazoo?"

BABE: What's that all about?

DC: What's it all about, Mr. and Mrs. John Q Smith from Anytown, USA?

JOE: Well, it's about this long

DC: And about that wide

EDDIE: And it's about this country

DC: About which we're singin' about!

EDDIE [Singing]: "I was born an American!

I was raised an American!

And I'll die an American,

In America, with Ar-me-ni-ans

JOE: Yes, we've got a lot of everything in this land of ours

DC: And a lot of places to put it in

JOE: And maybe that's where you fit in, Mr. and Mrs. John Q Smith from Anytown, USA!

SOUND: Huge crowd in an auditorium responding and singing along.

DC: Come on, Big Fella! Take this guitar! Put on this wide belt and workshirt and tell it like it was!

BABE: Gimme that guitar!

CROWD MAN: Hot dog!

BABE: Alright, everybody, thank you very much! A little song I learned upstream at prison!
Everybody sing along now! Ready, now [he leads the crowd in singing]

"This land is made of mountains!
This land is made of mud!
This land is made of everything
For me and Elmer Fudd!
This land has lots of trousers!
This land has lots of Mausers!
And Pussy Cats to eat them when the sun goes down!"

SOUND: Cheering and applause.

BABE: Thank you very much! Thank you very, very much! Thank you...

JOE: Stop!!

SOUND: The auditorium crowd vanishes suddenly.

DC: It wasn't always like that . . .

JOE: No. First they had to come from towns with strange names like . . .

EDDIE: Smegma!

Dc: Spasmodic!

EDDIE: Frog!

JOE: And the far-flung Isles of Langerhans.

BABE: But who were they?

JOE & EDDIE: They were small, angry men with hairy faces and burning feet... We was running away from Poverty, Intolerance, the Army and the Law ... and the Army ...

DC: And we took to them!

EDDIE: And they took to us!

DC: And what do you think they took?

CHANTING CHORUS: Oil from Canada! Gold from Mexico! Geese from their neighbor's back yard! Boom, boom! Corn from the Indians! Tobacco from the Indians! Dakota from the Indians! New Jersey from the Indians! New Hampshire from the Indians! New England from the Indians! New Delhi from the Indians! ...

BABE: Indonesia for the Indonesians!

SOUND: Cannon shot.

JOE: Yes, and Veteran's Day ...

DC: But we couldn't do it alone!

SOUND: Morse Code sending under.

JOE: No! We needed the Hope, the Faith, the Prayers, the Fears ...

DC: The Sweat, the Pain, the Boils, the Tears!

JOE: The Broken Bones!

DC: The Broken Homes!

JOE: The Total Degradation of ...

BABE: Who?

EDDIE: You! The Little Guy!

DC: And across you-all, we flung One Shining Steel Rail! ...

CHANTING CHORUS [as a train]: Rock-e-feller! Rockefeller! Humphrey! Nixon! Kennedy!

DC: From sea to mighty sea! From coast to mighty coast! From Bangor all the way to mighty Maine!

CHANTING CHORUS [slowing and stopping]: Wallace-s-s-ss-...Ford! Ford!

DC: So how about that, Mr. Smarty-Pants Communist?

SOUND: Bronx cheers as responses to questions.

DC: Mr. College Professor? Mr. Beatnick? Mr. Hippie? What have you done for me lately?

BABE: Well, I...

JOE: Mr. and Mrs. Smith! Go to the People! Ask the hands that serve the machines of America! Ask those thousands of folks who wouldn't say "no" to yesterday, and "yes" instead of knowing it all!

EDDIE [Singing]: "Ask the Postman! Ask the Mailman! Ask the Milkman, white with foam...!"

CROWD MAN: Go home, scab!

JOE: Ask the cop on the corner...

DC: Ask the cop in the grocery store...

JOE: Ask the cop in the woodpile...

DC: Ask the cop on the rooftop...

JOE: Ask that cop that's knockin' at your back door...

SOUND: Knocking.

DC: Ask him!

BABE: Mr. Policeman? What makes America great?

JOE & EDDIE [Singing]:

"It's candied apples and ponies with dapples,
You can ride all day.
It's girls with pimples and cripples with dimples
That just won't go away!
It's spicks and wops and niggers and kikes
With noses as long as your arm!
It's micks and chinks and gooks and geeks
And honkies (Honk! Honk!) who never left the farm

DC: That's America, buddy! just remember-Abraham Lincoln didn't die in vain, he died in Washington, D. C.!

BABE: I see ...well, who am us, anyway?

EDDIE: We're one of you, and you're one of us, I think.

JOE: Maybe ...

DC: Possibly ...

BABE: How do you tell? How do you know for sure? How do you ever really know?

JOE: They didn't ask questions like that back in 1776! No, they didn't have time back in 1776!
Back in 1776, boy, they were too busy singing songs like...

EDDIE [Singing]:

"Yankee Doodle came to terms,
Writing Martin Buber.
Stuck a Fuhrer in our back,
And called it Shicklegruber!"

SOUND: A trumpet plays Retreat.

DC: Come on, Mr. and Mrs. Too-Busy-To-Be-A-Homecoming-Queen! Get in step with the voices of the feet already dead in the service of their Country!

SOUND: A Dixieland Band plays.

JOE: 1829! In the midst of an ever-deepening sense of Prosperity, Chester Allen Arthur climbed to the top of his bedroom wall, thrust his defiance at the Javanese, and shouted

ARTHUR [badly recorded]: Give me Them, or I'm going Over There!

SOUND: Military march music.

DC: But in 1934, in Germany, the Specter of Doom was rising its shrouded head in agony

SCHNIFTER [in auditorium]: Das ist Immer alles Aulung und ist rauch mit and potzen Volkswagen und meman stint und "Swell Pizza!!"

CROWD [chants]: Sig Freud! Sig Freud! Sig Freud! [Fading]

BABE: Gee, Grandpa!

DC: And did you come to her defense in those dark days then, Lad? Well, they did! They came from the endless plains of lo-way, the Lonesome Trains of Illinois and the White Trash - Mountains of Virginnie...

EDDIE [Singing]:

"You gotta jump down, spin around! (Huhn!)
And pick a bale o' Dacron!
You gotta jump down, spin around!
And pick some Nylon, too!"

[whipcrack] Agggh!!!

JOE: Yes, Them too! A lot of Them. Mostly Them and not many of Us! And that's why we're here and they're there! So there, Mr. Monday Morning Quarterback, Mr. Wheelchair General! Are you going to turn your back on America's fighting mens when he come knock, knock, knockin' at your front door?

BABE: No!

DC: Atta boy! Can't you see it all now? As if it were almost Tomorrow? Thousands of 'em!

BABE: Shoulder to shoulder!

DC: That's right!

BABE: Heart to heart!

EDDIE: You said it, kid

BABE: Satchel to Paige!

JOE: YOU got it!

SOUND: Knock on door.

DC: You get it

SOUND: Door opening.

RECRUITING SGT: Greetings from the President of the United States! Well? Feets git moobin'!

BABE: Yes, Sir.

SGT: What's that?

BABE: Ya-a-s Sir!

SGT: What do you say?

BABE: Ya-a-a-s Suh!!

SGT: Spreek Engrish, Troop!!

BABE: Y-a-a-a-s-s Suh!!!

SQUAD [chanting]: You ain't got no friends on the Left!

BABE: You're right!

SQUAD: You ain't got no friends on the Right!

BABE: You're left!

SQUAD: Hound Dog!

BABE: One! Two!

SQUAD: Poon Tang!

BABE: Tree Frog!

SQUAD: Hound Dog! Poon Tang! Coon Town!

BABE: I's White! I'd rather be White than right ... [fading]

SOUND: Distant piano music, airplanes, shelling.

MORRIE [Off]: I'll see what I can do, Sgt. [coming on] Lurlene? Honey ... ?

LURLENE: Morrie, please don't come in now. I ...

MORRIE: Why've ya got the lights out in here, baby? I gotta talk to you!

LURLENE: Morrie ...

MORRIE: Honey, look-this is serious! You've got to go out there and give yourself to those men!

LURLENE: I can't face those boys. Not now. Not yet ...

MORRIE: Tomorrow ain't comin' for a lot of those boys, Lurlene.

LURLENE: But, Morrie, they're all wearing Bill's face! [Sobs]

MORRIE: Honey, we've all got our ... will ya please put that stuff down, please! What would Bill think? Excuse me-look, honey, if it wasn't for those millions of Boogies out there, the President of these United States would be named Shicklegruber! Baby, excuse me for saying it, but ever since Anzio you've been acting like a spoiled ...

SOUND: Knocking at door.

MORRIE: I'll get it.

SOUND: Door opens.

BABE: Telegram fo' you, Miss DiAngelo! ... Oh, uh-I'm sorry-I didn't know ... This is for you, Ma'm ...

LURLENE: Thank you, son. just a minute, boy! Come here ...

BABE: Yes?

LURLENE: Where are you from?

BABE: Nairobi, Ma'm. Isn't everybody?

LURLENE: This is for you. [Kisses him]

BABE: Why! Thank you, Ma'm! I Just want you to know, all the boys-we be for a waitin' fo' you out there! God bless ya', Miss Lu'lenc! [Exits] Geor

MORRIE: Lemme see that telegram, will ya? Honey, that's from Washington, D.C.!

LURLENE: Oh, Morrie, I...my mascara is running. Will you read it for me?

MORRIE: All right. Sit down, Lurlene, this may be rough...The president of the United States is named Schicklegruber!

LURLENE: I'm going out there, Morrie! Help me into this parachute!

MORRIE: No, no, honey! You can't go out there! It's too late!

LURLENE: Zip me up! It's never too late, Morrie! I'm going out there, because ...I'm Bringing The War Back Home!

SOUND: Cuts to a giant amphitheatre, crowd stamping and cheering

MC: Awright, boys! Awright! Quiet down now! Here she is, that lovely piece of cake we've all been waiting for, Miss Lillie LaMont!

LURLENE [Singing]:

"We're bringing the war back home,
Where it ought to have been before!
We'll kill all the bees and spiders and flies,
And we won't play in iceboxes lying on their sides!
We'll wash our hands after wee-wee,
And if we're a girl, before!
And we'll march, march, march, et cetera!
'Til we never do march no more!"

(All together now, boys!)
We're bringing the war back home,
Where it ought to have been before!

The pretty donut girl on the corner
Will be smilin' with a wringer in her hair!
We'll wash our hands after wee-wee,
And if we're a girl, before!
And we'll march, march, march, et cetera!
'Till we don't have to march no more!

(Hum along now)

SOUND: Crowd humming under.

NARRATOR: We'd like to express our appreciation to the United StatesMarines, The British Commonwealth Occupation Forces, the French Legumes, and the Hong Kong Fireworks Company, without whom all of this would not have been necessary!

LURLENE: [singing]:

"We won't have to March!
We won't have to March!
We won't have to March no more!"

SOUND: Movie finale music, followed by TV signature theme.

ANNOUNCER: You've been watching "Babes in Khaki" on the Late Late Show for a Saturday night. Stay tuned for the Early Bird Theatre, when George Matetsky meets Danger in the form of a beautiful woman in "Luck ..."

SOUND: The Click! of TV changing channels, followed by white noise, another Click! and organ music.

PREACHER: ...nointed with oil on troubled waters? Oh, Heavenly Grid, help us bear up thy Standard, our Chevron flashing bright across the Gulf of Compromise, standing Humble on the Rich Field of Mobile American Thinking? Here in this Shell we call Life...

SOUND: Click!

SPORTSCASTER: ...Angels 3, Devils...

SOUND: Click! White noise. Another Click!

MOVIE OSIRUS: Odysseus! Odysseus!

MOVIE ODYSSEUS: My friend!

MOVIE OSIRUS: What has happened to your nos-

SOUND: Click! White noise. Another Click!

GUEST: ...well, you got people jumping out of 'em, and you got water dropping out of 'em- you really are-you know-using your heli ...

SOUND: Click! White noise. Another Click!

SWINE: ...OK, Swami, or whatever your name is, we'll be back with this Christ Consciousness racket in just a minute.

SWAMI: No, no, Mr. Swine. It's Krishna Consciousness. You see, to our peop...

SOUND: Click! White noise. Another Click! Movie background of car driving on busy street.

NICK: ...hate cops, Guido! I'll always hate cops!

GUIDO: Yeah, Nick! I hate cops too!

PAOLO: Yeah! Me too!

NICK: I'll tell you guys what I'm gonna do! I'll tell ya' what! I'm gonna get even with every rotten cop in this city!

PAOLO: Yeah! Me too!

GUIDO: How ya gonna do it, Nick? How ya gonna do it?

NICK: You know what I'm gonna do?

GUIDO: No, no, Nick! Whatcha gonna do?

NICK: I'm gonna turn in my badge!

GUIDO: Yeah, yeah!

PAOLO: Yeah! Yeah!

GUIDO: Yeah! I'm gonna burn my uniform!

SOUND: Cuts to commercial background.

RALPH: Hiya, friends! Ralph Spoilsport, owner and operator of the world's biggest dealership west of Baalbeck. As you know, we're overdosed again with all tastes and kilos. Let's just

take a look at some of these fabulous lids! The LaGuardia Report says this key should be copped for ten thousand, five hundred dollars, in easy monthly sentences of a year-to-life, and nobody down. Our complete price to you, including sticks and stems and seeds, wine-soaked and sugar-cured, completely clean for your smoking pleasure, the complete price—only what the traffic will allow, in unmarked bills, delivered to me, Ralph Icebag, in a plain brown wrapper, by a brown-shoed square in the dead of night! Let's take a taste of this fabulous Yucatan Blue, scored to you from the sky-blue waters of that beautiful Mexican bay, hand-picked by naked little froggy native boys in their tight leather aprons, running through the fields by the sea and the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the fig trees in the Alameda gardens yes yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rose gardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a boy where I was a flower of the mountains yes where I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used yes and how she kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and she asked me would I to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew her down to me so I could feel her breasts all perfumed yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will yes ... yes ... yes ... yes ... [fading] Yes-s-s-s-s ...