

LUX Radio Theater

Miracle on 34th Street

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Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

Announcer-
William Keeley:
Libby Collins
Doris Walker/ Maureen O'Hara-
Fred Gailey/ John Payne-
Susan Walker
Kris Kringle/ Edmund Gwenn-
Mr. Shellhammer
Alfred, Macy Janitor (teen boy)
Mortimer (Little Boy)
Mort's Mama-
Little Girl
Girl's Mama
Mr. Macy-
Mr. Granville M. Sawyer
Secretary to Mr. Sawyer, Miss Pall
Dr. Pierce
Mr. Gimble
Nurse
Judge Henry X. Harper
Helena Sorrel (Hollywood Dramatic Coach)
Assistant District Attorney Thomas Mara
Mrs. Mara.
Charles Halloran
Tommy Mara Jr.
Postman
Louie

SFX:

Parade sounds
Door Buzzer
Small Crowd
Bell Tone
Music Box
Door
Phone Ring, Pick up and hang up
Paper rustling
Store Crowd
Gavel Banging
Outside atmosphere and traffic
Truck pulling away
Store Ambiance & Christmas Music
box
Car motor
Car pulls over
Car door opens

ANNOUNCER: Lux presents "Hollywood."

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: (over music) Lever Brothers Company, the makers of Lux flakes, bring you, the Lux Radio Theater—starring Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Edmund Gwenn in "Miracle on 34th Street." Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. William Keeley.

WILLIAM KEELEY: Greetings from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. Our Christmas present to you is the new Christmas classic of our time, Miracle on 34th street. It's wrapped in a gay covering of laughter, tied with a bright ribbon of good humor and decorated with the three sparkling stars of the 20th Century Fox picture. Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Edmund Gwenn. This is a wonderful story for the whole family, and perhaps some families may be gathered around a

Christmas tree as they listen. Others will be putting up this happy sign of the season in a few days with lights and ornaments and the shining snow that can be made with Lux flakes. Later, we'll tell you how to do this with Lux. But right now, it's curtain time for the play that proves there's a Santa Clause. Miracle on 34th Street, starring Maureen O'Hara as Doris, John Payne as Fred, and Edmund Gwenn in his Academy Award performance as Kris Kringle.

(MUSIC)

WILLIAM KEELEY: It's Thanksgiving Day in New York City. On a broad avenue, adjoining Central Park, an annual event is being joyfully awaited. The spectacular parade, presented by Macy's Department store, to Harold in the Christmas season. Away from the crowd are two of Macy's public relations experts.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: He's simple wonderful, Mrs. Walker. Just look at him on that float. The most realistic Santa Claus we've ever had. Why, he didn't even need any padding, did he?

DORIS WALKER: Padding?

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Why, didn't you notice his tummy? So round, so firm, so fully packed? Well, now that everything's under control, where on earth did you find him?

DORIS WALKER: I... I don't know. I... I just turned around, and there he was.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: And you *think* that the man whose place he took... was intoxicated.

DORIS WALKER: With a breath that would knock over a reindeer.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Oh, just think if Mr. Macy had seen him.

DORIS WALKER: What if Mr. Gimble had seen him? Competition between our stores is tough enough.

(SFX: Parade sounds)

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Oh, well, the parade's starting. Let's stand at the curb.

DORIS WALKER: Not I, Mr. Shellhammer, *I'm* going home to relax. Anyway, I can see it from there, I live just around the corner.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Oh, so you do. Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Mrs. Walker. And congratulations, on finding the *best* Santa Claus in Macy's history.

(MUSIC)

FRED GAILEY: Certainly is a wonderful parade, Susan. Just look at that clown. Gosh, what a giant.

SUSAN WALKER: Giant, Mr. Gailey? There are no such things as *giants*.

(SFX: CIRCUS/PARADE MUSIC IN BACKGROUND)

FRED GAILEY: Well, not now maybe, but in olden days there.....

SUSAN WALKER: *Really*, Mr. Gailey. Are you a liar.

FRED GAILEY: Well, what about the giant that Jack killed? You know, Jack and the beanstalk?

SUSAN WALKER: Everybody knows that's a fairy tale. And I agree with my mother...

(SFX: DOOR BUZZER)

SUSAN WALKER: (continued) ...fairy tales are silly.

FRED GAILEY: Come in.

DORIS WALKER: Good afternoon, I'm Susan's mother. My maid said...

SUSAN WALKER: Oh, hello, mother. I'm watching the parade. Mr. Gailey invited me.

DORIS WALKER: Hello, darling.

FRED GAILEY: Susie's told me quite a lot about you, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS WALKER: She's told me quite a lot about you, too, the man in the front department.

FRED GAILEY: Heh. Well, this is all part of a plot, Mrs. Walker. I'm very fond of Susie, but I ... I also wanted to meet you.

DORIS WALKER: At least you're frank.

SUSAN WALKER: There's old Santa Claus!

DORIS WALKER: Oh, don't even mention the name.

SUSAN WALKER: Why not, mother?

DORIS WALKER: Well, that Santa Claus you see is a last minute substitute.

SUSAN WALKER: But why?

DORIS WALKER: Oooh. Remember the way the janitor was last New Years?

SUSAN WALKER: Oh my! Tight as an owl.

FRED GAILEY: I, um. I see Susie doesn't believe in Santa Claus, either.

DORIS WALKER: That's right. She never has.

SUSAN WALKER: (matter of factly) Well, that's the end of the parade. Mother, I've been thinking. It's Thanksgiving, and there are only two of us. Couldn't we invite Mr. Gailey?

DORIS WALKER: Well I...

FRED GAILEY: Oh, um... Please don't bother. I'll just have a sandwich, or something.

SUSAN WALKER: But we have such a big turkey. Please, mother, please?

DORIS WALKER: Well, (heh) well, I...

SUSAN WALKER: (whispering) Did I ask all right, Mr. Gailey?

FRED GAILEY: Susie! Sh.

DORIS WALKER: (laughing) You asked fine, Susan. Dinner is at three, Mr. Gailey.

(MUSIC)

MR. SHELLHAMMER: (on speaker) Hello, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS WALKER: Yes, Mr. Shellhammer

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Your maid said you were at Thanksgiving dinner, but I... I just had to tell you. Your Santa Claus was stupendous.

DORIS WALKER: Well, thank you,

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Mr. Macy himself, wants him to be our toy department Santa Claus

DORIS WALKER: Oh, fine. Can *you* hire him?

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Oh, ho ho, I already have. Oh, he's a born salesman. I just feel it.

DORIS WALKER: Good. We'll talk about it in the morning. Thanks for calling Mr. Shellhammer.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: SMALL CROWD)

(SFX: 3x BELL TONE)

ALFRED: Here he is, Mr. Shellhammer. Here's Santa Claus

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Thank you, Alfred. Thank you. (changing tone) Good morning, Santa Claus.

KRIS KRINGLE: Good Morning.

(SFX: 3x BELL TONE)

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Now, before you go to the toy department, here's a list of toys that we have to push.

KRIS KRINGLE: Uh, huh.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: You know, things we're overstocked on. Now you'll find that a great many children will be undecided as to what they want for Christmas. And when that happens, you immediately suggest one of these items. Do you understand?

KRIS KRINGLE: I certainly do.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Fine. That's fine. Now, take the list and Alfred here will show you to your throne in the toy department. And don't you forget, you're working for Macy's.

(FADE OUT/ SCENE CHANGE)

(SFX: MUSIC BOX)

MORTIMER: Are you really Santa Claus?

KRIS KRINGLE: Well, of course I am. What do you want for Christmas, little boy?

MORTIMER: I want a fire engine with a *real* hose that squirts *real* well water and I won't do it in the house I'll only do it in the backyard I promise.

KRIS KRINGLE: And I promise you'll get your fire engine.

MORTIMER: You see, mama, I told you he'd get me one.

MAMA: That's just fine, that's just dandy. You wait here, Mortimer. Mama wants to thank Santa Claus, too.

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes, madam?

MAMA: Say, what's the matter wit'chew

KRIS KRINGLE: Now, now, now. What's the trouble?

MAMA: I told you before, didn't I? The kid wants a fire engine but there isn't one to be had anywhere in town. Macy's ain't got any, Gimble's ain't got any, nobody's got any. My feet are killing me and you say, "OK, he gets the fire engine."

KRIS KRINGLE: But you can get those fire engines and Shoenfeld's, Lexington Avenue. Only \$4.50. A wonderful bargain.

MAMA: Shoenfeld's

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes.

MAMA: Hey, I...I don't get it.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, I follow the toy market very closely.

MAMA: Macy's sending people to other stores?

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes.

MAMA: Are you kiddin'?

KRIS KRINGLE: Ha ha. The one important thing is to make the children happy. Whether Macy's or somebody else sells the toy doesn't matter. Don't you feel that way?

MAMA: Who? Me?

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes.

MAMA: Oh, yeah, sure. Only I don't know Macys did. I don't get it. I just don't get it.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Who's next, please? Right this way to see Santa Claus. All right, little girl. You're next.

KRIS KRINGLE: Of course, little girl. You want some roller skates? Well, you shall have them, too.

GIRL: Mama! Mama, he's gonna bring me some roller skates.

GIRL'S MAMA: And he has some fine skates here at Macy's, haven't you Santa Clause?

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, they're good skates, all right. But not quite good enough. Now I left some really wonderful roller skates at Gimble's. I'm sure Gimble's have just what this good little girl wants

(FADE OUT)

MAMA: Mr. Shellhammer. Are you Mr. Shellhammer?

MR. SHELLHAMMER: (shocked) Uh, Gimble's? Gimble's. That's just what he did say, Gimble's.

MAMA: The sales lady said I should speak to you.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: (stunned) Gimble's

MAMA: I just wanted to congratulate you and Macy's on this wonderful new stunt you're pulling.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Gimble's.

MAMA: Imagine, a big outfit like Macy's putting the spirit of Christmas ahead of the commercial.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Gimble's

MAMA: From now on, I'm gonna be a regular Macy's customer (as though being pestered) All right, Mortimer, we're going.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: GIMBLE'S!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: 3x BELL TONES)

SUSAN WALKER: And there's the toy department over there, Mr. Gailey.

FRED GAILEY: You certainly know all about Macy's store, don't you, Susan?

SUSAN WALKER: Well, that's because my mother *works* here. But I still think it's silly, bringing me here to see Santa Claus.

FRED GAILEY: Well, I just feel that when you've talk to him, you might...

SUSAN WALKER: Oh, gee, Mr. Gailey. I'm certainly willing to try.

(CROUD NOISE SURGES FOR SCENE CHANGE)

KRIS KRINGLE: Well, well. What a fine young lady, eh? What's your name, little girl?

SUSAN WALKER: Susan Walker. What's yours?

KRIS KRINGLE: Mine? Kris Kringle. I'm Santa Claus.

SUSAN WALKER: Hmm.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, ho. (chuckling) You don't believe that, eh?

SUSAN WALKER: Uh-uh. You see, my mother's Mrs. Walker.

KRIS KRINGLE: (getting it) Oh. Ohhhh.

SUSAN WALKER: But I must say, you're the best looking Santa Claus I've seen.

KRIS KRINGLE: Really?

SUSAN WALKER: Your beard, for instance. It doesn't have one of those things that goes over your ears.

KRIS KRINGLE: (chucking) Well, that's because it's real.

SUSAN WALKER: What?

KRIS KRINGLE: Just like I'm really Santa Claus. Go ahead, pull it.

SUSAN WALKER: Oh my... my goodness, it is real.

KRIS KRINGLE: (chuckling) Yes. Yes. And now what would you like me to bring you for Christmas?

SUSAN WALKER: Nothing, thank you. Whatever I want, my mother will get. If it's sensible and doesn't cost too much.

DORIS WALKER: That's quite right, Susan.

SUSAN WALKER: Oh. Hello, mother.

DORIS WALKER: Hello, Mr. Gailey

KRIS KRINGLE: Mrs. Walker.

FRED GAILEY: Hello. The explanation for all this is very simple. Your maid's mother sprained her ankle—she had to go home—so she asked me to bring Susie down to you. And as long as we were here, I... I figured we might as well say "Hello" to Santa Claus.

SUSAN WALKER: He has real whiskers, mother.

DORIS WALKER: Susan, would you stand over there a minute?

SUSAN WALKER: If you want me to.

FRED GAILEY: I, um... I shouldn't have brought Susie here to see Santa, is that it?

DORIS WALKER: Now you're making me feel *completely* heartless.

FRED GAILEY: I'm sorry.

DORIS WALKER: Don't you see, I tell Susan the Santa Claus is a myth and you show her a very convincing old man with real whiskers. Whom is she to believe?

FRED GAILEY: Yeah, that's right, isn't it?

DORIS WALKER: When Susan was a baby, her father and I were divorced, and ever since then I protected my child by teaching her reality. If you don't believe in Fairy Tales and fantasy, you can never be hurt or disillusioned.

FRED GAILEY: We were talking about Susie, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS WALKER: And I must ask you to let me raise her as I see fit. (to Susan) All right, dear, the store's going to close soon, we'll run along to my office.

(FADE OUT)

(MUSIC)

(SFX: DOOR OPEN)

KRIS KRINGLE: Alfred said you wanted to see me, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS WALKER: Oh, um... oh yes, come in.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

DORIS WALKER: I, um... uh... I'd be grateful if you'd please tell Susan that you're not really Santa Claus, that there actually is *no* such person.

KRIS KRINGLE: (delighted) Mrs. Walker Not only is there such a person, but here I am to prove it.

DORIS WALKER: No, no, no, no, you misunderstand. I... I want you to tell her the truth. Now, um... what's your *real* name?

KRIS KRINGLE: (simply) Kris Kringle. And I *always* tell the truth. (to Susan) Susan, I'll bet you're in the first grade.

SUSAN WALKER: Second grade.

DORIS WALKER: I mean your *real* name.

KRIS KRINGLE: That is my real name. (to Susan) My goodness, the second grade?

DORIS WALKER: Very well. I have your employment card right here, I'll look it up on that.

KRIS KRINGLE: That's a very cute dress you have on, Susan.

SUSAN WALKER: It's from Macy's. We get ten percent off.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh.

DORIS WALKER: So. You always tell the truth, do you?

KRIS KRINGLE: Mm-hm.

DORIS WALKER: Look at your employment card.

KRIS KRINGLE: Name—Kris Kringle. Address—Brook's Memorial home, Great Neck, Long Island. You may call the home if you care to confirm that, Mrs. Walker. It's a home for elderly gentlemen.

DORIS WALKER: Would you also like me to confirm *this*?

KRIS KRINGLE: What's that?

DORIS WALKER: Date of birth. "As old as my tongue and a bit older than my teeth." Place of Birth, "North Pole." Now really.

KRIS KRINGLE: Why, I believe you doubt me, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS WALKER: And this tops everything. Next of Kin.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh that.

DORIS WALKER: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen. I'm sorry to have to do this Mr. er...um...

KRIS KRINGLE: Kringle.

DORIS WALKER: But the, um... the Santa Claus we had two years ago is back in town and I feel that we owe it to him to... uh...

KRIS KRINGLE: Have I done something wrong?

DORIS WALKER: No, no, no, it's just that...

(SFX: PHONE RINGS)

DORIS WALKER: ... we feel... Oh, excuse me.

SFX: PICK UP PHONE)

DORIS WALKER: Hello?

MR. SHELLHAMMER: This is Mr. Shellhammer, Mrs. Walker. Drop whatever you're doing. Mr. Macy wants to see us immediately.

DORIS WALKER: Oh, I'll be right up. Um... I'm afraid I'll have to be very abrupt with you. I have to see Mr. Macy. You'll be paid for the full week, Mr. Kringle, and I'll send your check to that address.

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

MR. MACY: Oh, come in, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Shellhammer.

DORIS WALKER: Thank you, Mr. Macy.

MR. MACY: Now, about this new policy you two initiated.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Eh... oh.

MR. MACY: Macy's Santa Claus sending customers to Gimble's.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: But I... I... I... I can explain everything, Mr. Macy... I...

MR. MACY: You don't have to explain a thing. Just look at my desk. Forty-two telegrams and over Five hundred phone calls. Grateful parents, expressing undying gratitude to Macy's department store.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Why, eh... you don't say?

MR. MACY: From now on, not only will our Santa Claus continue in this manner, but every sales person in the entire store.

DORIS WALKER: You mean that if we haven't got what the customer asks for, we're to...

MR. MACY: We'll send him where he can get it. No high pressuring and forcing a customer to take something he doesn't really want.

DORIS WALKER: I... I think that's wonderful, Mr. Macy.

MR. MACY: Why, we'll be known as, uh... as "The Helpful Store," "The Friendly Store." : "The Store that places public service ahead of profits." Consequently, we'll make more profits than ever. As for you, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Shellhammer, you'll find a more practical expression of my gratitude in your Christmas envelope.

DORIS WALKER & MR. SHELLHAMMER: Oh, thank you. Thank you.

MR. MACY: And tell that wonderful Santa Claus that I won't forget him, either. Matter of fact, I'll tell him myself in the morning.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: (bootlicking) Yes, indeed, Mr. Macy.

MR. MACY: Good night.

DORIS WALKER: (forlorn) Good night, Mr. Macy.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: (kowtowing) And thank you again, sir.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Oh. Imagine. A bonus.

DORIS WALKER: (sadly) Yes.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Well, what's the matter with you?

DORIS WALKER: Mr. Shellhammer, I just fired him

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Who?

DORIS WALKER: Santa Claus.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: Ooh! No, no,no,no,no,no, you couldn't have!

DORIS WALKER: But I did. He's crazy, Mr. Shellhammer, he really thinks he *is* Santa Claus.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: I DON'T CARE IF HE THINKS HE IS THE... THE EASTER BUNNY! F-F-F-FIND HIM!

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Act II of “Miracle on 34th Street” will continue in a moment. Well, Libby, have you given Santa your Christmas list?

LIBBY COLLINS: Yes, indeed, John. And number one on my list is a pair of Chinese pajamas with a three-quarter coat and little upstanding collar. Just like the ones Märta Torén wore in “Rogues’ Regiment”.

ANNOUNCER: Perhaps you’d better have the wardrobe mistress of Universal International show Santa what you mean.

LIBBY COLLINS: Well, I’m sure Dick Powell or Stephen McNally could give ‘em a good description. They found Marta very glamorous in this modern story of the French Foreign Legion.

ANNOUNCER: And what a villain Vincent Price is in “Rogues’ Regiment.”

LIBBY COLLINS: Mm-Hm.

ANNOUNCER: I was on the edge of my seat through the whole picture. And you talk about a pair of pajamas.

LIBBY COLLINS: Well, they were very special. Marta liked them so well, she had four pairs made for her personal wardrobe. And she was delighted when they told her she could Lux them.

ANNOUNCER: That’s about the easiest care in the world. Especially now, with the new tiny diamonds of Lux—another triumph of the famous Lever laboratories. These tiny diamonds are so much faster, they burst into suds the instant water touches them, and make wonderfully rich suds that last and last.

LIBBY COLLINS: Don’t colors look marvelous when they’re Luxed? So fresh and new. No wonder smart girls say they won’t risk wrong washing methods.

ANNOUNCER: Tests prove that with gentle care with Lux flakes really makes a difference. Lux slips and nighties stayed new looking three times as long. And that’s just like getting three pretty slips for the price of one.

LIBBY COLLINS: A really thoughtful Santa would put a box of Lux flakes in every lingerie gift next Friday night.

ANNOUNCER: Here’s our producer, Mr. William Keeley.

WILLAM KEELEY: Act II of “Miracle on 34th Street,” starring Maureen O’Hara as Doris, John Payne as Fred and Edmund Gwenn as Kris Kringle.

(MUSIC)

WILLAM KEELEY: It was a frantic few hours that Doris spent last night, rushing out to the Brooks Memorial Home in Long Island, and assuring Kris Kringle that Macy’s wanted him back as Santa Claus. Now Kris is again presiding over the crowded toy department, while in her office, Doris and Mr. Shellhammer...

DORIS WALKER: Don’t you understand Mr. Shellhammer? That old man with the nice whiskers insists that he *is* Santa Claus. Why, he’s out of his mind. What if he should have a... a fit or something? Oh, no, I’ve got to tell Mr. Macy.

MR. SHELLHAMMER: But maybe he’s only a *little* crazy. Anyway, you can’t be sure until he’s examined. We’ll send him to Mr. Sawyer.

DORIS WALKER: Sawyer?

MR. SHELLHAMMER: In personnel. He's paid to examine employees, isn't he? And now, by the way, (he he), what do you think of this?

(SFX: PAPER RUSTLING)

DORIS WALKER: What is it?

MR. SHELLHAMMER: A full page ad Macy's is running in tomorrow's newspaper.

DORIS WALKER: Macy's is running it? But it's all about the other stores—Gimble's and Sak's...

MR. SHELLHAMMER: I know, I know, Mr. Macy's idea, to have our customers find what they want. (sigh) It's revolting, isn't it?

DORIS WALKER: That Santa Claus certainly has started something. Oh well, I'll get a hold of him on his lunch hour and send him up to Mr. Sawyer.

(MUSIC)

KRIS KRINGLE: So I changed my clothes, Mr. Sawyer and came right up.

MR. SAWYER: Oh. Well then that's your *own* beard, huh?

KRIS KRINGLE: Hm? Oh, yes, yes.

MR. SAWYER: Hm. Interesting complex in back of there. Why do you carry a cane?

KRIS KRINGLE: Always carry a cane Mr. Sawyer. Well, that is, when I wear street clothes.

MR. SAWYER: Hump.

KRIS KRINGLE: I carved this cane out of a runner from one of my old sleighs.

MR. SAWYER: What's that? WHAT'S THAT?

KRIS KRINGLE: With a fine solid silver top.

MR. SAWYER: Who's the first president of the United States.

KRIS KRINGLE: Huh? Oh, give me a difficult one, like who was... who was *Vice* President under James Monroe.

MR. SAWYER: *I'm* conducting this examination.

KRIS KRINGLE: The answer is Daniel D. Tompkins.

MR. SAWYER: Oh. (huffs)

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes. You're a... you're a rather nervous man, aren't you, Mr. Sawyer?

MR. SAWYER: Hm?

KRIS KRINGLE: Tell me, do you, um... do you get enough sleep?

MR. SAWYER: My personal habits are no concern of yours. Now, what hand am I holding up?

KRIS KRINGLE: Right hand.

MR. SAWYER: How many fingers do you see?

KRIS KRINGLE: Three. Oh dear, oh dear, you bite your nails, too.

MR. SAWYER: Oooh. Stand up. Now, feet together, arms extended.

KRIS KRINGLE: Muscular coordination tests? I've taken dozens of these tests. Mr. Sawyer, are you happy at home?

MR. SAWYER: WHAT? THAT WILL BE ALL MR. KRINGLE. The examination is over.

KRIS KRINGLE: Thank you.

MR. SAWYER: And it may interest you to know, I've been happily married for twenty-two years. VERY HAPPILY MARRIED!

KRIS KRINGLE: Delighted to hear it. Goodbye, Mr. Sawyer.

MR. SAWYER: Miss Pall!

MISS PALL: Yes, sir.

MR. SAWYER: Get Mrs. Walker on the phone.

MISS PALL: Yes, sir, but your wife, Mr. Sawyer, she's called four times already.

MR. SAWYER: You tell my big fat wife to shut up and mind her own business.

MISS PALL: Here's Mrs. Walker, sir.

MR. SAWYER: Oh. Uh, Ahem. Hello.

DORIS WALKER: (on the phone) Oh, I was just going to call you, Mr. Sawyer.

MR. SAWYER: Oh?

DORIS WALKER: There's a Dr. Pierce stopping by this afternoon after three.

MR. SAWYER: Who's Dr. Pierce?

DORIS WALKER: He's the Physician at the Brooks home. I told him we might discuss Mr. Kringle's case with him.

MR. SAWYER: Well, there's hardly a point in discussing it, Mrs. Walker. Obviously the old man should be discharged.

(MUSIC)

MR. SAWYER: So, Dr. Pierce, Mr. Kringle should be dismissed immediately and sent to a mental institution.

DR. PIERCE: Oh, now, just a minute, Mr. Sawyer.

MR. SAWYER: Ah, he's deluded, saying he's Santa Claus.

DR. PIERCE: It's a delusion for good. I found he only wants to be friendly and helpful.

MR. SAWYER: His whole manner suggests aggressiveness. Look at the way he carries that cane. Mrs. Walker, naturally I can't discharge that loony, so when he exhibits his maniacal tendencies, please realize the responsibility is completely yours.

(SFX: DOOR SLAM)

DORIS WALKER: Well, I'm right back where I started.

DR. PIERCE: Mrs. Walker, I assure you, Kris Kringle has no maniacal tendencies.

DORIS WALKER: But if there's the slightest of his causing any trouble...

DR. PIERCE: What trouble?

DORIS WALKER: All that needs happen is a policeman asking his name—Kris Kringle—clang, clang and Macy's Santa Claus ends up in the psychopathic ward.

DR. PIERCE: Well, you can prevent that very simply. There must be someone at the store who can rent him a room. Then they could both come to work together. I'd just as soon he avoided that long train ride to Long Island, anyway.

DORIS WALKER: You mean, sort of take custody of him?

DR. PIERCE: Mm-Hm.

DORIS WALKER: Do you think Mr. Kringle would agree to that?

DR. PIERCE: I'm sure he'll agree.

DORIS WALKER: Well, in that case... now let me see. Who do I know that could rent him a room?

(MUSIC)

SUSAN WALKER: I'm glad you're going to have dinner with us, Mr. Kringle.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, thank you, Susan.

SUSAN WALKER: I'm also very glad you're going to live next door with Mr. Gailey.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh? Why?

SUSAN WALKER: Because you're nice to talk to.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. (laughs) I say, what a fine young man that Mr. Gaily is, eh? Just think, allowing me to share his apartment, a mere stranger.

SUSAN WALKER: (whispering) He did it because mother hinted to him.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. Well, anyway, I'm very grateful.

SUSAN WALKER: Shall I tell you what I did in school today?

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, by all means. Any games?

SUSAN WALKER: (disapprovingly) Yes. And a very silly game, too.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh?

SUSAN WALKER: They played "Zoo." And each child was supposed to be an animal.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, but Susan, they were just pretending.

SUSAN WALKER: But that's what makes the game so silly.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. Well, of course in order to play games, you'll need imagination.

SUSAN WALKER: Oh, that's when you see things but they're not really there, huh?

KRIS KRINGLE: (pondering) Oh, yes. Yes... but, you know, to me, imagination is a place all by itself. Now you've heard of the French Nation, hm?

SUSAN WALKER: Mm-hm.

KRIS KRINGLE: And the British Nation?

SUSAN WALKER: Yes?

KRIS KRINGLE: Well *this* is the Imagi-Nation. A very interesting place, too. Now, how would you like to be able to make snowballs in summertime, eh?

SUSAN WALKER: What?

KRIS KRINGLE: Or be at the Statue of Liberty in the morning, and in the afternoon fly south with a flock of geese?

SUSAN WALKER: (getting excited) Oh, well I'm quite sure I'd like it, but...

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, it's very simple. Very. Well, anyway, look here. The next time they play "Zoo," you can be a monkey.

SUSAN WALKER: But I don't know *how* to be a monkey.

KRIS KRINGLE: Don't you? Oh, I'll show you. Now first, you bend over a little, like, uh... like this. See? Now let your arms hang loose. See?

SUSAN WALKER: Like this?

KRIS KRINGLE: Yeah, that's fine, fine. Now put your hand over hear, and start scratching. See? There, that's it. That's it, that's excellent, Susan. That's as fine a bit of scratching as I've ever seen. Yeah. Now... now you start chattering.

SUSAN WALKER: (curiously) Chattering?

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes, now listen. (starts making monkey sounds) See? And keep scratching. Now then, look here, we'll do it together. See? Chatter and scratch, and scratch and chatter. See?

(they both begin scratching and chattering and chattering and scratching.)

(MUSIC BEGINS)

KRIS KRINGLE: That's fine, Susan, fine. You're doing beautifully. Beautifully! Yes!
(Fades out as KRIS laughs)

(MUSIC CHANGES SCENE)

KRIS KRINGLE: (whispering) Susan. Susan. You still awake?

SUSAN WALKER: Uh-huh.

KRIS KRINGLE: I've, uh... just come in to say goodnight, that's all.

SUSAN WALKER: (sighs)

KRIS KRINGLE: Now look here, about Christmas. There must be *something* you'd like for Christmas?

SUSAN WALKER: Well... I certainly *thought* about something, Mr. Kringle.

KRIS KRINGLE: You have? Well, what is it, eh? Tell me.

SUSAN WALKER: It's right here on the night table, see?

(SFX: PICKING UP PAPER)

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh?

SUSAN WALKER: I tore this page out of a magazine. It's a picture of a house.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, ho. *That's* what you want, is it? A doll's house. Colonial architecture.

SUSAN WALKER: Oh, not a doll's house, a *real* house.

KRIS KRINGLE: A real house?

SUSAN WALKER: Yes. And if you're really Santa Claus you can get it for me.

KRIS KRINGLE: Now, now, now, wait a minute, Susie. What could you possibly *do* with a big house?

SUSAN WALKER: Live in it with my mother. (getting excited) And a back yard with a big tree to put a swing on, and a garden, and a... (suddenly giving up hope) Oh, well. Why even discuss it?

KRIS KRINGLE: Susie, could I, uh... could I keep this picture? Just, uh... just in case?

SUSAN WALKER: (lightening up) I guess so.

KRIS KRINGLE: Thank you, dear. Thank you. Well, Mr. Gailey's waiting for me. Good night, monkey (Makes monkey chatter)

SUSAN WALKER: (cheerily) Good night, Mr. Kringle. (she chatters)

(MUSIC)

FRED GAILEY: Take whichever bed you want, Mr. Kringle.

KRIS KRINGLE: You're very kind, really. Tell me, Mr. Gailey, what it is you just do for a living, eh?

FRED GAILEY: Oh, I'm a lawyer. Haslip, Haslip, Sherman and McKenzie.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. Oh. And you, uh... you like living here, in the city?

FRED GAILEY: Well, it's convenient. But some day I'd like to get a place on Long Island.

KRIS KRINGLE: Huh.

FRED GAILEY: Not a big house, just one of those junior partner deals around Manhassat.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. One of those little... Colonial houses, eh?

FRED GAILEY: Yeah. Yeah. A little Colonial house would be swell.

KRIS KRINGLE: Good. Good. Yes. You're um... you're quite fond of... Mrs. Walker, aren't you?

FRED GAILEY: (laughs) A lot of good it does me. She lives in a cast iron shell that's just a little difficult to penetrate.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. Well you must try a little harder, Mr. Gailey. You know, Mrs. Walker and that child are a couple of lost souls. And it's up to us to help them. See?

FRED GAILEY: No?

KRIS KRINGLE: Yes, she... well, shall I turn out the light?

FRED GAILEY: Oh, no no no, I'm not going to be cheated out of this. You know all my life I've wondered about it and now I'm going to find out. Tell me. Does Santa Claus sleep with his whiskers *outside* or inside the covers?

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. Outside, of course. Outside, by all means. The cold air makes them grow.

FRED GAILEY: (laughs) Thank you, very much.

(MUSIC)

MR. MACY: Come in, Mrs. Walker, come in.

DORIS WALKER: Thank you, Mr. Macy. I've just heard something very exciting.

MR. MACY: You have? Well, let me tell you something very exciting. Our policy of being kind to customers has tripled our sales. Now, what do you think of that?

DORIS WALKER: That's wonderful, Mr. Macy. And... *Gimble's* thinks it's wonderful, too.

MR. MACY: Gimble's?

DORIS WALKER: Gimble's are adopting the same policy.

MR. MACY: (a bit deflated) Well, is that so.

DORIS WALKER: And it gives me an idea. As long as Gimble's are doing the same thing... why not some pictures for the newspaper?

MR. MACY: (hesitant) Eh... pictures.

DORIS WALKER: Yes. You and Mr. Gimble, shaking hands.

MR. MACY: (offended) Shaking hands? R. H. Macy and... and *Gimble*?

DORIS WALKER: Well... well, yes.

MR. MACY: (getting it) Yes. Yes, why not? With Santa Claus. (chuckles) It's a great idea Mrs. Walker. (savoring it) Macy and Gimble... shaking hands.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: STORE CROWD NOISE)

PHOTOGRAPHERS CROWD AND COMMOTION: That's great. Looking good. Smile! Look over this way, Mr. Macy, etc.

MR. MACY: That's enough pictures, gentlemen. Thank you, thank you very much.

PHOTOGRAPHERS DISPERSE

Well, Mr. Gimble?

MR. GIMBLE: Come on, R.H. Now we'll go over to my store and get some really *good* pictures.

MR. MACY: Oh, heh. Just a minute. I have something here for Santa Claus. Here you are, Mr. Kringle. A check in appreciation of all you've done.

KRIS KRINGLE: Mr. Macy! Why that's most kind of you.

MR. GIMBLE: I didn't think you were that generous, R.H. That's quite a check. What are you going to do with it, Mr. Kringle?

KRIS KRINGLE: Well, I have a friend. A doctor Pierce. He needs a new X-ray machine.

MR. MACY: Buy the machine through the store. A ten percent discount.

MR. GIMBLE: Nonsense. Come on over to Gimble's. We'll furnish it as cost.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, keep it up, gentlemen, keep it up. At this rate, my friend will have a whole new hospital.

(THEY ALL LAUGH)

(MUSIC)

ALFRED: How did the pictures turn out, Mr. Kringle?

KRIS KRINGLE: Fine, Alfred, fine. How about a game of checkers during lunch, eh?

ALFRED: Oh, not today, Kris. I... I don't feel so good.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh? What's the matter, Alfred?

ALFRED: Oh, nothin' much. You remember I was telling you how I like to play Santa Claus at the "Y" and give out packages to the kids?

KRIS KRINGLE: Yeah.

ALFRED: Well, I was telling Mr. Sawyer about it, and he says that's very bad. That psychologically it's all wrong.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh? To be nice to children?

ALFRED: Well, he says guys who play Santa Claus do it because when they was young they must have done something bad and now they do something that is good to make up for it, see? It's what he calls a "guilt complex."

KRIS KRINGLE: Alfred, what else has he found wrong with you?

ALFRED: Nothin' much. Just that I hate my father. I didn't know it but he says I do.

KRIS KRINGLE: Excuse me.

ALFRED: Hey, ain't you gonna have lunch?

KRIS KRINGLE: Later. Right now I have an appointment... with Mr. Sawyer.

(MUSIC)

MR. SAWYER: What do you mean, breaking into my office like this?

KRIS KRINGLE: (barely holding his temper) Are you a licensed psychiatrist?

MR. SAWYER: What business is it of yours?

KRIS KRINGLE: I have respect for psychiatry and great contempt for meddling amateurs who go around practicing it.

MR. SAWYER: Oh. Shut up.

KRIS KRINGLE: You ought to be horsewhipped, taking a boy like Alfred and filling him up with complexes and phobias and every...

MR. SAWYER: I think I'm better equipped to judge that than you.

KRIS KRINGLE: Just because Alfred wants to be kind to children, *you* tell him he had a guilt complex.

MR. SAWYER: (chuckling smugly) Yes. Having the same delusion, you couldn't possibly understand.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh!

MR. SAWYER: And don't you wave that cane at me.

KRIS KRINGLE: Either you stop analyzing Alfred or I'll go straight to Mr. Macy and tell him what a contemptible fraud you are.

MR. SAWYER: Oh, go on, get out of here, get out of here before I have you thrown out.

KRIS KRINGLE: There's only one way to handle a man like you. Maybe this'll knock some sense into you.

(SFX: KNOCK)

MR. SAWYER: Ooo. Oh, HELP, OH, MY HEAD! MY HEAD! OH-HO-HOO-HOOO!

KRIS KRINGLE: (leaving) Good day, Mr. Sawyer.

MR. SAWYER: Miss Pall! Get me the police! Bring me Mrs. Walker! GET ME THE PSYCHOPATHIC WARD AND BELLVIEW HOSPITAL!!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

NURSE: You can see Mr. Kringle now, Mr. Gailey.

FRED GAILEY: Thank you, Nurse.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

FRED GAILEY: Hello, Kris.

KRIS KRINGLE: (beaten in spirit) Hello, Fred.

FRED GAILEY: Kris, I've been speaking to the doctors. They said they've given you some tests.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, yes. Same old tests.

FRED GAILEY: Except *this* time you've failed to pass them. Kris, you deliberately failed. Why?

KRIS KRINGLE: Why? Well... because I had great hopes, Fred. I had a feeling Mrs. Walker was beginning to believe in me. And now... now I discover she was only humoring me all the time.

FRED GAILEY: But this wasn't Doris' idea at all. Mr. Sawyer sent you up here before she even knew about it.

KRIS KRINGLE: But why... why didn't you come to me and explain things?

FRED GAILEY: Because she didn't want to hurt you.

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh. Well... it's not *just* Mrs. Walker, it's... well, now, take Mr. Sawyer. He's contemptible, dishonest, deceitful, yet he's out there and I'm in here. Well if that's normal, I don't want it.

FRED GAILEY: But you can't just think of yourself, Kris. What happens to you matters to a lot of other people. People like me, who believe in what you stand for, and... people like... well, like Susie, who are just beginning to. Kris, you're letting *us* down.

KRIS KRINGLE: I... afraid maybe you're right. I... (clearing up) of *course* you're right. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Come on, let's get out of here.

FRED GAILEY: Now wait a minute, you flunked your mental examination, but good.

KRIS KRINGLE: (laughing it off) Oh, ho ho, yes. So I did. Ho, ho. Well, then, anyway you're a Lawyer. You fix it.

FRED GAILEY: Hey, look. I can't just...

KRIS KRINGLE: Now I won't let *you* down. And you won't let me down.

FRED GAILEY: Kris, now, take it easy. Look, there'll have to be a hearing. If you're going to be committed, it has to be before a judge.

KRIS KRINGLE: Well?

FRED GAILEY: Well, if I can do anything at all, it'll have to be in courtroom. Now, sit tight, Kris, I'll get an idea. I *have* to get an idea.

(MUSIC)

MR. SAWYER: You, eh... you sent for me, Mr. Macy?

MR. MACY: I certainly did, Mr. Sawyer. I brought my family to our toy department to see our Santa Claus, and our Santa Claus isn't there. He's in Bellevue!

MR. SAWYER: Yes, Mr. Macy.

MR. MACY: Because he's a lunatic.

MR. SAWYER: Yes, sir, a lu... lunatic.

MR. MACY: Lunatic, my foot. Now listen to me, Sawyer, you get that case dropped right away! Or you'll have another lump to match the one *he* gave you.

MR. SAWYER: But it's out of my hands. Mr. Kringle goes to court in the morning.

MR. MACY: Well just see that he's back in the toy department by afternoon. Now GET OUT OF HERE!

(MUSIC)

MR. SAWYER: Oh, Mr. Gailey, Mr. Gailey.

FRED GAILEY: Yep?

MR. SAWYER: I've been looking all over for you I'm Mr.... ahem... Sawyer.

FRED GAILEY: Oh. So you're Sawyer.

MR. SAWYER: Yes. Yes. I, ah... was just speaking to the court clerk and he said you represent Mr. Kringle. [ahem] well, I represent Mr. Macy.

FRED GAILEY: Well, then I'll see you in court.

MR. SAWYER: No, no. Heh-heh. That's what I wanted to speak to you about. Now, Mr. Macy would like to drop the whole case right now. You see, we're most anxious to avoid any publicity.

FRED GAILEY: No... publicity, huh?

MR. SAWYER: Uh-huh.

FRED GAILEY: Well that's very interesting.

MR. SAWYER: Then you'll cooperate?

FRED GAILEY: You know something, Sawyer? You've just given me the idea I've been searching for.

MR. SAWYER: Oh, good, good.

FRED GAILEY: If I'm gonna win this case, I'm going to have to have public opinion and plenty of it. And publicity is just the way to do it. Thanks. And, uh... so long, Mr. Sawyer. (leaves)

MR. SAWYER: (calling after) Mr. Gailey! But, Mr. Gailey!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: PAPERS RUSTLING)

FRED GAILEY: Look at these newspapers, Kris.

KRIS KRINGLE: Huh?

FRED GAILEY: Evening dispatch. “Doctors Doubt Sanity of Santa Who Launched Goodwill Campaign!”

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh, my.

(SFX: MORE PAPER RUSTLING)

FRED GAILEY: Daily Bulletin. “Macy’s Santa Claus to have Lunacy Hearing!”

KRIS KRINGLE: Oh.

(SFX: PAPER RUSTLING)

KRIS KRINGLE: What’s this one.

FRED GAILEY: New York Express.

KRIS KRINGLE: “Is Kris Kringle Crazy? Court Case Coming, Kiddies Cry Calamity!”

FRED GAILEY: (laughs) You’ve driven the United Nations clear back to page five. Well, get a good night’s sleep, Kris. We go before Judge Harper at ten tomorrow morning.

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: We pause now, for Station Identification. This is CBS. The Columbia Broadcasting System

(MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Our stars will return with Act III of “Miracle on 34th Street,” in a moment. When a new player signs a contract with 20th Century Fox, she soon gets acquainted with Miss Helena Sorrel, Head Dramatic Coach. Helena, you like to watch your pupils perform in a motion Picture?

HELENA SORREL: Oh, of course, John, Because I take a personal interest in them. I’m especially proud of Betty Grable and her new picture, “When My Baby Smiles At Me.”

ANNOUNCER: Betty’s become a real fine dramatic actress.

HELENA SORREL: She certainly has.

ANNOUNCER: She and Dan Daily are magnificent as a couple of vaudeville hoofers.

HELENA SORREL: And Betty’s costumes in, “When My Baby Smiles at Me,” gave me a thrill. And I was amazed at how many things the wardrobe department washed with Lux flakes. It reminded me of my theatrical days when I was on the road and lived in a couple of trucks.

ANNOUNCER: A box of Lux flakes in each?

HELENA SORREL: (laughs) That’s absolutely true, John. I was never without it—in my hotel or at the theater.

ANNOUNCER: Well, then you've probably discovered that the new tiny diamonds of Lux are more wonderful than ever. They're so much faster and richer. Do more for you, too. They remove soil which other types of suds can't. Leaves things cleaner, fresher.

HELENA SORREL: And Lux flakes keep colors lovely.

ANNOUNCER: You're right, there. That's why it's foolish to risk wrong washing methods that may fade colors. Actual tests show, that with gentle Lux flakes care, colors stay lovely up to three times as long.

HELENA SORREL: That's a good tip for girls who get nice blouses and sweaters for Christmas.

ANNOUNCER: Right you are. And thank you for coming tonight, Helena Sorrel. We return you now to William Keeley.

WILLIAM KEELEY: And the curtain rises on the third act of, "Miracle on 34th Street." Starring Maureen O'Hara as Doris, John Payne as Fred, and Edmund Gwenn as Kris.

(MUSIC)

WILLIAM KEELEY: For a few weeks, a jolly, elderly man named Kris Kringle, has been working minor miracles as Macy's Santa Claus. But now, his sanity has been seriously questioned. And in a crowded courtroom, Judge Harper listens patiently as the Assistant District Attorney summons Kris to the witness stand.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Now this is not a trial, Mr. Kringle, this is just a hearing, so you don't have to answer any questions. Now then, uh, where do you live, please?

KRIS KRINGLE: Well, it seems to me that's what this hearing will decide, won't it?

(SFX: CROWD LAUGHS)

ASSISTANT D.A.: Mr. Kringle, do you believe that *you* are Santa Claus?

KRIS KRINGLE: Course I do.

ASSISTANT D.A.: That's all, your honor. The State rests it's case.

JUDGE HARPER: Well, Mr. Gailey?

FRED GAILEY: Your Honor, Mr. Mara contends my client is not sane because he believes he is Santa Claus.

JUDGE HARPER: An entirely logical conclusion.

ASSISTANT D.A.: *Anyone* who thinks he is Santa Claus is crazy.

FRED GAILEY: Your Honor, you believe yourself to be Judge Harper, yet no one questions *your* sanity because you are Judge Harper.

JUDGE HARPER: Mr. Kringle is the subject of this sanity hearing, not I.

FRED GAILEY: Well, your Honor, (slightly dramatically) I intend to prove that Mr. Kringle *IS* Santa Claus.

(CROWD REACTS)

(SFX: GAVEL BANGING)

JUDGE HARPER: (whispering) Mr. Mara, I thought you said this was a cut-and-dried sanity hearing.

ASSISTANT D.A.: I thought it was, your Honor.

JUDGE HARPER: (clearing his throat) In view of Mr. Gailey's statement, I'll have to review the entire background of this case. Court's adjourned until tomorrow morning.

(MUSIC)

FRED GAILEY: Hello, Doris, I'm sorry I'm late, but... Get ready, we're really gonna celebrate tonight.

DORIS WALKER: What are we celebrating?

FRED GAILEY: Well, didn't you read the papers? "Santa's Mouthpiece Throws Bombshell At New York's Supreme Court."

DORIS WALKER: Oh, Fred, you're not really serious about this? You can't possibly prove that Kris Kringle is Santa Claus.

FRED GAILEY: Well. You saw Mr. Macy and Mr. Gimble shake hands, that wasn't possible, either.

DORIS WALKER: What does your firm have to say about it? Haslip and Mackenzie and the rest of them?

FRED GAILEY: That I've, um... jeopardized their prestige, and either I drop this impossible case or they'll drop *me*.

DORIS WALKER: See?

FRED GAILEY: So I beat 'em to it. I quit.

DORIS WALKER: Fred! You threw away a career because of a sentimental whim?

FRED GAILEY: Well, I'll open my own office.

DORIS WALKER: And what kind of clients' will you get?

FRED GAILEY: Oh, probably a lot of people like Kris, who are being pushed around. That's the only fun in law anyway. Doris, look. Don't you have any faith in me at all?

DORIS WALKER: No, It's not a question of faith, it's... it's just *common sense*.

FRED GAILEY: But faith is believing in things when common sense tells you not to. It's not just Kris that's on trial, it's everything he stands for—human kindness and love and dignity...

DORIS WALKER: Oh, Fred, listen to me. We've seen each other a lot the last couple of weeks. I... well... I've become fond of you. We've talked about some wonderful plans, haven't we? Then you do this. Go on an idealistic binge, throw away your security and expect me to be happy about it.

FRED GAILEY: (solemnly) And I expect too much. Is that it? Well, that's that, I guess. Good night, darling.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: PHONE RINGS)

(SFX: PICK UP PHONE)

ASSISTANT D.A.: Hello. Yes, this is Mr. Mara. Well, can't it wait until tomorrow? I'm eating din.... WHOSE been subpoenaed? Well, how do you THINK I feel about it? I'll see you tomorrow.

(SFX: PHONE HANG UP)

MRS. MARA: Who's that, dear?

ASSISTANT D.A.: R. H. Macy's been subpoenaed!

MRS. MARA: Oh, my.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Those reporters. They make me look like a sadistic monster who likes nothing better than to drown pussy cats and tear wings off butterflies.

MRS. MARA: Quiet, dear. Tommy's still awake.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Oh. Oh, yeah.

MRS. MARA: It'd... It'd just break his heart if he knew what his daddy is doing.

ASSISTANT D.A.: I'm doing my job as Assistant District Attorney!

MRS. MARA: Well, I'm not so sure that I agree with them. Mr. Kringle looks like a very nice old man, and I don't see why you have to keep persecuting him.

ASSISTANT D.A.: I'M NOT *PERSECUTING* HIM, I'M *PROSECUTING* HIM!
(regaining composure) I like the old man, too, but... but there's nothing I can do about it.

MRS. MARA: You know something, Thomas? Sometimes I wish I married a butcher, or a plumber.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Well, if I *lose* this case, It's very possible you'll get your wish. (to himself) R. H. Macy, I... I wonder what he's gonna pull tomorrow...

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

(SFX: GAVEL)

JUDGE HARPER: Proceed with the witness, Mr. Gailey.

FRED GAILEY: Now then, Mr. Macy, if you recognize the defendant, please tell us who he is.

MR. MACY: Why, Kris Kringle, of course.

FRED GAILEY: Do you believe him to be of sound mind?

MR. MACY: Sound mind? I wish I had dozen just like him.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Mr. Macy, you are under oath. Do you believe that man is Santa Claus?

MR. MACY: Well, now, that's rather a delicate, ah...

MR. GIMBLE: (inside Macy's head) Think of those headlines tomorrow. Macy admits *his* Santa Claus is fraud.

MR. MACY: (yelling) You keep out of this, Gimble!

ASSISTANT D.A.: What did you say?

MR. MACY: (regaining his composure) Oh, oh-oh-oh. Nothing, Mr. Mara, nothing.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Well, I wish you would. Is that man Santa Claus.

MR. MACY: (slight pause) Yes. In my opinion, he most certainly is.

(CROWD COMMOTION)

ASSISTANT D.A.: Your Honor, there is no such person as Santa Claus, and everybody knows it.

FRED GAILEY: Can you *prove* there isn't any?

ASSISTANT D.A.: I won't even try. I'll not waste the courts time with such childish nonsense. Your Honor, the prosecution requests an immediate ruling from this court. Is there or is there not a Santa Claus?

JUDGE HARPER: Well, now, ah... I, uh... the court will take a short recess to consider the question.

(CROWD IN UPROAR)

(FADE OUT)

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

CHARLES HALLORAN: Hello, Henry.

JUDGE HARPER: Why, Charlie. What are you doing here?

CHARLES HALLORAN: Can't an old friend visit you in your chambers? And if you ask me, you never needed a friend like you do now.

JUDGE HARPER: This Kringle Case? Well, I certainly don't see what they're making a fuss about.

CHARLES HALLORAN: Henry. That's Santa Claus you've got out there. On trial, for lunacy. This case is dynamite. You're coming up for re-election soon.

JUDGE HARPER: Charley. You know what happened last night? Martha brought the grandchildren over, they... they wouldn't kiss grandpa. They wouldn't even talk to me.

CHARLES HALLORAN: Well, you see what I mean? If you rule there is no Santa Claus, you better start looking for that chicken farm right now.

JUDGE HARPER: I'm a responsible Judge. How can I seriously rule that there is a Santa Claus.

CHARLES HALLORAN: Because of what happens if you don't. Kids read about it and they don't hang up their stockings. Now what happens to all the toys that are supposed to be in those stockings? Nobody buys them. The toy manufacturers have to lay off employees. By now, you've got the AF of L and the CIO against you. Yes, and they're gonna say it with votes, see? Oh, and the department stores are gonna *love* you, too. Heh, heh. Yes, sir, Henry. And what about the Salvation Army? They got a Santa Claus on every street corner, they take in a lot of money to help the poor. But go ahead, Henry, you go in there and rule there isn't any Santa Claus. But if you do, you can count on getting just two votes, your own and that District Attorney's out there.

JUDGE HARPER: One vote, Charley. He... he's a republican. Oh, well, let's get this over with.

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

(CROWD IS MUMBLING.)

(SFX: GAVEL)

JUDGE HARPER: The question of Santa Claus seems to be, eh... largely a matter of opinion. The, eh... tradition of American justice demands abroad an unprejudiced view of such a... controversial matter.

ASSISTANT D.A.: But Your Honor...

JUDGE HARPER: This court, therefore, intends to keep its mind open. We shall ask for evidence on *either* side.

ASSISTANT D.A.: But the "burden of proof" clearly rests on my opponent. Can he produce any evidence to support his view?

FRED GAILEY: If Your Honor please, I can. Will Thomas Mara please take the stand.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Who, me?

FRED GAILEY: No. Thomas Mara Junior. I believe he and his mother are both in court today.

TOMMY: Hi, Poppa!

ASSISTANT D.A.: Hi.

FRED GAILEY: Tommy. Do you believe in Santa Claus?

TOMMY: I sure do. Gosh, he gave me a brand new sled last year.

FRED GAILEY: Now, um... what does Santa Claus *look* like, Tommy?

TOMMY: Well, there he is, sitting right over there.

(CROWD COMMOTION)

ASSISTANT D.A.: You're Honor, I protest!

JUDGE HARPER: Overruled!

FRED GAILEY: Tell me, Tommy, um... Why are you so sure there's a Santa Claus?

TOMMY: Because my poppa told me so. Didn't'cha, pop?

FRED GAILEY: Thank you, Tommy. You can go back to your mother, now.

TOMMY: See you later, poppa.

ASSISTANT D.A.: You certainly will. Your Honor...

TOMMY: Don't forget, Santa Claus. This year I want a football helmet.

KRIS KRINGLE: Don't worry, Tommy, you'll get it.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Mr. Kringle, if you don't mind.

KRIS KRINGLE: I'm sorry, sir.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Your Honor, the State of New York concedes the existence of a Santa Claus. But in so conceding, we demand that Mr. Gailey stop representing and presenting personal opinion as evidence. I insist he submit authoritative proof that Mr. Kringle, here, is the one and ONLY Santa Claus.

JUDGE HARPER: Well, Mr. Gailey? Are you prepared to show that Mr. Kringle is Santa Claus on the basis of unprejudiced authority?

FRED GAILEY: Well, sir... no, not now. I... I need a little time.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Why not now?

FRED GAILEY: Tomorrow, your Honor?

JUDGE HARPER: Very well. Court's adjourned till tomorrow morning.

FRED GAILEY: (to himself) *Whew* Oh, brother.

(MUSIC)

DORIS WALKER: Now, come, Susan, dear. Finish your supper.

SUSAN WALKER: But I can't, mother. All those things they're saying in the newspapers about Mr. Kringle and Mr. Gailey

DORIS WALKER: They're having this trial because he says he's Santa Claus.

SUSAN WALKER: He's so... he's so kind and nice and jolly. He's not like anyone else I know. He *must* be Santa.

DORIS WALKER: You know something? I think perhaps you're right.

SUSAN WALKER: Is Mr. Kringle sad now, mother?

DORIS WALKER: I'm afraid he must be.

(MUSIC)

SUSAN WALKER: Then I'll write him a letter. Maybe that'll make him feel better. I'll cheer him up

(FADE OUT AS MUSIC TAKES OVER)

(SFX: OUTSIDE ATMOSPHERE & TRAFFIC)

DORIS WALKER: Oh, Postman, Postman.

POSTMAN: Yeah, lady?

DORIS WALKER: Would you mind taking this letter?

POSTMAN: Oh, sure, lady, we're going straight down to the post office now. O.K., Louie! Take it away!

(SFX: TRUCK)

POSTMAN: Well, what do you know, Louie, another letter for Santa Claus. Hey, here's a new one. Instead of the North Pole, this kid's got it addressed to Kris Kringle, New York County courthouse.

LOUIE: Well, the kid's right.

POSTMAN: Huh? Oh, yeah, sure. They got him on trial down there. He claims he's Santa Claus and the D.A. claims he's nuts.

LOUIE: Hey.

POSTMAN: Hm?

LOUIE: Hey, I got an idea. How many Santa Clause letters we got down there in the dead letter office?

POSTMAN: Oh, who knows? Must be fifty thousand. Bags and bags, all over the joint, I... eeh... you mean?

LOUIE: Why, Frankie, why not? Wouldn't it be nice to get rid of 'em all? Wouldn't it?

POSTMAN: Boy, oh boy. Look, Louie, soon as we get to the post office, we go and see the supervisor. You know somethin'? I get we both get promoted.

LOUIE: (laughs)

(MUSIC)

ASSISTANT D.A.: And since the defense has failed to submit one shred of proof that Kris Kringle is the one and only Santa Claus, and since tonight is Christmas Eve, I ask your Honor that this hearing be terminated without further delay.

FRED GAILEY: I protest. I *do* have evidence.

ASSISTANT D.A.: Five minutes ago, you said you didn't.

FRED GAILEY: During Mr. Mara's oration, the Bailiff handed my client the evidence I refer to.

JUDGE HARPER: What evidence?

KRIS KRINGLE: This letter, your Honor.

JUDGE HARPER: Yes, Mr. Kringle?

KRIS KRINGLE: It's from Susan Walker. She *believes* in me. (smiles) Hum. This letter means more to me than...anything in the world.

FRED GAILEY: That letter, your Honor, was delivered by the United States Post Office. An official agency of the Federal Government. The Post Office Department is one of the largest business concerns in the world. Last year did a gross volume of over one billion dollars, and this year...

ASSISTANT D.A.: Your Honor, I'm sure we're all gratified that the Post Office is getting along so well. But what bearing has it on the sanity of that man?

FRED GAILEY: My point is that the Post Office Department is a model of efficiency. Furthermore, the laws of this country make it a criminal offense to willfully misdirect mail or intentionally deliver it to the wrong party.

ASSISTANT D.A.: The State of New York is second to none in its admiration of the Post Office Department. We're very happy to concede Mr. Gailey's ...

FRED GAILEY: Uh... for the record, Mr. Mara?

ASSISTANT D.A.: For the record. Anything to get on with this case.

FRED GAILEY: Thank you. Your Honor, that letter just received by Mr. Kringle is positive proof that a...

ASSISTANT D.A.: One letter is hardly positive proof.

FRED GAILEY: I have... further exhibits, your Honor, but I... I hesitate to produce them.

JUDGE HARPER: Come, come, Mr. Gailey, put them here on my desk.

FRED GAILEY: But your Honor, I don't....

JUDGE HARPER: I said PUT THEM ON MY DESK!

FRED GAILEY: All right, boys! Bring ‘em in!

(CROWD COMMOTION)

ASSISTANT D.A.: You... Your Honor! What is this?

FRED GAILEY: Empty those mail sacks on Judge Harper’s desk.

JUDGE HARPER: (bewildered)

FRED GAILEY: Bring them all in or be fined for “contempt of court!”

JUDGE HARPER: Now, now just a second, here.

POSTMAN: We’ll do it, your honor. Through rain, through sleet, though courtrooms, anything. We deliver.

JUDGE HARPER: Mr. Gailey!

FRED GAILEY: Your Honor, every one of those letters in every one of those mail sacks is addressed to Santa Claus. The Post Office delivered them. Therefore, the Post Office Department recognizes Kris Kringle to be the one and only Santa Claus.

JUDGE HARPER: Since the United States Government declares this man to be Santa Claus, this court will not dispute it.

(CROWD APPLAUDS)

JUDGE HARPER: And for heaven’s sakes GET THIS MAIL OUT OF MY COURTROOM!

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

(SFX: STORE AMBIANCE AND CHRISTMAS MUSIC BOX)

KRIS KRINGLE: So as soon as I got out of court, I came straight to Macy’s to see you, Doris.

DORIS WALKER: Oh, Kris, I’m so glad you won.

KRIS KRINGLE: (sighs) Well, we’re having a big Christmas party as the Brook’s Home tomorrow morning. I’d like so much to see you and Susan there.

DORIS WALKER: We’ll be there, Kris. Oh, Kris... couldn’t you... couldn’t you come home now and have dinner with us?

KRIS KRINGLE: Now? Tonight? Me? My goodness, Doris, it’s... it’s Christmas Eve.

(FADE OUT)

(MUSIC BOX TAKES OVER)

(FADE IN)

(CROWD SOUNDS OF CELEBRATION)

KRIS KRINGLE: Alfred! Alfred, look! Look who came all the way out here to the home, just for our Christmas party.

ALFRED: Kris, it’s... it’s Mr. Macy.

KRIS KRINGLE: It’s Mr. Gimble, too. Excuse me, Alfred. Mrs. Walker and Susan have to leave, now, and I want to see them before they go. So forgive me, will you?

DORIS WALKER: But Susie, darling, you got so many presents.

SUSAN WALKER: (barely holding back tears) Not the one I wanted. Not the one Mr. Kringle was going to get for me.

DORIS WALKER: Well, what was it?

SUSAN WALKER: It doesn't matter. I knew I wouldn't get it. But I thought he's at least tell me why.

KRIS KRINGLE: Susie. I'm sorry, Susie. I tried my best, but...

SUSAN WALKER: You couldn't get it because you're not Santa Claus.

DORIS WALKER: Susan!

SUSAN WALKER: Just a nice old man like mother said.

DORIS WALKER: But I was wrong when I told you that. You *must* believe in Mr. Kringle and keep right on doing it. You must have faith in him.

SUSAN WALKER: But that doesn't make sense, mother.

DORIS WALKER: Faith is believing in things when common sense tells you not to.

SUSAN WALKER: What?!

DORIS WALKER: I mean... just because things don't turn out the way you want them to the first time, you still got to believe in people. I found that...

FRED GAILEY: Hello, Doris.

DORIS WALKER: Fred.

SUSAN WALKER: Mr. Gailey, Mr. Gailey!

FRED GAILEY: Merry Christmas, Susie.

SUSAN WALKER: Gosh. You just get here and we're ready to leave.

FRED GAILEY: Oh, I've been here.

SUSAN WALKER: Oh.

FRED GAILEY: And if you're ready to leave, I'll drive you home.

KRIS KRINGLE: Before you go... here.

(SFX: PAPER)

KRIS KRINGLE: Here's a map I've made for you. You'll miss a lot of traffic. About four miles south, you'll see Ashley Avenue, now that's the street you want. Ashley Avenue.

FRED GAILEY: Thanks, Kris. And Merry Christmas.

KRIS KRINGLE: Merry Christmas, to you, Fred.

(MUSIC BEGINS)

KRIS KRINGLE: And to you, my dear. And to you, Susie.

SUSAN WALKER: I believe, Mr. Kringle. I do. It's silly, I suppose. But I do.

(MUSIC SWELLS AND TAKES OVER SCENE)

(FADE OUT)

(SFX: CAR MOTOR)

DORIS WALKER: I don't understand it, Fred. The map Kris gave definitely says, "Ashley Avenue." We've been on Ashley Avenue now for...

SUSAN WALKER: STOP THE CAR! OH, STOP THE CAR, PLEASE!

DORIS WALKER: Susie, what is it, darling, what's the matter?

(SFX: CAR PULLS OVER)

(SFX: CAR DOOR OPENS)

SUSAN WALKER: There is it, the HOUSE!

FRED GAILEY: SUSIE!

DORIS WALKER: What in the world?

FRED GAILEY: She's running into that house.

DORIS WALKER: Well, at least there's no one home. It's brand new, it's just been built.

FRED GAILEY: Yeah, "For Sale" it says. For Sale.

DORIS WALKER: What on earth is that child up to.

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

FRED GAILEY: Susie! Hey, Susie!

SUSAN WALKER: Here I am! Up stairs!

DORIS WALKER: Now, come right down. You know you shouldn't run around in other people's houses. That's strange.

FRED GAILEY: I'll say.

DORIS WALKER: No, no. I mean this house. I've *seen* this house somewhere, I know I have. Maybe in a magazine, or...

SUSAN WALKER: (super excited) Mother! It's our house! It's the one I asked him for, Mr. Kringle.

DORIS WALKER: Mr. Kringle?

SUSAN WALKER: I KNOW it is! Oh, you were right, mommy, you were right!

FRED GAILEY: Susie.

SUSAN WALKER: Mommy told me that if things didn't work out just the way you wanted them at first, you *still* got to believe. And I kept believing! And you were right, mommy. Mr. Kringle IS Santa Claus!

DORIS WALKER: Now where are you going?

SUSAN WALKER: (calling) In back to see if there's a swing! There IS one, oh, there IS one!

FRED GAILEY: You told her that? About believing.

DORIS WALKER: Well:... You told me, Fred.

FRED GAILEY: (chuckles) The sign outside. For Sale, huh? Well, we can't let her down, can we?

DORIS WALKER: I never really doubted you. It was just my silly common sense.

FRED GAILEY: (chuckles) It even makes sense to believe in *me* now. I must be a pretty good lawyer. I take a little old man and legally prove to the world that he is Santa Claus. Now you know that couldn't be...

DORIS WALKER: (hushing) Fred!

FRED GAILEY: What's the matter?

(MUSIC BEGINS: Christmas Music Box?)

DORIS WALKER: There. In the corner. By the fireplace.

FRED GAILEY: Oh, no. No.

DORIS WALKER: It... it *can't* be. It couldn't.

FRED GAILEY: A cane. Kris' cane. There couldn't be two canes like this anywhere in the world.

DORIS WALKER: Silver handle and all.

(MUSIC TAKES OVER)

FRED GAILEY: Hey. You know something? Maybe I didn't do such a wonderful thing after all.

(MUSIC FINALE)

ANNOUNCER: Before our stars return for their curtain calls, Libby Collins wants to tell you about the wonderful way to decorate your Christmas tree as we promised at the opening of the show.

LIBBY COLLINS: You can give your tree that "fresh from the woods" look by covering it with real looking snow you make yourself—from a box of Lux flakes.

ANNOUNCER: So many people have asked for the Lux recipe for Christmas snow that we gave last week, we'll repeat it tonight. Listen carefully.

LIBBY COLLINS: Take a large box of Lux flakes. Gradually add two cups of lukewarm water and beat with an egg beater until it has the consistency of thick whipped cream. Then, with your fingers, spread the mixture over the branches of your tree. And that's all.

ANNOUNCER: This snowy covering dries quickly, it won't melt, and lasts as long as the tree. Ask your dealer for a copy of this Christmas snow recipe.

LIBBY COLLINS: I don't know of any decoration that costs so little, yet does so much for your tree. It looks lovely, used just with tree lights, or you can add your usual ornaments, if you prefer.

ANNOUNCER: Try it on your mantle decorations and table arrangements, too. It gives them a very... professional look.

LIBBY COLLINS: And makes the whole house look more Christmassy. Now, I'll repeat that recipe. Take a large box of Lux flakes. Gradually add about two cups of lukewarm water and beat with an egg beater. While moist, spread the mixture along the branches. If you want extra glitter, shake on some shiny artificial snow.

before the mixture dries. Let the children help. They'll love doing it, and love the snowy tree.

ANNOUNCER: Back now to our Producer, Mr. William Keeley.

WILLIAM KEELEY: Mr. Kringle's reindeer are waiting on the roof. But we've asked him to pause a moment before he leaves, and come back to the footlights, with Maureen O'Hara and John Payne. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is a real thrill to everyone in Hollywood, when Edmund Gwenn topped his entire fifty-three years as an actor with his great performance as Kris Kringle.

ED GWENN: Thank you. Thank you, very much, Bill. Everyone connected with "Miracle on 34th Street," from George Seaton, the author/ director, to the prop man, helped me. They *all* believed in Santa Claus.

MAUREEN O'HARA: How could we help it?

JOHN PAYNE: I suppose you've got a strenuous time ahead, Kris...

ED GWENN: Eh?

JOHN PAYNE: ... covering the entire world in one night.

ED GWENN: John. If everyone believed in Santa Claus, Peace would break out all over the world in thirty seconds.

MAUREEN O'HARA: I hope you won't be too busy to stop at my house. I'll have my stockings hung up.

ED GWENN: Oh. Well, I'll stop in, Maureen, but... seems rather futile.

JOHN PAYNE: Why, Kris?

ED GWENN: Well, I couldn't possibly fill her stockings as well as she does.

JOHN PAYNE: I see what you mean.

MAUREEN O'HARA: Bill, after that, I think you'd better tell us about next week's play.

WILLIAM KEELEY: Next week, Maureen, a play straight from your native land. It's the 20th Century Fox picture, "The Luck of the Irish." And the stars? Well, we have a superb cast. There's Dana Andrews, Ann Baxter, and Cecil Kellaway. This is a delightful romance, presided over by a most mysterious Leprechaun, in the person of Cecil Kellaway. I know you'll all enjoy it.

JOHN PAYNE: We'll be looking forward to it, Bill. And good night.

MAUREEN O'HARA: Good night.

ED GWENN: Good night. Can I give anybody a lift in my sleigh?

WILLIAM KEELEY: (Chuckles) Good night, and a Merry Christmas.

(MUSIC: "O Come, All Ye Faithful.")

WILLIAM KEELEY: Before we meet again in this theater, the most joyful day of the year will have come and gone. There are, in our time, as in every time, a few foolish men who deride the Spirit of Christmas. But in every country, and in every time, they are overwhelmed by those who find in it, the hope and happiness of the future. By those of us who believe in our hearts that there *can* be peace on

this earth, and goodwill among *all* men. On behalf of Lever Brothers company, and of us in the Lux Radio Theater, I wish all of you, “the Happiest of Holidays.”

(MUSIC ENDS)

(MUSIC: LUX THEME)

WILLIAM KEELEY: And we invite you all to join us again, next Monday evening, when the Lux Radio Theater presents Dana Andrews, Ann Baxter, and Cecil Kellaway in “The Luck of the Irish.” This is William Keeley, saying Good night, and Merry Christmas.

(MUSIC FINISHES AND CONTINUES)

ANNOUNCER: Maureen O’Hara appears through the courtesy of 20th Century Fox, producers of “The Snake Pit,” starring Olivia de Havilland and Mark Stevens. Edmund Gwenn appeared with arrangement by Metro Goldwyn Meyer, producers of the All-Star Technicolor musical, “Words and Music,” based on the lives and music of Rodgers and Hart. John Payne will soon be seen in the Paramount picture, “El Paso.” Be sure to listen next Monday night to the Lux Radio Theater presentation of, “The Luck of the Irish,” starring Dana Andrews, Ann Baxter, and Cecil Kellaway. Stay tuned for “My Friend Irma,” which follows over these same stations. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.