

Lux Radio Broadcast - Miracle on 34th Street

The Lux Team

ANNOUNCER, John Milton Kennedy
WILLIAM KEIGHLEY, your host
LIBBY COLLINS
2ND ANNOUNCER
HELENA SORRELL, dramatic coach

The Leading Players

DORIS WALKER, of Macy's department store (MAUREEN O'HARA)
SUSAN, her daughter
FRED GAILEY, a lawyer (JOHN PAYNE)
KRIS KRINGLE, who is Santa Claus (EDMUND GWENN)

The Macy's Team

SHELLHAMMER, public relations
R. H. MACY, owner
ALFRED, Kris' co-worker
SAWYER, obnoxious person in personnel
MISS PRONG, his secretary (3 lines)
MORTIMER, boy who wants fire engine (3 lines)
MOTHER
GIRL (1 line)
2ND MOTHER (1 line)

The General Atmosphere

DR. PIERCE
GIMBEL, rival store owner
NURSE (1 line)
JUDGE
CHARLEY, a friend of the judge
MARA, the Assistant District Attorney
MRS. MARA
TOMMY, their son
POSTMAN
LOUIE
PHOTOGRAPHERS
COURTROOM CROWD
PARTYGOERS

ANNOUNCER:

Lux presents Hollywood!

MFx:

LUX THEME

ANNOUNCER:

Lever Brothers Company, the makers of Lux Flakes, bring you The Lux Radio Theatre, starring Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Edmund Gwenn in "Miracle on 34th Street"! Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. William Keighley!

SFX:

APPLAUSE

MFX:

OUT

KEIGHLEY:

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 trick with Lux. But right now it's curtain time for the play that proves there's a Santa Claus -- "Miracle on 34th Street," starring Maureen O'Hara as Doris, John Payne as Fred, and Edmund Gwenn in his Academy Award-winning performance as Kris Kringle.

MFX:

FOR AN INTRO ... THEN IN BG, OUT AT [X]

KEIGHLEY:

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 herald in the Christmas season. Away from the crowd are two of Macy's public relations experts. [X]

SFX:

CROWD BUZZES IN BG

SHELLHAMMER:

He's simply 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:

Padding?

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:

I - I don't know. I - I just turned around, and there he was.

SHELLHAMMER:

And to think that the man whose place he took - was intoxicated!

DORIS:

With a breath that would knock over a reindeer.

SHELLHAMMER:

Oh, just think if Mr. Macy had seen him!

DORIS:

What if Mr. Gimbel had seen him? Competition between our stores is tough enough.

MXF:

PARADE FANFARE, OFF ... PARADE BAND CONTINUES IN BG

SHELLHAMMER:

(LAUGHS) Well, the parade's starting. Let's stand at the curb.

DORIS:

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

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.

MFX:

PARADE BAND UP, THEN FADES OUT

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... THEN FADE IN CROWD NOISE AS HEARD FROM FRED'S APARTMENT

MFX:

SIMULTANEOUSLY, FADE IN PARADE BAND AS HEARD FROM FRED'S APARTMENT

FRED:

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

SUSAN:

Giant, Mr. Gailey? There are no such things as giants.

FRED:

Well, not now maybe, but in olden days, there--

SUSAN:

Really, Mr. Gailey. And you a lawyer!

FRED:

Well, what about the giant that Jack killed -- you know, "Jack and the Beanstalk"?

SUSAN:

Everybody knows that's a fairy tale. And I agree with my mother -- fairy tales are silly.

SFX:

DOORBELL BUZZES

FRED:

(CALLS) Come in!

SFX:

DOOR OPENS

DORIS:

Good afternoon, I'm Susan's mother. My maid said--

SUSAN:

Oh, hello, Mother! I'm watching the parade. Mr. Gailey invited me.

DORIS:

Hello, darling.

FRED:

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

DORIS:

She's told me quite a lot about you, too -- the man in the front apartment.

FRED:

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:

At least you're frank.

SUSAN:

There goes Santa Claus!

DORIS:

Oh, don't even mention the name.

SUSAN:

Why not, Mother?

DORIS:

Well, that Santa Claus you see is a last-minute substitute.

SUSAN:

But why?

DORIS:

Oooh -- remember the way the janitor was last New Year's?

SUSAN:

Oh, my! Tight as an owl!

MXF:

PARADE BAND OUT

FRED:

I, um, I see Susan doesn't believe in Santa Claus, either.

DORIS:

That's right. She never has.

SUSAN:

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:

Well, I--

FRED:

Oh, uh, please don't bother. I'll - I'll just have a sandwich or something.

SUSAN:

But we have such a big turkey! Please, Mother, please?

DORIS:

Well-- Well, I--

SUSAN:

(WHISPERS) Did I ask her all right, Mr. Gailey?

FRED:

Susie! Sh!

DORIS:

(LAUGHS) You asked fine, Susan. Dinner's at three, Mr. Gailey.

MFX:

BRIDGE

SHELLHAMMER:

(ON PHONE, FILTER) Hello? Mrs. Walker?

DORIS:

Yes, Mr. Shellhammer?

SHELLHAMMER:

(FILTER) Your maid said you were at Thanksgiving dinner but I - I just had to tell you. Your Santa Claus was stupendous!

DORIS:

Well, thank you.

SHELLHAMMER:

(FILTER) Mr. Macy himself wants him to be our toy department Santa Claus.

DORIS:

Oh, fine! Can you hire him?

SHELLHAMMER:

(FILTER, LAUGHS) Oh, I already have! Oh, he's a born salesman. I just feel it.

DORIS:

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

AFX:

BRIDGE

SFX:

DEPARTMENT STORE CROWD BUZZES ... ELEVATORS CHIME ... IN BG

ALFRED:

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

SHELLHAMMER:

Oh, thank you, Alfred! Thank you! (BUTTERY) Good morning, Santa Claus.

KRIS:

Good morning!

SHELLHAMMER:

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

KRIS:

Oh?

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:

I certainly do.

SHELLHAMMER:

Fine, that's fine. Now take the list and Alfred here will show you to your throne in the toy department. (FADES OUT) And don't you forget, you're working for Macy's!

SFX:

BUZZ OF DEPARTMENT STORE CROWD FADES OUT FOR TRANSITIONAL PAUSE,
THEN FADES IN

MFx:

TOY DEPARTMENT MUSIC BOX PLAYS IN BG

MORTIMER:

Are you really Santa Claus?

KRIS:

Why, 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 wet water! And I won't do it in the house, I'll only do it in the backyard! I promise!

KRIS:

And I promise you'll get your fire engine.

MORTIMER:

You see, mama? I told you he'd get me one!

MOTHER:

(ANNOYED NOO YAWKER) That's fine. That's just dandy. You wait here, Mortimer. Mama wants to thank Santa Claus, too.

KRIS:

Yes, madam?

MOTHER:

Say, what's the matter with you?

KRIS:

Now, now, now. What's the trouble?

MOTHER:

I told ya 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. Gimbels ain't got any. Nobody's got any. My feet are killin' me and you say, okay, he gets the fire engine!

KRIS:

But you can get those fire engines at Schoenfeld's, Lexington Avenue. Only four-fifty. A wonderful bargain.

MOTHER:

Schoenfeld's?

KRIS:

Yes.

MOTHER:

Hey, I - I don't get it.

KRIS:

Oh, I follow toy market very closely.

MOTHER:

Macy's sending people to other stores?

KRIS:

Yes.

MOTHER:

Are you kiddin'?

KRIS:

(WITH A CHUCKLE) No. 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?

MOTHER:

Who, me?

KRIS:

Yes.

MOTHER:

Oh, yeah, sure. Only I didn't know Macy's did. (MOVING OFF) I don't get it. I just don't get it.

SHELLHAMMER:

Who's next, please? Right this way to see Santa Claus! All right, little girl, you're next.

KRIS:

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!

2ND MOTHER:

And he has some fine skates here at Macy's, haven't you, Santa Claus?

KRIS:

Oh, they're good skates, all right, but - but not quite good enough. Now, I left some really wonderful roller skates at Gimbels. I'm sure Gimbels have just what this good little girl wants. Very good. (FADES)

MOTHER:

Mr. Shellhammer? Are you Mr. Shellhammer?

SHELLHAMMER:

(FLUSTERED DISBELIEF, TO HIMSELF) Er, er, Gimbels? Gimbels? That's just what he did say, Gimbels.

MOTHER:

The saleslady said I should speak to ya.

SHELLHAMMER:

(TO HIMSELF) Gimbels.

MOTHER:

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

SHELLHAMMER:

(TO HIMSELF) Gimbels.

MOTHER:

Imagine, a big outfit like Macy's putting the spirit of Christmas ahead of the commercial.
(PRONOUNCED "COM-OY'-SHUL")

SHELLHAMMER:

(TO HIMSELF) Gimbels.

MOTHER:

From now on, I'm gonna be a regular Macy customer. (MOVING OFF) All right, Mortimer, we're goin'!

SHELLHAMMER:

(A WAIL OF DESPAIR) Gimbels!

MFX:

MUSIC BOX CHANGES TO BRIDGE

SFX:

DEPARTMENT STORE CROWD BUZZES ... ELEVATORS CHIME ... IN BG

SUSAN:

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

FRED:

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

SUSAN:

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

FRED:

Well, I just feel that when you've talked to him, you might--

SUSAN:

(HUMORS HIM) Okay, Mr. Gailey. I'm certainly willing to try.

SFX:

CROWD BUZZES AND ELEVATORS CHIME ... TO FILL A PAUSE ... THEN IN BG

KRIS:

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

SUSAN:

Susan Walker. What's yours?

KRIS:

Mine? Kris Kringle. I'm Santa Claus.

SUSAN:

(SKEPTICAL) Mmmm.

KRIS:

Oh, ho! You don't believe that, eh?

SUSAN:

Uh uh. You see, my mother's Mrs. Walker.

KRIS:

(AMUSED) Oh, oh, oh, oh.

SUSAN:

But I must say, you're the best-looking Santa Claus I've ever seen.

KRIS:

Really?

SUSAN:

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

KRIS:

(LAUGHS) That's because it's real. Just like I'm really Santa Claus. Now, go ahead, pull it.

SUSAN:

Oh, my - my goodness! It is real!

KRIS:

(LAUGHS) Yes, yeah. And now, what would you like me to bring you for Christmas?

SUSAN:

Nothing, thank you. Whatever I want, my mother will get -- if it's sensible and doesn't cost too much.

KRIS:

Oh.

DORIS:

(APPROACHES) That's quite right, Susan.

SUSAN:

Oh! Hello, Mother!

DORIS:

(COOL) Hello, Mr. Gailey.

FRED:

(EMBARRASSED) Hello. Uh, 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:

He has real whiskers, Mother!

DORIS:

Susan, would you mind standing over there a minute?

SUSAN:

(MOVES OFF, CHEERILY) If you want me to!

FRED:

I, uh, I shouldn't have brought Susie to see Santa, is that it?

DORIS:

Now you're making me feel completely heartless.

FRED:

I'm sorry.

DORIS:

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

FRED:

Yeah, that's right, isn't it?

DORIS:

When Susan was a baby, her father and I were divorced. And ever since then I've protected my child by teaching her realities. If you don't believe in fairy tales and fantasy, you can never be hurt or disillusioned.

FRED:

We were talking about Susie, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS:

And I must ask you to let me raise her as I see fit. (MOVES OFF, TO SUSAN) All right, dear, the store's going to close soon; we'll run along to my office.

AFX:

BRIDGE

SFX:

TYPEWRITERS CLICKING

KRIS:

Alfred said you wanted to see me, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS:

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Oh, um, oh, yes. Come in.

SFX:

OFFICE DOOR SHUTS ... TYPEWRITERS OUT

DORIS:

I, um, uh-- I'd be grateful if you'll please tell Susan that you're not really Santa Claus -- that there actually is no such person?

KRIS:

(AMUSED) Oh, but, Mrs. Walker, not only is there such a person, but here I am to prove it.

DORIS:

No, no, no, no. You misunderstand. I - I want you to tell her the truth. Now, um, er, what's your real name?

KRIS:

Kris Kringle. And I always tell the truth. Susan, I'll bet you're in the first grade.

SUSAN:

Second grade!

DORIS:

I mean your real name.

KRIS:

Well, that is my real name. My goodness, the second grade?

DORIS:

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

KRIS:

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

SUSAN:

It's from Macy's. We get ten per cent off.

KRIS:

Oh.

DORIS:

So! You always tell the truth, do you?

KRIS:

Mm hm.

DORIS:

Look at your employment card.

KRIS:

(READS) "Name: Kris Kringle. Address: Brooks Memorial Home, Great Neck, Long Island."
You may call the home if you'd care to confirm that, Mrs. Walker. It's a home for elderly gentlemen.

DORIS:

Would you also like me to confirm this?

KRIS:

What's that?

DORIS:

(READS, CONTEMPTUOUS) "Date of Birth: As old as my tongue and a little bit older than my teeth." ...

KRIS:

(CHUCKLES)

DORIS:

(READS) "Place of Birth: North Pole." Now, really.

KRIS:

Why, I believe you doubt me, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS:

And this tops everything. (READS) "Next of Kin: ..."

KRIS:

Oh, that.

DORIS:

(READS) "Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen." ... I'm sorry to have to do this, Mister, um, um--

KRIS:

Kringle.

DORIS:

But the, uh, the Santa Claus that we had two years ago is back in town, and I feel that we owe it to him to, uh--

KRIS:

Have I done something wrong?

DORIS:

No, no, no. It's - it's just that we feel--

SFX:

PHONE RINGS

DORIS:

(EXHALES) Oh, excuse me.

SFX:

RECEIVER UP

DORIS:

Hello?

SHELLHAMMER:

(FILTER) This is Mr. Shellhammer, Mrs. Walker! Drop whatever you're doing! Mr. Macy wants to see us immediately!

DORIS:

Oh, I'll be right up.

SFX:

RECEIVER DOWN

DORIS:

(TO KRIS) Uh, 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, uh, I'll send your check to that address. (FADES OUT)

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

MACY:

(FADES IN) Oh, uh, come right in, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Shellhammer.

DORIS:

Thank you, Mr. Macy.

MACY:

Now, about this new policy you two initiated.

SHELLHAMMER:

Er, oh--

MACY:

Macy's Santa Claus sending customers to Gimbels.

SHELLHAMMER:

But I - I - I - I can explain everything, Mr. Macy.

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.

SHELLHAMMER:

Why, you - you don't say?

MACY:

And from now on, not only will our Santa Claus continue in this manner but every salesperson in the entire store.

DORIS:

You mean that if we haven't got what the customer asks for, we're to--

MACY:

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

DORIS:

I think that's wonderful, Mr. Macy.

MACY:

Why, we'll be known as, er, as the helpful store! The friendly store! The store that places public service ahead of profits! And, consequently, we'll make more profits than ever. Heh! ... As for you, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Shellhammer, you'll find a more practical expression of my gratitude in your Christmas envelopes.

SHELLHAMMER:

Oh!

DORIS:

Thank you.

SHELLHAMMER:

Thank you, yes.

MACY:

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

SHELLHAMMER:

Yes, indeed, Mr. Macy.

MACY:

(MOVING OFF) Good night, good night!

DORIS:

(WEAKLY) Good night, Mr. Macy.

SHELLHAMMER:

(CALLS, MERRILY) And thank you again, sir!

SFX:

DOOR SHUTS AS MACY EXITS

SHELLHAMMER:

(OVERCOME) Oh. Imagine, a bonus!

DORIS:

(WEAKLY) Yes.

SHELLHAMMER:

Well, what's the matter with you?

DORIS:

Mr. Shellhammer, I just fired him.

SHELLHAMMER:

Who?

DORIS:

Santa Claus.

SHELLHAMMER:

(UPSET) Oh, no, no, no, no. No, you couldn't have!

DORIS:

But I did! He - he's crazy, Mr. Shellhammer. He really thinks he is Santa Claus.

SHELLHAMMER:

I don't care if he thinks he's the Easter Bunny! Find him!

MFX:

TO A FINISH

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

Act Two of "Miracle on 34th Street" will continue in a moment. (CONVERSATIONAL, TO LIBBY) 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 car. Just like the ones M^orta T^orⁿ wears 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 him a good description. They found M^orta 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:

(LAUGHS) Well, they were very special. M^orta 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 gentle care with Lux Flakes really makes a difference. Luxed 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 Keighley.

KEIGHLEY:

Act Two of "Miracle on 34th Street," starring Maureen O'Hara as Doris, John Payne as Fred, and Edmund Gwenn as Kris Kringle.

MUSIC FOR AN INTRO ... THEN IN BG, OUT AT [X]

KEIGHLEY:

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... [X]

DORIS:

Don't you understand, Mr. Shellhammer? That old man with the nice white 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.

SHELLHAMMER:

Yes, 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:

Sawyer?

SHELLHAMMER:

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

SFX:

RATTLE OF PAPER

DORIS:

What is it?

SHELLHAMMER:

A full page ad Macy's is running in tomorrow's newspapers.

DORIS:

Macy's is running it? But it's all about the other stores. Gimbels and Sak's--

SHELLHAMMER:

I know, I know. Mr. Macy's idea, to help our customers find what they want. (SIGHS, SADLY)
It's revolting, isn't it? ...

DORIS:

That Santa Claus certainly has started something. Oh, well. I'll get ahold of him at his lunch hour and send him up to Mr. Sawyer.

MFX:

BRIDGE

KRIS:

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

SAWYER:

(INSECURE, DISAGREEABLE) Oh. Well, then, that's your own beard, huh?

KRIS:

Hm? Oh, yes, yes.

SAWYER:

Mm. Interesting complex in back of that. Why do you carry a cane?

KRIS:

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

SAWYER:

Hmph.

KRIS:

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

SAWYER:

What's that? What's that?

KRIS:

With a fine, solid silver top.

SAWYER:

Who was the first president of the United States?

KRIS:

What? Oh, give me a difficult one. Like who was - who was vice president under James Monroe?

SAWYER:

I'm conducting this examination!

KRIS:

The answer is Daniel D. Tompkins.

SAWYER:

(SPUTTERS, GRUMBLES)

KRIS:

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

SAWYER:

Hm?!

KRIS:

Tell me, do you, um - do you get enough sleep?

SAWYER:

My personal habits are no concern of yours! Now, what hand am I holding up?

KRIS:

Right hand.

SAWYER:

How many fingers do you see?

KRIS:

Three. Oh dear, oh dear. You bite your nails, too. ...

SAWYER:

(SPUTTERS, GRUMBLES) Stand up, now. Feet together. Arms extended.

KRIS:

Muscular coordination test. I've taken dozens of these tests. (QUIETLY SOLICITOUS) Mr. Sawyer -- are you happy at home?

SAWYER:

What?! That will be all, Mr. Kringle! The examination is over!

KRIS:

Thank you.

SAWYER:

And it may interest you to know I've been happily married for twenty-two years! Very happily married!

KRIS:

(MOVING OFF, CHEERFUL) Delighted to hear it. Goodbye, Mr. Sawyer!

SAWYER:

(CALLS) Miss Prong!

MISS PRONG:

Yes sir?

SAWYER:

Get Mrs. Walker on the phone!

MISS PRONG:

Yes, sir. But your wife, Mr. Sawyer, she's called four times already.

SAWYER:

Well, you tell my big fat wife to shut up and mind her own business!

MISS PRONG:

Here's Mrs. Walker, sir.

SAWYER:

Oh. All right. (CLEARS THROAT) Hello.

DORIS:

(FILTER) Oh, I was just going to call you, Mr. Sawyer.

SAWYER:

Oh?

DORIS:

(FILTER) There's a Dr. Pierce stopping by this afternoon at three.

SAWYER:

Who's Dr. Pierce?

DORIS:

(FILTER) He's the physician at the Brooks Home. I thought we might discuss Mr. Kringle's case with him.

SAWYER:

Well, there's hardly any point in discussing it, Mrs. Walker. Obviously, the old man should be discharged!

MFX:

BRIDGE

SAWYER:

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

PIERCE:

Oh, now just a minute, Mr. Sawyer.

SAWYER:

(DISMISSIVE) Ah, he's deluded. Saying that he's Santa Claus!

PIERCE:

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

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 -- (MOVING OFF) -- the responsibility is completely yours!

SFX:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

DORIS:

Well, I'm right back where I started.

PIERCE:

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

DORIS:

But if there's the slightest possibility of his causing any trouble--

PIERCE:

What trouble?

DORIS:

All that needs happen is a policeman asks his name. "Kris Kringle" -- clang clang! -- and Macy's Santa Claus lands up in the psychopathic ward.

PIERCE:

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

DORIS:

You mean, sort of take custody of him?

PIERCE:

Mm hm.

DORIS:

Do you think that Mr. Kringle would agree to that?

PIERCE:

Oh, I'm sure he'll agree.

DORIS:

Well, in that case-- Now, let me see. Who do I know who could rent him a room?

MFX:

BRIDGE

SUSAN:

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

KRIS:

Oh, thank you, Susan.

SUSAN:

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

KRIS:

Oh? Why?

SUSAN:

Because you're nice to talk to.

KRIS:

Oh. (CHUCKLES) I say, what a fine young man that Mr. Gailey is, eh? Just think, allowing me to share his apartment -- a mere stranger.

SUSAN:

(QUIETLY) He did it because Mother hinted to him.

KRIS:

Ohhh. Well, anyway, I'm very grateful.

SUSAN:

Shall I tell you what I did in school today?

KRIS:

Oh, by all means. Any games?

SUSAN:

Yes. And a very silly game, too.

KRIS:

Oh?

SUSAN:

They played "Zoo." And each child was supposed to be an animal!

KRIS:

Oh, but, Susan, they were just pretending.

SUSAN:

But that's what makes the game so silly.

KRIS:

Oh. Well, of course, in order to play games, you need imagination.

SUSAN:

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

KRIS:

Well -- yes. Yes, but, you know, to me, imagination is a place all by itself. Now, you've heard of the French nation?

SUSAN:

Mm hm.

KRIS:

And the British nation?

SUSAN:

Yes.

KRIS:

Well, this -- is the Imagination! ... A very interesting place, too. Now, how would you like to be able to make snowballs in summertime, eh?

SUSAN:

What?

KRIS:

Or be the Statue of Liberty in the morning -- and, in the afternoon, fly south with a flock of geese?

SUSAN:

Well, I'm quite sure I'd like it, but--

KRIS:

Oh, it's very simple. Really. Well, anyway, look here, the next time they play "Zoo," you can be a monkey.

SUSAN:

But I don't know how to be a monkey!

KRIS:

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:

Like this?

KRIS:

Yeah, that's fine. Fine. Now, put your hand over here -- and start scratching, see? 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:

Chattering?

KRIS:

Yes. Now, listen. (CHATTERS LIKE A MONKEY) See? And keep scratching. Now then, look here, we'll do it together, see? Chatter and scratch. And scratch and chatter. See? (CHATTERS LIKE A MONKEY)

SUSAN:

(CHATTERS LIKE A MONKEY)

KRIS:

That's fine, Susan, fine, you're doing beautifully! Beautifully! Yes! (LAUGHS)

MXF:

BRIEF TRANSITION

KRIS:

(QUIETLY) Susan? Susan? Are you still awake?

SUSAN:

(SLEEPILY) Uh huh.

KRIS:

I'm, uh, just coming to say good night, Susan, that's all. Now look here, about Christmas. There must be something you'd like for Christmas.

SUSAN:

Well, I've certainly thought about something, Mr. Kringle.

KRIS:

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

SUSAN:

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

KRIS:

Oh?

SUSAN:

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

KRIS:

Oh ho! That's what you want, is it? A doll's house. Colonial architecture.

SUSAN:

Oh, not a doll's house. A real house.

KRIS:

A real house?

SUSAN:

Yes. And if you're really Santa Claus, you can get it for me.

KRIS:

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

SUSAN:

Live in it with my mother. And a backyard with a big tree to put a swing on, and a garden, and a-
- (HOPELESS) Oh, well. Why even discuss it?

KRIS:

Susie - Susie, could I, uh, could I keep this picture? Just, uh-- Just in case?

SUSAN:

I guess so.

KRIS:

Thank you, dear, thank you. Well, Mr. Gailey's waiting for me. Goodnight, Monkey!
(CHATTERS LIKE A MONKEY)

SUSAN:

(AMUSED) Goodnight, Mr. Kringle!

AFX:

BRIDGE

FRED:

Take whichever bed you want, Mr. Kringle.

KRIS:

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

FRED:

Oh, I'm a lawyer. Haislip, Haislip, Sherman and Mackenzie.

KRIS:

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

FRED:

Well, it's convenient. But someday I'd like to get a place on Long Island.

KRIS:

Huh!

FRED:

Not a big house. Just one of those junior partner deals around Manhasset.

KRIS:

Oh, one of those little Colonial houses, hey?

FRED:

Yeah, yeah. A little Colonial house would be swell.

KRIS:

Good, good, yes. You're, um-- You're quite fond of Mrs. Walker, aren't you?

FRED:

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

KRIS:

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.

FRED:

Oh?

KRIS:

Yes, she-- Oh, well. Shall I turn out the light?

FRED:

No, no, no.

KRIS:

No?

FRED:

I'm not gonna 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:

Ohhh. Outside, of course. Outside, by all means. The cold air makes them grow.

FRED:

Oh, thank you very much.

MFY:

BRIDGE

MACY:

Oh, come in, Mrs. Walker, come in.

DORIS:

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

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:

That's wonderful, Mr. Macy. And Gimbels thinks it's wonderful, too.

MACY:

(UNEASILY) Gimbels?

DORIS:

Gimbels are adopting the same policy.

MACY:

Well, is that so?

DORIS:

And it gives me an idea. As long as Gimbels are doing the same thing, why not some pictures for the newspapers?

MACY:

Pictures?

DORIS:

Yes! You and Mr. Gimbel -- shaking hands.

MACY:

(DISBELIEF) Shaking hands?! R. H. Macy and - and Gimbel?

DORIS:

Well-- Well, yes.

MACY:

Yes, yes, why not? With Santy Claus! It's a great idea, Mrs. Walker! (NOT SURE WHAT TO MAKE OF IT) Macy and Gimbel -- shaking hands.

MFY:

BRIDGE

BIZ:

BUZZ OF PHOTOGRAPHERS ("Thank you, Mr. Gimbel." "Stand right there." "Smile.")

MACY:

Oh, that's enough pictures, gentlemen. Thank you. Thank you very much.

BIZ:

PHOTOGRAPHERS MOVE OFF AND FADE OUT

MACY:

Well, Mr. Gimbel?

GIMBEL:

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

MACY:

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

KRIS:

Mr. Macy! Why, that's most kind of you.

GIMBEL:

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

KRIS:

Well, I have a friend. A Dr. Pierce. He needs a new x-ray machine.

MACY:

Buy the machine through the store. Ten percent discount.

GIMBEL:

Nonsense. Come over to Gimbels. We'll furnish it at cost.

KRIS:

(AMUSED) Oh, keep it up, gentlemen, keep it up. ... At this rate, my friend'll have a whole new hospital!

BIZ:

MACY AND GIMBEL AND KRIS LAUGH

MFX:

BRIDGE

ALFRED:

How did the pictures turn out, Mr. Kringle?

KRIS:

Oh, 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:

Oh? What's the matter, Alfred?

ALFRED:

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

KRIS:

Yes?

ALFRED:

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

KRIS:

Wrong? To be nice to children?

ALFRED:

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

KRIS:

(SLOWLY) Alfred -- what else has he found wrong with you?

ALFRED:

Oh, nothin' much. Just that I hate my father. ... I didn't know it, but he says I do.

KRIS:

Excuse me.

ALFRED:

Hey, ain't you gonna have lunch?

KRIS:

Later. Right now, I have an appointment -- with Mr. Sawyer!

MFJ:

BRIDGE

SAWYER:

What do you mean, breaking into my office like this?

KRIS:

Are you a licensed psychiatrist?

SAWYER:

What business is it of yours?

KRIS:

I have great respect for psychiatry. And great contempt for meddling amateurs who go around practicing it.

SAWYER:

Oh -- shut up.

KRIS:

You ought to be horsewhipped. Taking a boy like Alfred and filling him up with complexes and phobias--

SAWYER:

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

KRIS:

Just because Alfred wants to be kind to children, you tell him he has a guilt complex!

SAWYER:

(CONTEMPTUOUS CHUCKLE) Having the same delusion, you couldn't possibly understand.

KRIS:

Ohhhhh --

SAWYER:

And don't you wave that cane at me!

KRIS:

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

SAWYER:

Oh, get out of here, get out of here before I have you thrown out!

KRIS:

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

SFX:

WHACK! KRIS' CANE ON SAWYER'S SKULL

SAWYER:

(IN PAIN) Oooh! Oh, help! Oh, my head, my head. Oh, ho ho.

KRIS:

(FADES OUT) Good day, Mr. Sawyer.

SAWYER:

Miss Prong, get me the police! Get me Mrs. Walker! Get me the psychopathic ward in Bellevue Hospital!

MFY:

BRIDGE

NURSE:

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

FRED:

Thank you, nurse.

SFX:

DOOR OPENS

FRED:

Hello, Kris.

KRIS:

(SIGHS, SADLY) Hello, Fred.

FRED:

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

KRIS:

Oh, yes. Same old tests.

FRED:

Except this time you failed to pass them. Kris, you deliberately failed. Why?

KRIS:

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

FRED:

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

KRIS:

But why - why didn't she come to me and explain things?

FRED:

Because she didn't want to hurt you.

KRIS:

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:

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:

I-- Well, Fred, maybe you're right. I-- Of course, you're right. (EXHALES, BACK TO HIS OLD SELF) I ought to be ashamed of myself. Let's get out of here.

FRED:

Now, wait a minute, you flunked your mental examination. But good.

KRIS:

(LAUGHS) Oh yes, so I did. Well, anyway, you're a lawyer. You fix it.

FRED:

Hey, look, I can't just--

KRIS:

Now I won't let you down, and you won't let me down.

FRED:

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:

Well?

FRED:

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

MFX:

BRIDGE

SAWYER:

(NERVOUS) You, er, sent for me, Mr. Macy?

MACY:

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

SAWYER:

Yes, Mr. Macy.

MACY:

Because he's a lunatic!

SAWYER:

Yes, sir, a lunatic.

MACY:

Lunatic, my foot. Now you listen to me, Sawyer. You get that case dropped right away -- or you'll have another lump to match the one he gave you.

SAWYER:

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

MACY:

Well, just see that he's back in the toy department by afternoon. Now get out of here!

MFY:

BRIDGE

SAWYER:

Oh, Mr. Gailey! Mr. Gailey!

FRED:

Yes?

SAWYER:

I've been looking all over for you. I'm Mr. (CLEARS THROAT) Sawyer.

FRED:

Oh. So you're Sawyer.

SAWYER:

Yes, I, uh, I was just speaking to the court clerk and he said you represent Mr. Kringle. Heh heh. Well, I represent Mr. Macy.

FRED:

Oh, then I'll see you in court.

SAWYER:

Oh, 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:

No publicity, huh?

SAWYER:

Mm.

FRED:

Well, that's very interesting.

SAWYER:

Oh, then you'll cooperate?

FRED:

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

SAWYER:

Oh good, good.

FRED:

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

SAWYER:

(PANIC) Mr. Gailey-- But, Mr. Gailey!

MFX:

BRIDGE

SFX:

RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPERS

FRED:

Look at these newspapers, Kris. Here. Evening Dispatch. (READS) "Doctors Doubt Sanity of Santa who Launched Goodwill Campaign."

KRIS:

Oh, my.

FRED:

Daily Bulletin. (READS) "Macy's Santa Claus to Have Lunacy Hearing."

KRIS:

Mm. What's this one?

FRED:

The New York Express.

KRIS:

(READS, ROLLING HIS Rs) "Is Kris Kringle Crazy? Court Case Coming -- Kiddies Cry Calamity."

FRED:

(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.

MFX:

TO A FINISH

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

We pause now for station identification. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MFX:

FOR A STATION BREAK ... THEN OUT

ANNOUNCER:

Our stars will return with Act Three of "Miracle on 34th Street" in a moment. When a new player signs a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, she soon gets well-acquainted with Miss Helena Sorrell, head dramatic coach. Helena, do you like to watch your pupils perform in a picture?

HELENA:

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 really fine dramatic actress.

HELENA:

She certainly has.

ANNOUNCER:

She and Dan Dailey are magnificent as a couple of vaudeville hoofers.

HELENA:

And Betty's costumes in "When My Baby Smiles at Me" gave me a thrill. And I was amazed 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 trunks.

ANNOUNCER:

A box of Lux Flakes in each?

HELENA:

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. Leave things cleaner, fresher.

HELENA:

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:

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 Sorrell. We return you now to William Keighley.

KEIGHLEY:

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.

MX:

FOR AN INTRO, THEN IN BG, OUT AT [X]

KEIGHLEY:

For a few weeks, a jolly, elderly gentleman named Kris Kringle has been working minor miracles as Macy's Santa Claus. 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. [X]

MARA:

Now, uh, this is not a trial, Mr. Kringle. It's just a hearing, so you don't have to answer any questions. (CLEARS THROAT) Now then, uh, where do you live, please?

KRIS:

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

BIZ:

COURTROOM LAUGHTER

MARA:

Mr. Kringle -- do you believe that you are Santa Claus?

KRIS:

Of course I do.

MARA:

That's all, your Honor, the State rests its case.

JUDGE:

Well, Mr. Gailey?

FRED:

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

MARA:

An entirely logical conclusion. Anyone who thinks he's Santa Claus is crazy.

FRED:

Your Honor, you believe yourself to be Judge Harper. Yet no one questions your sanity because you are Judge Harper, do they?

JUDGE:

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

FRED:

Well, your Honor, I intend to prove the Mr. Kringle is Santa Claus.

BIZ:

COURTROOM REACTS

SFX:

JUDGE BANGS GAVEL

JUDGE:

(QUIETLY) Mr. Mara, I thought you said this was a cut and dried sanity hearing.

MARA:

(QUIETLY) Well, I thought it was, your Honor.

JUDGE:

(CLEARS THROAT, TO ALL) In view of Mr. Gailey's statement, I'll have to review the entire background of this case. Court's adjourned till tomorrow morning.

MFX:

BRIDGE

FRED:

Hello, Doris. I'm sorry I'm late but, get ready, we're really gonna celebrate tonight.

DORIS:

What are we celebrating?

FRED:

Well, didn't you read the papers? "Santa's Mouthpiece Throws Bombshell in New York Supreme Court!"

DORIS:

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

FRED:

Well, you saw Mr. Macy and Mr. Gimbel shake hands. That wasn't possible either.

DORIS:

What does your firm have to say about it -- Haislip and Mackenzie, and the rest of them?

FRED:

That I've, er, jeopardized their prestige, and either I drop this impossible case or they'll drop me.

DORIS:

You see?

FRED:

So I beat 'em to it. I quit.

DORIS:

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

FRED:

Well, I'll open my own office.

DORIS:

And what kind of clients will you get?

FRED:

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:

Oh, it's not a question of faith. It's - it's just common sense.

FRED:

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:

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

FRED:

And I expect too much. Is that it? (NO ANSWER) Well, that's that, I guess. Good night, Doris.

MFX:

BRIDGE

SFX:

PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP

MARA:

Hello? ... Yes, this is Mr. Mara. ... Well, can't it wait till tomorrow? I'm eating din-- ... Who's been subpoenaed? ... (UPSET) Well, how do you think I feel about it? I'll see you tomorrow!

SFX:

RECEIVER DOWN

MRS. MARA:

Who was that, dear?

MARA:

R. H. Macy's been subpoenaed!

MRS. MARA:

Oh, my!

MARA:

Those reporters! They make me look like a sadistic monster who likes nothing better than to drown pussycats and tear wings off butterflies!

MRS. MARA:

Quiet, dear. Tommy's still awake.

MARA:

Oh. Oh, yeah.

MRS. MARA:

It'd - it'd just break his heart if he knew what his daddy is doing.

MARA:

I'm doing my job as assistant district attorney.

MRS. MARA:

Well, I'm not so sure but 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!

MARA:

I'm not persecuting him, I'm prosecuting him! I like the old man, too, but there's nothing I can do about it.

MRS. MARA:

You know something, Thomas? Sometimes I wish I'd married a butcher or a plumber!

MARA:

Well, if I lose this case, it's very possible you'll get your wish! ... R. H. Macy. (FADES) I - I wonder what he's gonna pull tomorrow.

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

BIZ:

FADE IN BUZZ OF COURTROOM CROWD

SFX:

BANG OF GAVEL

BIZ:

CROWD QUIETS

JUDGE:

Proceed with the witness, Mr. Gailey.

FRED:

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

MACY:

Why, Kris Kringle, of course.

FRED:

Do you believe him to be of sound mind?

MACY:

Sound mind? I wish I had a dozen like him.

MARA:

Mr. Macy! You are under oath. Do you believe that man is Santa Claus?

MACY:

Well, now that's, uh, rather a delicate, uh--

GIMBEL:

(FILTER, TAUNTING) Just think of those headlines tomorrow. "Macy Admits His Santa Claus is Fraud!"

MACY:

You keep out of this, Gimbel!

MARA:

What did you say?

MACY:

(SPUTTERS) Nothing, Mr. Mara, nothing.

MARA:

Well, I wish you would. (POINTED) Is that man Santa Claus?

MACY:

(FIRMLY) Yes! In my opinion, he most certainly is!

SFX:

COURTROOM REACTS

MARA:

Your Honor! There is no such person as Santa Claus, and everybody knows it!

FRED:

Can you prove there isn't any?

MARA:

I won't even try. I'll not waste the court's 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:

Well, now, uh-- I, uh-- The court will take a short recess to consider the question.

BIZ:

COURTROOM NOISE FADES OUT

SFX:

DOOR CLOSES

CHARLEY:

Hello, Henry.

JUDGE:

Why, Charley, what are you doing here?

CHARLEY:

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:

This Kringle case? Oh, I certainly don't see what they're making such a fuss about.

CHARLEY:

Henry, that's Santa Claus you've got out there. On trial for lunacy. This case is dynamite! And you're coming up for re-election soon.

JUDGE:

(SADLY) Charley, do you know what happened last night? Martha brought the grandchildren over. They - they wouldn't kiss Grandpa. ... They wouldn't even talk to me!

CHARLEY:

Ah, y'see what I mean? If you rule there is no Santa Claus, you'd better start looking for that chicken farm right now.

JUDGE:

I'm a responsible judge! How can I seriously rule that there is a Santa Claus?

CHARLEY:

Because of what happens if you don't! The 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 A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. against ya. ... Yes, and they're gonna say it with votes, see? Oh, and the department stores are gonna love you, too. (CHUCKLES) 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:

(PAUSE) One vote, Charley. He - he's a Republican. ... (MOVING OFF) Oh, well, let's get this over with.

BIZ:

FADE IN BUZZ OF COURTROOM CROWD

SFX:

BANG OF GAVEL

BIZ:

CROWD QUIETS

JUDGE:

The, uh, the question of Santa Claus seems to be, uh, largely a matter of opinion. The, uh, tradition of American justice demands a broad and unprejudiced view of such a controversial matter.

MARA:

But, your Honor!

JUDGE:

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

MARA:

But the burden of proof clearly rests with my opponent. Can he produce any evidence to support his views?

FRED:

If your Honor, please, I can. Will Thomas Mara please take the stand?

BIZ:

COURTROOM REACTS

MARA:

Who, me?

FRED:

No. Thomas Mara, Jr. I believe he and his mother are both in court today.

TOMMY:

(UNFAILINGLY CHEERY) Hi, papa!

MARA:

(UNHAPPY) Hi. ...

FRED:

Tommy, do you believe in Santa Claus?

TOMMY:

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

FRED:

Now, uh, what does Santa Claus look like, Tommy?

TOMMY:

Well, there he is sitting right over there.

BIZ:

COURTROOM REACTS

MARA:

Your Honor, I protest!

JUDGE:

Overruled!

FRED:

Tell me, Tommy, uh, why are you so sure there's a Santa Claus?

TOMMY:

Because my papa told me so! Didn't you, Pop?!

BIZ:

COURTROOM LAUGHTER

FRED:

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

TOMMY:

See you later, papa!

MARA:

(UNDER HIS BREATH) You certainly will. ... Your Honor--

TOMMY:

(TO KRIS) Don't forget, Santa Claus, this year I want a football helmet!

KRIS:

Don't worry, Tommy, you'll get it.

MARA:

Mr. Kringle, if you don't mind--

KRIS:

I'm sorry, sir.

MARA:

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 authority to prove that Mr. Kringle here is the one and only Santa Claus.

JUDGE:

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

FRED:

Well, sir. No, not now, I-- I need a little time.

MARA:

Why not now?

FRED:

Tomorrow, your Honor?

JUDGE:

Very well. Court's adjourned till tomorrow morning. (PAUSE, QUIETLY, RELIEVED) Whew! Oh, brother.

MFX:

BRIDGE

DORIS:

Now, come, Susan, dear, finish your supper.

SUSAN:

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

DORIS:

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

SUSAN:

He's so-- He's so kind and nice and jolly. He's not like anyone else I know. He must be Santa.

DORIS:

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

SUSAN:

Is Mr. Kringle sad now, Mother?

DORIS:

I'm afraid he must be.

MFX:

SNEAK IN ... SYMPATHETIC

SUSAN:

Then I'll write him a letter. Maybe that'll make him feel better. (FADES OUT) I'll cheer him up.

MFX:

UP FOR A BRIDGE, THEN OUT

SFX:

MAIL TRUCK ENGINE IDLES, IN BG

DORIS:

Oh, postman, postman?!

POSTMAN:

Yeah, lady?

DORIS:

Would you mind taking this letter?

POSTMAN:

Oh sure, lady. We're going straight down to the post office now. (CALLS) Okay, Louie, take it away!

SFX:

TRUCK PULLS AWAY ... ENGINE CONTINUES, IN BG

POSTMAN:

Well, what do you know, Louie? Another letter for Santy 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? Ohhh, yeah, sure, they got him on trial down there. He claims he's Santy Claus and the D.A. claims he's nuts. ... Hey.

LOUIE:

Hm?

POSTMAN:

Hey, I got an idea.

LOUIE:

Yeah?

POSTMAN:

How many Santy Claus letters we got down there in the dead letter office?

LOUIE:

Oh, who knows? Must be fifty thousand. Bags and bags all over the joint. Hey-- Er-- You mean-- ?!

POSTMAN:

Well, Louie, why not? Wouldn't it be nice to get rid of 'em all? Wouldn't it? ... Boy, oh boy! Look, Louie -- soon as we get to the post office, we go and see the supervisor! You know somethin'? I bet we both get promoted!

LOUIE:

(LAUGHS HEARTILY)

MFY:

BRIDGE

MARA:

And since the defense has been unable 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:

I protest! I do have evidence.

MARA:

Five minutes ago, you said you didn't.

FRED:

During Mr. Mara's oration, the bailiff handed my client the evidence I refer to.

JUDGE:

What evidence?

KRIS:

This letter, your Honor.

JUDGE:

Oh, yes, Mr. Kringle?

KRIS:

(WITH QUIET PASSION) It's from Susan Walker. She believes in me! Oh, this letter means more to me than anything in the world.

FRED:

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--

MARA:

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:

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.

MARA:

(QUICKLY) 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:

Uh, for the record, Mr. Mara?

MARA:

For the record. Anything to get on with this case.

FRED:

Thank you. Your Honor, that letter just received by Mr. Kringle is positive proof that a competent--

MARA:

One letter is hardly positive proof!

FRED:

I have further exhibits, your Honor, but I - I hesitate to produce them.

JUDGE:

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

FRED:

But, your Honor--

JUDGE:

I said, put them on my desk!

FRED:

(CALLS) All right, boys! Bring 'em in!

BIZ:

COURTROOM REACTS

MARA:

(STUNNED) Your - Your Honor! What - what is this?

FRED:

Empty those mail sacks on Judge Harper's desk!

SFX:

MAIL SACKS PILED ON JUDGE'S DESK ... CONTINUES IN BG

JUDGE:

(SPUTTERING IN SURPRISE) Well, but, uh--

FRED:

Bring them all in or be fined for contempt of court!

JUDGE:

Now, now, just a second here!

POSTMAN:

Ah, we'll do it, your Honor. Through rain, through sleet, through courtrooms -- anything! We deliver!

JUDGE:

Mr. Gailey!

FRED:

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.

SFX:

PILING OF MAIL SACKS STOPS

JUDGE:

Since the United States Government declares this man to be Santa Claus, this court will not dispute it! Case dismissed!

SFX:

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

JUDGE:

And, for heaven's sake, get this mail out of my courtroom!

SFX:

COURTROOM FADES OUT ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

MFX:

TOY DEPARTMENT MUSIC BOX PLAYS IN BG

KRIS:

(FADES IN) So as soon as I got out of court, I came straight to Macy's to see you, Doris.

DORIS:

Oh, Kris, I'm so glad you won.

KRIS:

(EXHALES IN RELIEF) Well, we're having a big Christmas party at the Brooks Home tomorrow morning. I'd like so much to see you and Susan there.

DORIS:

We'll be there, Kris. Oh, Kris, couldn't you - couldn't you come home now and have dinner with us?

KRIS:

(INCREDULOUS) Now? Tonight? Me? My goodness, Doris, it's - it's Christmas Eve.

MXF:

MUSIC BOX UP, FOR PUNCTUATION ... THEN FADES OUT

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

BIZ:

FADE IN BUZZ OF PARTYGOERS ... CONTINUES IN BG

KRIS:

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:

Mr. Gimbel, too. Oh, excuse me, Alfred, Mrs. Walker and Susan have to leave now, and I want to see them before they go. (MOVING OFF) So forgive me, will you?

DORIS:

But, Susie darling, you got so many presents.

SUSAN:

(TEARFUL) Not the one I wanted. Not the one Mr. Kringle was gonna get for me!

DORIS:

Well, what was it?

SUSAN:

It doesn't matter. I knew I wouldn't get it. But I thought he'd at least tell me why.

KRIS:

(OFF) Susie? (CLOSER) I'm sorry, Susie. I tried my best, but--

SUSAN:

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

DORIS:

Susan!

SUSAN:

Just a nice old man, like mother said.

DORIS:

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:

But that doesn't make sense, mother!

DORIS:

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

SUSAN:

What?!

DORIS:

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

FRED:

Hello, Doris.

DORIS:

Fred!

SUSAN:

(HAPPY) Mr. Gailey! Mr. Gailey!

FRED:

Merry Christmas, Susie.

SUSAN:

Gosh, you just get here and we're ready to leave.

FRED:

Oh, I've been here.

SUSAN:

Oh.

FRED:

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

KRIS:

Before you go-- Here.

SFX:

RUSTLE OF PAPER

KRIS:

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

FRED:

Thanks, Kris. And Merry Christmas.

KRIS:

Merry Christmas to you, Fred. And to you, my dear. And to you, Susan.

AFX:

SNEAK IN "HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING"

SUSAN:

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

AFX:

UP FOR A MOMENT, THEN CROSSFADES WITH

SFX:

CAR ENGINE, FOR A MOMENT, THEN IN BG

DORIS:

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

SUSAN:

Stop the car! Oh, stop the car, please!

DORIS:

Susie, what is it, darling? What's the matter?

SFX:

CAR ENGINE SLOWS TO A STOP

SUSAN:

(EXCITED) There it is! The house! The house!

SFX:

CAR DOOR OPENS

FRED:

(CALLS) Susie!

DORIS:

What in the world?

FRED:

She's running into that house.

DORIS:

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

FRED:

Yeah. "For sale," it says. (REFLECTIVE) For sale.

DORIS:

What on earth is that child up to? (FADES OUT)

SFX:

TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

FRED:

(FADES IN, CALLS) Susie! Hey, Susie!

SUSAN:

(OFF) Here I am! Upstairs!

DORIS:

(CALLS) Now, come right down! You know you shouldn't run around in other people's houses!
(PAUSE, QUIETLY, TO FRED) That's strange.

FRED:

I'll say.

DORIS:

No, no, I mean this house. I've seen this house somewhere, I know I have. Maybe in a magazine or--

SUSAN:

(FADES IN) Mother! It's our house! It's the one I asked him for - Mr. Kringle.

DORIS:

Mr. Kringle?

SUSAN:

I know it is! Oh, you were right, Mommy, you were right!

FRED:

Susie?

SUSAN:

Mommy told me that if things didn't turn out just the way you wanted them at first, you've still gotta believe. And I kept believing! And you were right, Mommy. (MOVING OFF) Mr. Kringle is Santa Claus!

DORIS:

Now where are you going?

SUSAN:

(OFF) In back, to see if there's a swing! (FADING OUT) There is one, oh, there is one!

FRED:

You told her that? About believing?

DORIS:

Well-- You told me, Fred.

FRED:

(CHUCKLES) The sign outside -- "for sale," huh? Well, we can't let her down, can we?

DORIS:

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

FRED:

(LAUGHS) 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's Santa Claus. Now, you know that couldn't be--

DORIS:

(WHISPERS) Fred!

FRED:

What's the matter?

MFX:

SNEAK IN ... CONTINUES IN BG

DORIS:

(SLOWLY, IN AWE) There. In the corner. By the fireplace.

FRED:

(DISBELIEF) Oh, no. No.

DORIS:

It - it can't be. It - it couldn't--

FRED:

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

DORIS:

Silver handle and all.

MFX:

CHANGES TO "HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING"

FRED:

Hey, you know something? Maybe I didn't do such a wonderful thing after all.

MFX:

TO A FINISH

SFX:

APPLAUSE

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 other 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 Christmasy. 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, William Keighley.

KEIGHLEY:

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.

SFX:

APPLAUSE

KEIGHLEY:

Ladies and gentlemen, it was 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.

GWENN:

(VERY MODEST) Thank you. (CHUCKLE) 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.

O'HARA:

How could we help it?

PAYNE:

I suppose you've got a strenuous time ahead, Kris--

GWENN:

Eh?

PAYNE:

--covering the entire world in one night.

GWENN:

John, if everyone believed in Santa Claus, peace would break out all over the world in thirty seconds.

O'HARA:

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

GWENN:

Oh. Well, I'll stop in, Maureen, but - seems rather futile.

PAYNE:

Why, Chris?

GWENN:

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

PAYNE:

I see what you mean. ...

O'HARA:

Bill, after that, I think you'd better tell us all about next week's play.

KEIGHLEY:

Next week, Maureen, a play straight from your native land. It's the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "The Luck of the Irish." And the stars? Well, we have a superb cast. There's Dana Andrews, Anne 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.

PAYNE:

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

O'HARA:

Good night.

GWENN:

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

KEIGHLEY:

(LAUGHS) Good night, and a merry, merry Christmas.

SFX:

APPLAUSE

MFX:

ORGAN ... "ADESTE FIDELIS" ("O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL") IN BG

KEIGHLEY:

Before we meet again in this theatre, the most joyful day in 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 good will among all men. On behalf of Lever Brothers Company and of us in the Lux Radio Theatre, may I wish all of you the happiest of holidays.

MFX:

ORGAN, TO A FINISH ... THEN ORCHESTRA PLAYS LUX THEME

KEIGHLEY:

And we invite you all to join us again next Monday evening when the Lux Radio Theatre presents Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter and Cecil Kellaway in "The Luck of the Irish." This is William Keighley saying, "Goodnight and merry Christmas."

SFX:

APPLAUSE

MFX:

LUX THEME ... UNDER

ANNOUNCER:

Maureen O'Hara appeared through the courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox, producers of "The Snake Pit," starring Olivia de Havilland and Mark Stevens. Edmund Gwenn appeared by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 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 Theatre presentation of "The Luck of the Irish," starring Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter and Cecil Kellaway. Stay tuned for "My Friend Irma" which follows over these same stations. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

SFX:

APPLAUSE CONTINUES TO END

MFX:

LUX THEME CONTINUES TO END