

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.

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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!

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

MUSIC: 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?

Shellhammer  
Doris  
Alfred  
Kris  
Mortimer (boy)  
Mother

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.

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MUSIC: 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.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: 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?

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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!

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MUSIC: TO A FINISH

SOUND: APPLAUSE

Act II  
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 Märta Torén 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 Märta 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. Märta 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.

Macy  
Shellhammer  
Doris

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!

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS AS MACY EXITS

(11)

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--

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

DORIS: (EXHALES) Oh, excuse me.

---

SOUND: 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.

SOUND: 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)

SOUND: TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

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

DORIS: Thank you, Mr. Macy.

Kris  
Doris  
Susan

SOUND: TYPEWRITERS CLICKING

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

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

SOUND: 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 percent 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?

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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, CHEERFULLY) 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.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

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Kris  
Susan  
Doris  
Fred

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!

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MUSIC: MUSIC BOX CHANGES TO BRIDGE

SOUND: 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.

SOUND: 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!

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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.

MUSIC: 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.

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MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: 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?

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!

MUSIC: 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—

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.

MUSIC: 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.

MUSIC: PARADE BAND UP, THEN FADES OUT

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

MUSIC: 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.

SOUND: DOORBELL BUZZES

FRED: (CALLS) Come in!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS



Host  
Shellhammer  
Doris  
Fred  
Susan

25 Chandler

ANNOUNCER: Lux presents Hollywood!

MUSIC: 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!

SOUND: APPLAUSE

MUSIC: OUT

HOST: 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 *Susan* 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.

MUSIC: FOR AN INTRO ... THEN BEHIND HOST—

HOST: 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.

SOUND: 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.

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