

Alfred, Kris, Susan

(SOUND: ELEVATORS, CROWD NOISE, LOUDER AS WE MOVE TO SANTA'S AREA)

(SOUND: MUSIC BOX or IMPROVISE CAROLS ON TOY PIANO)

ALFRED

Come along, little girl, it's your turn!

KRIS

Well, well! What a charming young lady, eh? And what's your name, little girl?

SUSAN

Susan Walker. What's yours?

KRIS

Mine? Kris Kringle. I'm Santa Claus.

SUSAN

(skeptically)

Uh-huh.

KRIS

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

SUSAN

Uh-uh. My mother's Doris Walker, you see. The lady who hired you.

KRIS

(amused)

Oh, oh, oh.

SUSAN

But I must say, you're the best looking Santa I've ever seen. The most believable, at any rate.

KRIS

Really?

SUSAN

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

KRIS

(laughing)

That's because it's real! Just like I'm really Santa Claus. Go ahead — give it a pull.

(she does)

Ouch!

SUSAN

Oh my — oh my goodness! It is real!

KRIS

(laughing)

Yes, yes! Now please let go!

SUSAN

Oh! I apologize!

KRIS

(chuckling)

That's quite all right. Now what would you like me to bring you for Christmas?

SUSAN

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

KRIS

Oh.

DORIS

(entering)

That's quite right, Susan.

SUSAN

Oh! Hello, mother!

DORIS

(icy)

Hello, Mr. Gailey.

Judge, Mara

SCENE 91

COURTROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(SOUND: BANG OF GAVEL)

(WALLA-WALLA: crowd quiets.)

Fred
Tommy
Judge

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?

(WALLA-WALLA: courtroom reacts.)

MARA

Who, me?

FRED

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

TOMMY

(super peppy)

Hi, papa!

MARA

(in dismay)

Hi...

FRED

Tommy, you know the difference between telling the truth and telling a lie, don't you?

TOMMY

Everybody knows you shouldn't tell a lie. Especially in court.

FRED

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.

(WALLA-WALLA: Courtroom reactions.)

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?!

(Courtroom laughter!)

FRED

And you believe your papa, don't you?

TOMMY

Sure I do. Papa wouldn't tell me anything that wasn't so, would you, papa?

FRED

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

Kris, Sawyer

SCENE 11

(SAWYER'S OFFICE - MORNING)

(KRIS, SAWYER & MISS PRONG)

ANNOUNCER

Dusting off his sharpest suit, Kris finds his way to the Personnel Department and to Mr. Sawyer's office...

KRIS

So you see, Mr. Sawyer, I dusted off my sharpest suit and came right up here to see you!

SAWYER

(insecure, and incredibly 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.

#16 CANE STORY

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

Hm. 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

It was... uh, I...

(catching himself)

I'm conducting this examination!

KRIS

The answer is Daniel D. Tompkins.

SAWYER

(sputters, grumbles)

Well, I— I—!

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

(more sputters and grumbles)

Well, I—!

(quickly)

SAWYER (CONT'D)

Stand up, now. Feet together. Arms extended.

KRIS

Muscular coordination test. I've taken dozens of these tests. You know very often nervous habits like yours are caused by insecurity.

(beat, then)

Mr. Sawyer— are you happy at home?

SAWYER

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

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

KRIS

Thank you.

SAWYER

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

KRIS

(exiting)

Delighted to hear it. Goodbye, Mr. Sawyer!

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. INTERCOM BUZZ)

SAWYER

(yells)

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 horrible wife to leave me alone and mind her own business!

Shellhammer, Mother

GIRL

(moving away)

Mama! Mama! Santa's gonna bring me some roller skates!

2ND MOTHER

That's wonderful!

(confidentially to Kris)

And you have some fine skates here at Macy's, don't you Santa Claus?

KRIS

Oh, they're good skates, all right, but— but not quite good enough. Now, I left some really wonderful skates at Gimbels. I'm sure Gimbels will have just what this wonderful little girl desires. Merry Christmas!

SHELLHAMMER

(to himself)

Gimbels? That's what you said, isn't it? Gimbels.

MOTHER

Mr. Shellhammer? Excuse me, are you Mr. Shellhammer?

SHELLHAMMER

(in disbelief)

Gimbels? That's what he did say. Gimbels.

MOTHER

The saleslady said I should speak to you.

MORTIMER

Mother!

SHELLHAMMER

(louder, to himself)

Gimbels.

MOTHER

Hold your horses, Mortimer. Mr. Shellhammer, I just wanted to congratulate you and Macy's on this wonderful new stunt you're pulling!

SHELLHAMMER

(to Mother)

Gimbels.

MOTHER

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

SHELLHAMMER

Gimbels?

MOTHER

From now on I'm gonna be a regular Macy's customer.

MORTIMER

Mother!

MOTHER

(moving away)

All right, Mortimer, we're going.

SHELLHAMMER

(to the heavens)

Gimbels!

#8A TOY DEPT. BUMPER

(SOUND: Music Box Fades In...)

ANNOUNCER

Later that day...

SUSAN

And here's the toy department, Mr. Gailey.

FRED

You certainly know all about Macy's, Susan.

SUSAN

As you know, my mother works here and I'm very observant. But I still think it's silly that you'd bring me here to meet Santa Claus, when you could easily drop me off in my mother's office upstairs.

FRED

Well, I just feel that when you've talked with him, you might start to believe.

SUSAN

I doubt that. But I'm a reasonable person, Mr. Gailey, and I'm certainly willing to try.

Mara, Mrs. Mara

SCENE 6

ANNOUNCER

And now, Part Four of "Miracle on 34th Street"!

#36 INTRO TO PART 4 & THE MARA'S

Despite their affection for one another, Doris and Fred can't seem to find a way to reconcile their differing views on faith and practicality. While at his home, Assistant District Attorney Thomas Mara receives what to him is even more unsettling news...

THE MARA HOME - EVENING

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS, RECEIVER UP)

(ANNOUNCER muffles responses on the other end of the line.)

MARA

Hello? (*muffled voice*)...Yes, this is Mr. Mara. (*muffled voice*)...Well, can't it wait till tomorrow? I'm eating din— (*muffled voice*) ...Who's been subpoenaed...? (*muffled voice*)

(*raging*)

Well, how do you think I feel about it? (*muffled voice*) I'll see you tomorrow!

(*Angry muffled voice cut off by...*)

(SOUND: RECEIVER SLAMS 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 starting to agree with those reporters. 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... or a plumber!

MARA

Well, if I lose this case, it's very possible you'll get your wish! ...R. H. Macy.

(fading)

I— I wonder what he's gonna pull tomorrow.

#37 COURT BUMPER A

Fred, Kris

SCENE 15

(FRED'S APARTMENT - EVENING)

FRED

Take whichever bed you want, Mr. Kringle.

KRIS

You're very kind, really. Tell me, Mr. Gailey, just what is it you 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, if you care for her then you must try harder, Mr. Gailey. Like a lot of divorced people, Mrs. Walker is determined not to be hurt again. You know, she and that child are a couple of lost souls. And it's up to us to help them.

FRED

Oh?

KRIS

I'll take care of Susie if you take care of her mother. And in turn, both of them shall take care of you.

FRED

Me? Do I need taking care of?

KRIS

Of course! You're lost too, Fred.

FRED

In what way?

KRIS

We all need someone to believe in us. You. Them. Me.

(through a smile)

Now, shall I turn out the light?

FRED

No, no, no.

KRIS

No?

FRED

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

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

Macy, Doris

SCENE 8

(R.H. MACY'S OFFICE - LATER)

#11 OFFICE BUMPER B

ANNOUNCER

When R.H. Macy calls you up to his office, you hop to it, and that's precisely what Doris does, as she heads to the top floor.

(SOUND: ELEVATOR DING. HIGH HEELS WALKING.
DOOR KNOCK)

MACY

Oh, uh, come right in, Mrs. Walker.

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

DORIS

Thank you, Mr. Macy.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

MACY

Now, about this new policy you have initiated.

DORIS

Er, oh -

MACY

Macy's Santa Claus sending customers to Gimbels -

DORIS

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.

DORIS

Why, 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, as the helpful store! The friendly store! The store that places public service ahead of profits!

(in a moment of discovery)

And, consequently, we'll make more profits than ever. Heh!

(back to business)

As for you and Mr. Shellhammer, you'll find a more practical expression of my gratitude in your Christmas envelopes.

DORIS

Oh! Thank you.

MACY

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

DORIS

(quietly)

Oh...

MACY

Goodnight, goodnight!

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

Kris, Doris, Susan,

SCENE 7

DORIS WALKER'S OFFICE, LATER

#10 OFFICE BUMPER A

ANNOUNCER

Toward the conclusion of the busy day, Kris makes his way up to Doris Walker's office...

(SOUND: TYPEWRITERS)

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS)

KRIS

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

DORIS

Oh, um, oh, yes. Come in.

(SOUND: OFFICE DOOR SHUTS. TYPEWRITERS OUT)

KRIS

You have a delightful little girl, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS

Thank you. Susan's the reason I asked you to see me. I'd be grateful if you'll please tell her 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, you misunderstand. I want you to tell her the truth. Now, 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

(losing patience)

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

KRIS

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

SUSAN

It's from Macy's. We get ten percent off.

KRIS

Oh.

SUSAN

I like your cane, Mr. Kringle.

#10A CANE MAGIC

(cont'd)

I don't know that I've ever seen one so fancy.

KRIS

Do you want to know a secret? I carved it from—

DORIS

Susan, would you go out and talk with Mrs. Harney for a moment?

SUSAN

Of course. She always gives me a treat and... oh no. That part was confidential.

DORIS

That's all right, dear. You may have one.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS. TYPEWRITERS)

KRIS

Good-bye, young lady! I hope to see you again soon!

SUSAN

I hope so too! Goodbye.

(SOUND: DOOR SHUTS. TYPEWRITERS OUT)

DORIS
So! You always tell the truth, do you?

KRIS
Mm hm.

DORIS
Look at your employment card.

KRIS
(reading)
"Name: Kris Kringle. Address: Brooks Memorial Home, Great Neck, Long Island." You may call the home and ask for Dr. Pierce 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, with disdain)
"Date of Birth: As old as my tongue and a little bit older than my teeth."

KRIS
(chuckling)
Yes.

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: ..."

Fred, Susan, Doris

SCENE 3

FRED GAILEY'S APARTMENT, PARK AVENUE - SAME

(FRED, SUSAN & DORIS)

ANNOUNCER

The parade continues past the window of one Fred Gailey, whose Park Avenue apartment is just down the hall from Doris Walker's...

FRED

It certainly is a lovely parade, Susan. Look at that baseball player balloon.

SUSAN

It was a clown balloon last year. Mother said they repainted it to look like Joe DiMaggio so they could capitalize on the Yankees' World Series win.

FRED

(beat)

Well baseball player or clown, it's certainly a giant!

SUSAN

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

FRED

Well, not now, maybe, but in olden days there were —

SUSAN

Oh come now, Mr. Gailey. And you, a lawyer!

FRED

Well, what about the giant that Jack killed? In the fairy tale?

SUSAN

First off, Jack was a thief, a boy who broke in to someone's home and took things that didn't belong to him. Secondly, I agree with my mother — it's just a fairy tale and fairy tales are silly nonsense.

FRED

Well, that baseball player sure looks like a giant to me.

(SOUND: DOORBELL BUZZ)

FRED (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Come in! It's open!

(SOUND: DOOR OPENING. DOOR CLOSES. HEELS WALKING)

DORIS

Hello. I'm Doris Walker, Susan's mother. My housekeeper 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.

SUSAN

The parade's much better than last year.

FRED

May I get you some coffee?

DORIS

Please, if it isn't too much trouble.

FRED

No trouble — it's already made.

(SOUND: COFFEE CUPS CLINKING. COFFEE POURING)

Here you are.

DORIS

Thank you.

(drinking)

DORIS (CONT'D)

I also want to thank you for being so kind to Susan. I'm not around as often as I'd like, and she doesn't play with a lot of children.

FRED

Well, in truth, this was part of a plot. Susie and I have become great friends since I moved in last year, but I— I've wanted to meet you for some time, Mrs. Walker.

DORIS

Hm. At least you're Frank.

FRED

(quickly)

Fred.

(DORIS a courtesy chuckle.)

SUSAN

(calling out)

There goes another one of your silly giants, Mr. Gailey!

FRED

Susan tells me you don't approve of fairy tales.

DORIS

I don't. I think we should be realistic and completely truthful with our children.

#5A MAGIC CUE 2

KRIS

(in the distance)

Ho, ho, ho!

SUSAN

There goes Santa Claus!

DORIS

Oh, don't even mention that name in front of me!

SUSAN

Why not, Mother?

DORIS

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