

## NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

No time! No Time! No Reason or Rhyme  
for this very odd condition.

No Time! No Time! No season or clime  
could improve my disposition.

Could improve his disposition.

I'm sick! No Clock! No Tick, Tick Tock

I'm Ill! Oh please! No pill could ease  
my precarious position!

Shall we call you a physician?

No! I'll give you this admonition.

Poor Jingle Bill, Poor Jingle Bill

If you can't find time for Christmas, then  
to this there's no reply.

You might as well all turn your face to  
the wall and cry and cry and cry!

If you can't find time for giving - then  
your livings gone a-way -

Run off to your bed, put your hand to your head

Sigh and Sigh and Sigh - and - sigh and cry

It really is a crime that you and I  
could never find the time!



Where will it get you in the end, my friend,  
Who with jolity, frivolity unbend, my friend.  
It is really quite distasteful,  
And of energy so wasteful,  
That this way of life I beg of you suspend, my friend.

(That this way of life he begs of us suspend, ha ha!)  
(And yet he does insist he is our friend.)

How can I make you comprehend, my friend.  
This coverting and disporting doesn't blend, my friend.  
With this age of dialectic,  
You are acting all so hectic,  
That for you a dismal future I portend, my friend.

(That for us a dismal future he portends, ha ha!)  
(And yet he does insist he is our friend.)

Heed to the warning I extend, my friend.  
(ditto)

You are acting all so rudely  
(ditto)

Won't you stop  
(ditto)

Cuckoo! Won't you stop too.



if you can't find time for Christmas -  
then to this <sup>there's one</sup> I must reply -

"You might as well all  
turn your face to the wall  
and cry, and cry and cry -"

---

if you can't find time for giving  
then your things are gone away -  
run off to your bed  
put your hand to your head  
and sigh - & sigh - a sigh -



No time! -

No time! -

No reason or rhyme

For this very odd condition -

No time!

No time

No season or climate

Could improve my disposition -

I'm sick -

No clock

No tick - tick

Took! -

I'm ill!

Oh please!

No pill could ease -

My precarious position -

- Should we call you a physician! -

No! -

- We'll give you this admonition -

- (He'll give us an admonition! -



Where will it get you in the end, my friend? -  
who with jealousy, jealousy, unkind, my friend -  
It is really quite disastrous,  
and of energies so wasteful

that this way of life, I beg of you suspend, my friend -  
(Ch) - that this way of life he beg of us suspend HA! HA!  
and yet he does insist he is our friend - ! -

How can I make you comprehend, my friend  
this caving and disporting doesn't blend. n.r.  
With this age of diabetes.

You are being all so hectic  
~~It's no wonder that our spirit won't ascend~~

~~appreciate appraisals~~  
~~I portend - m.f.~~

- that for you a dismal  
future I portend -  
- that for us, etc

Go think about your  
We'd rather think of  
seeing your demeanor  
as the beginning of  
missiles. Joe  
musketral

Who knows? Blue nose



# KOMO-TV

## CONTINUITY

Sheet No. 1

Approved by \_\_\_\_\_

Title or Product "NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS" Sponsor KOMO-TV (SUSTAINING)  
Time 7:30 P M to 8:00 P M Date 12/24/57 Origin LIVE

### VIDEO

STUDIO: MURAL (GALAXY)

(SLOW DTRUCK DOWN "GALAXY"  
MURAL.)

DISSOLVE CARD: CHRISTMAS  
SCENE.  
(BEGIN DOLLY TO SINGLE  
ORNAMENT ON TREE)

DISSOLVE TO ORNAMENT SET.  
TINE (LIMBO) DOLLY ECU THRU  
WINDOW OF ORNAMENT.

(SLOW RACK OUT OF FOCUS)

FADE TO BLACK

CUE TO EXTERIOR SHOT/WORK-  
SHOP AS ANITA ARRIVES AT  
DOOR,

### AUDIO

MUSIC: "THRONE ROOM ENTRY" (OVERTURE) (INSTR. &  
CHORAL)

VOICE: (2 BARS AFTER STA T OF MUSIC)

Tonight is the Eve of Christmas -- the birthdate  
of the Christ Child -- on our Earth -- in our life.  
Tonight people the world over are scanning the  
starry heavens, searching beyond the limits of  
mans vision -- looking into the Realm of the  
planets and stars. What are they seeking?  
What will they find? And -- are they looking in  
the right direction? Perhaps they should look  
closer -- to smaller worlds, for tinier lives.  
Closer still than the planets and the stars. And  
if they do -- what will they find? Will they  
find a wondrous world of small children eagerly  
awaiting gifts from their Santa Claus? Will they  
find a Christmas Eve in this wondrous land? For  
the answer to this we must wait and see. What  
will we find? (FADING) What will we see.....

(SINGLE CHORAL VOICE UP FOR CLOSING: "COME ALONG.  
COME ALONG.")

ANITA: (CARRYING BUNDLE OF MAIL) (ARRIVES AT DOOR  
OPENS, ENTERS WORKSHOP, SHOWS MAIL TO ALL  
IN EXHUBERANT YET TEASING MANNER)

MUSIC: "THE MAILMAN IS COMING"  
(MORE)



"MAILMAN IS COMING"

"The Mailman is coming,  
The mailman is coming hey la, la, la.  
hey la, la...hey lala lee.

The Mail mens is coming and we all are hummin g..  
and laughing with frivolous glee.

Ha ha ho, ha ha ha, he ha ha ha...  
ho ha ha ha, he ha ha ha, hocho ho, ha ha ha hee.

The mailman is coming and we all are humming...  
and laughing with frivolous glee....he he,  
Glee he he, Glee he he, Glee he...

He may have a letter for me.

ANITA: (ENDS SONG AT WORKBENCH, SHOWS MAIL)

(EXCITEDLY) Look! Look...orders and more orders..  
...and see the time! Can you hurry?

SOUR WORKMAN: (STOPS WORK...LOOKS AT ANITA)

Don't Worry!

ANITA: (DANCES TO WORKBENCH #2, HANDS PACKET OF  
MAIL TO GROUP -- DROPS ONE LETTER TO FLOOR  
DURING BUSINESS.)

These are for you ... oh my, there's so much to  
do... Can you hurry?

SOUR WORKMAN: (LACONICALLY)

Don't worry!

ANITA: (REACTS TO WORKMAN)

All right, I won't. But you know Jingle Bill.

He wants things done on time!

SOUR WORKMAN: (STRIKES RIDICULOUS POSE)

MUSIC: "THE ARTISTS LIFE" (INSTR. & CHORUS)

The Artists life is full of strife, but fun if  
you can bear it!

You climb the ladder to the top, and end up in  
a garret!

But No!

But Yes!

But no!

But Yes!

It's true

I must confess....  
(MORE)



The artists way is "Toujours gai", experience aesthetic.

To us our work is always play -- to me you're quite pathetic!

(You Beast!)

I'm Not!

(You're Mad!)

What rot you're silly.

(Oh! You cad!)

No!

Silly!

(Cad!)

Silly!

(Cad!)

Silly

(Cad!)

Silly

(Cad!)

Cuckoo...Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

(Oh!)

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

(Ah!)

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

...And I thought I Was Cuckoo!

#2 CU (LIMBO) CUCKOO SETTING

This is a watchbird watching you ...Shame, shame shame!

Is This all that you have to do to call each other names?

#1 REACTIONS ON WORKERS

So stop this noise and paint your toys for all the little girls and boys on Christmas Day in the morning.

Hark to the Cuckoo, Hark to the Cuckoo, Hark to the Cuckoo's word!

Time is flying time doth fly..like the little Cuckoo Bird!

#2 MCU LIMBO CUCKOO SET

MUSIC: "CUCKOO SONG".

At one o'clock it's Cuckoo! At two, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! And then at three it's sure to be Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo!

The Cuckoo's always watching O'er you, Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

So never shirk your daily work, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock! Do not watch the clock.. Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock! Everyone will talk!

At one o'clock it's Cuckoo! At two, Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

And then at three it's sure to be Cuckoo! Cuckoo to you!

(BUZZER SOUND EFFECTS)

#1 CU CUCKOO CLOCK...  
DOLLY BACK TO INCLUDE  
WORKERS! (OR PAN)

(SWISH PAN TO DOOR &  
BLINKING LIGHTS)

ARTIST: (RUNNING TO DOOR AND OPENING IT)

It's Jingle Bill! He wants us!

(MORE)



3 WORKMEN: (IN UNISON)

Come on...let's go! (THEY START FOR DOOR)

SOUR WORKMAN:

The master calls, the slaves run!

WORKMEN 1 & 2: (IGNORING SOUR WORKMAN)

To the Throne Room!

CUT TO #2 (SHOOTING THRU  
OPEN DOOR)

(OTHERS JOIN IN) To the Throne Room! (ALL BEGIN  
TO EXIT!)

SOUR WORKMAN: (JUMPS DRAMTICALLY UP AND SHOUTS:)

Stop!

(ALL WORKMEN AND ARTIST FREEZE...LOOK AT SOUR  
WORKMAN WITH WONDERMENT.)

MUSIC: "WHERE WILL IT GET YOU IN THE END".

Where will it get you in the end, my friend,  
Who with jolity, frivolity unbend, my friend,  
Is it really quite distasteful,  
and of energy so wasteful,

That this way of life I beg of you suspend, my  
friend.

(That this way of life he begs of us suspend, ha  
ha!

And yet he does insist he is our friend.)

How can I make you comprehend, my friend.  
This covorting and disporting doesn't blend,  
My friend.

With this age of dialectic,  
You are acting all so hectic,  
That for you a dismal future I portend, my  
friend!

(That for us a dismal future he protends, ha ha!)

(And yet he does insist he is our friend.)

Heed to the warning I extend, my friend!

(Heed to the warning he extends, my friend)

You are acting all so rudely.  
(We are acting all so rudely)

Won't you stop?  
(Won't you stop?)  
Won't you stop?  
(Won't you stop/)  
(Cuckoo!)

#1 CROSS SHOT (S.W. & CUCK.) Won't you stop too!  
(MORE)



#2 THRU DOORWAY

(WORKMEN LAUGH HILARIOUSLY BEGIN TO EXIT THRU DOORWAY CROSS CAMERA)

DISSOLVE #1 WORKMAN, SOUR

MUSIC: MOOD (AGITATO)

(SOUR WORKMAN, ALLOWS FURY AT OTHER WORKERS TO BOIL OUT -- RAGES AROUND WORKSHOP? KICKING ITEMS...HURLING THINGS ABOUT -- FINALLY NOTICES CUCKOO CLOCK!

(CLIMBS UP ON WORKBENCH -- FIRST LAYING GIRL & BOY DOLL ON PACKAGES BELOW WORKBENCH)

(GRABS CLOCK, TEARS FROM WALL, STUFFS UNDER JACKET OR APRON....LOOKS AROUND SPYS CLOSET, FURTIVELY RACES TO CLOSET STEPS INSIDE, CLOSES DOOR!)

#1 DOLLY SLOW TO CLOSET DOOR....

MUSIC: (BUILD TO CLIMAX, FADE DOWN AND OUT!)

FADE TO BLACK

(BLACK)

FADE UP ON THRONE ROOM SETTING (#2)

MUSIC: "THRONE ROOM ENTRY" (INSTR. & CHORUS)

DISSOLVE TO THRONE ROOM (#1 THRU DOOR/DOORS OPEN)

(JINGLE BILL ENTERS ROOM.)

MUSIC: "JINGLE BILL SONG"

I am the King of the snow and ice,  
I am the King, now isn't that nice?

I am a cousin to old Jack Frost,  
Sometimes I' am called Santa Claus, or Old Kris Kringle, or Jolly Saint Nick.  
I have many names from which to pick, but...  
In the seclusion of my domicile I prefer that you call me Jingle Bill. (Jingle Bill, Jingle Bill.)  
(SNOWFLAKES ENTER THRONE ROOM)

We're little snodrops of the King.  
Don't you think we're beauties?  
We're on his staff to make him laugh...  
and that's our particular duties.  
(And that's their particular duties.)

It's true, it's not a rumor...  
He laughs till he shakes and his poor tummy aches.  
We keep him in the best of humor.  
(They keep me in the best of humor.)

Koo Kootchy koo, kootchy koo tchy koo!  
(ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)  
(hee Hee Hee Hee!)

Kootchy Koo - Kootchy koo, Kootchy Koo!  
(HaHa! Ha! Ha! You're tickling me,)

When the King gets blue and starts to frown  
we tickle him up and we tickle him down.  
(MORE)



We tickle his head and we tickle his knees,  
We tickle him till he hollers please!

(Stop it you're ticklin' me!  
Stop it you're ticklin' me!  
Stop it you're tickle -- in me!)

(WORKERS THROG THRU DOORWAY INT THRONE ROOM)

JINGLE BILL: (RECOVERING FROM TICKLING...AND  
ASSUMING A WARM FIRMNESS.)

My friends! (ALL CHEER AND APPLAUD JINGLE BILL)

No, No, please ....there is still work to be  
done! We have just a few hours left now...(

(ABSENTLY MINDEDLY LOOKS AT WATCH) Just a few  
hours before the ...(STOPS -- DOES DRAMATIC DOUBLE  
TAKE AT WATCH)...My Watch! It's stopped!

MUSIC: (STINGER)

Snowdrops -- quick -- the time! What is the time?

(ALL LOOK AT WATCHES)

SNODROP #1: (IN DISBELIEF)

My watch has stopped!

SNODROP #2: (ALMOST CRYING)

Mine too!

JINGLE BILL:

(SOFTLY, UNBELIEVINGLY) Incredible!

ALL:

In CRED ible!

JINGLE BILL:

Sabotage! Who would dare?

ALL:

(ANGRILY) Who would dare?

ARTIST: (RUNS TO JINGLE BILL & CURTSEYS)

Your highness, let me go to the cuckoo...perhaps  
he can help us.

(MORE)



JINGLE BILL:

(DISTRACTEDLY) Yes....yes my dear...run...hurry.

(ALMOST AS THO TALKING TO SELF) There is so little time. (STOPS ABRUPTLY -- CONTINUES IN STUNNED BUT FRANTIC MANNER) Oh my goodness! There is NO time. No time for christmas!

(ANITA LEAVES ... ALL OTHERS PLACE HANDS TO HEADS AS THOUGH BEMOANING DISASTROUS EVENT.)

MUSIC: "NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS"

No time!  
(no time!)  
No reason of rhyme for this very odd condition.  
No time!  
(NO TIME)  
No season or clime could improve my disposition.  
(Could improve his disposition)  
I'm sick!  
(No clock)  
No tick tick tock...I'm ill!  
(Oh please.)  
No pill could ease my precarious position.  
(Shall we call you a physician?)  
No, I'll give you this admonition.  
(Poor Jin-gle Bill. Poor Jin-gle Bill.)  
If you can't find time for Christmas,  
Then to this must I reply...  
You might as well all turn your face to the wall,  
and cry and cry and cry.  
If you can't find time for giving...  
Then your li-vings gone awry.  
Run off to your bed, put your hand to your head  
and sigh and sigh and sigh.  
(And sigh and cry)  
It really is a crime that you and I could  
never find the time.  
If you can't find time for giving,  
then your livings gone awry...  
Run off to your bed, put your hand to your head  
and sigh and sigh and sigh

(FADE SOUND OUT)

ANITA: (ENTERING WORKSHOP)

Oh dear! Oh my, he's gone...the cuckoo is gone.  
But he must be somewhere. (BEGINS FRANTIC SEARCH  
THROUGHOUT WORKSHOP) Cuckoo where are you? Oh  
Please ... can't any of you tell me where our  
(MORE)

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO #1 - WORKSHOP

CUT TO #2 CU DOLLS ON



ANITA: (CONT'D)

time has gone?

CUT TO #1 (MCU ANITA)

Oh, if only you could talk. If only you could tell us what has happened to our cuckoo.

(NOTICES MECHANICAL MAN - GRABS UP ANGRILY)

Why can't you talk! Can't you do anything but just stand there and stare? I know! I'll turn you on ... then at least you'll move.

(WITH ANGRY MOVEMENT SHE SETS MECHANICAL MAN DOWN/ ON FLOOR)

Turns on control -- let's him walk a few steps then roughly drops controls.

(ABRUPT CHANGE OF CHARACTER - NOW WITH CONSTERNATION AND REPENTENCE.) I'm sorry, I didn't mean it .. really! It's not your fault, you're only toys. You can't understand what it means. Please don't be angry at me. (SHE LOOKS AT THEM PLEADINGLY, THEN LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.) It's only that it's so sad .. when there's no time for Christmas. (PAUSES) (TURNS DISPIRITEDLY AND LEAVES WORKSHOP)

#1 BEGIN DOLLY ECU BOY & GIRL DOLL

MUSIC: (IN TO BG. (MOOD))

DISSOLVE #2: ("C") MATCH  
SHOT REAL BOY AND GIRL.

(BOY AND GIRL DOLL AWAKEN? CLIMB DOWN FROM PACKAGES AND SCURRY TO CLOSET DOOR.)

BOY DOLL: (LISTENING AT DOOR)

He's in there all right. I heard a sound -- like a cuckoo calling from inside a covering. What a strange sound that is!

GIRL DOLL: (JOINING HIM AT DOOR)

Oh, the poor little dear ... I could cry for him. Do you think he can breath inside there?  
(MORE)



BOY DOLL: (IN KNOW-IT-ALL MANNER)

I daresay there's oxygen enough to last awhile.

GIRL DOLL:

Surely there's something we can do! You're so brave and strong and wise -- surely you can do something to help the cuckoo!

BOY DOLL: (HANGING HEAD - REALIZING THAT HE'S NOT QUITE THE HERO HE WOULD LIKER HER TO THINK HE IS.)

I'm not so wise as that!

GIRL DOLL: (WITH FEMME WILES WORKING FULL TIME)

Oh, but you are, you are! I know you are.

BOY DOLL: (WISTFULLY)

I only wish I were.

GIRL DOLL: (EXCITEDLY)

Look -- (POINTS) there's a letter ... and a pencil. If we could write Jingle Bill a note and tell him where the cuckoo is -- everything would be all right again!

BOY DOLL: (LOOKING)

Pencil? Paper? (RUNS EAGERLY TO LETTER) Why of course! It's just what should be done! (THEY LAUGH AND DANCE EXCITEDLY)

GIRL DOLL:

Oh, I knew you'd find a way -- You're so brave and wise!

BOY DOLL:

(STOPS DANCING ABRUPTLY - LOOKS CRESTFALLEN)

Don't -- don't say it!

GIRL DOLL:

But it's true. You are!

(MORE)



BOY DOLL:

No -- I'm not. (PAUSE) I can't write.

GIRL DOLL: (NOW ALSO CRESTFALLEN)

Oh....of course you can't, I forgot.

MUSIC: "IF I COULD WRITE A LOVE NOTE"

If I could write.....  
(A little love note to me)  
Then one could learn the mystery.....  
(of how he feels for me)  
The spirit's surely willing,  
But I lack scholastic drilling.  
If I could write a letter,  
What a thrill!  
(Say no more, I would adore  
such a lovely, lovely thrill.)

CUT TO SHOT OF MECH.  
DOLL (REAL) MAKING STIRRING  
MOVEMENT AS THO AWAKENING

CUT TO 2SHOT OF DOLLS

I would write a note of warning to Bill.

MUSIC: (SLOW FADE DOWN TO BG.)

CU MECH. MAN

MECHANICAL MAN:

A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k. lmnop....

2 SHOT

GIRL DOLL:

What did he say?

BOY DOLL:

Oh, he's all wound up about something

CU MECHANICAL MAN

MECHANICAL MAN:

....Q, R, S, T, U, V, W...XYZ. I did it! I  
know the alphabet!

CU GIRL DOLL

GIRL DOLL: (IN AWE)

He knows the alphabet!

MCU MECHANICAL MAN

MECHANICAL MAN:

I can read. I can write!

2 SHOT/

BOY DOLL: (Echo response)

He can read!

GIRL DOLL: (EXCITEDLY)

He can write! Quickly -- Give him the paper ...  
(MORE)



BOY DOLL:

And the pencil.

(BOY AND GIRL DOLL SCAMPER (?) AND STRUGGLE TO MOVE HUGE ENVELOPE AND PENCIL... THEN PROP IT AGAINST BACKAGES FOR MECHANICAL TOY TO WRITE UPON.)

MUSIC: VARIATIONS ON "IF I COULD WRITE" IN BG.

2 SHOT G.D. & MECH.

GIRL DOLL:

Oh, Mr. Brain, do you know what this will mean;  
you'll be the hero of Christmas day. If only we  
can tell Jingle Bill what's happened!

BOY DOLL: (SIDLING UP CLOSE TO GIRL DOLL)

Can you do it? Can you really write?

MECHANICAL MAN:

Can I write? Just watch me....

(COMBINES LETTERING WITH WORDING)

CU ENVELOPE

L.....as in longitudinal.

O.....as in oscillate.

O.....as in onomatopoeia.

K.....as in Kaleidoscope.

3 SHOT

GIRL DOLL:

He can! He can!

BOY DOLL:

But does it make sense?

MECHANICAL MAN:

Quiet please.

CU ENVELOPE

I.....as in Introspective.

N.....as in Neophyte.

GIRL DOLL:

What does it say?

BOY DOLL:

What does it say?

(MORE)



3 SHOT

MECHANICAL MAN: (TURNS TO DOLLS)

Quiet please! I must have silence ...I shall soon be finished. (TURNS BACK TO WRITING)

C - as in Claustrophobia,  
L - as in Latitudinal  
O - as in ontological  
S - as in syllabic  
E - as in enzyme  
T - as in tintinabulation.

(LOOKS AT WORK -- PLEASED WITH SELF)

there I've done it!

GIRL DOLL:

He's done it!

BOY DOLL:

But what does it say?

MECHANICAL MAN:

It says....it says...(RUNNING DOWN) ..Oh dear me, I suddendly seem to be (FAINTER) so very ...veerrrrryy weary.....eeeeeeeee.

(CRASHES TO FLOOR)

GIRL DOLL:

Oh his batteries have run down....

BOY DOLL:

That's the trouble with these brainy people.

GIRL DOLL:

What are we to do?

BOY DOLL:

We must do whatever we are to do fast! I hear them comin g. (STRUGGLES WITH ENVELOPE) Help me. Whatever it says...it must say something!

GIRL DOLL: (HELPING TO PROP ENVELOPE AGAINST AGAINST CLOSET DOOR)

Oh I certainly do hope so.

(MORE)



BOY DOLL:

There...they'll surely see it ... now run.  
Take my hand ... they're coming...Shshshsh!  
(BOTH RUN OFF CAMERA TO PACKAGE.)

DISS TO #1 WIDE SHOT  
DOORWAY AS J.B & ART.  
ENTER WORKSHOP

MUSIC: (SEGUE TO "NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS/MINOR)

JINGLE BILL: (VERY SAD)

I just don't understand it. I just don't see why  
anyone would want to spoil Christmas.

ANITA:

(TRIPS OVER MECHANICAL TOY LYING PROSTRATE ON  
FLOOR)

#2 "C" - CU MECH MAN

oh my ... you poor little toy. Did I hurt you  
MECHANICAL TOY: ("C") (AS IF TALKING IN SLEEP)  
L as in longitudinal ....O as in oscillate....

#1 2 SHOT

JINGLE BILL: (KNEELING WITH ARTIST)

What's this ... we have a sick toy?

ARTIST:

(ALMOST CRYING) Oh Jingle Bill, I think it's all  
my fault. I'm afraid I forgot to turn him off!

JINGLE BILL: (VERY MUCH THE M.D. NOW, PULLS OUT  
STETHASCOPE)

Let's see here, young fellow. (LISTENS FOR HEART-  
BEAT) Fatigue, it's clear. But he'll be all  
right!

#2 CU MECH. MAN

MECHANICAL MAN: (DAZEDLY)

L - o - o - k .... L - o - ok.

#1 2 SHOT

ARTIST:

He's delirious.

JINGLE BILL: (LOOKING ALERTLY AT MECH. MAN)

No...no....(EXCITEDLY) He's trying to tell us  
something. He's trying to point.

#2 - CU MECH MAN POINTING  
TO CLOSET

(MORE)



CUT TO #1 - CROSS SHOT  
(ART. & J.B. CLOSET IN  
BG.)

JINGLE BILL: (CONT'D)

The closet.' He's pointing to the closet!

ARTIST:

And look -- there's a note!

JINGLE BILL: (PICKING UP NOTE) (READING ALOUD)

Look ...in...closet.

(JINGLE BILL OPENS DOOR, SOUR WORKMAN FALLS OUT,  
AS THOUGH HE'D BEEN LISTENING AT KEYHOLE. AS  
WORKMAN FALLS OUT -- CUCKOO SLIPS OUT OF HIS  
CLUTCH AND FALLS TO FLOOR ALSO.)

ARTIST: (GRABBING UP CUCKOO)

The cuckoo! It's safe! (GENTLY FONDLES CUCKOO)

Are you all right? Oh you dear! little cuckoo.

Can you still cuckoo -- little cuckoo?

(SILENCE -- THEN ..)

CUCKOO:

(VERY WEAKLY) Cuckooooo --- cu-uckooooo.

JINGLE BILL:

Heaven be praised! Call the people in my dear.

Tell them the cuckoo is saved! The Day is saved!

There's still time for Christmas!

(ARTIST LEAVES)

MUSIC: (SEGUES TO BRIGHT VARIATION OF "\_\_\_\_\_")

CUCKOO: (LOUDER, STRONGER)

Cuckoo, cuckoo....

JINGLE BILL: (TAKING CUCKOO TENDERLY IN HANDS)

That's the stout fellow. Never say die...you'll

be stronger soon, little one when I get you back

where you belong. (REACHES UP TO WALL, HANGS CLOCK)

CUCKOO:

(STRONGLY) Cuckoo...Cuckoo...Cuckoo!

JINGLE BILL: (HANDS ON HIPS, LOOKING AT CUCKOO)

Bravo -- Bravo... (APPLAUDS)

# 2 - J.B. & Cuckoo on wall



CUT TO #1 (CROSS SHOT  
AS WORKERS ENTER ROOM)

(WORKERS SCURRY INTO ROOM, LED BY ARTIST)

WORKMAN #1: "The Cuckoo is safe!

WORKMAN #2: There's still time for Christmas!

WORKMAN #3: Who did the dastardly deed!

#2 (THRU OPEN DOOR)

JINGLE BILL:

Ah - hah! Who did the dastardly deed? (GRABS  
SOUR WORKMAN BY SCRUFF OF NECK) Who indeed!  
Here is the villain who almost ruined Christmas.  
BE off (PUSHES S. WORKMAN AWAY) you culprit!  
(TO WORKERS) Take him to the licking room!

#1 CU S. WORKMAN

SOUR WORKMAN: (CRINGING)

Oh no, not that! (TRYs TO ESCAPE)

(OTHER WORKERS GRAB S. WORKMAN)

JINGLE BILL:

#2 MCU JINGLE BILL

Oh yes -- that! I hereby declare that your  
punishment shall be to lick not only the stamps///  
(SOUR WORKMAN CRINGES AS IF STRUCK BY LASH)

#1 WIDE SHOT OF ALL

..(FIRMLY) But all the labels on ~~the~~ all the  
packages readied for mailing. Be off with you!  
There's not much time left, but ...(SMILING  
HAPPILY)..there's still time for Christmas!  
(WORKMEN TAKE S. WORKMAN TO BENCH..WITH MUCH  
JOYOUS TALK AND LAUGHTER...THEN ALL BEGIN TO  
WORK!

JINGLE BILL: (SHOUTING ORDERS!)

SNOBALLS ENTER:

Your robe, your highness.....

Your pack your highness.....

#2

ARTIST: (ARRIVING THRU FRONT DOOR)

The reindeer are ready and champing at the bit.  
(MORE)



JINGLE BILL:

.....Be off with you! There's not much time left, but ....(SMILING)HAPPILY)....there's still time for Christmas!

MUSIC: "THERE'S STILL TIME FOR CHRISTMAS")

J.B. So we do have time for Christmas,  
and the joys that it will bring.  
CHORUS: What a happy day!  
J.B. So sound your "A", and sing and sing and sing.

CHORUS: Tra, la, la, la,.....etc.

J.B. So we do have time for giving...  
CHORUS: You'll really have the chance...  
J.B.: So on your toes with your do si do's,  
and dance and dance and dance.

~~CHORUS: And dance and dance and dance.~~

ALL: And sing and dance, ~~and sing and dance~~  
it really is a thrill.

He'll have the chance -- Hoöray for Jingle Bill.

J.B.: So we do have time for yuletide.  
CHORUS: And You'll ride in the sleigh.  
J.B.: So girls and boys we'll pack the toys...  
Merry Christmas, on it's way!



JINGLE BILL:

And so am I ... So am I! Bless you all....

WORKMAN #1:

Bon Voyage Kris Kringle!

WORKMAN #2:

Happy landings, Santa Claus

WORKMAN #3:

Good bye Jolly Saint Nick!

ARTIST:

God Speed Jingle Bill!

MUSIC: "YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH A MERRY SONG"

You can't go wrong with a merry song like...  
(Deck the halls with bows of holly)  
Try it on your violin. Try it on your flute.  
You can't be sad when the tune is glad like...  
(Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells.)  
Makes the teardrops scamper, puts a damper on  
the blues.  
If you can't be gay...very gay  
(SOUR WORKMAN ENTERS SONG.....)  
(SLOWLY WORKERS & J.B. LEAVE SHOP.)  
You shouldn't be feeling that way --  
so learn to sing to day  
You can't go wrong with a merry song like..  
(JOy to the World)  
Try it on your violin. Try it on your flute..  
It makes a very merry, merry holli-day to you!

#2...

#1 CU(THRU WINDOW)OF CLOCK  
BEGIN DOLLY BACK

DISSOLVE #2 (ECU ORNAMENT  
SETTING) BEGIN  
DOLLY BACK..THEN

~~PAN TO CREDITS ON XERKX~~

SUPER #1 CARD: "NO TIME FOR  
CHRISTMAS"

#2 FULL -- PAN TO CREDITS

CAST:

JINGLE BILL.....DON MC CUNE.  
ARTIST.....ANITA GRAY  
SOUR WORKMAN....AL WHEELER  
GIRL DOLL.....CATHY WEILANDER  
BOY DOLL.....DAN WING.  
MECHANICAL MAN..RICK ECKLEY  
SNOBALL .....JEAN WING  
SNOBALL.....BEA SUDDUTH

(MORF)



CAST: (CONT'D)

WORKMAN #1.....FRED VAUGEOLS  
WORKMEN #2.....SHARON BURROW  
WORKMAN # 3... ..JAMES GREEE  
CUCKOO VOICE.....JEAN WING.  
CHORUS.....METROPOLITAN ENSEMBLE

\*\*\*\*\*

BOOK & LYRICS

by  
ED CHAMBEREAU

\*\*\*\*\*

PRODUCED & DIRECTED

by  
ROBERT D. GORDON

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ART DIRECTION

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MUSIC -

MARGARET MELBY  
CORY CELLI

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Wm. Mudge  
Wm. Dore'



"NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS"

Ed Chamberline

VIDEO

~~TELESCOPE FILM STRIP CROSS  
TO KATH JACOBSON AT NEWS DESK~~

AUDIO

MUSIC - OVERTURE - FADE BEHIND.....

~~KATH: Good evening, young ladies and gentlemen  
of the planet earth. In a moment, you will be  
leaving earth for a short, but thrilling adven-  
ture into space....to a place we call Whereverland.  
(RISING AND WALKING TO THE BIG LENS)  
Tonight is the eve of Christmas, the year of  
nineteen hundred fifty seven A.D. Tonight, a  
most unprecedented event shall soon occur. With  
this gigantic one hundred ten inch lens we hope  
to outreach the limits of man's vision and see  
beyond the vast horizon of Earth into the Wherever-  
land of planets and stars. What will we see  
through this giant lens? Is it Christmas eve  
out there in space? In Whereverland is there a  
Santa Claus? Do children eagerly await his  
giving of gifts? For the answers to those  
questions we must wait, and watch. First, we  
dim the lights, then look very very hard into  
the big lens.....What shall we see?.....What  
shall we see?.....(MUSIC SWELLS AS ORBITS SPIN  
AND BEEP BEEP BEPP.....BEEPS SEGUE INTO CUCKOO  
CLOCK "BEEP"; CHIRP, BEEP, BHIRP, BEEP, BHIRP)~~

INTO FOCUS....C.S. OF CUCKOO CLOCK  
IN JINGLE BILL'S WORKSHOP: PULL  
BACK TO SHOW WORKSHOP WITH LITTLE  
CHARACTER PAINTING TOYS AND BUSY  
WORKING: SOME PLACE IN HERE FOCUS  
ON SIGN THAT SAYS, "THIS IS JINGLE  
BILL'S WORKSHOP."

AMITA: (SHE IS CARRYING HEAVY SACK OF MAIL AND  
STOPS AT WORKBENCH #1, PULLING OUT PACKET OF MAIL)



VIDEO

AUDIO

CUT OR ZOOM TO CUCKOO CLOCK:  
GUIGNOL COMES OUT TO SING THE  
CUCKOO SONG...THIS SONG HAS  
PATTER SHOWING THAT ALL THE  
WORKMEN ARE HAPPY AT THEIR WORK  
EXCEPT FOR ONE SOUR WORKMAN  
WHO VOICES A NOTE OF DISSENSION.

AT CLOSE OF SONG: C.S. ON  
UZZER LIGHTS OVER DOORWAY  
FLASHING ON AND OFF.

WIDE SHOT AS ACTION FOLLOWS

ZOOM TO SOUR WORKMAN'S BENCH

C.S. AS WORKMAN STANDS FUMING  
AT TREATMENT HE HAS RECEIVED.

(SHE IS VERY EXCITED) Look...Look...orders and  
more orders...and see the time? Can you hurry?  
WORKMAN: Don't worry. (GOES BACK TO WORK.) (SHE  
DANCES TO WORKBENSH #2)

ANITA: (HANDING LETTER PACKET TO NEXT GROUP)  
These are for you...Oh my, there's so much to  
do.....Can you hurry:

WORKMAN: (LACONICALLY) Don't worry.

ANITA: All right, I won't. But you know Jingle  
Bill! He wants things done on TIME!  
*Artist Song:*

*Cuckoo Song:*

MUSIC: MOOD BRIDGES

ANITA: It's Jingle Bill! He wants us.

WORKMAN: Come on.....let's go.

SOUR WORKMAN: The master calls, the slaves run.

WORKMEN: (IGNORING HIM) To the Throne Room!

(OTHERS JOIN IN) To the Throne Room! (AS THEY  
BEGIN TO EXIT — DRAMATIC MOMENT AS SOUR WORKMAN  
JUMPS UP AND SHOUTS — "STOP".....)

All workman and women freeze...and look at him.

SONG: WHERE WILL IT GET YOU IN THE END, MY  
FRIEND.

AS SONG PROGRESSES, THEY ALL BEGIN TO LAUGH AT  
THE SOUR WORKMAN AND HE GROWS ANGRY. WHEN THEY  
FINALLY LAUGH LOUDER AND MOVE THROUGH THE DOOR  
MARKED JINGLE BILL'S THRONE ROOM, THE SOUR WORKMAN



VIDEO

AUDIO

IS LEFT ALONE, AND FURIOUS.

MOOD AGITATO USING ANY OF THEME IN MINOR KEY

FOLLOW ACTION AS SOUR WORKMAN  
KICKS THINGS, ETC. THEN OPENS  
DOOR OF CUCKOO CLOCK: GRABS  
CUCKOO TO SOUNDS OF SQUAWKING:  
STUFFS IT IN PAPER SACK: THEN  
UNDER HIS BLOUSE AND THEN HE  
HIDES IN A CLOSET.

MUSIC BUILD TO DIRGE CLIMAX..DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

COME IN SLOW TO JINGLE BILL'S  
THRONE ROOM: MEDIUM SHOT  
SHOWING JINGLE BILL DRESSED IN  
DRESSY BLUE DENIMS ON HIS "THRONE":  
HIS COURTIERS ARE A PAIR OF  
SNOWBALLS WHO TICKLE HIM FOR FUN.

MUSIC: JINGLE BILL SONG:

PATTER:

SNOWBALLS SING AND TICKLE JINGLE BILL WHO

LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY.....

CAMERA PULL BACK AS WORKING  
PEOPLE ENTER THROUGH DOOR:  
GENERAL EXCITEMENT

JINGLE BILL: (HE IS VERY MUCH THE EXECUTIVE AS  
HE RAPS FOR ORDER) My friends, (THEY ALL CHEER  
AND APPLAUD) No, no, please...there is still  
work to be done. We have just a few hours left  
now....(HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Just a few hours  
before the (HE DOES A DOUBLETAKE ON HIS WATCH)  
My watch. It's stopped. Snowballs - quick -  
the time? What is the time?

(THEY ALL LOOK AT THEIR WATCHES)

SNOWBALL ONE: My watch has stopped.

SNOWBALL TWO: (ALMOST CRYING) Mine too.

(MUSIC STINGER)

MUSIC: MINOR KEY

JINGLE BILL: Incredible!

AUDIENCE: (REPEATS) Incredible!

JINGLE BILL: Sabotage. Who would dare?

CAMERA WIDE AS ALL WORKMEN  
AND WOMEN LOOK AT THEIR  
WATCHES IN CONSTERNATION



VIDEO

CLOSE SHOT AS ANITA BOWS  
BEFORE THRONE

TWO SHOTS OF ANITA AND  
JINGLE BILL

COME IN SLOW AS ANITA  
TIPTOES INTO WORKSHOP AND  
OVER TO CUCKOO: FINDS IT  
GONE

CAMERA FOLLOW ACTION:

AUDIO

AUDIENCE: (REPEATS) (ANGRY) Who would dare?

ANITA: (RUNNING TO JINGLE BILL'S THRONE AND  
BOWING) Your highness, let me go to the cuckoo..  
perhaps he can help us.

JINGLE BILL: (QUITE DISTRACTED BY THIS UNFORESEEN  
EVENT) Yes, yes, my dear. Run...Hurry. There  
is so little time. (STOPS SUDDENLY) Oh my good-  
ness. There is NO time. No time for Christmas.  
(AS ANITA HURRIES OUT ALL WORKMEN AND WOMEN HAND  
THEIR HEADS: THEN THEY SING: NO TIME FOR CHRIST-  
MAS.

MOOD BRIDGE: MINOR KEY

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

MUSIC MOOD: TRAGEDY STINGERS.....

ANITA: Oh dear. Oh my. He's gone. The cuckoo  
is gone. But he must be somewhere. (SHE DANCES  
PAST WORKBENCH #1) Cuckoo....where are you?  
(PAST WORKBENCH #2) Oh Please...can't any of you  
tell me where our time has gone? (C.S. OF BOY  
AND GIRL DOLL) Oh, if only you could talk. If  
only you could tell us what's happened to our  
cuckoo. (DANCES TO WORKBENCH #3) (SHE IS ALMOST  
HYSTERICAL NOW AS SHE SEES THE MECHANICAL MAN)  
Why can't you talk! Can't you do anything but just  
stand there and stare. I know. I'll wind you up.  
Then at least you'll move. (ANGRILY SHE WINDS HIM  
AND PUTS HIM BACK ROUGHLY: THEN AS QUICKLY SHE  
REPENTS) I'm sorry. I didn't mean it....really.



VIDEO

AUDIO

It isn't your fault. You're only toys. You can't understand what it means. Please don't be angry at me. (SHE LOOKS AROUND PLEADINGLY) It's only that it's so sad....when there's no time for Christmas. (SHE WALKS OUT: DEJECTED: ALMOST IN TEARS)

NEAR HER EXIT IS WORKBENCH OF SOUR WORKMAN: WHERE TWO DOLLS "JACK & JILL" HAVE STOOD: LIGHTS DIM AS ANITA LEAVES: THEN CROSS TO ISOLATION SET WITH BOY AND GIRL IN IDENTICAL COSTUMES. THEY CLIMB FROM TABLE: BOY DOLL HELPING GIRL DOLL AND LIGHTLY SCURRY TO CLOSET DOOR WHERE THEY KNOW THE SOUR WORKMAN IS HIDING WITH THE CUCKOO.

MUSIC MOOD: NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS

MUSIC: BUILDING TO IF I COULD WRITE I'D WRITE A LOVE NOTE.....

BOY DOLL: He's in there all right. I heard a sound, like a cuckoo calling from inside a paper sack. What a very strange sound that is.

GIRL DOLL: Oh, the poor little dear...I could cry for him. Do you think he can breathe inside there?

BOY DOLL: (BIG SHOT) I daresay there's oxygen enough to last awhile.

GIRL DOLL: Surely there's something we can do! You're so brave and strong and wise....surely you will do something to help the cuckoo?

BOY DOLL: (HANGING HIS HEAD) I'm not so wise as that.

GIRL DOLL: (WORKING ON HIS MORALE) Oh but you are, you are! I know you are.

BOY DOLL: I only wish I were.

GIRL DOLL: (EXCITED) Look....there's a letter, and a pencil.....if we could write Jingle Bill a



VIDEOAUDIO

note and tell him where the cuckoo is....everything would be all right again.

BOY DOLL: Paper.....Pencil? Why of course. It's just what should be done. Exactly what should be done! (THEY DANCE AROUND WITH PAPER AND PENCIL)

GIRL DOLL: I knew you'd find a way.. You're so brave and wise.

BOY DOLL: (HE IS SUDDENLY DEJECTED) (HE HANGS HIS HEAD) Don't. Don't say it.

GIRL DOLL: But it's true. You are!

BOY DOLL: No I'm not. I Can't write.

GIRL DOLL: (NOW DEJECTED) Oh. Of course you can't I forgot.

SONG: IF I COULD WRITE, I'D WRITE A LOVE NOTE TO YOU.

PAN?

CROSS TO MECHANICAL DOLL DURING SONG WHO MAKES TENTATIVE MOVEMENTS AS IF MOVED BY THE WORDS OF THE SONG.

WHEN SONG IS ENDED C.U. OF HUMAN-SIZE MECHANICAL DOLL HOLDING UP HIS HAND AS IF TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT

C.U. GIRL DOLL: BOY DOLL

C.U. MECHANICAL TOY

C.U. GIRL DOLL: BOY DOLL

C.U. MECHANICAL TOY

C.U. BOY DOLL

C.U. GIRL DOLL

CAMERA FOLLOW ACTION

MECHANICAL TOY: A B C D E F G H I J K lmnop.....

GIRL DOLL: What did he say?

BOY DOLL: He's all wound up about something.

MECHANICAL TOY: Q R S T U V W .....Xyz. Id did it. I know the alphabet.

GIRL DOLL: (IN AWE) He knows the alphabet.

MECHANICAL TOY: I can read. I can write.

BOY DOLL: (ECHOING) He can read!

GIRL DOLL: (EXCITEDLY) He can write!

Quickly --- give him the paper.....

BOY DOLL: And the pencil



VIDEO

BOY AND GIRL DOLL SCAMPER  
AND STRUGGLE TO BRING HUGE  
ENVELOPE AND PENCIL: PROP  
IT UP FOR MECHANICAL TOY TO  
WRITE UPON

C.U. MECHANICAL TOY

AUDIO

MUSIC: VARIATIONS ON "IF I COULD WRITE"

GIRL DOLL: Oh, Mr. Brain, do you know what this  
will mean; You'll be the hero of Christmas day.

If only we can tell Jingle Bill what's happened!

BOY DOLL: Can you do it? Can you really write?

MECHANICAL TOY: CAN I write? Watch me.

L.....(HE DRAWS) as in longitudinal

O.....(DRAWS) as in oscillate

O.....(DITTO) as in onomatopoeia

K.....as in Kaleidoscope.

GIRL DOLL: He can! He can!

BOY DOLL: But does it make sense?

MECHANICAL TOY:

I as in Introspective

N as in Neophyte.

GIRL DOLL: What does it say?

BOY DOLL: What does it say?

MECHANICAL TOY: Quiet please. I must have silence.

I shall soon be finished.

C as in Claustrophobia

L as in Latitudinal

O as in Ontological

S as in syllabic

E as in enzyme

T as in tintinabulation

There, I've done it!

GIRL DOLL: He's done it!

BOY DOLL: But what does it say?

MECHANICAL TOY: It says.....it says..... (HE'S

UNWINDING) Oh dear me, I suddenly seem to be -

so very very weary.....eeeeeeeeee.

(HE FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE).

GIRL DOLL: Oh, he's come unwound.

C.U. MECHANICAL TOY AS HE  
UNWINDS



VIDEO

AUDIO

CAMERA FOLLOW ACTION AS BOY  
AND GIRL DOLL STRUGGLE WITH  
PAPER AND PROP IT UP BY  
CLOSET DOOR

WIDE SHOT AS JINGLE BILL  
AND ANITA ENTER

BOY DOLL: That's the trouble with these brainy  
people.

GIRL DOLL: What are we to do?

BOY DOLL: We must do whatever we are to do fast.

I hear them coming. Help me. Whatever it says,  
it must say something.

GIRL DOLL: Oh I certainly do hope so.

BOY DOLL: There, they'll surely see it...now run.

Take my hand....they're coming. SHSHSHSHSH.....

MUSIC: DIRGE LIKE "NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS"

JINGLE BILL: (ENTERING) (HE IS VERY SAD) I  
don't understand it. I just don't see why anyone  
would want to spoil Christmas.

ANITA: (SHE TRIPS OVER MECHANICAL TOY LYING  
PROSTRATE ON FLOOR) Oh my....you poor little toy.  
Did I hurt you?

MECHANICAL TOY: (AS IF TALKING IN SLEEP)  
L as in longitudinal, O as in oscillate.....

JINGLE BILL: What's this. We have a sick toy?

ANITA: (ALMOST CRYING) Oh Jingle Bill, I think  
it's all my fault. I'm afraid I wound him too  
tight.

JINGLE BILL: (MUCH THE M.D. NOW) (PULLS OUT  
STETHOSCOPE) Let's see here, young fellow.  
(LISTENS TO HEART BEAT) Fatigue, it's clear.  
But he'll be all right.

MECHANICAL TOY: (COMING TO BUT LIKE A PUNCH DRUNK  
FIGHTER) L - O - O - K... L - O - OK

ANITA: He's delirious.



C.U. OF CLOSET DOOR

JINGLE BILL: (ALERT) No, no, (EXCITEDLY) He's trying to tell us something. He's trying to point. (THEIR EYES FOLLOW DIRECTION OF MECHANICAL ARM)

The closet. He's pointing to the closet.

ANITA: And look - there's a note.

JINGLE BILL: (PICKING UP ENVELOPE) Look in closet. (HE OPENS DOOR: SOUR WORKMAN FALLS OUT AS IF HE'D BEEN LISTENING AT THE KEYHOLE: FLOPS ON HIS FACE STILL HOLDING TIGHT TO THE PAPER SACK FROM WHICH THERE IS NOW MUCH LOUD SQUAKING)

ANITA: (GRABBING THE SACK AND OPENING IT) The cuckoo. It's safe. (SHE HOLDS THE CUCKOO GENTLY IN HER HANDS: STROKING ITS BACK) Oh, you dear little cuckoo. Are you all right? Can you still cuckoo -- little cuckoo? (THERE IS A POIGNANT SILENCE: THEN A WEAK LITTLE VOICE SAYS "CUCKOO - CUCKOO")

JINGLE BILL: Heaven be praised. Call the people in, my dear. Tell them the cuckoo is saved. The day is saved. There's still time for Christmas.

CUCKOO: (LOUDER AND MORE CONFIDENT) Cuckoo, Cuckoo. (ONLY A SLIGHT CRACK IN THE VOICE)

JINGLE BILL: (TAKING THE CUCKOO IN HIS HANDS TENDERLY) That's the stout fellow. Never say die,..... you'll be stronger soon, little one, when I get you back in your own home. (REACHES UP AND PUTS CUCKOO BACK IN CUCKOO CLOCK) (CUCKOO TRIES AGAIN: THIS TIME QUITE CLEAR WITH MARKED ENUNCIATION) Cuck-oooo, Cuckoo....."

JINGLE BILL: Bravo.....Bravo.



VIDEO

AUDIO

(WORKMEN COME SCURRYING IN LED BY ANITA)

VOICE 1. The cuckoo is safe.

VOICE 2. There's time for Christmas.

VOICE 3. Who did the dastardly deed!

JINGLE BILL: Ah -- Hah....who did the dastardly deed? Who indeed ??????? (GRABS SOUR WORKMAN BY SCRUFF OF NECK) Here is the villain who almost ruined Christmas. Be off you culprit! Take him to the licking room.

SOUR WORKMAN: (CRINGING) Oh no, not that.

(SEVERAL GRAB HIM AS HE TRIES TO ESCAPE)

JINGLE BILL: Oh yes -- that. I hereby declare that your punishment shall be to lick not only the stamps.....

(SOUR WORKMAN CRINGES AS IF STRUCK BY A LASH)

JINGLE BILL: (FIRMLY) But all the labels on all the packages readied for mailing. Be off with you. There's not much time left, but there's still time for Christmas.

VOICES: (JOINING IN) There's Still time for Christmas. Hooray! Hooray!

SONG: HAPPY MUSIC SONG

SNOWBALLS: Your rebe, your highness.....  
Your pack, your highness.....

ANITA: (AT DOOR) The reindeer are ready and champing at the bit.

JINGLE BILL: And so am I. So am I. Bless you all.

CAMERA WIDE AS WORKMEN GO BACK TO THEIR BENCHES JOYFULLY AT FINALE OF SONG: SNOWBALLS COME IN BEARING JINGLE BILL'S BRILLIANT RED ROBE AND PACK: THEY DRESS HIM IN "FULL COLOR" AND ALL EXIT TO SEE HIM OFF ON THE BIG TRIP



VIDEO

AUDIO

GROUP: Bon Voyage - "Santa Claus!"

Happy landings, Santa.

THEY ALL BEGIN SINGING CHRISTMAS MUSIC AS THEY  
FOLLOW HIM OUT THE DOOR.

LIGHTS DIM AS LAST WORKMAN  
TURNS OFF LIGHT SO WORKSHOP  
SETTING IS LIT BY MOON:  
CAMERA FOCUS ON BOY AND GIRL  
DOLL: THEN PAN TO PROSTRATE  
MECHANICAL TOY STILL LYING  
ON FLOOR BUT AS THE VOICES  
IN THE DISTANCE BEGIN THE  
CHRISTMAS CAROLS CAMERA  
ZOOM TO CUCKOO FOR TICKING  
TO RHYTHM OF LAST LINES OF  
MUSIC.

MECHANICAL TOY: (JOINS IN SINGING)

BOY & GIRL DOLL: (JOIN IN SINGING)