

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 jollity, 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 covorting and disporting doesn't blend, my friend.
Witht 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.

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if you can't find time for Christmas-
then to this ^{there's one} 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 you're living gone away -
run off to your bed
put your hand to your head
and sigh - & sigh - a sigh -

No rhyme! -
No rhyme! -
No reason or rhyme
For this very odd condition -
No rhyme!
No rhyme
No reason or rhyme
Could improve my disposition -
I'm sick -
No clock
No tick - tick
Tick! -
I'm ill!
Oh please!
No pill could ease -
My precarious position -
Should we call you a physician! -
No! -
Die give you this admonition -
- (He'll give us an admonition)

Where will it get you in the end, my friend? -
Who with jealousy, fury, malice, 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 begs of us suspend Ha! Ha!
and yet he does insist he is our friend! -

How can I make you comprehend, my friend
His coveting and despoiling doesn't blend with -
With this age of disaster.

You are seeing all so helio
~~Do me under this one~~ (spiritual work ahead)

~~ognitions & appraisals
of post-end~~ - that for you a dismal
future & portend -
- that for us, etc

Do think about your ~~muscles~~ ~~Joe~~
We'd rather think of
Seeing your demeanor
At the beginning or

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 START 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 scannin g 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 hives.
Closer still than the planets and the stars. And
if they do -- what will they find? Will they
find a wonderous world of small children eagerly
awaiting gifts from their Santa Claus? Will they
find a Christmas Eve in this wonderous 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 mans 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 no 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
aesth tique,
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!)
Silly
(Cad!)
Cuckoo...Cuckoo, Cuckoo.
(Oh!)
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
(Ah!)
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
...And I thought I Was Cuckoo!
This is a watchbird watching you ...Shame, shame
shame!
Is This all that you have to do to call each other
names?

#1 FAST DOLLY TO CLOCK
OVER WORKBENCH

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?

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 than 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 than 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 DRAMATICALLY 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 jollity, 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 envorting 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 pretends, 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'm 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!)

Kee Hee Hee Hee!)

Kootchy Koo - Kootchy koo, Kootchy Koo!
(Ha! 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 THRONG 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, pleasethere is still work to be
done! We have just a few hours left now...
(ABSENTL 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

UT TO #1 - WORKSHOP

UT 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 CONSTER-
NATION 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 PLEAD-
INGLY, 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: ("G") 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: (HANDING HEAD -- REALIZING THAT HE'S NOT QUITE THE HERO HE WOULD LIKE HER TO THINK HE IS.)

I'm not so wise as that!

GIRL DOLL: (WITH FEMININE 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.)

MECHANICAL MAN:

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

GIRL DOLL:

What did he say?

BOY DOLL:

Oh, he's all wound up about something

MECHANICAL MAN:

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

GIRL DOLL: (IN AWE)

He knows the alphabet!

MECHANICAL MAN:

I can read. I can write!

BOY DOLL: (Echo response)

He can read!

GIRL DOLL: (EXCITEDLY)

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

CU MECH. MAN

2 SHOT

CU MECHANICAL MAN

CU GIRL DOLL

MCU MECHANICAL MAN

2 SHOT/

BOY DOLL:

An d the pencil.

(BOY AND GIRL DOLL SCAMPER (?) AND STRUGGLE TO MOVE HUGE ENVELOPE AND PENCIL...THEN PROPS 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)

CAAn 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 onomatopaeia.

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 suddenly seem to be (FAINTER) so very ...veerrrryyy weary.....eeeeeeee.

(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.)

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)

oh my ... you poor little toy. Did I hurt you

MECHANICAL TOY: ("C") (AS IF TALKING IN SLEEP)

L as in longitudinalO as in oscillate....

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!

MECHANICAL MAN: (DAZEDLY)

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

ARTIST:

He's delerious.

JINGLE BILL: (LOOKING ALERTLY AT MECH. MAN)

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

(MORE)

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

#2 "C" - CU MECH. MAN

#1 2 SHOT

#2 CU MECH. MAN

#1 2 SHOT

#2 - CU MECH. MAN POINTING
TO CLOSET

CUT TO #1 - CROSS SHOT
(ART. & J.B. CLOSEST 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 dearl little cuckoo.

Can you still cuckoo -- little cuckoo?

(SILENCE -- THEN ..)

CUCKOO:

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

JINGLE BILL:

Heaven be praised! Call the p eople 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)

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!

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!

SOUR WORKMAN: (CRINGING)

Oh no, not that! (TRYING TO ESCAPE)

(OTHER WORKERS GRAB S. WORKMAN)

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)

..(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....

ARTIST: (ARRIVING THRU FRONT DOOR)

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

#2 (THRU OPEN DOOR)

#1 CU S. WORKMAN

#2 MCU JINGLE BILL

#1 WIDE SHOT OF ALL

#2

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 -- Hooray 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 BACK~~
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
SNOBALLJEAN WING
SNOBALL.....BEA SUDDUTH
(MODEL)

CAST: (CONT'D)

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

BOOK & LYRICS
by
ED CHAMBREAU

PRODUCED & DIRECTED
by
ROBERT D. GORDON

ART DIRECTION
R. DINSMORE

MUSIC -

MARGARET MELBY
CORY CELLI

VIDEO - Ralph Mifflin
Dick Yeaman
CAMERAS - Fred Fowler
Dan Coulthurst
AUDIO - Dave McCarty
Jim Fleisher
Bob Moore
LIGHTING - John Van Voorhees
FLOOR DIRECTION -
Wm. Mudge
Wm. Dore'

"NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS"VIDEO

TALESCOPIC FILM STRIP CROSS
TO KEITH JACKSON AT NEWS DESK

AUDIO

MUSIC - OVERTURE - FADE BEHIND.....

LEITH: 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, CHIRP, BEEP, CHIRP)

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)

VIDEOAUDIO

(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 WORKBENCH #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:

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 UZER LIGHTS OVER DOORWAY FLASHING ON AND OFF.

WIDE SHOT AS ACTION FOLLOWS

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

ZOOM TO SOUR WORKMAN'S BENCH

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

VIDEOAUDIO

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.....

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 PULL BACK AS WORKING PEOPLE ENTER THROUGH DOOR: GENERAL EXCITEMENT

SNOWBALLS C.S. ONE BY ONE AS THEY SEE THAT THEIR WATCHES HAVE STOPPED.

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

VIDEOAUDIO

CLOSE SHOT AS ANITA BOWS
BEFORE THRONE

TWO SHOTS OF ANITA AND
JINGLE BILL

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

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

MUSIC MOOD: TRAGEDY STINGERS.....

CAMERA FOLLOW ACTION:

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 knew. 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.

VIDEOAUDIO

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

VIDEO

AUDIO

note and tell him where the cuckoo is....every-
thing 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 MOVE-
MENTS AS IF MOVED BY THE WORDS
OF THE SONG.

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

C.U. GIRL DOLL: BOY DOLL

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

GIRL DOLL: What did he say?

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

C.U. MECHANICAL TOY

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

C.U. GIRL DOLL: BOY DOLL

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

C.U. MECHANICAL TOY

MECHANICAL TOY: I can read. I can write.

C.U. BOY DOLL

BOY DOLL: (ECHOING) He can read!

C.U. GIRL DOLL

GIRL DOLL: (EXCITEDLY He can write!

CAMERA FOLLOW ACTION

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 onomatopaeia

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 tey?

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.

VIDEOAUDIO

(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 SONGSNOWBALLS: 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 WIBE 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)