

**A RADIO CHRISTMAS SAMPLER, VOL. III**

Adaptation and original writing by

John F. Barber

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Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 11, Episode 13

Final draft

## **A Radio Christmas Sampler, Vol. III**

Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 11, Episode 13  
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: December 18, 2023

Written, produced, hosted by John F. Barber

Sound design, Music composition, Post-Production by Marc Rose

Graphics by Holly Slocum

### **Synopsis**

This episode is "A Radio Christmas Sampler, Vol. III. It's our third time sampling Christmas episodes from various radio drama series. For 2023 we sample from three: *The Whistler*, *The Shadow*, and *Gunsmoke*. As a bonus, we sample from "Christmas Dragnet," a comedy record by Stan Freberg and Daws Butler. Happy Holidays!

### **Credits**

"Christmas Dragnet"  
November 1953, Capital Records  
Stan Freberg and Daws Butler  
A parody of the popular radio and television series, *Dragnet*.

"The Stockings Were Hung"  
*The Shadow*  
December 24, 1939, Episode #79  
Lamont Cranston/*The Shadow* and Margo Lane, work to reunite the Grover family, return their stolen family business, and assure them a fine Christmas. Margo receives a puppy from Lamont and a helpful cab driver.

William "Bill" Johnstone as *The Shadow* and Lamont Cranston  
Marjorie Anderson as Margo Lane

"Christmas Gift"  
*The Whistler*  
December 24, 1951, Episode #499  
A woman, working as a singer in restaurants and bars, tries to escape a murder in which she was not involved. Found by a detective, she tells her story. The detective says he was not sent to arrest her, but rather to tell her the fiance she left behind still loves her and wishes her to return. A happy Christmas ending.

Bill Forman as *The Whistler*  
William Conrad as Joe Collins  
Betty Lou Gerson as Mary Winston

Bill Bouchet as Detective Fontaine  
Marvin Miller as Announcer/Voice of The Whistler

Produced and directed by George W. Allen  
Story by Ed Bloodworth  
Written by Harold Swanton  
Sound Effects by Berne Surrey (created many memorable  
sound effects for *Suspense*, worked his magic for *The  
Whistler* as well)  
Music by Wilbur Hatch  
Harmonica by Brett Wood

"Christmas Story"

*Gunsmoke*

December 20, 1952, Episode #35

US Marshall Matt Dillon, returning to Dodge City on  
Christmas Eve, finds himself afoot after his horse breaks  
a log. He meets Amos Cowley, a lonely drifter. They talk  
about Christmas. Cowley asks if he could accompany Matt  
Dillion back to Dodge City, meet his friends, and settle  
there.

William Conrad as Marshall Matt Dillon  
\*\*\* as Amos Cowley  
Parley Baer as Chester Wesley Proudfoot  
Howard MacNeil as Doc Charles Adam  
Georgia Ellis as Kitty Russell  
with . . .  
Lawrence Dobkin  
Harry Bartell  
John Boehner

Directed by Norman McDonald  
Written by Antony Ellis  
Music composed and directed by Rex Cory

### Color Code

**Yellow highlighted text** = sound effect(s), either pre-  
recorded or created for episode. Pre-recorded audio is  
used as content in this episode.

~~**Magenta highlighted text with strike through**~~ = text  
deleted for episode timing

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

SFX: SAMPLE FROM "CHRISTMAS  
DRAGNET," STAN FREBERG, 1953.

MUSIC: DRAGNET THEME.

**JOE**

This is the season.

My name is Wednesday, my partner is  
Frank Jones, ~~the chief is Captain  
Kellogg.~~

December the 24th, Christmas Eve, they  
brought in a guy named Grudge.

When I heard what they booked him on, my  
blood ran cold.

It was a 4096325-dash-096704: not  
believing in Santa Claus.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

~~4:35 P.M. I was working the holiday  
watch out of Homicide with Frank.~~

**FRANK**

~~Hang up your stocking yet, Joe?~~

**JOE**

~~Yeah, just before I come down. You, too,  
Frank?~~

**FRANK**

~~Always do. Hung it up early just in case  
I have to work late tonight. Wouldn't  
wanna miss out on when Santy Claus  
comes, you know.~~

**JOE**

~~Mm-hmm. Sure wouldn't. Would be a shame.~~



~~JOE Mm-hmm. Well, I'll see.~~

~~FRANK Love to have ya.~~

~~JOE Mm-hmm. Well, I'll see.~~

~~FRANK The Mrs. always fixes a plate of relish  
with them carrot sticks.~~

~~You know them little carrot sticks?~~

~~JOE Mm-hmm.~~

~~FRANK Olives, pickles, scallions.~~

~~JOE Mm-hmm. Let's not go through that again.~~

~~FRANK Love to have ya. Go through what again,  
Joe?~~

~~JOE How most folks call them green onions,  
but they're really scallions.~~

~~FRANK Oh. You noticed that, too, huh, Joe?~~

~~SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS~~

~~JOE Homicide, Wednesday.~~

~~Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, mm-hmm, mm-hmm, mm-hmm,  
mm-hmm.~~

~~SFX: HANGS UP TELEPHONE~~

~~FRANK 'S the matter, Joe? 'S the matter, Joe?~~

~~JOE Bringing a guy in on a 409635-dash-  
096704.~~

~~FRANK You-you mean...~~

~~JOE Yeah. Guy don't believe in scallions. I mean Santa Claus.~~

JOE 6:29 P.M. We questioned the guy who didn't believe in Santa Claus: a guy named Grudge.

Says here your name's Grudge, that right?

GRUDGE Yeah.

JOE Said you didn't believe in Santa Claus?

FRANK It's hard to believe what you said. Did you really say that?

GRUDGE Sure I said it. How do you know there's a Santy Claus?

Ya got a picture of him?

JOE No, no mug shot.

GRUDGE Any fingerprints?

JOE Mnh-mnh, no latent prints. I just know, that's all.

~~It's like saying there isn't an Easter Bunny.~~

~~GRUDGE That's another guy there ain't no of!~~

~~JOE Mm-hmm. Well, that's your story, mister~~

~~FRANK Joe, he just said that to make me feel bad, didn't he?~~

~~There really is an Easter Bunny, isn't there? Joe?~~

~~JOE Listen, Grudge, didn't I pick you up three years ago on a 1492 for not believing in Columbus?~~

~~GRUDGE Yeah! I don't believe in Cleveland or Cincinnati, either.~~

~~JOE How about Toledo?~~

~~GRUDGE I, uh, I ain't made up my mind yet about Toledo.~~

~~JOE Okay, mister, I get the picture now.~~

~~You don't believe in nothin', do ya?~~

~~GRUDGE Nothin'! And you wanna know somethin' else?~~

~~JOE What's that?~~

~~GRUDGE I'm gonna get up, and I'm gonna walk right out of this room, 'cause you guys ain't got nothin' on me.~~

~~There ain't no law against not believin' in Santy Claus.~~

~~JOE There is in my book.~~

Let me tell you somethin', mister, I'm gonna prove there's a Santa Claus if it takes me all night.

**GRUDGE** ~~Huh! Pretty funny. The police department's got nothin' else to do.~~

**JOE** ~~Let me straighten you out, buddy. This one's on Frank and me.~~

~~Right, Frank? Right, Frank?~~

**FRANK** ~~There really is an Easter Bunny, isn't there, Joe?~~

~~You know, hippety hoppin' down the bunny trail?~~

**JOE** ~~I took Grudge over to the helicopter. Got in, flew around the city for hours.~~

~~I showed him department stores.~~

~~What's hurrying in and out of those department stores, Grudge?~~

**GRUDGE** ~~Happy people, but I ain't impressed.~~

**JOE** ~~I showed him stockings.~~

~~How are those stockings hung, Grudge?~~

**GRUDGE** ~~By the chimney with care. But I didn't hang none up.~~

**JOE** ~~I showed him children nestled all snug in their beds.~~

~~What's dancing in their heads, Grudge?~~

**GRUDGE** ~~Visions of sugar plums.~~

~~But you ain't sellin' me. There ain't no  
Santy Claus.~~

**JOE** ~~He still didn't believe.~~ There was only  
one thing left to do

My job? Get to the North Pole.

11:45 P.M. We arrived at the North Pole

I set the plane down, we walked over to  
Santy's workshop, rang the bell.

**SFX: BELL PLAYS "DRAGNET" THEME.**

**JOE** ~~Pardon me, sir, can I ask you a few  
questions?~~

**BROWNIE** ~~Why, sure. Just tickle me to death~~

**JOE** ~~What do you do for a living?~~

**BROWNIE** ~~I'm a brownie.~~

**JOE** ~~What are you doing at the North Pole  
with a Southern accent?~~

**BROWNIE** ~~Well, the boss sorta ran short on help  
this year, so he had to recruit a few of  
us brownies from the South Pole.~~

**JOE** ~~Mm-hmm. That figures.~~

**GRUDGE** ~~Heh-heh! What a waste of time!~~

**JOE** Could we talk to your boss, please?

**BROWNIE** ~~Oh, he's out. You would come on the one  
night he's out in the whole year.~~

**JOE:** ~~Mm-hmm. What's your particular job, Mr. Brownie?~~

**BROWNIE** ~~My boss has eight tiny reindeer. My job? Feed 'em.~~

**JOE** ~~Mm-hmm, yes, sir. What do ya feed 'em?~~

**BROWNIE** ~~Well, most times I fix up a little plate of relish.~~

~~Olives, pickles and them carrot sticks.~~

~~You know them little ol' carrot sticks?~~

**JOE** ~~Mm-hmm.~~

**BROWNIE** ~~And scallions.~~

**JOE AND BROWNIE** ~~Most folks call them green onions, but they're really scallions.~~

**BROWNIE** ~~How'd you know?~~

**JOE** ~~Just a stab in the dark.~~

~~The little man showed us through the workshop.~~

**BROWNIE** ~~My boss'll be back for a second load pretty soon.~~

~~Say, would you all like to hear an interestin' story?~~

**JOE** ~~Yes, sir.~~

**BROWNIE** ~~Well, you see that huge pile of presents over there?~~

JOE Mm-hmm.

GRUDGE Man, look at all that stuff!

BROWNIE Would you believe it? They're all for the same man.

Been pilin' up here year after year.

JOE Why didn't the guy ever get 'em?

GRUDGE Yeah! Why?

BROWNIE 'Cause he didn't believe in my boss. ~~You know the rules.~~

~~JOE Mm-hmm. We know.~~

GRUDGE I, uh, don't suppose there's no chance that this, this guy can still . . .

BROWNIE Get the presents? Oh, sure. He gets 'em all the minute he believes.

But I don't suppose he ever will.

JOE Too bad about that guy. What's his name?

GRUDGE: Don't say it. I don't want to hear it.

~~JOE Come on, Mr. Brownie.~~ What's his name?

BROWNIE His name? Grudge.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

~~JOE The Brownie saw us to the door, wished us a merry Christmas.~~

We were heading back to the plane when it happened.

GRUDGE Hey!

JOE Yeah, Grudge?

GRUDGE: You know that guy I said I didn't believe in?

JOE Who's that?

GRUDGE S-S-Santy Claus?

JOE Yes, sir.

GRUDGE You think I'm too old to change my mind?

JOE You're never too old, Mr. Grudge.

GRUDGE Well then, I-I-I believe in Santy Claus. ~~And Columbus.~~

JOE ~~How about Cleveland, Cincinnati, and the Easter Bunny?~~

GRUDGE ~~Yeah, them, too.~~

JOE ~~And Toledo?~~

GRUDGE ~~I-I still ain't made up my mind yet about Toledo.~~

SFX: SLEIGH BELLS.

JOE Look, Grudge, up in the sky. He's coming back for the second load.

GRUDGE It's Santy Claus! It's Santy Claus!

**JOE** There's the only guy I know can make everybody happy in one night.

**GRUDGE** Yeah. He must have the biggest heart in the whole world.

**JOE** That's about the size of it.

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

**ANNOUNCER** Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about radio storytelling. I'm Jack Armstrong. With each episode we combine dialogue, sound effects, and music to engage your listening imagination. This episode is no different, and here to tell you about it is John Barber, producer and host.

HOST OPEN

**HOST** Thank you Jack. Hello everyone. Happy holidays.

This is our third Radio Christmas Sampler. You just heard "Christmas Dagnet," a 1953 parody by Stan Freberg and Daws Butler of the popular *Dagnet* television and radio program.

Freberg and Butler first collaborated on "St. George and the Dragonet," a short comedy record album released in September 1953. It quickly sold over a million copies, the first comedy record ever to do so.

Freberg was a radio and television comedian who satirized and parodied popular songs. Daws was the voice of Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound, Quick Draw McGraw, and many other cartoon characters.

"Christmas Dragnet," recorded in November 1953, again focused on *Dragnet*. Freberg voiced Joe Wednesday, a take-off on the Detective Sergeant Joe Friday character, played by Jack Web. Daws voiced Frank Jones, Grudge, and the elf.

In addition to "Christmas Dragnet," this year's sampler includes three radio programs, each with distinctive openings.

The first begins with a laugh. The second with a whistle. And the third, with a gunshot.

Our radio storytelling originates from KXRW-FM. Vancouver, Washington's community radio station. We thank them for their support.

And we thank YOU for joining us as Re-Imagined Radio celebrates the holidays with our "Radio Christmas Sampler Volume 3." Enjoy listening.

**MUSIC: HOLIDAY THEME. FOR  
TRANSITION**

HOST INTRODUCTION

HOST The end-of-year holidays are a time for sharing stories. And we've got three good radio stories for you. The first begins with a laugh.

THE SHADOW, "STOCKINGS WERE HUNG"

SFX: SAMPLE, THE SHADOW'S LAUGH, FROM OPENING, THE SHADOW, "THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG," DEC. 24, 1939.

ANNOUNCER Who knows . . . what evil . . . lurks . . . in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows.

(LAUGHS)

HOST Spoken by actor Frank Readick, that's the opening line from *The Shadow*, a mystery radio series, one of the most popular in radio history. Readick also provided The Shadow's diabolical laughter.

*The Shadow* was heard on the Mutual Broadcasting System, 677 episodes, from September 1937 to December 1954.

The Shadow is the secret, alter-ego for Lamont Cranston, a young man of wealth, who studied in the Orient, where he learned hypnotic powers to "cloud men's minds." Cranston puts his power to work thwarting criminals and protecting citizens. His secret identity and abilities are known only to Margo Lane, his companion.

For our Christmas Radio Sampler we've selected the Christmas Eve, 1939 episode . . . the one where The Shadow stops the theft of a business, and reunites a family. Let's listen to "The Stockings Were Hung" episode of . . . "The Shadow."

SFX: SAMPLES FROM "THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG" EPISODE OF THE SHADOW

ANNOUNCER

~~The Shadow, the mysterious character who aids the forces of law and order, is in reality Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town. The Shadow uses his hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margo Lane is the only person who knows to whom the unseen voice of the shadow belongs. Today's story, "The Stockings Were Hung.~~

SFX: MUSIC

ANNOUNCER

~~This is a story of Christmas time in a great city. Tonight, with Margo Lane and Lamont Cranston we look in on the lives of the Grover family.~~

SIMON JORDON

~~Get out of here. Get out. You'll not get a cent of pay from me Mr. Grover.~~

GROVER

~~Simon Jordon, you know my wife' dead and I have two children, and it's Christmas! I've got to . . .~~

JORDON

~~Get out! Get out before I . . .~~

SFX: MUSIC

~~ANNOUNCER~~ ~~It's Christmas time in a great city. As our scene opens we find Margo and Lamont coming down on the elevator from Margo's apartment.~~

~~SFX: ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS~~

~~LAMONT~~ ~~Well, here's where we get out Margo. Where now?~~

~~MARGO~~ ~~Over to the club Lamont to pick up the Christmas basket of food to deliver.~~

~~LAMONT~~ ~~Good!~~

~~SFX: DOOR OPENS~~

MARGO Oh look, Lamont, it's snowing!

LAMONT What'ya think of that!

MARGO I wanna stop at the corner and see my friend Spike.

LAMONT Spike?

MARGO Yes. Spike Grover. He's a newsboy I always buy my papers from.

GABBY (In background getting closer as Lamont and Margo approach) Extra! Extra! Get your late papers. Read all about it. Extra . . . (Continues under the following)

LAMONT Busy little man isn't he?

GABBY Extra. Get your late papers. Read all about it. Extra. Extra.

MARGO I always give him five dollars for papers.

LAMONT In spite of all you've said about organized charity? Giving one isolated newsboy five dollars . . .

MARGO Oh, but Lamont this is different . . .

GABBY (As they arrive at newsstand) Get your papers . . .

MARGO I should say it is different. It isn't even Spike!

GABBY Paper mister? Paper?

LAMONT Yes, the young lady would like a paper to cover her new hat, heh, if you can call that Christmas tree ornament a hat.

MARGO Where's Spike Grover?

GABBY Ah, Spikes got family trouble. He's a pal of mine, Spike is, tells me everything. He knows I can keep a secret.

MARGO Family trouble?

GABBY Well, it's very confidential. You see, Spike and his sister Jamie, you see they haven't got any Mother. They've only got a Father, and you see. . . ~~Now don't tell anybody but~~ Spike's grandfather owned the Grover Importing Company and ~~they . . .~~

~~LAMONT~~ ~~Now, whoa, whoa wait wait a minute,~~  
~~you're way ahead of me.~~

~~GABBY~~ ~~Now look, Spike's grandfather owned the~~  
~~Grover Importing Business. And Spike's~~  
name is Grover. So Spike and his father  
should own the Grover Importin'  
Business. And, well, it seems there's a  
fellow named Jordan worked for Spike's  
grandfather ~~and the way I figured this~~  
~~fellow Jordan put the snatch on the~~  
~~whole business . . . .~~

~~MARGO~~ ~~Did what?~~

~~GABBY~~ ~~Lady you wouldn't understand I was just~~  
~~telling this gentleman here as far as I~~  
can figure this old miser named Jordan  
steals the whole business right out from  
under Spike's father's nose. So a couple  
of days ago Jordan fired Spike's father  
from his own business mind ya. Ain't  
that awful?

LAMONT But where's Spike?

MARGO And where's his father?

GABBY Lady, if I knew that I'd tell Spike.

LAMONT Well, where does he live?

GABBY He lives in the old house down on South  
and Seventh Streets.

LAMONT And what's your name son?

GABBY They call me Gabby, but you know I could  
never figure out why!

LAMONT AND (Laughing)  
MARGO

LAMONT Well, Gabby . . . uh . . . here's a  
Christmas present for you.

GABBY Oh thanks. Gee thanks mister!

MARGO Merry Christmas Gabby

GABBY And the same to you lady.

LAMONT Bye. While you go over your club and  
pick up the Christmas basket Margo, I  
think I'll go down to see Spike and  
family. I'll pick you up at the club  
Margo.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

LAMONT Oh, cab.

LOUIE You wanna cab mister? You wanna a cab?

LAMONT Yes. Ah, take me to South and Seventh,  
please.

LOUIE South and Seventh Street, yeah South and  
Seventh.

LAMONT Thanks. Oh, by the way, I want to stop  
at a pet shop on the way. You know a  
good one nearby?

LOUIE ~~Well, I don't know where's there's one~~  
~~there . . .~~ oh yeah I do know where  
there's one on the next block that is.

LAMONT Well, that's where we're going then.  
(LAUGHS)

SFX: CAR DOOR CLOSSES, ENGINE  
STARTS, CAB DRIVES AWAY, UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING

LAMONT Oh, driver, are you, ahh, busy tonight?

LOUIE Yeah, yeah. I gotta drive this cab.  
Ain't it awful? Ain't it.

LAMONT Well, there's what I mean is that . . .  
ahh (LAUGHS) now you've got me doing it.

LOUIE Doin' what?

LAMONT Ah . . . hiring the cab for tonight.

LOUIE You mean it?

LAMONT Sure.

LOUIE Gee, Santee Claus. I didn't know you  
without them whiskers.

LOUIE AND (Laugh)  
LAMONT

LOUIE That's a joke. Hey, there's the pet shop  
mister. There it is.

SFX: CAR STOPS AT CURB

LAMONT Well, that's fine. Thanks.

SFX: CAR DOORS OPENING

LAMONT Ah, what's your name?

LOUIE Louie.

LAMONT Well, come on, Louie. Let's buy a pup.

LOUIE ~~Buy a pup, huh. Buy a pup, oh boy.~~ Hey, the red one in the window?

LAMONT Sold, Louie, sold.

LOUIE Ahh, that's a cute pup, that's a cute pup all right.

SFX: PET SHOP DOOR OPENS. DOG BARKS EXCITEDLY.

LAMONT (To shop owner) How much for the Red Setter pup in the window?

SHOP OWNER Oh, that's a very fine animal, ahh . . .

SFX: PARROT IN BACKGROUND

SHOP OWNER Thirty-five dollars.

LAMONT Fine. Wrap it up.

SFX: PARROT CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND.

SHOP OWNER I, I beg your pardon.

LAMONT Put it in a cardboard carton with some holes in it. We'll take it with us.

SFX: PARROT AND DOG ARE BOTH HEARD IN BACKGROUND.

SHOP OWNER Very good sir.

SFX: PARROT CONTINUES IN  
BACKGROUND.

LAMONT Now Louie, you'll take the pup in the front seat. It's a surprise for a young lady we'll pick up later. She mustn't know about it.

SFX: PARROT AND DOG CONTINUE UNDER  
THE FOLLOWING.

LOUIE Yeah, yeah, sure sure. Say . . . but suppose it begins to bark or whine or som'um.

LAMONT Well, if she asks what it is you just tell her, ahh, box of books.

LOUIE Hey, hey yeah yeah that's smart. (NOW CONCERNED) But wait a minute . . . what kind of books am I going to say if it starts to bark?

LAMONT Oh, that's easy . . . you just cough or sneeze.

LOUIE Believe me mister if you didn't want this hack for the evening I tell you it sounds a little screwy to me I tell you . . .

SHOP OWNER Here's your dog sir. Fine animal indeed.

LAMONT Ah thanks. Louie . . . sneeze.

SFX: DOG BARKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

LOUIE Huh?

LAMONT Sneeze!

LOUIE Oh . . . (sneezes loudly)

LAMONT Gesundheit

LOUIE Thanks.

LAMONT (Laughs) Take the box of books now.  
We're off to South and Seventh Streets.

SFX: DOG BARKS EXCITEDLY.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

~~JAMIE Brother'd be very mad if I didn't make these cookies just perfect for Daddy. Let me see . . . Here it is. Mother's recipe for Christmas cookies. One and a quarter cups of flour. I've got that. One and a half teaspoons of vanilla. Maybe nobody notices there's no vanilla in them.~~

~~SFX: KNOCKING AT FRONT DOOR~~

~~JAMIE On third cup of sugar. One egg and one half cup of butter. One half cup of butter? I haven't even got a half of a half cup of butter. (Sighs in frustration)~~

~~SFX: KNOCKING AT FRONT DOOR, AGAIN, BUT LOUDER~~

JAMIE (Crying) Oh . . . I wanted so much to surprise Daddy.

SFX: DOOR OPENING

LAMONT Well . . . that's no way to feel on Christmas Eve. What's the matter Jamie?

JAMIE (Crying) I haven't got hardly any butter.

LAMONT We'll take care of that in a minute Jamie. But I came here looking for your brother Kingsley.

JAMIE But, I don't know where my brother is because he's looking for my father and I don't know where my father is. But he hasn't been home for two whole days.

LAMONT Now easy Jamie.

JAMIE Kingsley says Daddy'll be home for Christmas.

LAMONT I'm sure he will.

JAMIE But now Kingsley's gone, I haven't any butter, and Mother always makes such good Christmas cookies. (CRIES)

LAMONT Well, now look, Jamie. I think this'll give you all the butter you want, and anything else you might need for your Christmas cookies.

JAMIE Oh, it's five dollars!

LAMONT You can't expect me to find your father and Kingsley if you don't have Christmas cookies ready for them when they come home.

JAMIE Will you really bring them home?

LAMONT I'll try Jamie. I'll try.

~~MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION~~

SFX: AUTOMOBILE MOTOR SLOWING DOWN

LOUIE Hey, hey is this where we picked the young lady up?

LAMONT Yes Louie and don't forget that's a box of books you have in front and not a dog and don't forget, if he barks, you sneeze.

LOUIE Okay okay.

LAMONT Well there's Miss Lane now. Oh Margo . . . been waiting long?

MARGO Oh, no, no Lamont. ~~I just piled snow on my best hat so I look like the spirit of Christmas.~~ (SNEEZES)

~~LAMONT Did you deliver your last basket?~~

~~MARGO Yes.~~ What's that package you have in front driver?

LOUIE Oh, I got ah . . .

SFX: DOG BARKS

LOUIE (SNEEZES) A box of books. I got a box of books.

MARGO (Somewhat dejected) Oh. I thought you'd never get here.

LAMONT South and 7th Street, Louie. That's Spike's house Margo.

~~MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION~~

LAMONT Now you wait here, Louie.

SFX: CAR DOOR CLOSING

LOUIE Yeah, sure boss, sure, sure.

SFX: VOICES IN BACKGROUND, ARGUING

LAMONT Well, Margo, this is Spike's house. Let's go inside and meet Jamie.

MARGO Good. I wanna meet her.

SFX: ARGUING LOUDER NOW

MARGO Lamont look! Those two boys are fighting. And that smaller boy is Spike.

LAMONT It is!?! Hey . . . you youngsters . . .

TOUGH KID Le'go of that tree, it's mine . . .

MARGO Stop picking on him you big bully.

TOUGH KID Ah, Scram!

SPIKE Gee Miss Lane, I found this tree . . .

TOUGH KID Did not . . .

LAMONT Come on you young hoodlums . . .

SPIKE It's my tree . . .

SFX: TOUGH KID AND SPIKE ARGUING,  
WALLAH

LAMONT Hey now wait a minute, one at a time

SPIKE I saw it in the gutter . . .

LAMONT Listen young man I suggest that you run  
along and let's Spike have his tree

~~TOUGH KID Who's gonna make me?~~

~~LAMONT Why you young rascalion . . .~~

~~MARGO Lamont, remember, peace on Earth . . .~~

~~TOUGH KID I'll get you Spike when you haven't got  
your gang with you.~~

~~LAMONT AND (Laugh)~~

~~MARGO~~

~~MARGO What a feature for the society column,  
"The well-known club man, Lamont  
Cranston, seen brawling . . ."~~

SFX: IMPACT OF SNOWBALL ON MARGO'S  
HAT

~~TOUGH KID (Laughing in distance)~~

~~MARGO Why that . . . he hit me with a  
snowball!~~

~~LAMONT Remember, Margo . . . Peace on Earth.~~

~~MARGO Well if you're a half a man you do  
something about it.~~

LAMONT

~~Never let it be said . . .~~

MARGO

~~Well here you're not gonna throw a snowball at him?~~

LAMONT

~~It wouldn't look well if I shot him would it? (Exhales with effort of throwing a snowball.)~~

SPIKE

~~What a throw!~~

TOUGH KID

~~Ouch! Hey who do you think you are, Lefty Gomez or something? I'll get you Spike.~~

MARGO

~~(Laughs)~~

SPIKE

~~Thank you Mister.~~ It isn't even a good Christmas tree.

MARGO

Oh, Spike it's a beautiful tree!

MARGO

Hasn't got many needles, but you gotta have a Christmas tree when you got a girl in the house.

LAMONT

You're right, Kingsley.

SPIKE

Kingsley? Have you been talking to my sister?

LAMONT

Yes.

SPIKE

Nothing's happened to my dad yet has it?

LAMONT

Why of course not. We know your dad's missing so we just came down to help.

MARGO                   Have you any idea where your father is, Spike?

SPIKE                   Well, geez he'll show up.

LAMONT                 Have you been to the place where he works.

SPIKE                   You mean where he used to work. That old skin flint Mr. Jordan won't let him work there anymore.

LAMONT                 I see. Have you asked the police for help?

SPIKE                   ~~That's just the problem, Mr. Cranston, I can't.~~

~~MARGO                 Why not, Spike?~~

~~SPIKE                   Oh . . . It's kind of private, I . . .~~

~~MARGO                 Well here, you must tell us or we won't be able to help you.~~

SPIKE                   ~~Oh . . . well, alright. See,~~ I went there yesterday and Mr. Jordan said he hadn't seen Dad and when he did he was going to have him thrown in jail.

MARGO                   What?

SPIKE                   Yeah . . . Mr. Jordan said my Dad did something to the books, or something, and that he was, ah, thief. My Dad wouldn't do anything like that.

LAMONT                 I'm sure he wouldn't, Spike.

SPIKE                    You bet he wouldn't. Especially 'cause that business really belongs to him and it's supposed to belong to me some day when I get big. If anybody's a thief, it's that old skin flint Mr. Jordan.

LAMONT                 Now look Spike, the first thing we've got to do is to find your father.

SPIKE                    Yeah.

LAMONT                 The best thing to do is to get the police to help us.

SPIKE                    Oh, but maybe they'll arrest him.

LAMONT                 But you and I both know that your Dad didn't do anything wrong.

SPIKE                    Yeah, that's right maybe they can find him huh maybe they can find him.

LAMONT                 I'm sure they can. You tell me what he looks like then you and Miss Lane go in the house and I'll go to police headquarters.

~~MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, THEN DUCK  
AND CONTINUE UNDER THE FOLLOWING~~

~~LAMONT                 Good evening Sergeant Murphy.~~

~~MURPHY                Well, well. Season's greetings Dear Mr  
Cranston.~~

~~LAMONT                Same to you. Ah, Sergeant, Kingsley  
Grover senior has been missing for two  
days.~~

~~MURPHY Eh, tell me what he looks like and we'll start lookin'.~~

~~LAMONT His son Spike told me that he was five feet ten weighed about 165 was wearing brown overalls.~~

~~MURPHY Callin' all cars. Calling' all cars. Missing since last Friday Kingsley Grover senior. Height five feet . . .~~

~~MUSIC: UP~~

~~VOICE ON Harbor Patrol.~~  
~~TELEPHONE~~

~~MURPHY This is headquarters. We're looking for Kingsley Grover, Senior. Height, 5 feet ten . . . weight~~

~~MUSIC: UP~~

~~VOICE ON City Morgue~~  
~~TELEPHONE~~

~~MURPHY This is headquarters callin'. Have you got a stiff on ice about five feet ten, weight . . .~~

~~MUSIC: UP THEN FADE OUT~~

~~LAMONT Hello Louie.~~

LOUIE Hello Mr Cranston did you find out anything about Spike's old man at Police Headquarters?

LAMONT No, not yet. Ms. Lane's still in the house?



~~SFX: DOOR CLOSING.~~

SPIKE Look it, Jamie, we'll find him in time for Christmas.

~~MUSIC: UP FOR A TRANSITION~~

~~ANNOUNCER And still the search for Spike's father goes on. The machine of the police looking, looking everywhere. Hours pass and no word. Now we find Kingsley growing up to old Mr. Jordan's office.~~

~~SFX: DOOR OPENING~~

~~SPIKE Mr. Jordan . . .~~

~~SFX: DOOR CLOSING.~~

~~JORDAN Who is it? Ahhh, oh . . . it's you is it. Get out of here!~~

~~SPIKE Please tell me where my father is.~~

~~JORDAN I don't know where that thievin' father of your is. If I did . . .~~

~~SPIKE He's not a thief. I anybody's a thief you are . . .~~

~~JORDAN You shut your lyin' dirty mouth . . .~~

~~SPIKE You stole my Father's business . . . he should be here not you!~~

~~JORDAN I'll slash you within an inch of your life you little rattlesnake . . .~~

~~SFX: CANE HITS SPIKE~~

~~JORDAN Take that . . .~~

~~SPIKE (CRIES OUT) Please don't hit me with that cane again. Please.~~

~~JORDAN Ahh . . . you don't like it aye? Take that . . .~~

~~SFX: CANE HITS SPIKE AGAIN~~

~~SPIKE Please stop it. (CRIES)~~

~~JORDAN Go on. Get out. Get out.~~

~~MUSIC: UP FOR TRANSITION~~

~~SFX: DOOR OPENS. SPIKE ENTERS, CRYING.~~

~~MARGO (SURPRISED) Spike! What's the matter?~~

~~JAMIE Kingsley, you're hurt.~~

~~LAMONT You poor kid. How did you get that red welt across your cheek?~~

~~SPIKE Mr. Jordan hit me with his cane.~~

~~MARGO Oh, you poor child. Come here and I'll wash it out.~~

~~SPIKE (SOBS)~~

~~LAMONT Oh . . . now we have to plan what we're gonna' do. Have you any suggestions Spike?~~

SPIKE Only one, Mr. Cranston.

LAMONT What's that?

SPIKE Well, it sounds . . . it sounds kind of silly maybe even to try it but you see, Dad and me, I mean Dad and I, we always used to walk up the avenue on Christmas Eve . . . (EXCLAIMS)

~~MARGO Oh, it stings a little doesn't it?  
Sorry.~~

SPIKE Well anyway we'd look in the store windows and we'd see what we'd buy for ourselves and Jamie and Mother when she was alive. We had all the money we wanted. I thought I'd walk up the Avenue tonight . . . well I guess it sounds kind of silly . . . but I, I would like to . . .

LAMONT That's a wonderful idea, Kingsley. And Margo . . .

MARGO Yes Lamont . . .

LAMONT Why don't you go along and take a pencil and paper and write down all the things Spike would like for himself and his sister, eh?

SPIKE We never did that.

LAMONT No? Well, just think what fun you'd have take talking it over with Jamie afterwards if you had a list.

SPIKE Gee, that's right. Let's go. And you know . . . we might even run into Dad.

LAMONT Well, sure you might.

SPIKE Aren't you coming with us Mr Cranston?

LAMONT Well, yes of course. I . . . I'll join you on the Avenue but uh first I want to get the police station again and check up.

SPIKE Oh . . . Jamie . . .

JAMIE (FROM ACROSS THE ROOM) Yes, Kingsley?

SPIKE You better stay here and watch those cookies don't burn again.

JAMIE All right.

LAMONT I'll be with you in a little while.

~~MUSIC: UP FOR A TRANSITION~~

JORDAN Well I guess I can close the books for tonight . . . huh . . . I've had a good year.

~~SFX: SHOP DOOR BELL RINGS.~~

JORDAN Who's there? Hmm . . . no one. Well, I guess I'll give myself a Christmas present of a new latch for the door.  
~~That Grover brat must have left it open. He's too smart that boy. Ah, you don't have to worry about any Groovers ever again Simon Jordan.~~ (LAUGHS) Simon Jordan. Ahh, that's going to look fine

in new gilt letters on the door instead of Grovers Importin' Company. Hey, you're pretty slick Simon Jordan.  
(LAUGHS) These books are fixed so cleverly that even the Supreme Court couldn't tell that Simon Jordan didn't own this company.

SFX: SIMON JORDAN LAUGHS. HIS LAUGH  
CROSS FADES TO THAT OF THE SHADOW

JORDAN                    Hey . . . what was that? Who said that?

SHADOW                    No one said anything, Simon Jordan. I was just enjoying your joke with you.

JORDAN                    Where are you? I can hear your voice.

SHADOW                    Of course you can hear my voice Simon Jordan. But you can't see me. I'm in the shadows. The shadows of your mind.

JORDAN                    Go away. Go away from me.

SHADOW                    I thought you might be lonely.

JORDAN                    No, I'm not, go away from me . . .

SHADOW                    I came to ask you about the Grovers.

JORDAN                    Hey . . . What do you know about the Grovers?

SHADOW                    Enough Simon Jordan. Enough to know that your altered books would not fool the Supreme Court.

JORDAN                   Aye . . . you're . . . you're not a  
spirit are you?

SHADOW                   In a sense yes. I try to represent the  
spirit of honesty and justice. ~~And when  
Simon Jordan Beats a child with his  
cane, steals from the father of that  
child like a low speaking thief, then I  
must talk to Simon Jones.~~

JORDAN                   I am not a thief.

SHADOW                   No. I should not disgrace thieves by  
calling you one of them.

JORDAN                   Hey . . .

SHADOW                   You're a man too mean to be a thief,  
Jordan. What do you want from this  
world?

JORDAN                   It's none of your business what I want.

SHADOW                   I'll tell you you want. Money nothing  
but money. I feel sorry for you Simon  
Jordan. I'm going to go now but I want  
to leave one thought with you . . .

JORDAN                   Ehh . . .

SHADOW                   You're an old man. You don't have much  
longer to live. All your life's work is  
your money. It's rather an empty victory  
isn't it? You're alone in the world.  
Your money doesn't do anyone any good  
Simon Jordan.

JORDAN                   Ehh . . .

SHADOW But you can rest easy in your shriveled soul because the Grovers will be taken care of. The Shadow will take care of them.

JORDAN The Shadow!?

~~MUSIC: FOR A TRANSITION~~

~~SFX: CAR DRIVING DOWN A STREET,  
HEARD FROM INSIDE~~

LAMONT There they are Louie! Stop here. Margo! Spike! Hello.

~~SFX: CATHEDRAL BELLS IN THE  
BACKGROUND.~~

MARGO Oh hello here Lamont!

LAMONT Hi, I thought I'd never pick you up.

MARGO We were beginning to wonder too.

~~SPIKE How are things down at the Police  
Station?~~

~~LAMONT Well, not much news yet Spike. But  
they've got a couple of leads that might  
amount to something.~~

~~SPIKE That's good.~~

LAMONT Are you pretty near the end of your Christmas Eve walk, Spike?

SPIKE Got one more stop. Pop and me always stopped in here at the Cathedral, you know, just to get out of the cold for a

minute. You don't have to be afraid.  
They'll let you in.

LAMONT If you take us they will, Spike.

SPIKE Up these steps.

~~MARGO Lamont, I didn't know there were as many windows in town. I'm dead. I've got a list of present as long as . . . ohh! . . . as your arm.~~

~~SPIKE Don't slip Miss Lane.~~

~~LAMONT I hope you've got a preferred list.~~

~~MARGO Oh, I have.~~

SPIKE Here. In here. Boy, this door is heavy.

MUSIC: INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL. IT SWELLS WHEN THE DOOR IS OPENED. IT CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

SPIKE We can stand back here and listen.

LAMONT All right, Spike.

MARGO Look Lamont. That poor man over there in the corner.

LAMONT (Considering the man) Yeesss.

SPIKE Mr. Cranston . . . it's my Dad . . .

LAMONT What?

SPIKE . . . It's my Dad.

SFX: SPIKE'S FOOTSTEPS ON THE  
CATHEDRAL FLOOR TOWARD HIS FATHER

SPIKE                   Daddy! Dad speak to me. It's Kingsley .  
                              . . He won't speak to me.

LAMONT                 Mr. Grover?

MR. GROVER            Hhmmm?

LAMONT                 Mr. Grover. This is your son. Don't you  
                              know him?

SPIKE                   Dad?!

MR. GROVER            I . . . can't remember.

LAMONT                 Margo . . . this man has been hurt.

MARGO                 Let's get him outside, Lamont.

LAMONT                 Do you remember your name sir?

SPIKE                   There's something wrong with him.

MR. GOVER             My name?

LAMONT                 You must try to remember.

MR. GROVER            Truck! Skidding. Hit me. I . . .

LAMONT                 Ohh . . . Why did you come to the  
                              Cathedral tonight?

MR. GROVER            It's . . . ahh . . . Christmas Eve. We  
                              always come here.

LAMONT                ~~Who is we?~~

~~MR. GROVER~~

~~I can't remember.~~

~~MUSIC: UP AND THEN TO A CLOSE~~

LAMONT

Well Louie, did Miss Lane leave some packages with you?

LOUIE

Did she leave some packages . . . did she leave some? She dumped 'em in the back of the hack and went to the kids. He had, Spike I mean, was talking all the way down about your father's old man. Is that the kid's old man with ya?

LAMONT

Yes, he's . . . in pretty good shape now.

LOUIE

Ahh, gee, that's the max now, that certainly is.

LAMONT

Now Louie, don't forget to bring those packages in when I call you. All right, now Mr. Grover, just lean on me. ~~You're still a little bit shaky.~~

~~MR. GROVER~~

~~I know it.~~

~~LAMONT~~

~~Now watch the step.~~

~~MR. GOVER~~

~~I'm all right now, thank you.~~

LAMONT

~~Ahh . . . you're fine now.~~ All right. You go first.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE OPENS

MR. GOVER

Merry Christmas children

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

JAMIE Oh, Daddy . . .

MR. GROVER How is the Lady of the house?

JAMIE Oh, just wonderful now that you're here, Daddy. And I made Christmas cookies too!

MR. GROVER Fine. Fine. And how about you young man? How have you been behaving

SPIKE I've been getting along all right.

~~MR. GROVER Hey where did you get that nasty welt across your cheek? You haven't been in the fight have you son?~~

~~SFX: KNOCK ON FRONT DOOR.~~

~~MARGO I'll go.~~

~~SPIKE No sir. It was only an accident.~~

~~SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS.~~

MR. GOVER Mr. Jordan! What are you doing here?

JORDAN I . . . ahh . . . came to speak on a matter of business.

MR. GROVER I don't believe this is the occasion for a business discussion.

JORDAN Oh, I think it 'tis Mr Grover. In going over the books tonight I found that a great and terrible mistake has been made.

MR. GROVER Huh?

JORDAN                   The Grover Importing Company has been making more money than I thought and over half of it is rightfully yours as partner in the company.

MR. GROVER              Partner?

JORDAN                   Yes, part owner and I hope you will find it within your heart to forget any misunderstandings we may have had and that you will take over the responsibilities of partnership immediately. Yes. Yes. That's all I've got to say.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS

JORDAN                   Good night, and, ahh, ahh, Merry Christmas to you all.

SFX: FRONT DOOR CLOSES

MARGO                   Oh . . . How can such an awful old man say such beautiful things?

LAMONT                  Well we haven't time to talk about whether he's awful or not. We have things to do.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENED WITH GUSTO.

LAMONT                  (CALLS OUT) Louie!

LOUIE                   You don't have to yell. You don't have to yell. I'm right here. I'm right here. I got all the stuff right with me.

LAMONT                  Good! Bring it right in.

JAMIE Oh, look presents! Are they for us?

SPIKE Quiet, Jamie. Of course they're not.

LAMONT Oh, of course they are, Kingsley.

SPIKE Oh, don't kid me Mr. Cranston.

MARGO He's not kidding, Spike.

MR. GROVER I don't know how I can ever repay you for what you Miss Lane and Mr Cranston have done tonight

LAMONT We've been more than repaid, I assure you and . . . ahh, Louie don't, don't bring that in here. I didn't tell you I wanted you to bring that in.

LOUIE Oh, it was my own idea and I'm not even gonna have to sneeze.

SFX: BOX OPENS AND PUPPY JUMPS OUT  
BARKING.

MARGO Oh, Lamont . . . you're a darling! Did you get that puppy?

LAMONT (SURPRISED) Well . . .uh . . . well yes

SPIKE Gee! Is that for us too?

MARGO (REALIZING THE SITUATION) Why . . . ohh, of course, Spike. Mr. Cranston got that for you as a surprise.

LAMONT Margo. Hear yee! Hear yee! It's about time for all three of you, and that means you too Mr Grover to sit down and

open some packages. We've got to go. You ready Margo? Uh, where's Louie?

MARGO He went outside.

LAMONT Merry Christmas to you all and to you all good night.

GROVER FAMILY Good night! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

SFX: OUTSIDE. CHURCH BELLS HEARD IN DISTANCE.

LAMONT Ahh . . . now Margo, earlier tonight we disagreed on our interpretation of Charity. Silly wasn't it?

MARGO I know what you mean Lamont.

LAMONT There should never be a thing called charity. There should never have been a necessity to create the word. In the short span we call our lives, if each man would only realize that every other man has dreams and hopes this world wouldn't be a topsy-turvy place. Then peace on Earth would be a fact. Good Will would be for every man.

LOUIE (SNEEZES)

LAMONT (LAUGHS) Is that you Louie?

LOUIE Who, me? Yeah yeah, Mr. Cranston.

MARGO Have you got a cold?

LOUIE Uhh, uhh. A box of books.

LAMONT Box of books? But . . . you brought that inside.

LOUIE Yeah yeah, but this is another one.

MARGO Another one?

LOUIE Yeah, another one. It's for you Miss Lane.

MARGO You mean it's another puppy?

LOUIE Yeah, it's my own idea. You see when I went by the pet shop and and the other pup's brother was in the window so I went in I pet him on the head. you know what he'd done, Mr. Cranston?

LAMONT No.

LOUIE He bit my finger! Oh, he's a card. So I had to go and get him from Miss Lane and I charged him to you I did.

**MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK**

**THE FUSEBOX BREAK**

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. We'll return to our Christmas Radio Sampler in just a moment. But first, let me introduce you to The Fusebox Show. Produced by Marc Rose, it's a different kind of radio storytelling, full of quirky conversation, quick wit, and commentary about current day events and news. It's

a radio show for everybody, but not everybody will like it. But I think you will. Here's a sample.

**SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER**

HOST Learn more, and subscribe to the podcast at *The Fusebox Show* website, thefuseboxshow dot com.

**MUSIC: RIR THEME, FADE UNDER AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING**

HOST We've listened to "The Stockings Were Hung," the December 24, 1939 episode of *The Shadow*. Bill Johnstone voiced The Shadow and Lamont Cranston. Marjorie Anderson was Margo Lane.

*The Shadow* began with a laugh. Our second sample begins with a whistle.

THE WHISTLER, "CHRISTMAS GIFT"

**SFX: WHISTLED THEME FROM "THE WHISTLER"**

HOST "The Whistler" was heard May 1942 to September 1955, primarily on the eight station CBS Radio Pacific Coast network. So, more than half the country could not listen to episodes. But seemingly everyone knew the famous whistle.

Each of the 770 episodes of this radio mystery series begins with a haunting 13-note whistle, performed by professional whistler Dorothy Roberts.

It's one of the most memorable melodies of golden age radio.

When The Whistler speaks, he promises a good story . . .

SFX: SAMPLE FROM "CHRISTMAS GIFT,"  
THE SHADOW.

SHADOW

I am The Whistler. And I know many things for I walk by night. I know many strange tales, many secrets hidden in the hearts and minds of men and women who have stepped into the shadows."

HOST

As listeners, we're hooked. Eager for more. And The Whistler delivers. In this episode he's the narrator standing outside the action, speaking as the conscience of a nightclub singer trying to escape a murder in which she had no part.

Listen, and enjoy, as we sample "Christmas Gift," the Christmas Eve, 1951 episode of *The Whistler*.

SFX: SAMPLES FROM "CHRISTMAS GIFT"  
EPISODE OF THE WHISTLER

MUSIC: THE WHISTLER WHISTLE

WHISTLER

I am The Whistler and I know many things for I walk by night. I know many strange tales hidden in the hearts of men and women who have stepped into the shadows. Yes, I know the nameless terrors of which they dare not speak.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

WHISTLER

Christmas was only a few hours away and Mary Winston couldn't help but marvel that its spirit could reach down and touch a cheap nightclub like Pete's Cantina on the outskirts of Panama City.

SFX: HARMONICA PLAYING "WHITE CHRISTMAS" IN BACKGROUND

WHISTLER

Sitting alone at a table she gazed at her tawdry surroundings and then from the bar at the far end of the club came the strains of a Christmas melody, a melody which brought back memories of happier Christmas Eves. Yes, the Christmas spirit is undying isn't it Mary? You watch the strolling soloist Sailor Reynolds nod as he comes closer and passes your table.

It's been three months now since you were hired as a singing hostess at Pete's Cantina. Three months that you've been billed as Candy Porter with no one not even the proprietor knowing your real identity, Mary Winston. At long last, as Candy Porter, you seem to be safely away from your past.

SFX: HARMONIC MUSIC ENDS

WHISTLER

As the music ends you look up aware suddenly Pete Cardenas, the rolling heavysset proprietor is approaching your table.

PETE Candy! Candy! Look. This American gentleman just came in he wants to buy you some champagne. Champagne! You hear?

MARY Please, I'm not in the mood tonight.

PETE Okay this looks like a big spender. If he wants to buy champagne . . .

MARY All right . . . all right.

WHISTLER You turn and see the tall heavysset American approach and suddenly become tense. After a year of running away you've learned to spot his kind in a moment haven't you Mary? You're certain he's a detective and now you have to fight to remain calm as he approaches.

PETE Sit down, Mr. Fontaine. Sit down.

FONTAINE Sure you don't mind, Miss Porter?

MARY Of course not.

FONTAINE Okay . . . and in that case I will.

PETE I'll go get the champagne. I keep it on ice. 11 years old too.

MARY Cigarette Mr. Fontaine?

FONTAINE No thanks.

MARY You don't mind if I do?

FONTAINE Oh, no no, of course not. Oh, here. Light?

MARY

Thanks.

FONTAINE

Well, this is very unusual for me, spending the Christmas season so far away from home.

MARY

Mm-hmm. How come?

FONTAINE

Business. Important business.

MARY

Couldn't it wait?

FONTAINE

No! This business means a lot to the . . . people I work for.

PETE

(LAUGHING) This is what you say, the bubble water. Ahh, from Marseilles. Thirteen years old.

MARY

You said eleven.

PETE

Ahh, that was from love. This is even better. Now I put it back in the ice if you want some more just call Pete. I've got more jus' like it.

FONTAINE

Well I guess it's a few hours early to say Merry Christmas, Miss Porter so I guess I'd better just say good luck.

MARY

Thanks. Here's hoping you find whatever you came here for.

FONTAINE

Oh, ahah, I've already found what I came for. You see. I came for you, Mary Winston.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC

WHISTLER

It's ironic isn't it Mary? A sorry Christmas gift after all the months of hiding. Running from one town and then another using a different name in each place but never your own, Mary Winston. These past three months. you've been known as Candy Porter singing hostess in Pete's Cantina here in Panama City. And now this detective sitting across from you has called you by your real name, Mary Winston. And you can't run, can you Mary? Facing Fontaine you decide this only one move you can make. That you've only one card left but if you play it wisely carefully it might prove to be an ace.

MARY

You say you came here after me, Mr. Fontaine?

FONTAINE

Mm-hmm.

MARY

I don't know what you mean.

FONTAINE

I think you do. And if I were you I'd be ready to leave for Los Angeles in the morning, Miss Winston.

MARY

Like the billing says my name is Candy Porter.

FONTAINE

I know what the billing says. I know what it said in Brooklyn when you were billed as Doris Trent and Denver when you were billed as Gladys James. But when you took a powder out of Los Angeles a year ago, you were Mary Winston.

**MARY** You know it's strange your mentioning Mary Winston. I was even thinking about her when you came in. A lot of other people have mistaken me for Mary Winston. We could have passed for twin sisters. She was my best friend. I could tell you a lot about her if you feel like listening.

**FONTAINE** Sure, sure, I'll listen. Go ahead and talk of it will make you feel any better. We can't get away until tomorrow morning, anyway. The more you tell now the less you'll have left to tell later.

**MARY** Thanks. You see Mr. Fontaine, Mary Winston was just a good kid who got a bad break. She was in love with a swell guy but scared to death of a hoodlum. It's an unusual story Mr. Fontaine.

**MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION**

**WHISTLER** It was an unusual story wasn't it, Mary? It began a year ago at a Christmas party given by your employers, the Southwestern Manufacturing Company in the Pink Room of the swank Wilchester Hotel and you were the hit of the evening. You sang three songs and went over big with your friends from the office who hadn't known of your talent but they all agreed you were fine and when the party was over you were feeling good. So good you decided to drop into the hotel cocktail hour, make a phone call or two and have a nightcap by yourself before going home. When you

finished your phoning you walk to a vacant stool at the bar

MARY Scotch and soda.

JOE Ahh, make mine the same, Bill.

BILL Got ya.

JOE I . . . ahhh . . . heard you sing tonight. You were terrific.

MARY Thanks.

JOE What's the matter? Did he stand you up?

MARY Who?

JOE The guy you were just talking to on the phone . . . ahh . . . no I guess he didn't stand you up.

MARY Didn't he?

JOE He's on his way here right now . . . lucky guy.

BILL Here ya are folks.

SFX: GLASSES PLACED ON BAR

JOE Take it outta here, Bill.

BILL Dollar eighty out of ten.

MARY Well now look here mister . . . ahh.

JOE Oh, take it easy it's practically Christmas what's the harm in my buying you one drink? Like I said, I liked your voice.

BILL Here's your change

JOE Thank you, Bill.

MARY You a detective, or a mind reader.

JOE Oh, you mean your name? It wasn't any trick to find that out. I just asked one of the boys I saw dancing with you. My name is Joe Collins. I see you've never heard of me.

MARY Should I have? Oh, now I get it you're a professional talent scout and want to get me into the movies.

JOE Nope. I'm a gambler. (PAUSE) Ahh, disapprove?

MARY Why? Live and Let live 's my motto and that's exactly what I'm gonna do right now?

JOE What?

MARY Live my life and let you live yours. Goodnight Mr. Collins. Just think, I can tell the girls at the office tomorrow I met a real live gambler.

JOE Uh, wait a minute you could tell them a lot more than that if you believed in your voice as much as I do.

MARY

Really?

JOE

Mm-hmm. You've heard of Domingo's out on Sunset haven't you?

MARY

It's an undercover gambling club club, isn't it?

JOE

It's more than a gambling Club. It's a swell floor show. A lot of big people go out there. People that . . . ah . . . count.

MARY

And all intimate friends of yours, I'm sure.

JOE

No . . . but I know quite a few. Some who could push you right to the top with that voice of yours.

MARY

Mr. Collins, this is the oldest line I ever hear.

JOE

It's not a line but skip it. Go on home listen to the radio, eat candy. You can have a terrific time. If you go to Domingo's with me you can't tell what might happen. You might have to meet a couple of show producers. Maybe even sing. So . . . ah . . . play it safe. Go on home. It may be dull but you always get to work on time.

MARY

Is that all you have to say?

JOE

Yeah that's all, except ahh . . .nighty-night.

MARY

Wait a minute.

JOE Yeah?

MARY Could we be back early.

JOE We'll leave any time you say.

MARY Well, what are we waiting for?

JOE Well now you're making sense. I'll call a cab.

MARY Well never mind I have a car it's parked right around the corner.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

WHISTLER Joe Collins used just the right approach, didn't he Mary. You realized you were being a fool but as the hours passed you told yourself your fears were groundless. Joe treated you with perfect courtesy. Introduced you to several people, including the producer of the floor show. You even sang a number which was well-received. Later, you watched the gambling for a while and then proceeded to the Silver Room to enjoy the second floor show. Afterwards, you had supper in the main dining room and watched the guests dancing. Then suddenly you've had enough.

MARY Joe, do you mind if we leave now.

JOE I said we'd leave anytime you said. What hit ya, the music?

MARY I guess that's it.

JOE Another guy?

MARY Another guy. My fiance, Dr. Frank Wilson.

JOE What happened to Dr. Wilson.

MARY He's in Korea.

JOE Marines?

MARY No Army doctor. It was his car we drove out here in.

JOE Ah . . . that's too bad. We could've had a lot of fun. Well, shall we go.

MARY Please.

MUSIC: FOR SCENE TRANSITION

JOE Hop in, unless you want me to drive.

MARY No, I'll drive.

JOE Good. We'll probably be safer that way.

SFX: AUTOMOBILE MOTOR STARTS

MUSIC: FOR SCENE TRANSITION

SFX: MOTOR NOISE UNDER THE FOLLOWING

WHISTLER As you drove towards your little apartment on Clinton Avenue you were glad your reckless little adventure was nearing its end. Everything had been fine so far but you couldn't throw off a

feeling of uneasiness. For a few miles Joe said little and then he seemed preoccupied and you were relieved when he finally broke his strange silence.

JOE Say, ahh, Mary, would you mind stopping for a minute that drive in? All of a sudden I got an awful headache. Maybe I can get some aspirin there, huh.

MARY I doubt it but we'll give it a try.

JOE Ahh, you can keep the motor running while I'm gone. I'll only be gone a few seconds.

MARY Okay.

SFX: PAUSE. THEN THREE GUNSHOTS.  
FOOTSTEPS RUNNING TO THE CAR.

MARY Why . . . (PAUSE) Joe!

JOE Get going.

MARY Joe you shot him.

JOE I said get going fast there's a gun in your ribs baby you just saw what happened the one guy that crossed me.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

SFX: MOTOR NOISE UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING

MARY Did you kill him?

JOE I don't know.

MARY You . . . oh why was I such a fool?

JOE Turn right at the next corner. A car's been tailing us for the last five minutes.

MARY I'm glad! I hope it the prowl car it'll save me the trouble of phoning the police.

JOE I said turn!

SFX: TIRES SCREECHING. MOTOR NOISE  
CONTINUES.

JOE Yeah, he didn't turn, baby. You know you shouldn't have said what you did about phonin' and the cops. Nobody but me and you knows about that drive in job. You just better pull over and park. We've got a couple of things to talk over. (PAUSE) I said pull over.

MARY Ohh . . . Please! Joe. Joe don't kill me . . . I know you can do it easy but I'll never tell about tonight.

JOE That's the way you feel now an hour from now you'll feel different.

MARY Oh no I won't! On my word of honor. I'll make a deal with you Joe. I'll trade you my silence for my life. I swear I won't talk about it ever.

JOE You sound like you really mean that.

**JOE** Why I do mean it Joe. I swear it. I swear it.

**JOE** You swear it, huh?

**MARY** Yes, Joe. I swear it.

**JOE** Well, I'm not being very smart but I'm gonna take a chance. You drove the getaway car so I guess that makes us partners anyway. Yeah you know partner we ought to have a lot of fun together. Now how about dropping me off at my place.

SFX: MOTOR STARTS

**MARY** Tell me where to go.

**JOE** I live about six blocks from here. Just turn to the right at the next . . .

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

**WHISTLER** After you dropped Joe and reached your apartment you were so weak you could hardly stand. You literally fell into bed. You tried to sleep but sleep was impossible. Early the following morning you heard the news boys shoving the morning paper under your apartment door.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS APARTMENT FLOOR

**WHISTLER** You hurried across the room and looked at the front page. Headlines and stories sickened you.

**MARY**

Drive in manager shot in attempted hold up dies. Unidentified man and woman seen fleeing from scene of crime in dark green 49 model sedan. Pedestrian believes he can identify car.

MUSIC: UP THEN DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING

**WHISTLER**

There it was Mary. Your situation looked hopeless didn't it. You felt you must keep your word to Joe Collins. But you knew you must never see him again. Only one avenue seemed open to you. You had to leave town . . . disappear. You dressed hurriedly. Packed a few belongings. Withdrew your savings from the bank. And by noon were on an eastbound plane for New York. You decided to take advantage of your voice and become a professional entertainer. The first few weeks you auditioned almost daily with negative results but finally after three months you were singing at the Golden Lion, a prosperous little nightclub in Brooklyn, New York. After a shaky start, you became a featured performer under the name of Doris Trent. As the weeks went by your work improved. You became sure of yourself. And one night you noticed Vern Shields, famous musical comedy producer, in the audience. His presence seemed to inspire you and you went over better than ever. Afterwards, in your dressing room, you wondered what he thought of your voice.

SFX: KNOCKING ON DRESSING ROOM DOOR

WHISTLER                    You were certain that your visitor was Vern Shields, weren't you Mary?

MARY                        Come in . . .

SFX: DOOR OPENS

MARY                        (SURPRISED) Ahh . . .

JOE                         Well, long time no see, Miss Trent. Doris Trent it says on the program.

MARY                        Joe!

JOE                         I'm surprised you recognized me. I thought you'd forgotten me.

MARY                        Alright Joe you found me now what's on your mind?

JOE                         You double-crossed me, baby.

MARY                        Are you crazy? That's why I left town, so I wouldn't even have to talk to anybody.

JOE                         You wrote the police though, didn't you?

MARY                        Oh, you're wrong Joe. I didn't write anybody.

JOE                         It had to be you. It couldn't have been anybody else. Two days after you left they picked me up for questioning.

MARY                        It wasn't me. I've kept my word with you Joe.

JOE                    Yeah, well there's one way you can convince me.

MARY                 How?

JOE                    Marry me, tonight.

MARY                 Marry you?

JOE                    Mm-hmm. That way I'll be sure of you. Wives can't testify against their husbands. Besides I'll know what you're doing all the time.

MARY                 Look, Joe. I gotta do my show. Let's talk this over in the morning.

JOE                    Tonight! We're going up to Connecticut. Go ahead and do your show. Only if you've got any ideas about calling the cops don't forget you drove the getaway car. And in case anything happens to me there's a written confession in my pocket telling exactly how you helped me pull the job, how we used your boyfriend's car, how you kept the motor running waiting for me.

MARY                 You've thought of everything haven't you!

JOE                    Everything! So don't try anything. Now go ahead and do your show. I'll wait for you here.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION

WHISTLER            You started down the hallway, turned toward the powder room off stage.

Suddenly you realize what a fool you've been. But you made up your mind not to keep on being a fool didn't you, Mary? Not with that wall telephone just five steps ahead of you.

MARY Operator, get me Police Headquarters and hurry.

JOE Better hang up quick baby, I mean quick!

SFX: TELEPHONE HANG UP

JOE I had a hunch you'd try to double-cross me now I know for sure who wrote that note to the cops.

MARY I didn't, Joe, honest I didn't.

JOE You just try to call 'em didn't you? All of a sudden I've lost interest in getting married. We're just gonna take a little ride, now come on baby.

MARY (RESISTING) No, no Joe, I'm not moving a foot. Not an inch.

JOE Come on!

MARY (SHOUTING) Let go of my arm!

EDDIE Hey! What's going on here? Something wrong, Doris? This guy bothering ya?

MARY Yes, he is. He wants to date me. Tell him to leave will you, Eddie?

**EDDIE** Well maybe I better take him into the office and call the cops.

**MARY** No thanks, Eddie, there is no need for that. He's just another wolf. Tell him to leave. That's good enough.

**EDDIE** You heard what the lady said, Bub. Start traveling.

**JOE** Okay, Pop, anything you say. I'll see the lady later. I'll be parked right across the street, Miss Trent.

**EDDIE** You shoulda let me call the cops.

**MARY** I would have if he hadn't had you covered with a gun.

**EDDIE** Wha . . .! Oh see. Schee . . . thanks kid. I guess you saved my life.

**MARY** Forget it. Look, Eddie, I . . . I got to get out of town and fast.

**EDDIE** After what you just did for me getting you out of town is a cinch. Grab some clothes while I phone my wife I'm bringing you home. We'll go out the rear entrance. My car's on the lot next door. Tomorrow I'll call a friend of mine in Denver. He'll put you to work right away. You better change your name though.

**MARY** That'll be easy. I'm getting used to it.

**MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE**

SFX: PETE'S CANTINA SURROUNDINGS

MARY So, Mr. Fontaine, that's where I met Mary Winston. In Denver. At the Hyatt Club, billed as Gladys James. She was there for quite a while . . . roomed with me. Then she left . . .

SFX: FINGER SNAP

MARY . . . just like that, one night. When a waiter told her some guy wanted to interview her for a magazine she figured it was Joe Collins again. That's the last I ever saw of her.

FONTAINE That's the end of the story?

MARY That's the end.

FONTAINE (DISBELIEVING) And Mary Winston told you all this?

MARY Well, we were close friends.

FONTAINE Heh! I'll say you were.

MARY You don't believe me do you?

FONTAINE If you were in my position would you believe a story like that?

MARY No . . . I don't suppose I would.

MUSIC: END OF SCENE

WHISTLER Well Mary, it looks as though you've lost doesn't it? That your show wasn't good enough. The man across the table,

the detective you're certain has come to take you back to Los Angeles, to stand trial for a murder you had nothing to do with, doesn't believe you. You're certain that the jury in Los Angeles won't believe you not after you're running away, your phony names. Your present surroundings. You're sure Joe Collins has been captured. That the authorities have read his confession. That he's trumped your last card. Ruined forever your hopes of eventual reunion with the man you still love, Dr. Frank Wilson. Yes, Mary it looks as though you've lost. But you're going to play the game through to the end anyhow.

SFX: "WHITE CHRISTMAS" PLAYED ON A HARMONICA IN BACKGROUND

**WHISTLER** "White Christmas." If Sailor Reynolds knew what that song did to you, the memories it brings back, he'd play something else, wouldn't he Mary? As Fontaine gazes into space and drums his fingers silently on the table, you watch him closely, await his next words.

**FONTAINE** How long did you say you've been here?

**MARY** I didn't say, but I got here about three months ago.

**FONTAINE** You like it here?

**MARY** No . . .

FONTAINE That's what I figured. Hey look . . .  
Miss . . .

MARY Cigarette Mr. Fontaine?

FONTAINE Yeah thanks.

MARY Light?

FONTAINE Uh-hmm.

SFX: LIGHTS CIGARETTE, EXHALES  
FIRST PUFF.

FONTAINE Thanks again, Miss Porter . . .

MARY Did you say . . . Porter?

FONTAINE That's what you said your name was,  
wasn't it? That's what the billing says  
too, isn't it?

MARY You mean you believe me?

FONTAINE You sounded straight to me. Well looks  
as though I came a long way for nothing,  
doesn't it? Still, I'm kind of glad I  
came. I always figured that confession  
they found on Joe Collins' body was a  
phony.

MARY Joe Collins? Is Joe Collins dead?

FONTAINE Yeah. The Brooklyn police got him one  
night about five months ago. A woman  
called the police from a little  
nightclub, The Golden Lion Club. She  
hung up before they answered the phone  
but the Brooklyn boys decided to

investigate anyway. One of them spotted Collins in the car park across the street. He got trigger happy and that was that.

MARY Joe Collins . . . finished.

FONTAINE Right. Well, Miss Porter if you ever run into Mary Winston . . .

MARY I'll tell her all about the Christmas gift I got from a swell detective named Fontaine.

FONTAINE (LAUGHS) Well, no, I'm just a private detective Miss Porter but the police gave me the tip that you . . . ahh . . . I mean Marry Winston might be working here.

MARY Oh, then, they knew . . .

FONTAINE A man named Wilson hired me for the case. A Dr. Frank Wilson.

MARY Frank Wilson?

FONTAINE Um-hmm. Yeah, he's out of the Army now. Still very much in love with Mary Winston. Doesn't care where she's been. Just wants her to come back and marry him.

MARY He must be quite a guy.

FONTAINE Yeah he's okay. Oh incidentally, do you think you'll ever see Miss Winston again?

MARY Yes I do.

FONTAINE Well, do you think she might come back to Los Angeles sometime and clear things up with the police? Make the doctor happy.

MARY I'm sure she will . . . someday. You see a girl like Mary gets to feel a little soiled after working in joints like this. She'll probably want to spend a year or so in cleaner surroundings. Maybe out in the desert. Sort of freshening up before going home, seeing anyone she cared about.

FONTAINE Yeah. From what you said I expect she would. Well. I might as well be gettin' along. Merry Christmas Miss Porter. Happy New Year.

MUSIC: THE WHISTLER WHISTLE

ANNOUNCER Featured in tonight's story where Bill Foreman as The Whistler, Betty Lou Gerson, Bill Conrad, Bill Boucher, Marvin Miller, and Brett Wood on the harmonica. The Whistler was produced and directed by George W. Allen with story by ed Bloodworth. Music by Wilbur Hatch. And was transcribed and transmitted overseas by the Armed Forces Radio Service. The Whistler was entirely fictional and all characters portrayed on the Whistler are also fictional. Any similarity of names or resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

MUSIC: MYSTERIOUS MUSIC FADES TO  
CLOSE

HOST That was "Christmas Gift, the December 24, 1951, episode of *The Whistler*. Bill Foreman was The Whistler. William Conrad was Joe Collins. Bill Bouchett was Detective Fontaine. And Betty Lou Gerson was Mary Winston.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH AND  
FADE UNDER AND OUT

THE RIR BREAK

MUSIC: RIR THEME. ESTABLISH, THEN  
FADE OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. With each episode we explore radio storytelling using voice, sound effects, and music. Here are some examples . . .

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO  
TRAILER

HOST More information and listening opportunities are available at our website--reimaginedradio DOT net

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MUSIC: RIR THEME, RETURN. FADE OUT  
UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

GUNSMOKE, "CHRISTMAS STORY"

HOST Time now for our final Christmas sample, the one that begins with a gun shot. But more than just a gun shot, this one is legendary.

SFX: OPENING FROM GUNSMOKE.

HOST That gunshot is from *Gunsmoke*, heard on CBS Radio, June 1952 to June 1961.

*Gunsmoke* was developed by producer Norman Macdonnell and writer John Meston as an adult Western dealing realistically with the hard realities of life in and around Dodge City, Kansas Territory, in the late 1800s.

*Gunsmoke* is one of the longest running radio dramas and arguably, radio's last great dramatic series. The writing and acting is superb. The sound effects and background soundscapes are subtle, realistic, and immersive. The gun shot in the opening sequence is a legendary industry standard sound effect. The music theme, "Old Trails," aka "Boothill," composed and conducted by Rex Koury, is iconic.

So is the voice of William Conrad, which defines the series. Conrad voiced thousands of other radio characters in his career, including that of Joe Collins, the criminal, in the episode of *The Whistler* heard earlier.

Here, Conrad voices Matt Dillon, U.S. Marshall in Dodge City. He's as hard as worn saddle leather. A loner. Isolated. But it's Christmas, and Marshall Dillon has a chance to appreciate his friendships and connections in Dodge City.

Let's listen to "Christmas Story," the December 20, 1952 episode of *Gunsmoke*.

SFX: SAMPLES FROM GUNSMOKE, "CHRISTMAS STORY," DEC. 20, 1952.

SFX: MUSIC, HOOFBEATS, AND A GUNSHOT

ANNOUNCER

Around Dodge City and the territory on west, there's just one way to handle the killers and the spoilers, and that's with a U.S. Marshall and the smell of GUNSMOKE.

SFX: THEME MUSIC TO A CLIMAX

ANNOUNCER

Gunsmoke, the story of the violence that moved West with young America; the story of a man who moved with it: Matt Dillon, United States Marshall.

SFX: THEME UP AND FADE INTO A LIGHTER STORY-TELLING MELODY UNDER

MATT

Everything was alright until about a mile north of the Cimarron. That's when my horse got a hoof caught in a frozen dog hole and broke his leg. So, I had to shoot him. It made me feel awful bad. I didn't feel any better thinking about

~~the walk ahead of me. Close to 40 miles to Dodge and carrying my saddle all the way. I guess I'd been on the trail about an hour. Near as I can figure it was around 3 in the afternoon when I eased the saddle off my shoulders for a rest and a smoke.~~

~~And that's when I saw a stranger riding up from the way I'd come. And he was tall and thin. His horse was taller and even thinner. Yeah, they made quite a pair.~~

SFX: HORSE HOOVES APPROACHING; FADE  
MUSIC OUT; HORSE WHINNIES

AMOS

Hi.

MATT

How are ya?

AMOS

You lost?

MATT

No. My horse busted his leg a-way back. I'm on my way to Dodge.

AMOS

Oh, that's your horse, huh? I saw it.

MATT

Yeah.

AMOS

On your way to Dodge, heh?

MATT

Yeah, that's right.

AMOS

~~Eh...Got any more 'o that tobacco?~~

MATT

~~Yeah, sure.~~

~~SFX: FOOTSTEPS~~

~~MATT Here y' are.~~

~~AMOS Thanks. Thanks a lot.~~

~~MATT That's okay.~~

~~AMOS Kind of a big walk you got ahead, ain't it?~~

~~MATT Kinda.~~

~~AMOS It's gonna be dark soon; you thinkin' a makin' camp?~~

~~MATT Yeah, that's the idea.~~

~~AMOS Um hmm... Well, it's too bad... You need any food?~~

~~MATT Na, no thanks. I've got enough.~~

~~AMOS Well, I thank you for the tobacco.~~

~~MATT Sure; any time.~~

~~SFX: HORSE HOOVES CLIP-CLOP AWAY  
AND RETURN~~

~~AMOS Hey!~~

~~MATT Yeah?~~

~~AMOS Not saying this beast won't drop dead from the shock, but d'ya want to climb on behind? Save ya a piece of boot leather for a while anyway...~~

~~MATT Well, I'd be much obliged if you think that animal of yours can carry us.~~

~~AMOS Well, she won't mind. She shoulda been dead a long time ago, 'cept she don't know it. She don't mind.~~

MATT Well okay, thanks.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS OVER TO HORSE.

~~MATT Say, here; will ya hold my saddle till I get up, huh?~~

~~AMOS Sure. Give it here.~~

MATT (Straining to get up.)

~~AMOS Can you manage the saddle?~~

MATT ~~Yeah, I got it.~~ Well, let's go!

SFX: HEAVY HORSE HOOVES CONTINUE

UNDER:

MATT You headin' for Dodge, too?

AMOS Not in particular. Just north.

MATT Ah-huh.

~~AMOS This beast will do about 10 knots with the wind behind her, but we ain't gonna get more'n five with this load.~~

AMOS You ain't in no hurry, are ya?

**MATT** Well, I huh, I was kinda hopin' to get there tonight. It's Christmas Eve, ya know?

**AMOS** Oh, yeah, that's right, idn't it?

**MATT** Yeah.

**AMOS** ~~That backbone o' her's sticking into ya?~~

**MATT** ~~Oh, no; it's okay; thanks.~~

**AMOS** ~~Notice that tin dojigger tied to ya. You the law?~~

**MATT** ~~Yeah, yeah. I'm a U.S. Marshall. My name's Matt Dillon.~~

**AMOS** ~~That so? I never seen a Marshall on foot.~~

**MATT** ~~Well, it happens sometimes.~~

**AMOS** ~~How is it you're down this way? Ain't it a mite off your course? Hmm? You Marshall down here as well as Dodge?~~

**MATT** ~~No, No, I -- I just took a prisoner across the Cimarron into Oklahoma territory. Turned him over to the Army there.~~

**AMOS** ~~Did, eh?~~

~~SFX: DRAMATIC MUSIC SPIKE AND DOWN UNDER:~~

**MATT** ~~And then he shut up tight. We must've ridden a couple of miles without a word. I got to thinking about Dodge and~~

~~Chester, Doc, Kitty and the rest of 'em.  
You know, there's something pretty  
special about any place at  
Christmastime. The backbone of the  
stranger's nag was just about to split  
me in two when he talked up.~~

AMOS My name is Cowley . . .

MATT Ahh?

AMOS Amos Cowley.

SFX: HORSE SNORTING AND NEIGHING  
LOUDLY

~~AMOS We'd better heave to a spell. She's  
breathin' mighty hot. Alright, hold up!~~

SFX: HORSE STOPS... THEY DISMOUNT.

~~MATT Well, it's gettin' a little chilly,  
isn't it?~~

~~AMOS Yeah. Uhm, could I trouble you for  
another smoke?~~

~~MATT Oh, sure. Sure. Here y' are.~~

~~AMOS I thank you. ....Say....~~

~~MATT Hmm?~~

~~AMOS What's it like... in Dodge?~~

~~MATT What?~~

~~AMOS Dodge. What's it like?~~

~~MATT Aw, it's like any other town, I guess.~~

~~AMOS Pretty big, huh?~~

~~MATT Well, yeah, I guess so.. not so big as New York, though.~~

~~AMOS Oh, No.~~

~~MATT Not as big as that.~~

~~AMOS You know, I haven't been in a big town now for more'n 10 years.~~

~~MATT Oh, is that so?~~

~~AMOS Nope. Been down the territories. Driftin'. Thought I'd move up north this time. Maybe go back East.~~

~~MATT Oh, you're from the East, huh?~~

~~AMOS Sometime back.~~ Say, what's it like?

MATT What?

AMOS Dodge; any town...at..at Christmas? Same's it used to be?

MATT Well, I-I guess so!

AMOS What do you do?

MATT Well, same as most people, I guess. What most people do at Christmas.

AMOS Well, that ain't sayin' a lot. What're the folks like, and what does it look

like? I- I'd I'd just kinda like to know.

MATT Well, I-I don't know. Well, there's Front Street, uh, that's most of Dodge right now, 'course, it's getting bigger all the time.

AMOS You have any kids?

MATT No-No, I--I'm not married.

AMOS Eh... Kids . . . have fun at Christmas.

MATT Yeah, yeah, they do. That's certain. In Dodge, they sometimes have a party for the kids a couple 'a days before Christmas. The kids like that, and then everybody gets feelin' good, lookin' forward to Christmas Eve. Like last year.

SFX: CHEERY, WESTERN-Y CHRISTMAS  
MUSIC UNDER

MATT There was snow on the ground, but the sky was clear; you--ya could even see the stars. I was goin' down the street to the Texas Trail to meet Doc and Chester. Chester, he's my deputy, and Doc's the doctor in town. We had some work to do later on in the evening. You could see the light shining behind the curtained windows, and almost everybody had a sprig of holly berries hanging up. They got some from the East a couple 'o days earlier. ~~I remember runnin' into John Bumby. He's a kind of general~~

~~handyman in Dodge. He never says much,  
but heh- he sure had a lot to say that  
night.~~

~~SFX: MUSIC OUT~~

~~JOHN Oh, hello, Marshall!~~

~~MATT Aw, Hi, John.~~

~~JOHN (Clearing his throat) A lovely night for  
Christmas Eve, isn't it?~~

~~MATT It certainly is, John.~~

~~JOHN Yeah.~~

~~MATT Really fine night.~~

~~JOHN Peace on earth, and good will to men.  
Eh, Mr. Dillon?~~

~~MATT Yeah, that's the way it should be, John.~~

~~JOHN Ya know, Marshall, this is going to be  
quite a night for me! Yes sir.~~

~~MATT Oh, that so, John?~~

~~JOHN Yes sir. Tonight, I'm asking Ms. McNish  
to become Mrs. Bumby.~~

~~MATT What?~~

~~JOHN Mmm-hmm.~~

~~MATT Why, John! I didn't know that!~~

**JOHN** I know, it's been a mighty fast secret, but I'm—I'm popping the question tonight.

**MATT** Well, I wish you a lot 'o luck, John. Hey; I'll tell you what. Come by to the Texas Trail later and we'll have a drink on it.

**JOHN** I will. I really will, Marshall. You're good and kind, Marshall, good and kind. Merry Christmas, Marshall. Merry Christmas!

**MATT** Well, the same to you, John.

**SFX: CHEERFUL MUSIC SPIKE AND CONTINUE UNDER:**

**MATT** That may sound kind of funny to you, but John Bumby's a good man. A little peculiar sometimes, but good as they come. And, they don't make enough like him. Of course, most everybody in Dodge expected Doc and Ms. McNish were sweet on each other, but it just goes to show you... I'll tell you about John and Ms. McNish a little later.

**MATT** So, I went on down the street. You know, it's a funny thing about those words, "Merry Christmas." Men say it to each other, and well, it makes 'em feel kinda good.

**AMOS** Yeah, I know what ya mean. Used to be a seafarin' man myself, and when you're on the sea and it comes to Christmas,

things like that can, well they can count a lot.

MATT Yeah.

AMOS Well, we might as well get underway again, eh?

MATT Sure.

~~SFX: HORSE HOOVES APPROACH AND STOP~~

~~MATT You wanna take my saddle?~~

~~AMOS Yeah. Give it here..~~

~~BOTH (Struggle to get on and situated.)~~

~~MATT There we are. Give it to me, eh?~~

~~AMOS Giddup...~~

~~SFX: HORSE HOOVES START AND CONTINUE UNDER~~

AMOS I guess.. I guess you'll miss it.. In Dodge ...tonight. I mean, won't ya?

MATT Well, huh, if you could get a little more out 'o this nag o' yours, we might make it...

AMOS Oh, there's not a chance. She'll be on her beam ends pretty quick. She's been on a long reach since sunup.

MATT Oh.

~~AMOS~~ ~~Mighty bare country up this way.~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Oh, it depends on what you're used to, I suppose.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Oh, it's mighty bare where I been, too; it's not like the sea. That's always different.~~

~~MATT~~ ~~How come you left it? I always heard a sailor doesn't ever get it out of his blood.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~The sea? Guess you can get it out of your blood all right; if you got the right reason you can.~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Yeah, I guess so.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Hey. You tryin' to get somethin' outta me?~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Why, why no! Got what? I was just remarking.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~If you wanna ride with me, I don't want any talk about the sea!~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Well, you brought it up.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Eh, Giddap!~~

~~SFX: DRAMATIC SPIKE AND TIME PASSING  
MUSIC UNDER~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Amos Cowley sulked along the trail for the next while. And then, it was almost like he couldn't stand the quiet. Or~~

~~maybe he had things on his mind. He  
turned his head...~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Go on.~~

~~MATT~~ ~~What?~~

AMOS Go on. Tell me some more.

MATT Oh, about Dodge?

AMOS Yeah.

~~MATT~~ ~~Wha... I don't know...~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Well, you try some more, huh?~~

MATT Well, uh, they got a little pine tree in the Texas Trail.

AMOS A tree?

MATT Yeah, it come down a long way from the north. Kitty Russell, she's the hostess in the Texas Trail. Well, she got a lotta ribbon and gee gaws and made it look real nice. That was last Christmas.

AMOS Was a star at the top?

MATT A star? Yeah, I think so; it looked like a star, I guess. It sure looked pretty. Well, there was a difference in the place that day. Ever'body was celebratin' and feelin' real good.

SFX: HORSE HOOVES OUT & SOFT  
CHRISTMAS MUSIC AND WALLA UNDER

MATT The doors would swing open and somebody'd come in, and maybe you know it was just somebody you knew to nod at, but because it was Christmas Eve, you'd come right up and say "Hello." Well maybe that's a good reason, and maybe not. I don't know. Anyhow, it was still kinda early, and Kitty and Chester were standin' off, lookin' at the tree.

KITTY Hi, Matt.

CHESTER Evenin', Mr. Dillon!

MATT Hi, Kitty ... Chester.

KITTY How do you like it, Matt...the Christmas tree?

MATT Aww, that's real pretty.

CHESTER It's the only tree but one, in the whole town.

KITTY No, Kate's got one over at the Alafroganza.

MATT Oh, I'll have to see it later ... Where's Sam?

KITTY I don't know. Maybe he started celebratin' too soon ... Doc's taken over the bar.

ALL (Laugh)

DOC Yeah, that's right.

MATT You want a drink, Kitty?

**KITTY** Sure ...

**DOC** I'll getcha a drink!... I'll get the drinks...

\*\*\* Inserted out of original sequence

[**MATT** I got to thinking about Dodge and Chester, Doc, Kitty and the rest of 'em. You know, there's something pretty special about any place at Christmastime.]

~~SFX: BAR GLASSES ON WOOD~~

~~**CHESTER:** Eh, you haven't forgotten anything, have ya, Mr. Dillon?~~

~~**MATT** Forgotten what, Chester?~~

~~**CHESTER** There, what did I tell you, Miss Kitty! I know just as sure as my nose that he'd---~~

~~**MATT** Oh, that! No, no I haven't forgotten.~~

~~**CHESTER** Oh. Well, I thought as soon as we got Sam sober enough to take care of the customers that we could go on over to Doc's like we planned.~~

~~**MATT** Sure, we'll do that, Chester.~~

~~**DOC** Hee yar, Matt!~~

~~SFX: SLIDE GLASSES ON BAR~~

~~**MATT** Aw, thanks, Doc. Ah...~~

~~**DOC** Well, still snowin' out?~~

SFX: KITTY'S FOOTSTEPS

MATT No, it stopped...Where're you goin', Kitty?

KITTY Oh, I just want to look outside.

SFX: DOOR OPENING, MORE STEPS

KITTY Ahhh... Real pretty!

SFX: MUSIC UP AND UNDER:

MATT A man thinks of a lot of things that don't mean much. Kitty standin' at the door, sniffin' the cold air; and the warmth inside and the whiskey in me, and it was a good feelin'. And then, Chester and me decided to take a bottle over to Mr. Hightower. He's the telegraph operator at the depot. He runs a printin' shop on the side.

SFX: STEPS IN THE SHALLOW SNOW.

CHESTER Hey, Mr. Dillon?

MATT Yeah, Chester?

CHESTER Do you mind if I stop by the church for a minute?

MATT Why, naw, I don't mind.

CHESTER I just feel kinda right tonight, Mr. Dillon. Figure I ought to thank somebody before I...

MATT Sure.

SFX: SOLEMN MUSIC UNDER

MATT So, we stopped by the church. I've never been much of a man for church, I guess, but I went along with Chester. Wasn't anybody else there; just the two of us. Guess we sat for 10 minutes in that place; Chester a little way off with his head bowed. You know, there's a lot of peace in a church. Maybe it's the quiet, or maybe it's the good that people find in there. Well, whatever it was, it made a man feel glad about pretty much everything.

SFX: MUSIC OUT/HOOVES UP AGAIN

AMOS I haven't been in a church since I don't know when.

MATT Oh, is that so?

AMOS I heave too! Well, she's becalmed again, mister.

MATT Okay...

SFX: HOOVES STOP/THEY DISMOUNT.

AMOS Well, she sure wasn't built for it, I'll tell ya. Ever see anything like that?

MATT Well, she is kinda old, ain't she?

AMOS I've had her goin' on eight years and she hasn't changed a mite. Eats like a pig and looks like a four-legged mizzen mast.

~~MATT (Chuckles) Smoke?~~

~~AMOS Don't mind...Hey, what about that uh, that fella Hightower? Did ya get that bottle to him?~~

~~MATT Oh, sure, sure. Yeah, I guess it was lonely over in the depot. He was glad for the company. There was a wood fire burnin' in the stove, but it didn't keep off the cold much....~~

~~SFX: MUSIC SPIKE FOR TRANSITION...~~

~~DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES~~

~~HIGHTOWER Well, how're you gents? Merry Christmas.~~

~~MATT Well, how's it going, Mr. Hightower?~~

~~HIGHTOWER Ohhh, slow, Marshall; slow. A bit of excitement about an hour back, though.~~

~~MATT That so?~~

~~HIGHTOWER Yeah. The 9:15 got stopped between here and Hutchinson. Lots of snow back 'ere...~~

~~MATT They gettin' 'er out?~~

~~HIGHTOWER Oh, sure, they're tryin', but I'm glad I'm not on it. It's gonna be a cold night on that train.~~

~~MATT Well, it's kinda chilly in here, isn't it, Mr. Hightower?~~

~~HIGHTOWER Any warmer and I'm goin' to sleep!~~

~~CHESTER Say, we brought you over a bottle of Irish for company.~~

~~HIGHTOWER Jameson's, well, I declare I was just thinking about a tod before you boys come in... Now, that's real friendly! Will you have a drink with me?~~

~~MATT We sure will!~~

~~HIGHTOWER Let's open 'er up, heh? There're a couple o' glasses up there on the shelf, Chester. Get 'em down, will ya?~~

MUSIC: TRANSITION AND CONTINUE UNDER

~~MATT I don't know if ya get an idea about the folks in Dodge or not. They're not different from any other people, nor their town, either. I, I guess maybe it's a pretty small place at that. The depot, the hall, a few stores, the church, Doc's office, the Texas Trail, Alafroganza, my office, uh, they're not much, but... it's where ya live, ya know?~~

MUSIC: OUT

~~AMOS Sounds all right. I lived in a town once back east. Small. I know what you mean.~~

~~MATT Maybe you'll be going back.~~

~~AMOS Mebbe... Say, kids. They still believe in St. Nick?~~

~~MATT Sure!~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Mighty few kids down where I been...~~  
~~Injun kids; they don't believe in St.~~  
~~Nick.~~

~~MATT~~ ~~No reason they should, I guess.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~I used to believe in it, you know that?~~

~~MATT~~ ~~I guess most people did one time or~~  
~~another. Hey, you figure we've come~~  
~~maybe 10 miles?~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Mebbe.~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Well, it's gettin' dark.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Yeah. Well, come on. You wanna ride in~~  
~~the saddle for a bit?~~

~~MATT~~ ~~Oh, no, no, that's okay.~~

~~AMOS~~ ~~Well, then okay...~~

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

~~MATT~~ We rode on and I thought about last  
year; about Kitty, Doc and Chester and  
me goin' over to Doc's place after he  
got tired of tendin' bar at the Texas  
Trail. It was about a quarter to  
midnight, and we stood around and sang  
Christmas carols.

SFX: PRE-RECORDED ALL SINGING "THE  
FIRST NOEL" UNDER MATT AND CONTINUE  
TO END ONE VERSE BEFORE LAUGH:

~~MATT~~ And I, I remember how it sounded that  
night, how it looked. The glow in the

stove in the middle of the room and the frosty windows...Yeah, it was Christmas Eve, all right.

ALL Laugh.

CHESTER Say, that was fine! That was just fine!

DOC Yes, it was. What do you say if we...

SFX: 12 CHIMES RING UNDER

KITTY Shhh...Listen!

DOC Aww.. Merry Christmas.

KITTY Merry Christmas

CHESTER Merry Christmas

MATT Merry Christmas

DOC (Chuckling) I feel sentimental! That's exactly what I feel; I feel sentimental.

CHESTER (serious) I know what you mean, Doc. I surely know.

KITTY Okay, Doc. Bring 'em out...

SFX: TRANSITION MUSIC AND WALLA  
UNDER

MATT And I remember how Doc scuttled over to the bureau and brought out some packages. The presents weren't much, but it didn't matter what they were. And when we'd finished opening them, it was

Chester who said what we were all thinking.

CHESTER

I just, I just want to say Miss Kitty, Doc, you, Mr. Dillon, I just want to say that this is the best doggone Christmas I ever had. And, and that's what I wanna say.

MUSIC: TRANSITION CHRISTMAS MUSIC

AMOS

~~Say, you was gonna tell me about that fella John, who was courtin' that woman; what was her name?~~

MATT

~~Oh, yeah. Ms. McNish. Well, she said, "Yes." And you've never seen two happier people in your whole life. Yeah, she's Ms. McNish Bumpy now.~~

AMOS

~~Well, that's good.~~

MATT

~~Ahh... you know, you might settle for a bit in Dodge. You could get work there.~~

AMOS

~~Sure would be fine if you could get back tonight, wouldn't it?~~

MATT

~~Well, it can't be helped. I'd be a lot further away and a sight more tired if you hadn't come along.~~

AMOS

~~Yeah. Well listen, how far you figure it'll be before there's a place you might pick up a horse?~~

MATT

~~Oh, I don't know. Fifteen miles or so, maybe.~~

AMOS Well, we're not gonna make any 15 miles on this nag tonight. That's for sure.

MATT Well, that's all right.

AMOS I'll tell you what. You go on alone, y'see...

MATT Oh, no, forget it...

AMOS No, you go on alone. She can hold out with one man on her. And then you get a fresh horse and you ride into Dodge tonight.

MATT Well, thanks, that's very kind, but...

AMOS I'm telling ya, I want you to go. I'll be fine. I've walked before--probably make it almost as quick as you.

MATT Well, now, look, it's real nice of you, Mr. Cowley, but no thanks.

AMOS Christmas don't mean nothin' to me. You got friends waitin' for ya.

MATT I'll see 'em tomorrow.

AMOS Ah, you're a fool.

MATT Well, that may be.

AMOS All o' them nice folks; you'll make 'em feel pretty bad.

MATT Look, I'll stay if you want to go on along. But thanks for the ride.

~~AMOS Well, we might as well make camp, then.~~

~~MATT (Chuckling) I guess so.~~

~~SFX: SOUNDS OF DISMOUNTING AND  
MAKING CAMP.~~

~~AMOS And listen. You want to tell me some  
more about what you was telling me  
before we turn in?~~

~~MATT Well, sure.~~

~~AMOS I'd take it kindly, mister. Well, get  
yourself settled; I've got some stuff in  
my pack we can eat and maybe use to get  
a fire going. Then after we eat, you can  
tell me some more.~~

~~SFX: BIG SKY TRANSITION MUSIC AND  
CONTINUING UNDER~~

~~MATT We made a fire, then shared what we had  
for supper. He seemed to soften up after  
that, and we talked for a couple or  
three hours. It was like he was starved  
for news of people; ever-day things, and  
just plain company. And that's how we  
spent Christmas Eve together out on the  
plain. Then, when the fire was dying  
down and I was about ready for sleep, he  
said,~~

~~AMOS Say, Marshall?~~

~~MATT Yeah?~~

AMOS I want to tell ya somethin.' I've been needin' to tell it for a long time do ya mind?

MATT Of course I don't mind.

AMOS Well then, I'll tell ya. A few years ago, I was skipper of a little schooner that used to sail up and down the East coast. You know, Boston, New York.

MATT Yeah.

AMOS Well, one night, we hit dirty weather off New Jersey; real dirty. Blew us off course and we piled up on the rocks and knocked the bottom out.

MATT That's too bad.

AMOS There was 18 passengers aboard, Marshall. Four of 'em was kids. We never saw 'em again. And my own, my own wife and my kid went down, too.

MATT I-I- I'm sorry.

AMOS Well, now, somethin' must've happened to me after that. I didn't want nothin' to do with, with ships or the sea. And I started to drift out this way. I couldn't forget, though, d'ya know? And I didn't want to be near folks; especially kids...to remind me, ya know?

MATT Yeah.

AMOS Well that's how come I've been slewing around ever since.

MATT Sure; I understand.

AMOS I just kind of wanted to get it off my chest.

MATT Sure.

AMOS Marshall, I'd like to ride into Dodge with you tomorrow. You think I might meet some 'o them folks you was tellin' about?

MATT Aww, I don't see why not.

AMOS That'd be all right. Mebbe I wouldn't need to drift no more. Mebbe I could uh, drop anchor, do you know?

MATT Yeah, you might at that.

AMOS Yes, well, ~~good night.~~

~~MATT Good night.~~

AMOS Merry Christmas, Marshall.

MATT Merry Christmas, Mr. Cowley.

**MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH, THEN  
DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING**

HOST CREDITS AND CLOSE

HOST That was the "Christmas Story" episode of *Gunsmoke*, December 20, 1952.

William Conrad was Marshall Matt Dillon.

It's unknown who voiced the part of Amos Cowley.

Parley Baer was Chester Wesley Proudfoot.

Howard MacNeil was Doc Charles Adams.

Georgia Ellis was Kitty Russell.

Directed by Norman McDonald.

Written by Antony Ellis, who frequently contributed to *Gunsmoke*, and was married to Georgia Ellis who voiced Kitty.

**MUSIC: SEASONAL, FOR TRANSITION**

Well, that concludes this episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we celebrate the seasonal holidays with samples from radio shows with Christmas themes.

We archive episodes of Re-Imagined Radio as podcasts at our website, reimagedradio DOT net. You can listen or subscribe there. Podcasts are also available at the major distribution platforms.

**MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION**

This episode of Re-Imagined Radio was written by John Barber.

Sound Design, music composition, and post-production by Marc Rose.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum.

Our announcer is Jack Armstrong.

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This is John Barber, producer and host. Thank you for listening. And Happy Holidays.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS CLOSING

SFX: CHRISTMAS GREETINGS/WISHES FROM EACH OF THE THREE RADIO PROGRAMS SAMPLED. ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS MUSIC AS NECESSARY?

SFX: FROM THE SHADOW

LAMONT Merry Christmas to you all, and to you all goodnight.

ALL Merry Christmas!

SFX: FROM THE WHISTLER

FONTAINE Well ... I might as well be gettin' along ... Merry Christmas Miss Porter. Happy New Year.

SFX: FROM GUNSMOKE, 12 CHIMES RING UNDER

DOC Hey ...

KITTY Shhh...Listen!

DOC Aww... Merry Christmas.

KITTY Merry Christmas

CHESTER Merry Christmas

MATT Merry Christmas

DOC (Chuckling) I feel sentimental! That's exactly what I feel; I feel sentimental.

CHESTER (serious) I know what you mean, Doc. I surely know.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK  
UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

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Thank you so much for listening, and please join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.