Stan Freberg, Christmas Dragnet

This is the season.
My name's Wednesday,
My partner's 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 4096325-096704: not believing in Santa Claus.

4:35 p.m.
I was working the holiday watch out of homicide with Frank.

Frank Jones: "Hang up your stocking yet, Joe?"

Joe Wednesday: "Yeah, just before I come down. You too Frank?"

Frank: "Alway do.
Hung it up early just in case I have'ta work late tonight.
Wouldn't wanna miss out on when Santa Claus comes you know. "

Joe: "Uh-huh. Sure wouldn't, be a shame."

Frank: "Whatcha gonna do tomorrow, Joe?
Whatcha gonna do on Christmas, ya got any plans?"

Joe: "Nothin' much."

Frank: "Why don't you come by the house Joe?
We're gonna have Christmas dinner.
You know, all the trimmings:"

Joe: "Uh-huh."

Frank: "Turkey, celery, stuffing, oysters maybe,
chestnuts."

Joe: "Uh-huh."

Frank: "All the trimmings.
Cranberry sauce, love'ta have ya."

Joe: "Uh-huh."

Frank: "The Missus always fixes a plate of relish
with them little carrot sticks.
You know, olives, pickles, scallions.
Most folks call them green onions, but they're really scallions.
Did you ever notice that Joe?"

Joe: "Ever notice what, Frank?"

Frank: "How most folks call them green onions but they're really scallions."

Joe: "Uh-huh. Scallions."

Frank: "Anytime after two, Joe. Love ta have ya."

Joe: "Uh-huh. Well I'll see."

Frank: "Love ta have ya."

Joe: "Uh-huh. Well, I'll see."

Frank: "The Missus always fixes a plate of relish with them carrot sticks,
you know them little carrot sticks?"

Joe: "Uh-huh."

Frank: "Olives, pickles, scallions."

Joe: "Uh-huh. Let's not go through that again."

Frank: "Love ta 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?"

phone rings

Joe: "Homicide; Wednesday.
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh."

hangs up

Frank: "'s matter Joe? 's matter Joe?"

Joe: "Bringing a guy in on a 409635-096704"

Frank: "Y-you mean--?"

Joe: "Yeah: a guy don't believe in scallions; I mean, Santa Claus."

6:29 p.m.
We questioned the guy didn't believe in Santa Claus.
A guy named Grudge.

Joe: "Says here you're 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 'im?"

Joe: "No, no mug shots."

Grudge: "Any fingerprints?"

Joe: "Uh-uh, no latent prints. I just know, that's all.
't's like saying there isn't an Easter bunny."

Grudge: "That's another guy there ain't no of!"

Joe: "Uh-huh, 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: "O.K. 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 ta 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, hippity hoppin' down the bunny trail?"

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

I showed him department stores.
Joe: "What's hurrying in and out of those department stores, Grudge?"

Grudge: "Happy people, but I ain't impressed."

I showed him stockings.
Joe: "How are those stockings hung, Grudge?"

Grudge: "By the chimney with care; but I didn't hang none up."

I showed him children nestled all snug in their beds.
Joe: "What's dancing in their heads, Grudge?"

Grudge: "Visions of sugar plums, but you ain't sellin' me.
There ain't no Santy Claus."

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.

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: "Uh-huh. That figures."

Grudge: "Huh! 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: "Uh-huh. What's your particular job, Mr. Brownie?"

Brownie: "My boss has eight tiny reindeer. My job? Feed 'em."

Joe: "Uh-huh. 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: "Uh-huh."

Brownie: "And scallions."

Joe and Brownie, together: "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: "Uh-huh."

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 they guy ever get 'em?"

Grudge: "Yeah! Why?"

Brownie: "'Cause he didn't believe in my boss.
You know the rules."

Joe: "Uh-huh. We know."

Grudge: "I, uh, don't suppose that 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."

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-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 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!"

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!"