

"World War II Radio Christmas"

by Pat Kruis Tellinghusen

SUMMARY: This moving holiday show recreates the experience of attending a recording of a 1940s radio show broadcast on Christmas Eve during World War II. Using period songs and stories inspired by actual veterans, World War II Radio Christmas transports the audience to another time, brought to you by such generous sponsors as Vaseline Hair Tonic and Ipana Toothpaste. An inspiring look at strength in the face of hardship, this play is a reminder of the importance of coming together for the holidays.

FROM THE DIRECTOR: The Readers' Theater format is a great on-ramp to being on a stage, as everyone will have their script in hand. Any memorization is certainly helpful, but everyone will be delivering their assigned character lines from the script.

NOTE: While the show is not considered a musical, there are multiple songs and jingles performed by the cast. Therefore, there will be a music portion of the audition process, including the songs to be done by soloists or a trio, along with the rest of the cast as a backup chorus. Ensemble songs include *Jingle Bells*, *Accentuate the Positive*, *White Christmas*, *I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day*, *Silent Night*, and *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*.

CASTING: Any combination of 3-6 women and 3-6 men to play 56 unique characters. Almost all roles will be assigned after casting.

FEMALE ROLES		MALE ROLES	
A Mother	Louise	Ackerman	Newscaster
Agnes	Mae	Alfred Bell, Emcee	Officer
Alice	Mam	Announcer	Patient
Arlene	Mavis	Announcer 1	Photographer
Censor #1	Mother #1	Announcer 2	Pratt
Censor #2	Mother #2	Billy	Sergeant
Censor #3	Norma Jeane	Charlie	Smitty
Daisy	Organizer	Chucky	Soldier
Dolly	Rose	Clyde	Speaker #1
Friend	Speaker #2	Doctor	Speaker #2
Hattie	Stage Manager	Father	Tony
Lauren	Suze	Jess	Wilbur
Liz	Tricia	Mark	2nd Voice
Lola	Winnie	Mike	3rd Voice
Lorraine			

WORLD WAR II RADIO CHRISTMAS

A Live Radio Play

Actor/Actress Information

Auditions September 28th 6:00-8:30

**Please complete and turn in at auditions*

NAME: _____ AGE: _____

EMAIL: _____ PHONE: _____

Communication Preference (circle one):. Call Text Both

Please list any previous on-stage experience/shows/roles:

Singing Experience (circle all that apply):	SOPRANO	ALTO
	TENOR	BASS
Can you harmonize?	YES	NO
Comfortable singing a solo/duet/trio?	YES	NO

While this Readers' Theater format is designed to have the cast perform multiple roles, there are several key roles and songs. Please indicate your interest in any of the following (additional details listed in the Character List):

____ Alfred Bell/Announcer	____ Accentuate the Positive (Male Solo)
____ Hattie Meechum	____ White Christmas (Female Solo)
____ Jess Murchison	____ Shoo Shoo Baby (Female Trio)
____ Trisha and Mike and Mam (Irish)	____ I'll Be Seeing You (Male Solo)
____ Mother (heartfelt monologue)	

CHARACTER LIST

(M/F and age)[line load] (In order of appearance):

** Certain characters of importance and specific auditions/casting

****ALFRED BELL/ ANNOUNCER** (Male)[29]: Radio station employee serves as the emcee for the event. Smoooooth...

STAGE MANAGER (Any)[2]: Radio station employee, only one line at the start and ending of the show. Might be our own show's actual stage manager.

JINGLE SINGERS (Males/Females): selected from among the cast

PHOTOGRAPHER (Male)[1]:

NORMA JEANE (Female 20s)[2]: Marilyn Monroe type

CLYDE (Male 50s+)[21]: Retired soldier, plays older, crusty old-guy vibe but coherent

ORGANIZER (Any)[1]: The coordinator for the War Dog Recruitment

LOUISE (Female 30s+)[16]: Matronly-type assistant to Clyde, able to go toe-to-toe with Clyde

DAISY (Female 'teen')[2]: Dog owner #1, sensitive, prone to tears, would put bows on her dog's ears

CHARLIE (Male)[2]: Dog owner #2, sturdy owner of a 170lb mastiff

LAUREN/LOREN (F or M 'pre-teen')[13]: 85lb puppy was a gift from the father who's fighting overseas

WINNIE (Female 'preteen')[2]: a 'negative Nellie' who gets her brother's hand-me-downs

FATHER (Male 35-45)[2]: standard 1940s husband and father

MOTHER (Female)[2]: standard 1940s wife and mother

BILLY (Male 'teen')[2]: high-school athlete type

**MALE SOLOIST for "Accentuate the Positive" (Key of F / Range C3-Eb4) plus ensemble

WILBUR (Male 40s)[8]: standard husband from the South

SUZE (Female 40s)[8]: standard wife from the South

FRIEND (Female)[4]: standard 1940s young wife

MOTHER (Female)[3]: first-time mother with an infant

PRATT (Male)[3]: Army medic

SMITTY (Male)[4]: Army medic

ROSE (Female 20s)[13]: Army nurse, a newbie fresh from the States and nursing school

DOCTOR (Male 30s)[2]: Chief surgeon of the M*A*S*H unit, no-nonsense vibe

LORAINÉ (Female 20s)[14]: Army nurse, hardened by war with a hidden soft heart

ALICE (Female 20s)[16]: Army nurse, hardened but compassionate

PATIENT (Male)[1]: Injured soldier

****FEMALE SOLOIST** for "White Christmas" (Key of Bb / Range Bb3-C5) plus ensemble

MAVIS (Female late 20s)[4]: City-type office worker, single

ARLENE (Female late 20s)[4]: City-type office worker, single

MARK (Male late 20s)[1]: City-type office worker, single, a failure then a success

****HATTIE** (Female late 20s)[32]: Women Marine Corps, from Portland, crushes on Jess

DOLLY (Female 20s)[12]: Fellow Women Marine Corps

AGNES (Female 20s)[12]: Fellow Women Marine Corps

****JESS** (Male late 20s)[25]: Chief Petty Officer in the Navy, from Georgia, about to ship out, crushes on Hattie

****FEMALE TRIO** for "Shoo Shoo Baby" (Key of C) ala Andrew Sisters (Sop1/Sop2/Alto1)

NEWSCASTER (Male 30-50s)[1]: Edward R Murrow type, great diction and delivery

OFFICER (Male 40-50s)[2]: Army officer in charge of the mail sorting

SERGEANT (Male late 20s)[5]: Official-sounding voice with projection

MAIL CALL VOICES (2nd Voice, 3rd Voice, Ackerman, Soldier): Various voices to answer mail call

ANNOUNCER 1 (Male)[1]: Firm, engaging, inviting

MAE (Female 'teen')[1]: Maturing teenager, swooning, flirty

****MALE SOLOIST** for "I'll Be Seeing You (Key of Eb / Range C3-Eb4)

CHUCKY and TONY (Male 12 and 20)[1]: 12yo little brother reading a letter from 20yo soldier/older brother

TRISHA[2] and **MIKE**[8] (Female/Male 18-20): High school sweethearts, easy Irish accent

MAM (Female 40-50s)[7]: Definitely Irish Catholic immigrant, mother to Mike, heavy but understandable Irish accent

****A MOTHER** (Female 30-50s)[18]: One very key monologue telling the story of WW1 Christmas Eve truce

SPEAKERS #1 #2 #3 (1 male 2 females)[1 each]: Genuine and sincere voices

OCTOBER 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
SEPTEMBER 28	29	30	OCTOBER 01	02	03	04
AUDITIONS 6:00-8:30PM		CASTING NOTIFICATIONS				
05	06	07	08	09	10	11
REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM Welcome Home Alliance for Veterans Offices			REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM Magic Circle Players Upstairs Loft			
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices			REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft			
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices			REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft			
26	27	28	29	30	31	NOVEMBER 1
REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices			REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft			

NOVEMBER 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
NOVEMBER 02 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices	03	04	05 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft	06	07	08
09 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices	10	11	12 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft	13	14	15
16 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices	17	18	19 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft	20	21	22
23 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM WHAfV Offices	24	25	26 REHEARSAL 6:00-8:30PM MCP Upstairs Loft	27 THANKSGIVING	28	29
30 MOVE INTO THEATER 5:00-8:30PM Magic Circle Theater						

DECEMBER 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
NOVEMBER 30	DECEMBER 01	02	03	04	02	06
	TECH WEEK 6:00-9:00pm			SHOW #1 @ 7:30pm	SHOW #2 @ 7:30pm	SHOW #3 @ 7:30pm
07	08	09	10	11	12	13
SHOW #4 @ 2:00pm	STRIKE and CAST PARTY Sunday after the show					
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
				CHRISTMAS		
28	29	30	31			

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~~owners will be thoroughly questioned. (Pointing to the person seated nearest the phone.) That goes for you, too. Enjoy the show, these may be your last moments of freedom! (Regaining his composure.) Now, where was I? Oh, yes, teaching you your line. We're going to record this program and rebroadcast it over Armed Forces Radio on Christmas Day. This is your chance to wish your servicemen and women a Merry Christmas. I'll say: "From [Name of city] with Love." And you'll say: (Points to the audience.)~~ *

AUDIENCE & CAST. Merry Christmas!

BELL. Great! You'll say that once at the open of the show and then again at the very end of the show.

STAGE MANAGER. Ten seconds to air!

BELL. Here we go, everybody. From here on out everything is ON THE RECORD!

STAGE MANAGER. (Marking time with her fingers as well as her voice:) Five, four, three...

(Gestures two, one, and cues ALFRED silently.)

Show Open

(Music: Build up to big splash and fade under announcer.)

ANNOUNCER. Hello and welcome to the [Insert call letters] annual Radio Christmas Hour, 1944 edition. With this broadcast we're embracing the world through the magic of radio. We're recording this live broadcast in Portland, Oregon on Friday, December 15. Armed Forces Radio will rebroadcast the program on Christmas Day to all of our troops stationed throughout the world. This war has scattered families and lovers to the four corners of the earth, but for this one precious hour we can imagine ourselves in the same room, tapping our toes to the same songs, listening to the same stories. This special Christmas Broadcast is sponsored by Derby-Ready-to-serve-Canned Meats. Serve your family Derby Chicken, Vienna Sausage...and my favorites, Ox Tongue and Pig's Foot Tidbits.

JINGLE VOCALS. Ready-to-serve. Derby!

ANNOUNCER. And—Ipana toothpaste. Guard against flabby gums. Massage your gums every time you brush, and brush with Ipana.

JINGLE VOCALS. Ipana!

ANNOUNCER. And now... From [Name of city], with love...

Postcard

(Music: Postcard Theme.)

ANNOUNCER. And now, Radio Postcards: messages from the home front to our troops in the field.

WILBUR. This is Wilbur Simpson and my wife, Suze.

SUZE. Howdy do, Conrad!

WILBUR. We're saying hello to our good friend Conrad Harris who is just taking charge of the Philippines. Phew!

SUZE. We're so proud of you, Conrad!

WILBUR. Hey, has anybody told you about the GI Bill they passed this year? When you get home you can go to college...for FREE!

SUZE. Now ain't that GREAT!

WILBUR. You deserve it, Conrad, what with almost getting captured, and escaping like you did, dodging bullets and bombs, sloggin' through quicksand, going for days without food and water.

SUZE. They'll help you buy a house too!

WILBUR. You earned it! The way you sweated out malaria all covered with mud at the bottom of that jungle. It's amazing you survived.

SUZE. Yeah. Too bad you got that 4-F, Wilbur. (WILBUR looks at SUZE in disbelief.) I'm just sayin' that GI Bill, now that's a good deal!

WILBUR. Yeah, you'll be livin' the life o' Riley...once your ankle heals from that bullet wound.

SUZE. Me 'n Wilbur just found out that we're gonna get Sundays off!

WILBUR. We've been working seven days a week since we started building ships here at the Kaiser shipyards. I almost don't know what I'll do with my day off.

SUZE. I have plenty for you to do, Wilbur.

WILBUR. Oh. Bye, Con.

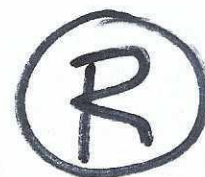
SUZE. Merry Christmas, Conrad!

Scot Tissue Ad

(Sound: BABY gurgles and coos. MOTHER makes adoring sounds. The FRIEND sneezes. MOTHER gasps, BABY sneezes.)

(Music: Danger sting.)

ANNOUNCER. Complications from the common cold kill more infants than any other illness.



4 pages

Clyde - War Dog Recruiter

(Music: Clyde's Theme.)

ANNOUNCER. The adventures of Clyde Hoffstettler, Air Raid Warden. While many of our countrymen take up arms and cross oceans to protect our nation's freedom, Air Raid Warden Clyde Hoffstettler commands safety on the home front.

CLYDE. Next!

ANNOUNCER. Today he evaluates the family dogs in our community for their fitness to serve in the United States Armed Forces.

ORGANIZER. Your assistant is here, Clyde.

LOUISE. *(Background sounds: dog noises appropriate to LOUISE's comments.)* Nice doggy, nice. Oh, aren't you cute. My, my! Ferocious!

CLYDE. *(With disgust:)* Louise.

LOUISE. *(Matches CLYDE's disgust:)* Clyde.

CLYDE. I suppose you can't do any harm. Here, take the clipboard and make notes while I examine the dogs.

LOUISE. Whatever you say, Clyde. Anything for my country.

CLYDE. Yes, well... Next!

LOUISE. Now if it isn't Daisy McIntyre. I saw your mother yesterday and she said...

CLYDE. (*Abruptly cutting the chatter:*) Dogs need to weigh a minimum of 50 pounds. Next!

DAISY. But Mr. Hoffstettler...

CLYDE. Daisy, enemy soldiers will be shooting bullets at Blossom. Is that really what you want?

DAISY. Bullets! At Blossom?! (*Dissolves into tears.*)

LOUISE. (*Reproachful:*) Clyde!

CLYDE. Next!

(*Sound: Jingle of dog tags. Dog nails on ground.*)

CHARLIE. This is Magnum. He's a mastiff. Weighs one-seventy. He's a year and a half old.

(*Sound: Footsteps as CLYDE walks around to view the dog.*)

CLYDE. Hmmm... Nice shiny coat. Boy, he's all muscle.

(*Sound: Low growl...grows increasingly louder.*)

CLYDE. Let me take a look at his eyes...

(*Sound: Growl explodes into snapping teeth, growl, bark, growl.*)

LOUISE. (*Screams.*)

CHARLIE. Magnum! Down.

(*Sound: Growl continues with occasional yap/bark.*)

CLYDE. Too aggressive. (*Regains composure.*) Next!

(*Sound: Footsteps of a child and dog approach, stop.*)

LOREN. This is my dog, Baxter.

CLYDE. How old is Baxter, Loren? And how much does she weigh?

LOREN. He. He's 2 years old and weighs 85 pounds.

(*Sound: Tape measure.*)

CLYDE. Twenty-one inches at the shoulder. That's just right. Baxter has a nice temperament.

LOUISE. This is the best dog we've seen all day. She's perfect.

LOREN. He.

LOUISE. He? Of course. (*Sound: Writing on paper.*) Male. Oh, aren't you going to be proud having your dog in the army?

LOREN. (*Unenthusiastic:*) I guess.

LOUISE. Why, he may even be a hero like that dog Chips. Have you heard of Chips?

LOREN. Who hasn't?

(*Music: suspenseful music bed.*)

LOUISE. German machine gunners had our troops pinned down. But Chips broke away from his handler and attacked the Germans in their pillbox fortress, grabbing one by the throat.

(*Caught up in the drama of the moment, LOUISE grabs CLYDE by the throat.*)

CLYDE. Louise!

(*LOUISE backs off.*)

(*Music: Triumphant music.*)

LOUISE. The four enemy soldiers in that pillbox surrendered. Later Chips helped capture ten more enemy soldiers. He even earned a medal. Chips the war dog saved lives.

LOREN. Maybe Baxter will save my daddy's life.

(*Sound: Rip of Paper.*)

LOUISE. There you go. Here's the form...

CLYDE. Wait. Your daddy? Where is your daddy, Loren?

LOREN. We think he's in Europe. We get letters, but he's not allowed to tell us everything.

CLYDE. How long has he been gone?

LOREN. Two years. Daddy got Baxter for me as a good-bye gift. He said, "Take care of Baxter, and Baxter will take care of you."

LOUISE. And your daddy is going to be so proud of you signing Baxter up to be a war dog.

LOREN. Mom says it's the right thing to do, my part for the war effort and all.

LOUISE. So true. Here's the form, and you bring this paper work with Baxter right over...

CLYDE. Louise, look at the time! I think it's break time.

LOUISE. But I just got here.

CLYDE. They're serving donuts in the hall.

LOUISE. Donuts? We have been at it for a while, I'll be back in a jiffy.

(Sound: Feminine footsteps receding.)

CLYDE. You know what, Loren? I've been thinking. I could use a dog with me when I do my rounds every night. It's very dark out there. I could use a dog like Baxter to protect me.

LOREN. Here in Portland?

CLYDE. Of course I won't have time to take care of Baxter during the day. I'd need someone to feed him and care for him, keep him in great shape.

LOREN. I could do that for you!

CLYDE. And you'd be doing a great service for your country.

LOREN. Did you hear that, Baxter? You can be a war dog right here at home.

(Sound: Bark.)

CLYDE. I'll be by your house to pick him up at eight tonight, Loren.

LOREN. You bet, Mr. Hoffstettler. He'll be ready!

(Music up: Clyde's Theme.)

ANNOUNCER. The adventures of Clyde Hoffstettler, Air Raid Warden. This portion of our program brought to you by OVALTINE! Put an end to worrying about vitamins and minerals. Drink Ovaltine!

KIDS. *(In unison:)* More Ovaltine, please.

END

Prelude To "Accentuate The Positive"

(Music bed of "Accentuate the Positive.")

WINNIE. It's getting so bad I have to wear Billy's old shoes.

FATHER. Been walking to work. Three miles each way. My shoes have worn through the bottom.

MOTHER. No tinsel on the tree this Christmas. Billy brought it to the scrap drive.

3 pages

Nurses' Story

(Distant ambulance whine—circa 1940s—gunfire in the distance, occasional bomb. Door opens to hubbub of people moving, shouting orders, several sets of footsteps as the new NURSES enter. We hear the door swing shut amid the noise.)

PRATT. *(Distant. Off mike:)* Got any sulfur?

SMITTY. *(Distant. From other side, off mike:)* Ammo box next to the window.

DOCTOR. Get this guy prepped for surgery.

PRATT. Excuse me, ladies. Comin' through!

ROSE. Watch out! That blood's dripping all over the floor.

SMITTY. *(We hear his voice approaching and leaving the entry where the women are standing.)* Great! More nurses. Get movin', ladies. Lights, camera, action!

DOCTOR. Toss your suitcases in that corner by the door. We've just had a wave of wounded. Glad to see you.

(Sound: Footsteps. Setting suitcases down.)

LORAINÉ. We'll be right with you, Doctor.

ALICE. Where can I scrub?

DOCTOR. *(Off mike:)* Right over there.

ROSE. You know, there's a little puddle in this corner. Our things might get wet.

ALICE. *(Sounds of ALICE washing her hands.)* You go right ahead and find another place, Sweetie, but you better hurry. Don't let any of these guys die waiting.

LORAINÉ. *(Off mike:)* This guy's freezing. Got any blankets?

SMITTY. *(Off mike:)* Closet by the stairs.

ROSE. My name is Rose. I'm from Cincinnati.

ALICE. *(Skeptical:)* Pleased. I'm sure. Name's Alice.

ROSE. This hospital needs a good cleaning, don't you think? Glass on the floor, blood and dirt everywhere!

ALICE. Dirt? You think this place is dirty?

LORAINÉ. *(Briskly walking past:)* Here. I found a stack of bandages. Take some. These guys are gonna need 'em.

ALICE. Loraine, Rosie here thinks this place is dirty.

LORAINÉ. *(We hear her voice recede as she walks away.)* Hah! This place is a palace! Where have you been?

ROSE. *(To ALICE.)* That's Rose. And this is my first assignment. I graduated from nursing school a week ago Sunday and here I am... in Paris!

ALICE. *(Unimpressed.)* Uh huh. Loraine and me...we've been working in field hospitals since Normandy. *(Working over a patient now.)* His eyes are dilated. His pulse is weak. *(Pause.)* Help me get this uniform off.

(Sound: Fabric moving.)

ROSE. *(Gasps.)*

ALICE. *(Stern.)* Quiet!

ROSE. But it's...

PATIENT. Hmm?

ALICE. *(To PATIENT.)* You're going to be fine. Close your eyes.

ROSE. Gaping wounds like this...

ALICE. Button your lip, Rosebud.

ROSE. Rose. And this place is filthy. Wounds like this could get infected.

ALICE. Come over here *(Sound: Steps.)* Listen to me. That soldier is fighting for his life. Don't go chipping your teeth about gaping wounds and dirty hospitals.

ROSE. But this place...

ALICE. That guy doesn't need a clean hospital. He needs hope. Here's what you say from now on: "You're going to be fine." Do you understand?

ROSE. I'm sorry. It's just that...this is so unsanitary.

(Sound: Footsteps of LORAINÉ, approaching.)

ALICE. Lordy! This ain't nothin', Rosie. Loraine, We should tell her about Normandy.

LORAINÉ. It was awful! They just dumped us on the beach. Pouring rain.

ALICE. Picked us up in the middle of the night...

LORAINÉ. We were dead asleep on that wet sand.

ALICE. ...And take us to a cow pasture. Half the time you're ankle deep in a cow pie.

LORAIN. We tried to go upstream of the cows to get our bath water. Remember, Alice, when...

ALICE. Do you always have to tell that story?

LORAIN. So...she's using her helmet to take a sponge bath, when all of a sudden the gunfire sounds like it's right outside the tent. Alice dumped out that water so fast, put that helmet on her head and sat there stark raving naked until the firing stopped.

(ALICE and LORAIN laugh.)

(Sound: Ambulance siren in background, gradually moving closer.)

LORAIN. See, Rosie, this place is like a palace to us.

ALICE. First time we've had four walls instead of a tent.

LORAIN. And solid floors.

(Sound: Ambulance sound near now. Doors opening.)

SMITTY. (Yelling off mike:) Make way!

PRATT. (Off mike:) Bring that one over here, Smitty.

SMITTY. You guys take that one to four, and the other upstairs.

(WOMEN begin talking while this chatter is going on in the background.)

ALICE. (Walking away from mike as she talks:) Time to get back to work.

LORAIN. Give me a hand with this one, Rosie. (Pause.) Rosie?

ROSE. I'm not ready for this.

LORAIN. None of us are, Honey. None of us are. Just give yourself a day. Once you see what these guys go through, you'll be able to do things you never imagined.

ROSE. I can't, I...

LORAIN. Honey, here's what you do. You look in their eyes. That'll give you all the strength you need. (Faint groan from the patient.) Here, take this cool cloth and wipe his face. (Pause.) One time I had to bring a guy to surgery before he was strong enough for anesthetic. He knew it was going to hurt, so he says, "Let's sing." He and I sang through the whole operation. (Singing:)

Mares eat oats
And does eat oats
And little lambs eat ivy...

(Pause.)

END



3 pages

Hattie & Jess Meeting

(Dance atmosphere. Jazz playing quietly in the background.)

HATTIE. *(Imitating a male voice:)* "No daughter of mine is going to be a marine." *(Other women laughing in recognition.)* "I'll not have you acting like a man."

DOLLY. Exactly. *(Imitating male voice:)* "Absolutely not! You will not trollop around those bases in front of all those gaping, drooling men."

HATTIE. Mom dragged Dad into the bedroom. A few minutes later they came out. Mom says, *(With a genteel southern accent:)* "We're proud you want to serve your country, Hattie. We know you'll act with the utmost discretion."

DOLLY. What did your dad do?

HATTIE. Wouldn't even look at me. He buried himself behind his newspaper and sucked on that old cigar.

AGNES. My dad is Navy. He wanted me to go into the WAVES. Huh-uh. I'm joining the Women Marines. They've got the best uniforms.

DOLLY. Agnes, get a look at that dreamy sailor over by the punch bowl.

AGNES. Wow. Not just any sailor. Snazzy uniform.

DOLLY. Chief Petty Officer.

AGNES. You do know your uniforms.

DOLLY. Those brown eyes against that golden tan. Brown eyes headed straight for...

AGNES & DOLLY. Hattie!

DOLLY. Rats.

AGNES. (*Whisper:*) Let's get out of here. (*Stern:*) Dolly!

DOLLY. (*Resignation:*) I'm coming.

HATTIE. Hey, where are you guys...

JESS. Hello.

HATTIE. Uh...eh...uh...

JESS. (*Southern accent:*) Pardon me. May I offer you some punch?

HATTIE. Why yes, thank you.

(*Pause as they sip punch. A brief nervous laugh from HATTIE.*)

JESS. I'm sorry. I'm staring. Your white dress could pass for Magnolia blossoms. Makes me homesick.

HATTIE. And home is...?

JESS. Georgia. Savannah, Georgia. And you?

HATTIE. Portland.

JESS. Maine?

HATTIE. (*Laughing:*) Portland, Oregon.

JESS. What do you know! "From sea to shining sea."

HATTIE. So you're from the South. My mother's from the South.

JESS. Really? Maybe we're cousins. What's her name?

HATTIE. (*Laughing:*) Cut it out.

JESS. My name is Jess. Jess Murchison.

HATTIE. Hope. Hope Meechum. But people call me Hattie. So, Jess, what do all those stripes and ribbons mean.

JESS. Chief Petty Officer.

HATTIE. Jeepers! Chief!

JESS. Petty is more like it.

HATTIE. Are you assigned to a ship yet?

JESS. The USS Princeton. We head out on Monday.

HATTIE. (*Disappointed:*) Oh.

JESS. Yep, time to give ol' Tojo a run for his money. And what brings a Portland girl down to San Diego?

HATTIE. I joined the Women Marine Corps.

JESS. (*Shocked!*) No!

HATTIE. Most certainly.

JESS. I don't believe it. A delicate creature such as yourself all buttoned up in a uniform. SEMPER FI!

HATTIE. I can semper and fi right along with the best of them, thank you.

JESS. (*Short pause as he measures the resolve in her eyes.*) I don't doubt it for a minute, Miss Hattie Meechum, not for a minute. What do you do for the Marine Corps?

HATTIE. I sort mail for the entire Pacific Fleet.

JESS. Ahhhhh, mail. The lifeblood of a service man. Only one phrase sweeter than mess call and that's mail call.

(*Opening drum solo of "Sing, Sing, Sing."*)

JESS. Listen to THAT! (*Pause to listen.*) One of my favorites! Hand me that punch cup, Miss Hattie Meechum, we are going to dance.

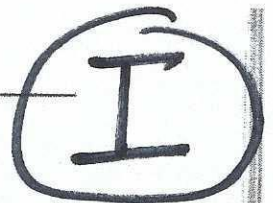
Sing, Sing, Sing

(*Instrumental.*)

(*HATTIE and JESS dance on stage, along with other couples. Some may dance in the aisles, individual cast members may invite members of the studio audience to dance.*)

(*If performed with a smaller band or with a solo piano, you can substitute an instrumental version of "Shoo Shoo Baby."*)

END



1 page

Hattie & Jess Kiss

(As the applause subsides HATTIE and JESS are breathless from dancing.)

HATTIE. Phew!... Wow!... That was...great!... You're...good!

JESS. Not bad yourself.

(Panting continues. Both laugh. Party sounds in background, people talking & laughing. Band starts another quiet song.)

JESS. Come on. Let's take a break.

(Quick footsteps. Twang of wooden screen door opens then slaps shut. Party sounds stop. Now lapping water sounds. Crickets.)

HATTIE. Look at that beautiful moon.

JESS. *(Yelling:)* Hello up there! *(In false deep voice:)* "Hello down there." Hattie here thinks you're beautiful. "Why thank you, Hattie. You're mighty beautiful yourself." What's the weather like up there? "Cold. And if I were you I wouldn't let such a lovely lady stand there shivering." By George, you're right! Here's my jacket.

(Takes his jacket off to put it around her shoulders.)

HATTIE. Oh, you don't have to. I'm fine.

JESS. *(Correcting her:)* Ah—ah. We wouldn't want to offend Mr. Moon. There. *(Pauses to look her over.)* You look awfully good in a uniform after all. *(Leans forward to kiss HATTIE.)*

HATTIE. *(Clears her throat to get his attention.)* What about...you know... *(Jerks her head toward the moon.)*

JESS. Oh, him. *(Yelling:)* Hey, Moon, could you hide behind a cloud for a little while. No peeking!

(Kiss.)

JESS. Hope. Hello, Hope.

(Another kiss.)

JESS. I like the sound of that name. Hold out for Hope. I think some of those letters you sort from now on will be addressed to you, Hope Meechum, and they'll be in my handwriting.

HATTIE. Oh, Jess, I'd like that.

(Another kiss.)

JESS. You hang onto those letters and at the end of this war we'll read them together. Dear Hope, Love, Jess.



TRISHA / MIKE. (*Their voices start in unison then TRISHA's voice fades out and MIKE's takes over.*)

Dear Trisha,

I've surely jumped from the arms of an angel into the claws of the Devil. The bullets and bombs are so thick here I expect to die at any moment. I see so much death I feel guilty being alive. Through all the confusion, darling, one thought rings crystal clear. If I survive this agony, I want to live my life with you, Trisha O'Connor.

Will you marry me?

My love forever,

Mike

(*TRISHA looks up from the letter.*)

TRISHA. Yes. Yes, I will marry you, Mike O'Brien!

I'LL BE SEEING YOU
IN EVERY LOVELY, SUMMER'S DAY
AND EVERYTHING THAT'S BRIGHT AND GAY
I'LL ALWAYS THINK OF YOU THAT WAY.

(*MAM comes up and hands a letter to MIKE. Then goes to a microphone.*)

MIKE / MAM. (*MIKE consults the letter. MIKE & MAM speak in unison. MIKE's voice fades to leave only MAM's.*)

Dear Michael,

As soon as I heard they were shipping you off to England I knew those simpering English girls would try to snare my son. And there you go rushing headlong like an ass into the brambles.

MIKE. But she's Irish. Born in Dublin.

MAM. (*In a low, menacing voice:*) You say she was born in Dublin. Don't you lie to me, Michael Thomas Patrick O'Brien. Deceit is the Devil's hook. He'll surely reel your heart into the depths of hell with your own willing lies.

MIKE. What's so awful about the English?

MAM. Those English! Tossin' away our blessed Pope like a rotten potato just so Henry can have a go at another wife.

MIKE. Trisha is Catholic!

MAM. Michael. (*Sigh.*) What about that lovely girl who came over from County Cork? Kathleen. Sweet as clover, glowin' like an angel

at her Confirmation. Mike, come home and marry Kathleen. Stick to yer own.

MIKE. Let Frank marry Kathleen.

MAM. At least wait until the war is over.

MIKE. What if I don't make it through the war?

MAM. You've the mind of a mule, though, I don't suppose you'll listen to me. But I'll not send you a dime for your honeymoon.

MIKE. But that's *my*...

MAM. Yes, I know it's your money, but I'll not be lettin' ya spill your nickels over some trifling flirt.



2 pages

(Instrumental coda continues gently beneath the MOTHER's letter and gradually fades as the sound effects of her story come in.)

(This MOTHER simply walks to a mike without a letter in hand. She composes the letter as she speaks.)

A MOTHER.

My dear Graham,

I've just finished clearing away Thanksgiving Dinner.
Papa and Lois are in the woods cutting down our Christmas tree.
It grieves me, my son, to think of you spending Christmas in a foxhole.
Your Papa spent Christmas in a trench during the First World War.

(Ever so slight battle sounds in the background then fade.)

They were fighting off German soldiers near Ploegsteert Wood in Belgium.

(MOTHER pauses long enough to feel the silence: the gently blowing wind, a bird fluttering away, the dribble of a nearly frozen creek. Then the bells from a distant church ring out the hour. Eleven. After the first bell the MOTHER reads on.)

During a lull in the fighting he heard church bells calling people to a Midnight Mass.

Christmas Eve.

Papa said it took everything he had not to jump out and run to that sound, to spend Christmas in a church instead of a foxhole.

(Lone male voice singing "Silent Night" in German. Other voices join as indicated by the letter.)

Then he heard singing, first one German voice then six or seven.

Then Papa started singing.

Soon all of the soldiers on that hillside were singing "Silent Night," one side in German the other in English.

(Footsteps crunch in the snow. Then "Merry Christmas." "Frohe Weihnachten!" Voices and sounds as indicated by the letter.)

Those soldiers put down their guns, crossed the field between them and wished their enemies a Merry Christmas.

Somehow they managed to strike a Christmas truce. They exchanged gifts...chocolate, cigarettes; someone passed a flask of Grand Marnier.

They had snowball fights, and sang Carols, they even buried their dead together.

They all knew they could be court martialed so they kept it secret for years.

In the end they had to crawl back into those trenches and wage war again, but Papa says those moments of Christmas peace got him through to the end of the war.

Wishing you Christmas peace and God's protection.

Love,

Mama.

SILENT NIGHT (German)

STILLE NACHT! HEIL'GE NACHT!
ALLES SCHLÄFT; EINSAM WACHT
NUR DAS TRAUTE HOCH HEILIGE PAAR.

SHOO SHOO BABY

Female
Trio

Dm6



Dm6



D6



G7



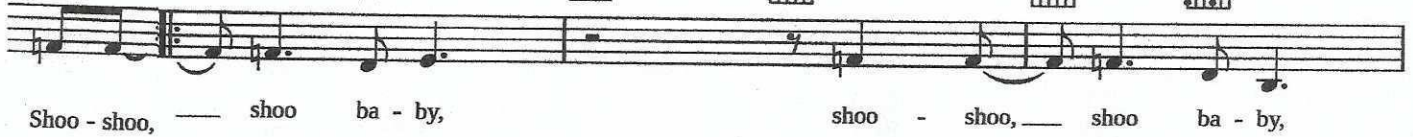
G#dim



Dm6



G#dim



G7



D6



Dm6



D



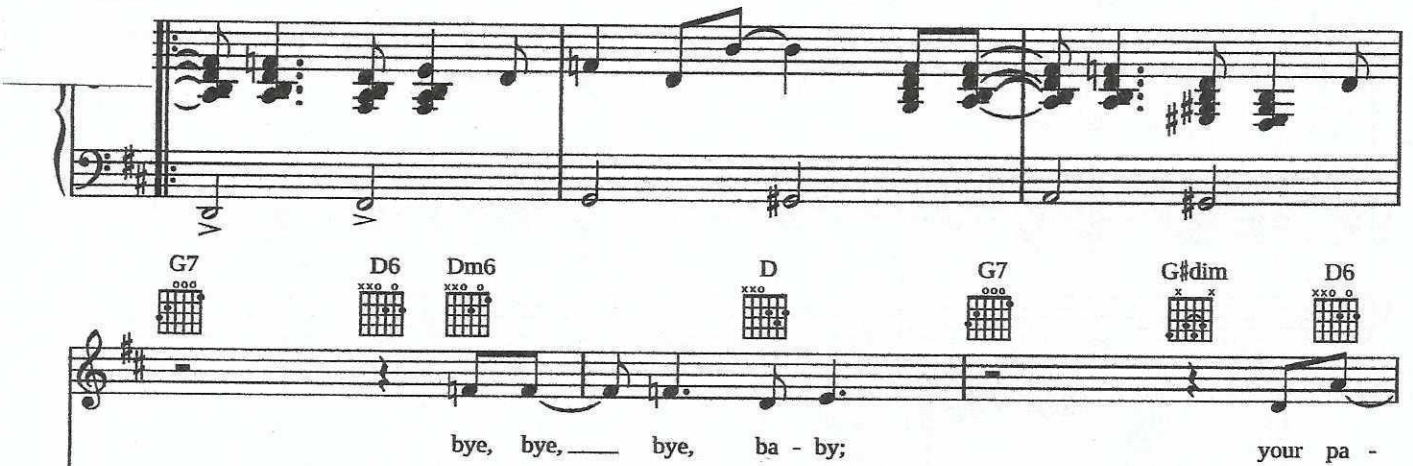
G7



G#dim



D6



G



D6



A7



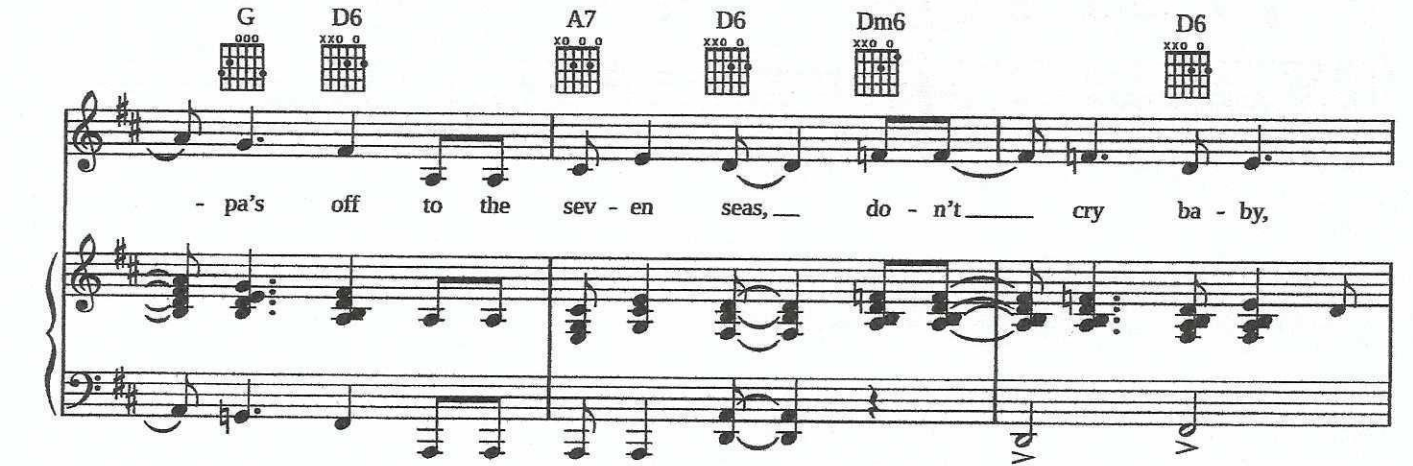
D6



Dm6



D6



G



G#dim



Dm6



G#dim



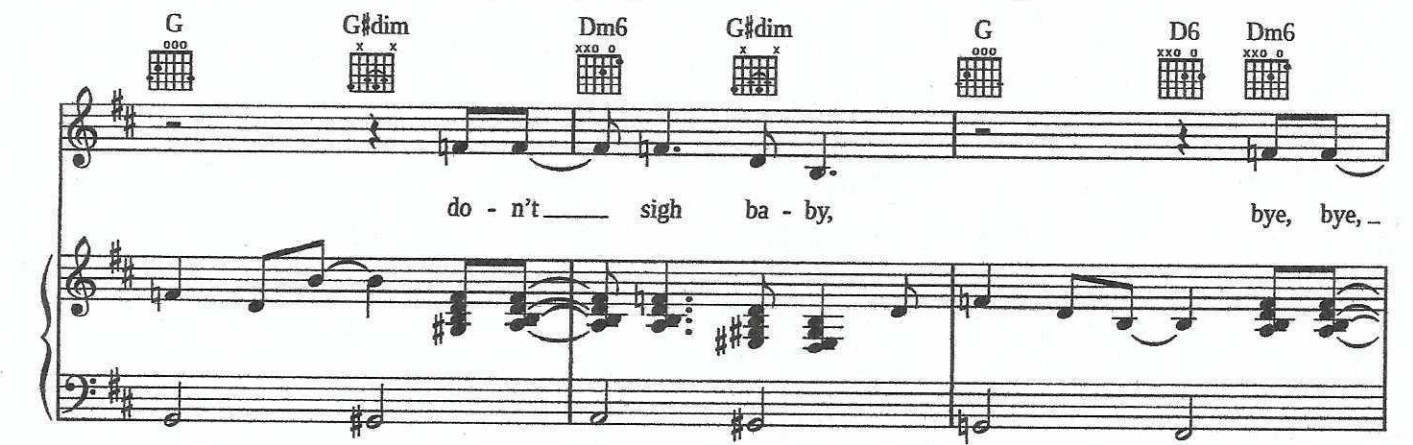
G



D6



Dm6



— bye ba - by, when I ——— come back we'll live a

life of ease. — Seems kind of tough — now,

END

Chord diagrams: D6, G, G#dim, D6, G, D6, A7, D6, Cmaj7, D9.


White Christmas

**Words and Music by
Irving Berlin**

[illegible]

Cm7 Eb6 F Bbadd9 F9 Bb Cm9 F7
 just like the ones — I used to know. ————— Where the

B♭6 B♭⁶₉ G/B♭ E♭⁶₉ E♭m6



tree - tops glis - ten and chil - dren lis - ten to

Bb/F Cm7/G Gm7 C₁₃⁷ F11 F9
 hear sleigh bells in the snow.

B \flat Eb/B \flat B \flat A/B \flat B \flat 6 Cm9 F9

I'm dream - ing of a white Christ-mas

Cm7 Eb6 F7 Bb6 Faug6

with ev - 'ry Christ-mas card I write.

Bb6 Bb6/F Ebm6 Bb Bb9

May your days be mer - ry and

Eb Ebm6 rit. Bb Bbmaj7

bright and may all your

Cm6 Bb6

Christ - mas - es be white.

1944

MALE SOLO

As sung in the Paramount Picture "Here Come The Waves"
Starring Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts

Ac-cent-tchu-ate The Positive

"Mister In-be-tween"

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER



F F+ Dm F7 Bb Bbm D^b11 G-9+ C9

AC-CENT - TCHU - ATE THE POS - I - TIVE, E - lim - my-nate the neg - a - tive, -

F F+ Dm F7 Gm7

Latch on to the af - firm - a - tive, Don't mess with Mis - ter In - be -

1. F D-9+ Gm7 C9 F Gm7 2. Gm7 F

tween." No! Don't mess with Mis - ter In - be - tween. — You've got to tween. —

Male Solo

I'll Be Seeing You

Lyrics by IRVING KAHAL/Music by SAMMY FAIN

gva.....

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Start →

chest - nut trees, — the wish - ing well. — I'll be

see - ing you — In ev - 'ry love - ly sum - mer's day, In

Chords: Eb, Bb9+, G7, Fm, C7, Fm, C7, Fm

Tempo: *p*, *a tempo*

Articulation: *rit.*

Fm C7 Fm Bbdim Bb7 Ebdim Eb

ev - ry - thing that's light and gay, I'll al - ways think of

C7 Fm G7 Cm G7 Cm Eb+ Cm7

you that way I'll find you in the morn - ing sun; And when the night is

crescendo

F9 (d.) Fm7 Abm6

new, I'll be look - ing at the moon But I'll be see - ing

Sua. loco *rit. p* *mf* *f*

~~Ebsus4 Eb Bb7sus4 Bb7 Fm7 Abm6 Bb7 Bb7+ Eb sus4 Eb Fm7 Eb6~~

~~you! you!~~

Sua.!