

MARTHA

Oh, calm down, folks, calm down. It's not a disaster, it's just a heat wave.

MR. SNORING MAN

In December?

MARTHA

This is Vermont. We're individuals up here.

MRS. SNORING MAN

You promised me there'd be snow.

MARTHA

Well, Santa promised me a bunny rabbit and I never got that either.

MR. SNORING MAN

If I wanted a suntan I'd'a gone to San Juan!

MRS. SNORING MAN

C'mon, Herbert! We're going to Saskatchewan!
(PASSENGERS exit, grumbling loudly.)

MARTHA

(As the PASSENGERS file out:)
They're predicting a blizzard, you know! —Oh, I hope you all get stuck in it. Conformists!
(Nine-year-old SUSAN WAVERLY enters.)

SUSAN

Martha! Martha, the mail came in.

MARTHA

The mail... Oh, the mail. Give me that. We've got to hide these bills from your grandfather.

SUSAN

Why do we have to hide the bills from Grandpa?

MARTHA

Never you mind.

(Glances through the bills one by one. Each one is worse.)

Oh, dear... Oh, dear... Oh, Lordy...

(She stuffs the bills into a box she pulls from under the counter. Then she notices an official-looking envelope.)

"Washington, D.C.?" Susie—excuse me, Susan—don't you have some homework you should be doing?
(SUSAN exits as BOB, PHIL, BETTY and JUDY enter, all arguing ad lib.)

PHIL

Okay, so I was wrong about the snow.

MARTHA

May I help you? No-you-can't-have-your-deposit-back, yes-we-have-space, you can have any room in the Inn including mine. Sign right here.

Start

Actually, we're not guests. BETTY

We're your entertainment. JUDY

Well, your audience just left. You'd better chase 'em, they're moving fast. MARTHA

"Hot cocoa and schussing." I could schuss somebody right now. "Clean cold air. Rrrr! Just what we need!" BOB

Wait a minute, I know that voice. You're Bob Wallace. MARTHA

(BOB remains stony-faced.) PHIL
Look at that. Awww. You see how you touched him?

And Phil Davis! Wallace and Davis. Davis and Wallace. What the hell are you two doing in Pinetree? MARTHA

Bringing you the fabulous Haynes sisters. Just wait till you hear 'em warble. PHIL

I'm sorry we won't be able to use you girls. We'll pay you half-salary for cancelling—if you don't mind taking most of it in postage stamps. MARTHA

(Checking a train schedule.) BOB
Well, I can still catch the southbound express. It was a real pleasure, Miss Haynes.

Delighted, Mr. Scrooge. BETTY
(GENERAL WAVERLY enters.)

Martha, where the devil is the mail? WAVERLY

Ten-shun! BOB

(Saluting.) BOB & PHIL
General Waverly, sir!

At ease, men. WAVERLY

(Still stiffly saluting.)
Yes, sir!

BOB & PHIL

I said at ease!

WAVERLY

Yes, sir.

PHIL

How are you, Captain?

WAVERLY

I'm fine, General Waverly, but what are you doing up here?

BOB

I happen to own this establishment. What's your excuse?

WAVERLY

Well, we were just telling your wife...

PHIL

Aaagh! No! No! Anything but that. His "wife"? You just put ten years on me.

MARTHA

This is Martha Watson, my concierge.

WAVERLY

"Concierge." At least he doesn't call me "sergeant" anymore. You know he once posted a sign, "Breakfast after calisthenics, 0600 hours"? In answer to the question, Your Majesty, they brought these gals to sing for the holidays.

MARTHA

They're the sisters of Frankie Haynes, sir.

PHIL

Freckle-faced Haynes, the dog-faced boy?

WAVERLY

Frankie will be so pleased you remembered him.

JUDY

It's a real honor to meet you, General.

BETTY

(Entering.)
My grandfather is a hero.

SUSAN

I think I hear my granddaughter. Susie is visiting for the holidays from California.

WAVERLY