

Stan Freberg

"Christmas Dragnet"

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This is the season.

My name's Wednesday.

My partner's Frank Jones.

The Chief's name 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.

"Hang up your stocking yet, Joe?"

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

"Always 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. "

"Sure wouldn't, be a shame."

"Whatcha gonna do tomorrow, Joe?"

Whatcha gonna do on Christmas, got any plans?"

"Nothin' much."

"Why don't you come by the house Joe?

We're gonna have Christmas dinner.

You know, all the trimmings:

turkey, celery stuffing, oysters maybe.

Chestnuts, all the trimmings, you know.

Cranberry sauce, love'ta have ya.

The Missus always fixes a plate of relish

with them little carrot sticks.

You know, olives, pickles, scallions.

Most people call them green onions, but they're really scallions.

Did you ever notice that Joe?"

"Notice what Frank?"

"How most people call them green onions but they're really scallions."

"Uh-huh. Scallions."

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

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

"Love ta have ya."

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

"Love ta have ya."

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

"Missus always fixes a plate of relish with them little carrot sticks.

You know - olives, pickles, scallions."-ac

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