

**RS#1 Jean****Start**

*JEAN (as the "Overture" ends, delivered with high energy, excitement and a wry, nostalgic sensibility).* Hi, gang! Are you ready to play radio on this blustery, blizzardy Christmas Eve? I am if you are. Yes, once again, right here on WOR in the heart of Manhattan, it's "The Jean Shepherd Show." *(He blows "Charge!" on a kazoo.)* Home of the greatest stories ever told—by yours truly, of course. On my way into the studio, in the spanking December breeze, I passed by a Salvation Army Santa Claus listlessly tolling his bell, and remembered another Christmas, in another time, in another place, and ... a gun. I take you back to the exotic city of—*(Anticlimactic.)* Hohman, Indiana—where the state line ends abruptly in the icy, detergent-filled waters of Lake Michigan. Back in the day, Lake Michigan was so polluted you could run halfway to Milwaukee before you sank to the bottom. Any-the-how, it was there in Hohman, back in 1940, that I experienced my most important

**(#1a: "Transition to 1940")**

*JEAN (cont'd).* Yuletide season. Now when I say the word "I," I don't mean me, necessarily. It's a universal "I." And the "I" in this particular story is Ralphie Parker. So sit back, turn up the volume and let's go! **← End**

*(JEAN "orchestrates" the set change as the studio goes off, and the interior of the Parker house comes into view.)*