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WE'LL STAY WITH THE OLD MAN
WHEREVER HE WANTS TO STAY.
LONG AS HE STAYS
AWAY FROM THE BATTLE'S FRAY.

BECAUSE WE LOVE HIM,
WE LOVE HIM,
ESPECIALLY WHEN HE KEEPS US
ON THE BALL.

AND WE'LL TELL THE KIDDIES WE
ANSWERED DUTY'S CALL
WITH THE GRANDEST SON-OF-A-
SOLDIER OF THEM ALL!

BOB

(Indicating the audience.)

Your troops are assembled, sir. The 151st Division salutes you.

WAVERLY

(Looking out front.)

Lieutenant Boyle... Corporal Sanchez... And isn't that freckle-faced—?

BOB

It's Frankie Haynes, sir. He flew in from Fairbanks this morning.

WAVERLY

Dog-face...

(He catches himself.)

Haynes, you look as good as ever!

(BOB, PHIL & SHELDRAKE all pull back. WAVERLY addresses the audience:)

So—Christmas Eve, 1954. And isn't this a fine gift. Trying to give an old soldier a taste of his former glory. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have some news. President Eisenhower has invited me back to active duty. Back into the noblest profession I know. Well, backwards is a way a soldier does not go. And the fact is, I'm not a soldier anymore. I'm an innkeeper. A proud innkeeper but a very bad innkeeper—with all the chance for glory I needed right here in Pinetree, and I didn't even see it. My superior Miss Martha Watson will tell you I once set breakfast for 0600 hours. Well, from now on it's going to be breakfast all day and waffles all night. Beds will not be made. Calisthenics are strictly forbidden. And anybody who calls me "sir" instead of "Hank" will be tossed out on his can. You see, I know something today I didn't know even yesterday: If you're worried and you can't sleep—just count your blessings instead of sheep...

(Sings, a cappella.)

AND YOU'LL FALL ASLEEP
COUNTING YOUR BLESSINGS.

MUSIC 23: COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (UNDERScore)

WAVERLY

(Spoken:)

Last time I saw your faces, you were all boys. Now here you are with your wives and children, and it's a grand sight. My friends—thank you from the bottom of my heart. And Merry Christmas!