

"Hey Joe, what were the score?"

"Pshucks...six t'three."

"Ya hear? Set up!"

"Who won?"

"Who cares!"

"What time?"

"Who dares!"

"Yer bound to dust!" MoJoe twice shakes his boun.

"We'll peg his broom!" Aft mimicks.

"Strake three!"

"Yer out!"

All wearingly laugh agin, slaptable, clink a glass, backslap 'till ole Herman almost falls aperche and slips afloor.

"Careful Dink! We don't wan' him to awake before th' time."

"We'll drunk to that!"

"And now...who'se 'im?"

"This here's Pago..."

"Boooooo!"

"He looks the part!"

All laugh wearingly thin.

"Pfc!"

"Owr Santer Clause will speak!"

"The ghost who walks?"

"Shhhhhhh!"

As preordained, bartender Moose rearrives wearingly white gloves. A nod. An' he caringly careful props upon barcounter all's beloved war decorated, turbantopped, ventriloquist's Daveydummy, then sets aprop precariously leans (Ooooooh!) while water drips drip drips from leaky pipe