

# INSPIRED PURPOSE



NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ROLE: \_\_\_\_\_

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## #0 - Overture

### ACT ONE: PRELUDE

*(The OVERTURE ends and we see the living room of a snowy cottage at the North Pole. A large inviting easy chair and television dominate the room. SANTA CLAUS is discovered sitting in the easy chair beside a TV table on which there is a pitcher of eggnog and a bowl of Doritos. He looks slightly disheveled. His jacket and boots are off; he is wearing his red pants, a t-shirt, and suspenders. He picks up the remote and clicks it.)*

**SANTA:** I don't believe it. *(Calling off stage)* It happened again!

**MRS. CLAUS:** *(rushing on stage)* What happened again?

**SANTA:** The DVR thing. It didn't tape the football game I was going to watch.

**MRS. CLAUS:** I'm sorry, honey.

**SANTA:** What did I do wrong?

**MRS. CLAUS:** I don't know, dear.

**SANTA:** I mean, I can fly around the world in one night but I can't set the DVR! What's wrong with me?

**MRS. CLAUS:** Nothing's wrong with you dear. It's these new fangled gadgets that are just so complex. But maybe it's for the best. They'll be here at six. *(She turns off the TV and exits.)*

**SANTA:** *(to the audience)* In-laws. They come every year on Christmas day. I finish my rounds, just start to unwind then the door bursts open and the kids run in, start dancing with the elves and the elves get into the eggnog and start riding the reindeer. Now don't get me wrong; I'm a big fan of Christmas. It's just, well, I really wanted to watch that football game. What am I complaining about? It's Christmas! Let's read a Christmas story! *(he picks up a large book)* Ah. here's one! The story of "Buddy The Elf"-

## #1-Happy All the Time

**SANTA:** -Well, he thought he was an elf- we'll get to that part. Oh! You know what? Before we start I'm going to turn off my cell phone. It's pretty irritating when one of these things goes off in the middle of a story. Gonna unwrap my candies now too. Okay. it begins once upon a time, in a little village here at the North Pole called Christmas Town. Now, this town is unique for two reasons: One, there is NO Starbucks; and two, everyone who lives here is an elf.

### ACT ONE: SCENE 1

**SANTA:** CHRISTMAS ELVES ENJOY THEMSELVES BY DONNING GAY APPAREL  
OR BY SINGING SONGS IN SANTA'S SHOP

**ELVES:** FA LA LA LA LA

**SANTA:** NOW, OF COURSE, I LIKE IT WHEN THEY SING A CHRISTMAS CAROL  
I LIKE IT EVEN BETTER WHEN THEY STOP.

NIGHT AND DAY THEY DANCE AND PLAY, THEY NEVER SLEEP MUCH EITHER.  
WOULD SOME PEACE AND QUIET BE A CRIME?

OF COURSE, I LOVE EACH ONE OF THEM, BUT SANTA NEEDS A BREATHER.  
BECAUSE THEY'RE JUST SO HAPPY ALL THE TIME.

THEY'RE ODDLY

**SANTA & ELVES:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME

**SANTA:** UNGODLY  
**SANTA & ELVES:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** WHEN THEY SING UNTIL THEY'RE BLUISH, SANTA WISHES HE WERE JEWISH,  
 CAUSE THEY'RE  
**SANTA & ELVES:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** I SWEAR THEY'RE  
**SANTA & ELVES:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** BIZARRELY HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
*(ELVES ad lib: "Hi Santa" We love you Santa" etc.)*  
**POPSY:** WE'VE BEEN KNOW TO SMILE SO WIDE YOU CAN SEE EACH MOLAR!  
**SANTA:** SOMETIMES THEY PREFER TO SPEAK IN RHYME  
**BUBBLES:** IT'S SUBLIME!  
**CHEERY:** WE'VE ONLY BEEN TO ONE POLE!  
**SANTA:** BUT THEY STILL MIGHT BE BIPOLAR  
**ELVES:** BECAUSE WE'RE CRAZY HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
 IT'S STRANGE WE'RE HAPPY ALL THE TIME,  
 BALL-CHANGE! WE'RE HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** AND EVERY SINGLE ELF THAT HAS HANDS, HAS TO TURN THEM INTO JAZZ HANDS  
**ELVES:** CAUSE WERE HAPPY ALL THE TIME, IT'S CLEAR WE'RE WERE HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** THEY'RE JUST SO HAPPY  
**ELVES:** ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** BUT THERE'S AN ELF CALLED BUDDY WHO MAKES THEM LOOK APATHETIC  
**ELVES:** IF HE WERE ANY SWEETER, WE MIGHT END UP DIABETIC  
**SANTA:** HE'S EVERYBODY'S BUDDY BUT HE'LL LEAVE YOUR EARDRUMS RINGING  
**SANTA & ELVES:** CAUSE EVERYWHERE HE GOES HE HAS TO TELL THE WORLD HE'S SINGING  
*(BUDDY bursts cheerfully on upstage center and runs down to join SANTA and the assembled ELVES)*  
**BUDDY:** I'M SINGING!                      **ELVES:** BUDDY!  
 IT'S ALMOST CHRISTMAS AND I'M  
 SINGING!                                      **ELVES:** FA LA LA LA LA  
 AND I LOVE SANTA SO I'M  
 SINGING!                                      **ELVES:** SINGING!  
**BUDDY:** Santa!  
**SANTA:** You know Buddy that just cuts through my brain like a knife.  
**BUDDY:** I'm sorry! *(hugs him hard)* Can I give you a hug?  
**SANTA:** You ask first and then hug. Remember?  
**BUDDY:** Sorry  
**SANTA:** Just... *(gestures for him to step away)* ...personal space. Take a breath.  
**BUDDY:** *(takes a breath)* Can I sing now?  
**SANTA:** Sure.  
**BUDDY:** *(Loudly into SANTA's face)* YOU KNOW I'M HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
 HELLO? I'M HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
 AND CHRISTMASTOWN IS HEAVEN, SO HELLO FROM CLOUD ELEVEN, I'M SO  
**ALL:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**BUDDY:** GUNG HO AND  
**ALL:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME  
**SANTA:** HE'S FREAKY HAPPY  
**ALL:** ALL THE TIME

**BUDDY:** MY LIPS ARE HAPPY, MY THUMBS ARE HAPPY, MY HIPS ARE HAPPY, MY GUMS ARE HAPPY, MY CRANIUM AND MY SPLEEN ARE HAPPY, AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN IS HAPPY, I'M HAPPY DOWN TO THE FOOD I EAT, LIKE A PENGUIN I'VE, GOT HAPPY FEET  
*(BUDDY starts to dance. The Toy Factory whistles goes off, signaling the start of the workday.)*

**SANTA:** Buddy. Enough with the dancing. You've got toys to make. Charlie, do something.

**CHARLIE:** We're in the home stretch people! The big day is only two weeks away! Let's pick up the pace!

**BUDDY:** Yay! Time to go to work! Yay!

DID I MENTION I'M

**ELVES:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME

**BUDDY:** I LIKE ATTENTION!

**ELVES:** HE'S HAPPY ALL THE TIME

**BUDDY:** MAKING TOYS IS SO FANTASTIC THAT I SHAKE UNTIL I'M SPASTIC

**ELVES:** TRUE HE'S

**ALL:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME

**BUDDY:** WHO KNEW? I'M

**ALL:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME! HE'S UNNATURALLY HAPPY ALL THE TIME

*(Under the last note))*

**BUDDY:** HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY ETC.

**ALL:** HAPPY ALL THE TIME!

## **ACT ONE: SCENE 2**

*(BUDDY and the other elves are at Santa's Workshop, an assembly line on which the elves make all of Santa's toys.)*

### **# 1a - Let's Make Toys!**

*(The hands of a large clock move to indicate the passage of time-it's soon later in the day. BUDDY is making Etch-A-Sketches clumsily. Pieces fly from his table. CHARLIE walks across the line.)*

**CHARLIE:** How you doing, Buddy?

**BUDDY:** um, fine Charlie, but...I guess I'm going to be a little short on today's quota.

**CHARLIE:** that's all right Buddy. Just tell me, how many Etch-A-Sketches did you get finished?

*(BUDDY embarrassed, fights back tears)*

**CHARLIE:** C'mon Buddy! How many?

**BUDDY:** I made um, eighty-five!

*(MUSIC out as all ELVES gasp and stare at Buddy.)*

**CHARLIE:** *(snaps open his work schedule scroll)* Eighty-five? It's 10 am and you only made eighty-five?

**BUDDY:** Why don't you just say it? I'm the worst toymaker in the world. I'm a Cotton-Headed-Ninny-Muggins.

**CHARLIE:** You're not a Cotton-Headed-Ninny-Muggins. You have lots of talents, uh, special talents... in fact, like uh, *(to the others)* ...special talents?

**CHEERY:** You're the best basketball player in the whole North Pole!

**POPSY:** Even better than Santa!

**BUBBLES:** And you're the only baritone in the Jinglesingers! You bring us down a whole octave.

**TRINKET:** In a good way!

**CHEERY:** And you can get things on the top shelf faster than any of us!

**CHARLIE:** See Buddy? You're not a Cotton-Headed-Ninny-Muggins. You're just... special.

**ELVES:** Yay, special! You're the best! So special! etc

**CHARLIE:** Hey, these elves are getting pretty thirsty. Would you mind doing a round with the cocoa cart?

**BUDDY:** Yay! Cocoa cart! Cocoa cart!

*(BUDDY leaves. CHARLIE motions TIARA to join him)*

**CHARLIE:** Hey, Tiara?

**TIARA:** Yes Charlie?

**CHARLIE:** I hate to do this to you, but could you pick up the slack on those Etch-A-Sketches?

*(BUDDY returns immediately with the cocoa cart. He listens unnoticed by CHARLIE and TIARA)*

**TIARA:** No problem!

**CHARLIE:** I appreciate it. Buddy's killing me

**TIARA:** Hey, that was quick thinking with the 'special talents' thing.

**CHARLIE:** I feel bad for the big guy. I hope he doesn't get wise.

**TIARA:** Well if he hasn't figured out by now that he's human I don't think he ever will.

**BUDDY:** Human?!? I'm human?

**CHARLIE:** Oh no. *(to another elf)* Get Santa!

**BUDDY:** You said I'm human!

**CHARLIE:** No. No.

**TIARA:** No, not you Buddy. We were talking about some other Buddy. Some Buddy...else

**BUDDY:** *(not believing them)* No you weren't! I'm not happy!

*(BUDDY exits. TIARA and CHARLIE are left alone on stage)*

**CHARLIE:** Way to go, Tiara. You broke his heart.

**TIARA:** What, you think I meant to do that?

**CHARLIE:** Well it is kind of a hobby of yours, isn't it? *(CHARLIE storms off stage, obviously upset.)*

**TIARA:** *(following him)* Charlie do NOT make this about us!

### **ACT ONE: SCENE 3**

*(BUDDY runs onstage. He's clearly upset.)*

#### **#1b - Not Happy All The Time**

**BUDDY:** *(singing sadly)* MY LIPS AREN'T HAPPY, MY THUMBS AREN'T HAPPY,  
MY HIPS AREN'T HAPPY, MY GUMS AREN'T HAPPY...

*(SANTA arrives, accompanied by panicky elves)*

**SANTA:** Buddy...

**BUDDY:** Santa, is it true what they said? Am I human?

**SANTA:** Good question. *(SANTA walks BUDDY over to a chair)* Here, come sit on Santa's lap.

#### **#1c - Sit on Santa's Lap**

**SANTA:** I have to tell you a story. *(reacting to BUDDY's weight)* Oh! You're a big boy. Now, once upon a time, there was a young woman, Susan Welles. She had a baby, but passed away soon after he was born. That baby was put into an orphanage and one Christmas night, he crawled into my toy sack and I brought him back here by mistake. The Elves took him in and raised him as one of their own.

**BUDDY:** Really? Where is he? Is it Charlie?

**SANTA:** Buddy, it's you! This is your story!

**BUDDY:** I'm not an elf; *(BUDDY turns to look at the ELVES)*

**TRINKET:** No.....

**BUDDY:** I'm human!?

**POPSY:** Uh huh...

**BUDDY:** And I'm an orphan. Just like Annie!

**SANTA:** Not exactly. You have a human father but he never knew you were born. He lives in a far-away land called New York City. *(SANTA takes out a New York City snow globe and hands it to BUDDY)* And he works... *(points to the globe)* Right there, in the Empire State Building.

**BUDDY:** In there? He must be teeny-tiny!

**SANTA:** Trust me, it's actually a very tall building. *(BUDDY tries to give the globe back)* Keep it. A gift from me.

**BUDDY:** Thank you Santa! *(BUDDY hugs SANTA strongly)*

**ELVES:** Awwwwwwwwwwww!

*(SANTA turns to gathered elves)*

**SANTA:** All right, break it up. Nothing to see here. Back to work. *(The ELVES quickly exit)*

**BUDDY:** Santa, what's my dad like?

**SANTA:** Oh. Well, he's a very successful man. An executive. He publishes children's books.

**BUDDY:** Oh!

**SANTA:** But I should tell you, he, uh.....well, he's on the Naughty List.

**BUDDY:** NO! What did he do? Did he wet the bed?

**SANTA:** No, he didn't wet the-look, he just doesn't believe in me anymore.

**BUDDY:** Doesn't believe in you? Is he insane?

**SANTA:** No, like a lot of human beings these days, he's just lost the Christmas Spirit

**BUDDY:** But Christmas Spirit is what makes your sleigh fly!

**SANTA:** I know. It's becoming a problem. *(SANTA looks into the snow globe)* Buddy, it's time you went there to meet him. I'm going to miss you, that's for sure, but you're like a bird; a big hairy bird and it's time for you to leave the nest.

**BUDDY:** But I don't want to go to New York. I'm scared.

**SANTA:** There's nothing to be scared of. New York is a great place. But there's one thing you should know. And it's very important.

**BUDDY:** What?

**SANTA:** There's like seven Ray's Pizzas and they all say they're the original, but the real one is on Sixth Avenue and Eleventh Street.

**BUDDY:** Okay. Which direction is New York?

*(SANTA walks BUDDY upstage to an iceberg.)*

**SANTA:** It's south. We're at the North Pole, Buddy; everything's South. Just head south until you find yourself in a big smelly industrial wasteland.

**BUDDY:** And that's New York?

**SANTA:** No, that's New Jersey. Then you go through the Lincoln Tunnel and you're there.

**BUDDY:** Okay Santa. I'll miss you! *(Hugs SANTA again)*

## #2 - World's Greatest Dad

**SANTA:** You too. Bye, Buddy! Take care!

**BUDDY:** Bye Santa! Oh! What's my dad's name?

**SANTA:** Hobbs. Walter Hobbs.

**BUDDY:** Hobbs? Then I must be Buddy Hobbs! (*uncertain*) Yay!

#### **ACT ONE: SCENE 4**

*(BUDDY gets ready to leave.)*

**BUDDY:** A DAD WHOS A MILLION MILES AWAY;  
WHEN HE MEETS ME WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'LL SEE  
BUT DEEP DOWN I KNOW I SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID, 'CAUSE HE'S BOUND TO BE A LOT LIKE ME!  
AND WE'LL MAKE ANGELS IN THE SNOW, TILL THE SNOW, BEGINS TO BLOW  
THEN WE'LL RUN INSIDE AND START A TICKLE FIGHT.  
AND IF IT'S TOO COLD TO SLED, WE'LL EAT GINGERBREAD INSTEAD  
AND THEN CUDDLE TILL HE TUCKS ME IN AT NIGHT!  
AND WE'LL GET OUR PICTURES TAKEN, FOR THE CHRISTMAS CARD WE'RE MAKIN'  
HIM AND ME IN SUITS OF MATCHING PLAID,  
AND WHEN PEOPLE SEE US WALKING, THEY'LL BE GOOGLE-EYED AND GAWKING  
AT BUDDY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST DAD!

*(Now as BUDDY sings, we first have the illusion that he is traveling on ice, and then walking in a forest filled with giant candy canes, then walking along the top of a mountain, then along a suburban highway, then through the Lincoln Tunnel. And all the while BUDDY continues to sing.)*

WE'LL SPEND MORNINGS HOLDING HANDS, HOLDING HANDS AND MAKING PLANS,  
ON WHETHER TO PLAY JACKS OR KICK THE CAN.

THEN FOR LUNCH A GINGER SNAP, THEN A NAP TO FILL THE GAP  
BETWEEN BUILDING FORTS AND PLAYING SUPERMAN!

AND IF HIS BACK GIVES HIM A SPASM, WELL EVERY GOOD DAD HAS 'EM,  
I'LL BRING HIM COCOA AND A HEATING PAD.

IT'S A SCENE INSIDE A SNOW GLOBE; IT'S A VERY APROPOS GLOBE.

JUST BUDDY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST DAD!

*(BUDDY has now arrived in a full-scale midtown Manhattan set with the Empire State building looming upstage in the distance the set is bustling with New York street characters. He takes out his snow globe and compares it to the buildings around him.)*

**BUDDY:** I'm here! I'm going to meet my dad!

*(TRINA trails to hail a cab.)*

**TRINA:** Taxi! Taxi!

*(BUDDY waves at her. A jogger passes him in a red suit. BUDDY mistakes him for SANTA)*

**BUDDY:** Santa! Santa! Oh, not Santa. Sorry.

**FLYER GIRLS:** Check it out! Check it out!

*(BUDDY gathers the flyers. He spots a souvlaki cart)*

**BUDDY:** *(reading the sign)* Worlds best souvlaki! Congrats! *(handing him a flyer)* and check it out!  
WE'LL SHARE A WHOLE FRUIT CAKE SLICE BY SLICE,  
MAKING SURE NOT ONE SINGLE CRUMB DROPS.

**BUSINESSMAN:** Get outta here, freak.

**BUDDY:** AND IF I WERE TO SAY, "I'M IN A CHRISTMAS PLAY"

HE WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR A MILLION GUMDROPS!

WHEN I FALL AND SCRAPE MY KNEE, HE'LL KISS THAT KNEE FOR ME  
AND MAKE THAT BOOBOO BETTER IN A JIFF!



(*PASSERBY sneezes*) AND IF I SHOULD GET A COLD, OR ALLERGIES FROM MOLD  
HE'LL GAZOONTITE ME WITH HIS OWN HANDKERCHIEF!  
AND IF EVER THINGS SEEM GLOOMFUL I'LL KNOW THAT THERE'S A ROOMFUL  
OF HUGS AND JOKES TO MAKE IT SEEM LESS BAD  
I CAN'T HIDE MY ADMIRATION FOR THAT PERFECT COMBINATION  
OF BUDDY AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST DAD!  
AND I'M GONNA TRY MY BEST TO BE, EVERYTHING YOU'D EXPECT OF ME  
AND I PROMISE THAT I WON'T STOP UNTIL I'M DONE,  
SO SOMEDAY YOU CAN SAY I'M THE WORLD'S GREATEST SON!

## **#2a - Whatta Ya Think That Is?**

(*BUDDY stops a teenager in the crowd*)

**BUDDY:** I'm lost can you tell me how to get to the Empire State Building?

**TANNER:** Whatta ya think that is?

**BUDDY:** Wow! Santa was right; it's much bigger than I thought it was! That's where my dad works!  
Dad!!!!

## **ACT ONE: SCENE 5**

(*The Greenway Press offices on an upper floor of the Empire State Building. Later the same day, A sign in the reception area, stage right, indicates that we are in the office of Greenway Press, "Children's Books Your Child Can Trust" A secretary, DEB, is seated at a reception desk. There is a large office area with EMPLOYEES working in cubicles. Stage center there's a door to a private office that opens as the scene begins. WALTER HOBBS appears in the door, he has a children's book in hand and a sheaf of papers.*)

**SAM:** We got a problem, Mr. Hobbs. "Jingles The Jolly Christmas Puppy" is tanking up in every bookstore in the country.

**WALTER:** Why?

**SAM:** Because two whole pages are missing from the last chapter.

**WALTER:** What?

**SAM:** Without them, the end of the book makes no sense!

**WALTER:** How did this happen?

**SAM:** I don't know, but you yourself okayed the final proofs. We'll have to recall all copies and reprint.

**WALTER:** No, we won't do that. Kids don't read the book anyway. They just look at the pictures. No recall!

**SAM:** You really want to do that?

**WALTER:** No, I want to go to Greenway and say we're taking a fifty thousand dollar bath so some stupid five-year-old can find out what happened to Jingles the friggin' Puppy on Christmas Eve!

**SAM:** But...?

**WALTER:** But nothing!

**SAM:** Whatever you say, boss.

**WALTER:** DEB!

**DEB:** Yes, Mr. Hobbs?

**WALTER:** Coffee! NOW!

**DEB:** Right away sir!

*(EMILY and MICHAEL enter)*

**EMILY:** Hello, darling!

**MICHAEL:** Hi, Dad!

**EMILY:** Ready to go?

**WALTER:** Go where?

**EMILY:** I don't believe it. Christmas shopping, remember?

**WALTER:** Emily, you always do this to me.

**EMILY:** We planned this weeks ago! I took the day off...

**WALTER:** Well, I can't. I'm swamped. This is the busiest time of the year!

**MICHAEL:** Dad, it's well documented that children of workaholics are prone to self-esteem issues.

*(WALTER stares at EMILY baffled)*

**EMILY:** What can I say? The kid likes NPR. Come on Walter, let's go.

**WALTER:** Emily, I just can't. Today is impossible, isn't it, Deb?

### **#3 - In the Way**

*(During the following scene, various other OFFICE WORKERS come out of their cubicles with papers in hand to speak to their boss. THEY end up joining in the song.)*

**DEB:** Oh, yes, Mr. Hobbs, you have a very busy day. *(reading from a clipboard)*

ONE P.M. MEETING WITH THE STAFF, LECTURE THEM ON THE BOARD'S BEHALF  
AND CONDEMN GIVING WORKERS CARTE BLANCHE.

**WALTER:** *(To EMILY and MICHAEL)* MY JOB HAS SO MANY FACETS

**DEB:** ONE FIFTEEN CUT OUR PENSION SIZE, RECONVENE WITH THE UNION GUYS.  
IN BETWEEN CLOSE OUR DELAWARE BRANCH.

**WALTER:** AND LIQUIDIZE OUR ASSETS

**DEB:** CHOSE A DATE FOR THE MEETING WITH GLOBAL FREIGHT

**WALTER:** TRY THE TWENTY-FIFTH

**EMILY:** WALTER, WAIT!

**ALL:** NO ONE WORKS ON THAT DAY

**WALTER:** See? CHRISTMAS ALWAYS GETS IN THE WAY!

**MICHAEL:** You've got it backwards!

**EMILY:** He's right! It's you who are getting in the way of Christmas, Walter.

**DEB:** Honestly, Mrs. Hobbs, it's out of his hands.

HALF PAST TWO LEGAL WANTS A CHAT. WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH,  
LECTURE OVER AT N.Y.U. ON OUTBIDDING TAIWAN

**WALTER:** *(To EMILY and MICHAEL)* WELL, IT'S MY ALMA MATER

**DEB:** IN THE CAR, MEET NEW SALES DEMANDS; AU REVOIR TO YOUR DINNER PLANS.  
TELL H.R. THEY'LL BE WORKING UNTIL DAWN.

**WALTER:** OR ELSE THEY'RE IN HOT WATER

**EMPLOYEES:** EMPLOYEES UNDER MR. HOBBS LEARN TO PLEASE JUST TO KEEP THEIR JOBS.  
YOU KNOW HE'S MORE CONTENT WHEN WE SAY

**WALTER:** All together now!

**ALL:** CHRISTMAS ALWAYS GETS IN THE WAY

**EMILY:** Walter, it's five days away and we don't even have a tree.

**WALTER:** WHAT'S THE BIG BROUHAHA OVER "FA LA LA LA?" IT'S A CHILDISH ORDEAL.

I MEAN, FLYING REINDEER? LET'S GET REAL.  
OLD SANTA'S SLEIGH JUST MEANS MORE BILLS TO PAY  
SO I GOTTA WORK OR FEEL THE SQUEEZE.  
MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON CHRISTMAS TREES.  
**EMILY:** Give me that calendar! If not today, how about tomorrow? Let's see...  
HALF PAST ONE, BUY A TREE TO TRIM. HE'S YOUR SON  
**WALTER:** I REMEMBER HIM  
**EMILY:** DON'T MAKE FUN, THERE'S TOO MUCH TO DISCUSS.  
**WALTER:** MY BUDGET NEEDS REWRITING.  
**EMILY:** TWO O'CLOCK, SKATING IN THE PARK, THEN A WALK UNTIL AFTER DARK.  
HERE'S A SHOCK; SPEND AN EVENING WITH US.  
**MICHAEL:** YAY, MOM, AND DAD ARE FIGHTING.  
**WALTER:** HAVE NO DOUBT, IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR.  
THINK ABOUT HOW I'M BURIED HERE. *(To OTHERS)* HELP ME OUT.  
**EMPLOYEES:** IT'S ALL WORK AND NO PLAY  
**WALTER AND EMPLOYEES:** CAUSE CHRISTMAS CHRISTMAS CHRISTMAS CHRISTMAS  
**WALTER:** What does it always get?  
**ALL:** IN THE WAY!  
**WALTER:** All right, everyone back to work! *(All EMPLOYEES go back to their cubicles as DEB returns to her reception desk.)*  
**EMILY:** Walter, I just don't think we can take no for an answer.  
**WALTER:** Could we please continue this delightful conversation in my office? Away from the staff?  
*(MICHAEL, EMILY AND WALTER disappear into WALTER's office. BUDDY enters the reception area and goes up to DEB.)*  
**BUDDY:** Excuse me? I'm here to see a Walter Hobbs. I'm Buddy the Elf.  
**DEB:** Buddy the Elf? Oh, what a riot! You look hilarious! Who sent you?  
**BUDDY:** Santa.  
**DEB:** Santa?  
**BUDDY:** Uh-huh, from the North Pole.  
**DEB:** From the North Pole?  
**BUDDY:** Yes.  
**DEB:** I'm sure Mr. Hobbs will be delighted to meet you, but he's in a meeting right now. Would you mind waiting for a few minutes? Sit. Stay here.  
**BUDDY:** Sure. *(BUDDY sits.)*  
**DEB:** Can I get you anything? A coffee?  
**BUDDY:** Chocolate milk would be fantastic...  
**DEB:** Oh... uh...  
*(WALTER, EMILY, and MICHAEL burst out of WALTER's office)*  
**BUDDY:** Dad!  
**WALTER:** Who in the heck are you?  
*(DEB rushes over)*  
**DEB:** Oh, isn't this a scream? Looks like someone sent you a Christmas Gram, Mr. Hobbs.  
**WALTER:** What?  
**DEB:** Meet Buddy the Elf.  
**WALTER:** *(playing along)* So...I guess you came from the North Pole.  
**BUDDY:** Yes! That's exactly where I came from!  
**WALTER:** So, go on.

**BUDDY:** Go on with what?

**WALTER:** Aren't you going to sing a song or something? Or can we all just get back to work?

**BUDDY:** A song? Uh, yeah. Anything for you Dad, uh, I, uh... *(stammering, singing off-pitch)* I'm here with my Dad and we have never met, and, um, I was adopted but you didn't know I was born, so I'm here now...I found you...Daddy. And guess what? I love you, I love you, I love you!

**WALTER:** *(whisper to DEB)* Call security.

*(Deb picks up a phone and whispers into it.)*

**BUDDY:** It's me, your son. Susan Welles had me and she didn't tell you, but I'm here, it's me, Buddy.

**WALTER:** Susan Welles? Did you say, Susan Welles?

**EMILY:** Isn't she the girl you went with in college?

**WALTER:** Susan passed away years ago. If this is supposed to be funny, it's not!

**EMILY:** He said he's your son. Deb, who sent this Christmas Gram?

**DEB:** I don't know, Mrs. Hobbs. He came without a gift card.

**BUDDY:** Mrs. Hobbs? Are you married to my Dad?

**EMILY:** I'm married to Mr. Hobbs.

**BUDDY:** Then you're my step-mommy! Would you like a hug?

**EMILY:** *(steps back)* No, thanks!

**MICHAEL:** *(to EMILY)* Wait. He's my brother?

**EMILY:** Shh. No, of course not.

**WALTER:** Listen, Buddy, some nice men are going to take you away from here.

**BUDDY:** But I want to stay with you, Dad. Hey! Look! We're about the same height!

*(EMILY scrutinizes them)*

**EMILY:** You kind of are!

**WALTER:** Oh, come on! Deb is tall too. Does that make her my daughter?

**DEB:** Actually, I'm only 5'3". I wear heels to look taller.

*(EMILY yanks a strand of BUDDY'S hair.)*

**BUDDY:** Ouch, Mom! You pulled my hair.

**EMILY:** I did? Oh, sorry. *(She takes an envelope from DEB'S desk and carefully places the hair inside. She puts the envelope in her purse.)*

*(Two SECURITY GUARDS enter)*

**SECURITY GUARD SAL:** You got a problem, Mr. Hobbs?

**WALTER:** Yes! Get this elf out of here!

**SECURITY GUARD SHERMAN:** Will do, sir. Let's go, buddy.

**BUDDY:** That's me!

**SECURITY GUARD SAL:** Where do you want us to take him?

**WALTER:** I don't know. Take him to the North Pole.

### **#3a - Buddy Goes to Macy's**

**SECURITY GUARD SAL:** Sure thing. *(to SHERMAN)* The North Pole?

**SECURITY GUARD SHERMAN:** No problem. They got one at Macy's. *(They drag him out.)*

**BUDDY:** I just came from the North Pole. I walked. It's 3,408 miles. I took the tunnel, but if you take the George Washington Bridge it's a mile shorter.

## **ACT ONE: SCENE 6**

*(A SALESWOMAN greets people as they pass)*

**SALESWOMAN SANDRA:** Welcome to Macy's! How are you today?

**CUSTOMER #1:** Fine.

**SALESWOMAN SANDRA:** That's fabulous! Jungle Passion Fruit Spray?

**CUSTOMER #1:** No thank you.

**SALESWOMAN SANDRA:** No problem! Welcome to Macy's! Jungle Passion Fruit Spray?

**CUSTOMER #2:** No. Leave me alone.

**SALESWOMAN SANDRA:** That's fabulous!

*(The two SECURITY GUARDS escort BUDDY into MACY'S.)*

**SECURITY GUARD SAL:** Here you go. The North Pole's right in there.

**BUDDY:** There's another one?

**SECURITY GUARD SHERMAN:** Have fun.

*(SALESWOMAN SANDRA sees BUDDY and immediately accosts him with practiced enthusiasm.)*

**SALESWOMAN SANDRA:** Welcome to Macy's! How are you today?

**BUDDY:** I'm great! I just met my human Dad!

**SALESWOMAN:** That's fabulous! Are you an out-of-state visitor?

**BUDDY:** Yes! I'm from Christmas Town!

**SALESWOMAN:** Then be sure to stop at our visitor's services department to pick up your discount card.

**BUDDY:** Oh, I won't be buying anything. I only have chocolate money. And most of it melted when I...

**SALESWOMAN:** That's fabulous! *(holding up a perfume spray bottle)* Jungle Passion fruit spray?

**BUDDY:** Fruit spray? Sure.

*(BUDDY takes the bottle from her and sprays it into his mouth. HE instantly goes into a child-like fit, loudly whining and wiping it off his tongue. SALESWOMAN SANDRA takes the bottle away from him, gives a look, and hurries off. The toy department MANAGER comes up to BUDDY.)*

**MANAGER:** Hey, you! Get back to work! What section did I assign you to?

**BUDDY:** I don't know.

**MANAGER:** You don't know? All right, you work right over here, the North Pole.

*(Macy's toy department. Minimally decorated for Christmas, with a large sign saying, "The North Pole." A large, sparsely decorated Christmas tree stands nearby. CUSTOMERS, including a number of children with parents, and all of the MACY'S EMPLOYEES are on stage as the scene begins. Christmas MUSIC and ringing bells under.)*

**BUDDY:** That's not the North Pole.

**MANAGER:** Yes, it is.

**BUDDY:** No, it's not.

**MANAGER:** Yes, it is.

**BUDDY:** No, it's not.

**MANAGER:** Yes, it is.

**BUDDY:** No, it isn't.

**MANAGER:** Yes, it is.

**BUDDY:** No, it's not. Where's the snow? *(BUDDY grins happily and the MANAGER scowls.)*

**MANAGER:** Why you smilin' like that?

**BUDDY:** I just like to smile. Smiling's my favorite.

**MANAGER:** Make work your favorite. That's your new favorite, OK? Work is your new favorite.

**BUDDY:** Yay! I love to work!

**MANAGER:** Good.

**BUDDY:** Nothing makes the big guy happier than to see all his little people working hard.

**MANAGER:** Wait a minute. The big guy?

**BUDDY:** Yeah.

**MANAGER:** The big guy from up north?

**BUDDY:** That's the one.

**MANAGER:** Did he send you down here?

**BUDDY:** He sure did.

**MANAGER:** Corporate! Always checking up on me. Okay. Fine. We'll work together, me and you, be good pals, okay?

**BUDDY:** Okay!

**MANAGER:** Okay. Now, I have to make a little announcement, if that's all right with you.

**BUDDY:** Of course!

**MANAGER:** Thanks. *(Into a walkie-talkie that projects his voice loudly to ALL)* Attention Macy's shoppers! We'll be closing in five minutes, but tomorrow mornin', ten a.m., Santa Claus is comin' to town!

**BUDDY:** Santa!! Oh, my gosh! Santa here? I know him! I know him!

**MANAGER:** He'll be here to take pictures with all the children. Ten a.m. tomorrow.

**BUDDY:** Ten a.m. tomorrow?

**MANAGER:** Santa Claus is comin' to town!

**BUDDY:** Santa Claus is comin' to town!

**MANAGER:** You. If you don't mind, could you go help that girl over there decorate that tree?

**BUDDY:** Yay! Santa always likes it when I help decorate the tree at the North Pole! *(seeing JOVIE for the first time)* Oh! She's beautiful!

**MANAGER:** Yeah, but try talkin' to her, she's nuts.

**BUDDY:** She is? I love nuts! *(The MANAGER exits, shaking his head as BUDDY walks over to the Christmas tree, where JOVIE has been working.)* Hi! I'm Buddy the Elf, and we're going to have fun together.

**JOVIE:** *(turning to face the audience)* I'm Jovie the elf and I seriously doubt it.

**BUDDY:** You're very pretty. Like a glittery angel. I'd like to stick you on top of the tree!

**JOVIE:** Classy. You know what? I'm not a Christmas person, so dial down the elf-speak, okay?

**BUDDY:** Uh-oh. Sounds like someone needs to sing a Christmas Carol! Don't you know the best way to spread Christmas cheer is by singing loud for all to hear?

**JOVIE:** I don't sing.

**BUDDY:** Oh, come on! It's fun!

I'M SINGING! I'M IN A STORE AND I'M SINGING!

I'M IN A STORE, TALKING TO A PRETTY GIRL AND I'M SINGING!

**JOVIE:** What are you doing?!

**MANAGER:** Hey! There's no singing at the North Pole!

**BUDDY:** Yes, there is!

**MANAGER:** No, there isn't.

**BUDDY:** The big guy likes it when we sing.

**MANAGER:** He does?

I'M SINGING! I'M IN A STORE AND I'M SINGING--

*(As BUDDY continues to assist JOVIE in decorating the tree, the MANAGER beckons all of the other MACY'S EMPLOYEES over to him.)* All right, listen up, everybody. Like I told ya, you all gotta stay late tonight to get this place decorated for Christmas rush tomorrow. *(conspiratorially indicating BUDDY)* Listen, see that elf over there? The home office sent him; he's a professional. So do whatever he says, OK? Even if it means bein' here 'til midnight.

**STORE ELF #1:** Midnight? We've got lives, you know!

**MANAGER:** Oh yeah? They why are you here wearin' an elf suit?

*(BUDDY looks around in horror as the MACY EMPLOYEES hastily and sloppily toss decorations around the toy department.)*

**BUDDY:** Wait! Stop! This isn't the right way to decorate for Christmas! Don't you care whether Santa likes it or not?

**STORE ELF #2:** Hey. Take your meds and get to work!

**BUDDY:** Decorating for Santa isn't work, it's fun! You just have to get into the Christmas Spirit!

**MANAGER:** Yeah, yeah, let's see some Christmas Spirit!

**BUDDY:** We can do it. *(MUSIC begins under)*

#### **#4 - Sparklejollytwinklejingley**

**BUDDY:** All of us together!

**MANAGER:** All of us together!

*(BUDDY begins singing and starting to decorate the toy department. The OTHERS join in helping him decorate in order both not to be fired and to get the Christmas bonus. As the number builds, ALL sing, dance and miraculously decorate the entire stage. The MACY'S EMPLOYEES, the MANAGER and JOVIE, however, never really get into the spirit of the song and cynically perform it with false enthusiasm.)*

**BUDDY:** THERE'S A SAYING WE HAVE UP NORTH THAT HELPS US PUT OUR BEST FOOT FORTH:  
IF YOU WANT TO DECK THE HALLS FOR MR. C, MAKE SURE THEY ARE  
SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY

**STORE ELF #1:** What the heck's that s'posed to mean?

**MANAGER:** Just more of the usual home office mumbo jumbo.

**BUDDY:** WHEN A ROOM IS GLOOMY, ITS ATMOSPHERE HAS CALLED IT QUILTS,  
THEN YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT DECEMBER IS A TIME FOR GLITZ.  
NEVER STOP UNTIL EACH LIMB ON YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE IS SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY!  
PICK UP EVERY ORNAMENT THAT'S SITTING, WAITING ON A SHELF.  
WHILE YOU'RE BUSY DECORATING, WHY NOT DECORATE YOURSELF?  
SOON YOU'LL BRING A SMILE TO EVERY PERSON YOU SEE. *(BUDDY puts a garland around JOVIE.)*

**JOVIE:** *(unsure)* I'm sparkle-twinkle-jolly-what?

**BUDDY:** Close enough!

AND IF YOU'RE AT A LOSS REMEMBER THE PHRASE  
THAT SAYS: "TO THINE OWN ELF BE TRUE."

**MANAGER:** TO THINE OWN ELF BE TRUE!

**BUDDY:** FOR WHEN IT COMES TO CHRISTMAS DISPLAYS,  
LOOK INSIDE AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

**MANAGER:** YOU'LL KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO!

**BUDDY AND MANAGER:** PUT SOME CHEERY FOLDEROL ON EVERY WALL AND EVERY NOOK.  
TINSEL UP EACH CORNER TILL IT'S CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK.

GIVE THE WORLD A HOLIDAY THAT'S BRIGHT AS CAN BE; MAKE IT SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY!  
*(Dance Break, building, decorating and finally coming together with a big song and dance.)*

**ALL:** PUT SOME CHEERY FOLDEROL ON EVERY WALL AND EVERY NOOK.  
TINSEL UP EACH CORNER TILL IT'S CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK.  
GIVE THE WORLD A HOLIDAY THAT'S BRIGHT AS CAN BE;  
MAKE IT SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLE, SHINYSHOWYCHEERYJINGLE,

RAZZLE-DAZZLE-RING-A-LINGLE

**MANAGER:** I CAN'T LIE, IT MAKES ME TINGLE!

**ALL:** SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY!

*(When the number comes to a big finish, to applause, the entire toy department and the big Christmas tree is amazingly and glitteringly decorated. A big banner is strung across the stage, saying, "WELCOME, SANTA CLAUS!" ALL celebrate, shake hands, exchange high-fives with BUDDY, while saying things like ad lib., "Wow, we did it!", "Beautiful", "Who'd have thought?", etc.)*

**BUDDY:** Yay! Wasn't that fun?

**MANAGER:** You all did one heckuva good job. Nice work. You can go home now. All of you. *(The MACY'S EMPLOYEES all say, ad lib, "All right," "Yes!" etc. The MANAGER and ALL then exit except for STORE ELF #1, STORE ELF #2, BUDDY, and JOVIE. JOVIE is putting on her coat.)*

**BUDDY:** *(staring at JOVIE)* Gee, she's so pretty.

**MANAGER:** Well, why don't you ask her out?

**BUDDY:** Out?

**MANAGER:** On a date. Take her to dinner...

**BUDDY:** Eat food with her?

**MANAGER:** You know. Show her a good time; dance with her, take her to the movies...

**BUDDY:** *(continuing the list)* ...make a fort, and snuggle under the covers, get out the flashlights, eat fluffernutter...

**MANAGER:** Whatever floats your boat, Buddy. *(MANAGER turns away and exits.)*

**BUDDY:** I don't have a boat.

**STORE ELF #2:** Goodnight Jovie.

**STORE ELF #1:** Night.

**JOVIE:** Goodnight.

*(STORE ELVES #1 and #2 exit, as JOVIE, starts to leave.)*

**BUDDY:** Hey, wait a second. Would somebody like a hug?

**JOVIE:** No. Would somebody like a punch in the throat?

**BUDDY:** No.

**JOVIE:** So, goodnight.

**BUDDY:** Wait. Do you...wanna eat food?

**JOVIE:** Do I want to eat food?

**BUDDY:** Um-hmm. You know...

**JOVIE:** Are you asking me out on a date?

**BUDDY:** You're right, that's it. A date!

**JOVIE:** Oh, you don't want to go out with me.

**BUDDY:** Yes, I do!

**JOVIE:** No, you don't.

**BUDDY:** Yes, I do!

**JOVIE:** Why?

**BUDDY:** Well, because I like you. I feel really warm when I'm around you. And, um, my tongue swells up.

**JOVIE:** Your tongue swells up?

**BUDDY:** *(with a swollen tongue)* Yeah, it doth. See?

**JOVIE:** Well, it's weirdly nice that I make your tongue swell up, but I just don't see the date happening.



**BUDDY:** Of course. I'm sure you already have a date tonight. Obviously. You probably have guys wanting to eat food with you all the time. Lunch, dinner...I bet you have a different guy for breakfast every morning. It was dumb of me to ask.

**JOVIE:** What the heck. I'm free on Thursday.

**BUDDY:** Thursday? Thursday! Yesssss!! This is going to be the best Thursday ever in the history of Thursdays!

**JOVIE:** You know what? I find if you lower your expectations in life, you avoid a lot of disappointment. *(She starts to leave and notices he isn't moving.)* Don't you have a home to go to?

**BUDDY:** Sure. I have a home to go. A nice home, with a big bed. And walls and a ceiling and everything. I'm just going to stay here and put up a little more tinsel.

**JOVIE:** Seriously? Okay, well. Goodnight.

**BUDDY:** G'night, Jovie.

#### #4b - Goodnight, Jovie

*(JOVIE exits. MUSIC underscores as LIGHTS change and BUDDY, alone on the stage, lies down, covered by a Christmassy-looking quilt. BUDDY sings himself a lullaby.)*

**BUDDY:** AND IF IT'S TOO COLD TO SLED WE'LL EAT GINGERBREAD INSTEAD  
AND THEN CUDDLE TILL HE TUCKS ME IN AT NIGHT.

*(BUDDY snores loudly. Fade to black. Lights come up on the following morning. BUDDY wakes to see the MANAGER arriving for work, followed by a department store FAKE SANTA FRED who takes his place in Santa's big red chair. CHILDREN and PARENTS stream into the toy department along with the other MACY's EMPLOYEES, except for JOVIE.)*

**MANAGER:** Santa! Santa's here! We're open! Send in the kids!

*(A MOTHER leads her song BILLY to the FAKE SANTA)*

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** *(in a New York accent)* Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

*(BUDDY rushes over to SANTA)*

**BUDDY:** Santa! Yea! Yea! It's me, Buddy! It's me!

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** Yo, Buddy, how ya doin'?' *(A MACY's EMPLOYEE places BILLY on Santa's lap)*

**BUDDY:** It's me! Who the heck are you?

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** Whadda ya talkin' about? I'm Santa Claus.

**BUDDY:** No, you're not.

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** Yes, I am. Ho, ho, ho!

**BUDDY:** No, you're not.

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** *(to BILLY)* What can I get you for Christmas, sonny?

**BUDDY:** *(whispers to BILLY)* Don't tell him what you want. He's a liar!

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** Let the kid talk.

**BOY:** I want Zombie Apocalypse Four: Death and Destruction.

**MOTHER:** You can't have that. It's too violent.

**BILLY:** *(yelling at the mother)* I'm not talking to you!

**BUDDY:** *(to FAKE SANTA)* You disgust me. You don't smell like Santa. You smell like beef and cheese.

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** Just cool it, Zippy.

**BUDDY:** You sit on a throne of lies.

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** Look, I'm not kiddin'. Get outta here! *(to BILLY)* You were saying, kid?

**BILLY:** I want Zombie Apocalypse Four!

**MOTHER:** It's reprehensible.

**BILLY:** *(to MOTHER)* You're reprehensible!

**BUDDY:** *(to BILLY)* Don't talk to your mother like that. *(to FAKE SANTA FRED)* You're a fake.

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** I'm a fake? How'd you like to be dead, huh?

### # 4c - Fake Santa Fight

**BUDDY:** *(pulling off FAKE SANTA'S beard)* Look, he's not really Santa!

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** That's it! Come here you slimy little Elf!

**BUDDY:** He's a fake! He's a fake!!!

*(MUSIC underscores as the CHILDREN and PARENTS all scream and FAKE SANTA FRED lunges at BUDDY, starting a fight and rolling all over the stage. BUDDY keeps shouting, "He's a fake!")*

**MOTHER:** Help! Someone's beating up Santa Claus!

*(Two POLICEMEN, VINNIE and DOUG, appear. They wrestle BUDDY off FAKE SANTA FRED.)*

**MANAGER:** *(to BUDDY)* You're not Corporate! You're crazy! *(to POLICEMEN)* Arrest this nut.

*(to FAKE SANTA FRED)* And you! Get outta my store! *(grabbing his hat and beard)* I'm Santa now.

*(putting on the Santa Claus beard and approaching BILLY)* Ho, Ho, Ho! *(BILLY runs off screaming. The MANAGER follows him.)* Wait! Santa can't run that fast!

*(The POLICEMEN take BUDDY stage left.)*

**BUDDY:** He isn't Santa! He's a liar and a fake!

**POLICEMAN VINNIE:** Calm down. Tell us your name.

**BUDDY:** Buddy the Elf.

**POLICEMAN DOUG:** You got a last name, Buddy the Elf.

**BUDDY:** Yes! I do! I'm Buddy Hobbs. Do you know my dad, Walter Hobbs?

**POLICEMAN VINNIE:** No, but we'll locate him while you're sitting in a cell cooling your heels. *(Leading him off.)*

**BUDDY:** Thanks. My heels are incredibly sweaty. How did you know?

### ACT ONE: SCENE 7

*(Lights up on MICHAEL and EMILY in the living room working on an elaborate science project -- a large, weird-looking contraption that's supposed to be a model of a turbine electricity-producing wind machine. There is a small electric fan on the table, along with myriad parts strewn about; an upright light bulb is attached to the contraption. MICHAEL switches on the fan and the contraption makes a lot of clanking noise but obviously doesn't work.)*

**MICHAEL:** Ah man, it still doesn't work.

**EMILY:** Maybe you've got these spinny things on backwards.

**MICHAEL:** I don't know. Dad said he'd help me but he's not around. Again. He's basically not a dad.

**EMILY:** Don't talk like that. Your father loves you. He's a caring man, but he-- *(Doorbell chimes)* Hold that thought. *(EMILY opens the door and we see BUDDY standing between two policemen)*

**BUDDY:** *(arms outstretched to hug EMILY)* Hi mom! I'm home!

**EMILY:** *(stepping back)* Excuse me?

**POLICEMAN VINNIE:** Is this the Walter Hobbs residence?

**EMILY:** Yes?

**POLICEMAN DOUG:** Our pal Buddy here says Mr. Hobbs is his dad.

**EMILY:** Yes, Officer, we're aware that Buddy thinks he's Mr. Hobbs' son, but...

**POLICEMAN VINNIE:** Good. Guess we came to the right place. *(to POLICEMAN DOUG)* Let's go.

**EMILY:** Wait for a second, you can't just leave him here!

**POLICEMAN DOUG:** Hey, lady, have a heart. It's almost Christmas and he's homeless.

**EMILY:** Well...

**POLICEMAN DOUG:** Okay, bye Buddy.

**BUDDY:** *(as he hugs the two POLICEMEN)* Bye, Vinnie. Bye, Doug! Thanks a whole lot. And Merry Christmas!

**POLICEMAN VINNIE:** Merry Christmas!

**POLICEMAN DOUG:** Merry Christmas Buddy!  
*(The two POLICEMEN exit with a wave.)*

**BUDDY:** I can stay here! Yay, I can stay here!

**EMILY:** Well, yes, but just for tonight. Then you'll have to find a place of your own.

**BUDDY:** But I like it here. *(notices the contraption on the table)* Oh, wow, a model of a turbine wind machine!

**MICHAEL:** You know what it is?

**BUDDY:** Sure. I've built a few of them at Santa's workshop.

**MICHAEL:** A few of them? How many?

**BUDDY:** Only about seven thousand. This one is kinda weird looking. You'd never get Santa to okay it.

**EMILY:** So, you know Santa pretty well, do you?

**BUDDY:** Yes! Santa's, like, my best friend!

**MICHAEL:** You still believe in all that flying reindeer stuff?

**BUDDY:** No! Of course not! Santa hasn't used reindeer for years and years. Ever since he got that nasty letter from PETA. Nowadays the sleigh is powered by Christmas spirit alone. Which is a problem because of people like *you*. I mean, look at this place; no tinsel, no tree — have you even written your letter to Santa Claus yet?

**EMILY:** Buddy, I'm sorry, but I'm too old to write to Santa Claus.

**MICHAEL:** Me too. Way too old. Anyhow... *(indicating the contraption)* I'm gonna flunk if I can't get this stupid science project working.

**BUDDY:** Tell you what; if you get into the Christmas spirit and write that letter to Santa right now, I'll fix your wind machine.

**MICHAEL:** You will? Well...okay, it's a deal. Okay, Mom?

**BUDDY:** Okay, Mom?

**EMILY:** *(shrugging)* Okay. *(BUDDY goes upstage to the contraption and fiddles with it. EMILY and MICHAEL sit down together. EMILY takes out a pen and paper.)* So, how do we do this?

**MICHAEL:** You're asking your 10 year-old son how to write a letter to Santa Claus? What does that say about this family, Mom?

**EMILY:** Okay, Dr. Drew. Settle down. Well, in the spirit of Christmas, what do you want for Christmas?

## #5 - I'll Believe in You

**MICHAEL:** I don't know. I know what I *don't* want for Christmas.  
I DON'T WANT A CHECK THAT'S MADE OUT TO CASH  
OR A CORPORATE RE-GIFT FROM SOME SECRET STASH.  
I'D LIKE A DAY WITH MY DAD.

**EMILY:** JUST A DAY?

**MICHAEL:** MAKE THAT TWO; IF YOU CAN DO THAT, SANTA, I'LL BELIEVE IN YOU.

**EMILY:** I DON'T WANT A TRIP TO SOME HIP SALON  
OR TRENDY PERFUME THAT I'LL NEVER PUT ON  
I'D LIKE TO FEEL THAT HE CARES.

**MICHAEL:** EVEN IF IT'S NOT TRUE

**MICHAEL & EMILY:** IF YOU CAN DO THAT, SANTA, I'LL BELIEVE IN YOU.  
EVEN THOUGH IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE YOU'VE HEARD FROM ME,  
I THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH A SHOT.

IF IT'S TRUE THAT YOU'RE MAGIC, I GUARANTEE WE COULD USE ALL THE MAGIC YOU'VE GOT!

**MICHAEL:** I CAN GET YOU SOME COOKIES IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES. I'VE HEARD STORIES AND I  
KNOW THE DEAL.

**MICHAEL & EMILY:** YOU JUST SLIDE DOWN THE CHIMNEY AND FIX OUR MISTAKES.  
NOW IF ONLY I THOUGHT YOU WERE REAL.

**MICHAEL:** IF YOU WERE REAL.

**EMILY:** I GUESS THAT'S OUR LIST. OUR LETTER IS DONE.

**EMILY:** IS IT REALLY A LIST IF IT ADDS UP TO ONE?

**MICHAEL & EMILY:** MAKE HIM PART OF OUR LIVES, NOT JUST PASSING THROUGH.

IF YOU CAN DO THAT, SANTA, I'LL BELIEVE IN YOU.

YES, IF YOU DO THAT, SANTA I'LL BELIEVE IN YOU.

SO GOOD LUCK, SANTA. HERE'S HOPING YOU COME THROUGH.

**EMILY:** SIGNED, EMILY

**MICHAEL:** AND MICHAEL, TOO.

*(On the button of the song, BUDDY turns on the electric fan and the wind machine springs to life with a lot of flashing colored lights and beeping sounds. The light bulb comes brightly on.)*

**BUDDY:** All fixed!

**MICHAEL:** Yay, Buddy! *(hugs BUDDY)* You're the man!

**EMILY:** *(hugs BUDDY and MICHAEL)* Nice going, Buddy!

*(The door opens and WALTER enters, carrying his briefcase and weary after a long day of work. HE stops short upon seeing BUDDY, MICHAEL and EMILY all happily hugging each other.)*

**WALTER:** What in the devil is going on here?!

**MICHAEL:** It's Buddy...

**EMILY:** He's staying with us!

**BUDDY:** Hi, Dad!

**MICHAEL:** Look! Buddy fixed my wind machine! *(turns on the wind machine)*

**BUDDY:** See?

**WALTER:** Staying with us? What do you mean, Emily, he's staying with us? *(to MICHAEL)* Turn that noise off!

**EMILY:** Just for overnight. The police showed up with him.

**WALTER:** Oh, for heaven's sake!

**MICHAEL:** Hey, Dad, please look at this. I just switch on the fan and...

**WALTER:** Not now!

**EMILY:** Michael, why don't you show Buddy the spare room. *(to BUDDY)* You can sleep there. It has a futon.

**BUDDY:** *(Leaving with Michael)* A futon?

**MICHAEL:** It's a kind of bed.

**BUDDY:** Oh, I thought it was a robot, like "I am a futon."

**BUDDY & MICHAEL:** *(doing robot noises)* "I am futon! I am futon!"  
*(MICHAEL and BUDDY exit)*

**WALTER:** Emily, there's no way —

**EMILY:** Walter, he's homeless and it's freezing out. We couldn't just let him sleep in the street.

**WALTER:** Okay. There's a youth hostel over by the west side highway. He can stay there.

**EMILY:** Good idea. We'll stick him in a cab and send him to a youth hostel in his elf suit. Or, we could save the cab fare and just beat him up here.

**WALTER:** All right. One night and that's it. I want him out of here by 8 a.m.

## **#5a - The Next Morning**

### **ACT ONE: SCENE 8**

*(Hobbs apartment, the following morning. BUDDY and MICHAEL are having cold spaghetti for breakfast together.)*

**MICHAEL:** Wow, Buddy. Leftover spaghetti for breakfast is the best, huh?

**BUDDY:** I've never had spaghetti before.

**MICHAEL:** No way!

**BUDDY:** Yes way. At the North Pole, we only eat from the five major food groups; cookies, candy, candy canes, candy corn, and syrup. Something's missing... *(HE takes a bottle of syrup from his sleeve)* Syrup! I never leave home without it!

**MICHAEL:** You like sugar, huh?

**BUDDY:** Is there sugar in maple syrup?

**MICHAEL:** Yes.

**BUDDY:** Then yes!

**MICHAEL:** You do know that sugar is bad for your teeth, right?

**BUDDY:** Of course; that's why it's important to chew your sugar carefully, drink lots of syrup, and see your dentist twice a day.

*(BUDDY pours maple syrup all over his spaghetti and hungrily starts eating. Meanwhile, stage left, in the living room, we hear the SOUND of a door CHIME as Emily, in a bathrobe, enters and answers the door.)*

**DOORMAN:** Got an envelope for Emily Hobbs?

**EMILY:** That's me. Thank you. *(She takes the envelope, closes the door, and crosses to sit down in an easy chair. SHE opens the Fed-Ex envelope and begins reading its contents.)*

**EMILY:** Oh. My. Gosh.

*(WALTER enters, stage left. He spots BUDDY.)*

**WALTER:** Emily, that lunatic is still here.

**EMILY:** Yes, he is. And he's not going anywhere.

**WALTER:** What are you talking about?

**EMILY:** Walter, I've been, uh, very busy the last couple of days. You see, I had to...

## **#6 - In the Way - Reprise**

**EMILY:** YANK A STRAND OUT OF BUDDY'S HAIR  
THEN AS PLANNED. WAIT TILL YOU'RE NOT THERE.

SNEAK IN AND FIND YOUR HAIR ON THE SINK.

**WALTER:** SOMEONE'S BEEN MULTITASKING.

**EMILY:** THEN I CHECK WITH MY COUSIN MEL; HE'S A TECH AT BETH ISRAEL.

**WALTER:** WAIT A SEC, SHOULD I CALL YOU A SHRINK?

**EMILY:** NO DEAR, BUT THANKS FOR ASKING. MELVIN CHECKS ALL THE DNA IT'S COMPLEX, BUT HE WORKS ALL DAY. THIS FED-EX SHOWS UP HERE WHEN HE'S DONE

**WALTER:** *(worried)* And?

**EMILY:** *(handing WALTER the DNA report)* WALTER HAS AN ELF FOR A SON!

**WALTER:** Oh, no. Please no. .

*(During the above, BUDDY and MICHAEL get up from the kitchen table and go toward the living room to eavesdrop. Now, BUDDY races into the living room to hug WALTER. MICHAEL follows right behind BUDDY.)*

**BUDDY:** Yay! I knew it! I knew it! Dad!! Dad!! Dad!!

**MICHAEL:** I got a big brother! This is so cool! I can't believe it!

**WALTER:** *(to EMILY)* He can't believe it? Now, what are we gonna do? He can't live here with us, he's insane.

**BUDDY:** I planned out our whole first day, Dad. Just you and me. We'll start by making snow angels for two hours, then we'll go ice-skating and after that, we'll eat a log of Toll House cookie dough as fast as we can and then we'll come back home here and snuggle.

**WALTER:** *(to himself)* I can't believe this is happening. *(Aloud)* We'll have to snuggle some other time, Buddy because today I've got to go to work. You'll be staying here with your, uh, step-mommy.

**EMILY:** Oh, no, he won't! I have my annual planning meeting this morning. Your father will stay here with you.

**WALTER:** *(to EMILY)* Emily! I am this close to getting fired.

**EMILY:** Then take him to work. I bet he could be very helpful around the office.

**WALTER:** I can't believe this is happening. *(stares at BUDDY)* All right, but if you're coming with me, you'll have to lose that costume. We'll stop at Brooks Brothers on the way and get you a suit.

**BUDDY:** Oh! Can it be red like Santa's?

**WALTER:** No.

**MICHAEL:** Can I come? You can drop me off at school on the way.

**WALTER:** Fine. That's half the morning shot *(to BUDDY)* Come on! We'll go tell Francisco the doorman to flag us a cab.

**BUDDY:** "Francisco." That's a fun name to say. *(as they exit)* "Fran-cis-co."  
*(MICHAEL and BUDDY exit. WALTER watches them go. He turns to EMILY.)*

**WALTER:** He's an idiot. My son is an idiot.

**EMILY:** Walter, tell me something. Was Susan a bright girl?

**WALTER:** The brightest. Phi Beta Kappa.

**EMILY:** Then we know where he got the idiot gene, don't we, Darling?

*(EMILY pats him on the back and leaves. BLACKOUT.)*

## #6a - Phi Beta Kappa

### ACT ONE: SCENE 9

*(WALTER HOBBS' office in the Empire State Building as in Scene 5. DEB is at her desk with SARA.)*

**DEB:** *(talking to SARA)* Anyway...it seems that he had this secret love affair when he was in college

**SARA:** No way!

**DEB:** I know!

**SARA:** Walter "the-ice-man" Hobbs!

**DEB:** And, get this, there were “consequences”!

**SARA:** You don’t mean...

**DEB:** Yep. He’s six foot, and he’s incredibly sweet.

**SARA:** That’s bizarre, considering the bloodline.

**DEB:** Oh definitely! But here’s the kicker, he thinks he’s an Elf!

**SARA:** An Elf?

**DEB:** Yep! Had this funny green elf costume, little booties, and even yellow tights!

**SARA:** Walter must be beside himself!

*(WALTER and BUDDY enter together wearing matching overcoats, over matching business suits.)*

**DEB:** Uh-oh! The iceman cometh! *(SARA and DEB try to look busy.)*

## # 6b - Buddy and Walter

**SAM:** Morning, Walter.

**WALTER:** Morning, Sam.

**BUDDY:** Morning, Sam!

**WALTER:** *(continuing to walk toward his office)* Sara.

**SARA:** Oh, good morning, Mr. Hobbs.

**BUDDY:** Good morning, Sara. That’s a nice purple dress. Very purpley.

**SARA:** Thank you....

**DEB:** *(getting up from her desk)* Buddy! Congratulations! I hear it turns out you really are Mr. Hobbs’ son.

**BUDDY:** Hi Deb! Yes, I am! And you have such a pretty face. You should be on a Christmas card.

**DEB:** Oh, stop it! I hardly recognize you!

## #7 - Just Like Him

**BUDDY:** That’s because I’m wearing human work clothes. Isn’t it exciting? *(singing)*

LOOK AT ME, I’M WEARING A SUIT APPROXIMATELY LIKE MY DAD’S.

AND YOU’LL SEE SUSPENDERS TO BOOT, MY DAD’S UP ON THE LATEST FADS.

WE’RE LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD, SO DON’T THINK IT ODD, IF I SHOULD GO OUT ON A LIMB  
AND SAY WHEN I GROW UP I’M GONNA BE JUST LIKE HIM.

**DEB:** Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Greenway got in from Chicago an hour ago and should be here any minute.

**WALTER:** Today of all days.

**BUDDY:** *(mimicking him)* Today of all days.

**WALTER:** I’m gonna need coffee. Now.

**BUDDY:** Let me do it! Me! Me! Me!

*(BUDDY makes a coffee for WALTER, pouring an endless stream of sugar into the cup.)*

WELL, I KNEW I’D NEVER REGRET COMING FROM SO FAR AWAY.

THOUGH IT’S TRUE WE’VE NOT CUDDLED YET, IT’S BOUND TO HAPPEN ANY DAY.

IT’S MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO, I’M GONNA FOLLOW HIS CUE

**WALTER:** GOOD MORNING TED, HI JANE.

**BUDDY:** Hi, JANE! *(hugging JANE, not letting go)* YUP, WHEN I GROW UP  
I’M GONNA BE JUST LIKE HIM.

**WALTER:** Put Jane down!

**JANE:** Yeah. I already have a boyfriend.

**WALTER:** Deb! Please! Be useful.

**BUDDY:** Where are you going, Dad?

**DEB:** Buddy, why don't you come help me put these documents through the shredder?

**BUDDY:** What's a shredder?

**DEB:** It's a machine that makes snow.

**BUDDY:** No way! WE GO TOGETHER LIKE "SUGAR" AND "PLUM"

**DEB:** A PERFECT DUO LIKE "RUM CAKE" AND "RUM"

**BUDDY:** I'VE FOUND A ROCK OF GIBRALTAR CALLED MISTER WALTER HOBBS

**DEB:** WHY DON'T WE MAKE SOME SNOW? *(DEB throws "snow" into BUDDY'S face)*

**BUDDY:** WHY MAKE HIM SOME? MAKE HIM GOBS! Back to work! *(Dance break)*  
*(BUDDY throws "snow" in DEB'S face.)* Snow! Snow! Snow!

WE GO TOGETHER LIKE CRUMPETS AND TEA

**EMPLOYEES:** IT'S TWO FOR TEA!

**DEB:** A PERFECT DUO LIKE CHOC'LATE AND ME

**EMPLOYEES:** SHE LIKES HER CHOC'LATE AND ME

**BUDDY:** HE'S LIKE A BIG DOUGHY PRESENT THAT ONLY SANTA COULD MAKE

**EMPLOYEES:** SANTA!

**BUDDY:** *(to the others)* LET'S ALL GO HUG HIM RIGHT NOW!

**EMPLOYEES:** SORRY, BUT I'M ON MY BREAK!

**BUDDY:** I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY I LOSE MY COOL EVERY TIME THAT HE COMES NEAR  
I GO INSANE AND SCAT LIKE A FOOL SHOOBIE-DOOBIE-DADDY-DEAR!

**WALTER:** Buddy! Shut up!

**BUDDY:** I GUESS BY NOW YOU KNOW WHY, MY FAVORITE GUY  
CAN TRIGGER SUCH A VIGOR AND VIM

CAUSE WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA BE JUST LIKE HIM.

**BUDDY:** I love my dad! *(BUDDY sits in a chair and swivels beside WALTER'S desk. The phone rings. He quickly answers)* Buddy the Elf. What's your favorite color?  
*(WALTER hangs up the phone, and moves the chair further away from his desk.)*

**WALTER:** Sit down here, *(handing him a children's book)* Read this. I've got a lot of work to do. Please don't talk.

**BUDDY:** Dad?

**WALTER:** What?

**BUDDY:** Why is the sky blue?

**WALTER:** I don't know. It has something to do with the sun, and ultraviolet...I don't know.  
*(More silence)*

**BUDDY:** Dad?

**WALTER:** What?

**BUDDY:** What does a rainbow feel like?

**WALTER:** I don't know. Soft...

**BUDDY:** Dad?

**WALTER:** Buddy!

**BUDDY:** What was my mom like? Susan Welles?

**WALTER:** That was a long time ago, Buddy. *(BUDDY looks dejected. WALTER softens.)* What I mean is, we were just kids in college. We drifted apart. She never told me about... Susan was fun, full of life. You would have liked her.

*(DEB enters, leading in MR. GREENWAY, a gruff elderly businessman carrying a bulky briefcase.)*

**DEB:** Mr. Greenway, sir.



**GREENWAY:** Hobbs! My phone has been ringing off the hook! Angry mothers, kids crying. “What happened to Jingles, The Jolly Christmas Puppy?” “Did he make it to the North Pole?” “Did he ever get his magic bone?”

**WALTER:** It was an unfortunate oversight, Mr. Greenway. I’m fully prepared to blame my staff —

**GREENWAY:** *(opening his briefcase and slapping some papers on the desk)* Don’t try to pass the buck. It’s your name on these proofs. And I’ll tell you something else; even if those two missing pages were in there, the book still would have sucked! You’re hanging by a thread, Hobbs!

**BUDDY:** Hi, Mr. Greenway. I’m Buddy the Elf!

**GREENWAY:** What? What the devil is that?

**WALTER:** Well, uh, he’s my son.

**GREENWAY:** I thought your son was ten years old?

**BUDDY:** I’m thirty. That’s this many. *(indicating 30 with his fingers)*

**GREENWAY:** What?

**WALTER:** *(shouting to DEB)* Deb! Buddy needs a break! Take him downstairs for some hot chocolate.

**BUDDY:** Oh! Can I have a Chocolate Monster?

**DEB:** A Chocolate Monster?

**BUDDY:** It’s hot chocolate with a chocolate bar on top. That way, when the chocolate melts it makes it more chocolaty.

**DEB:** *(leading BUDDY off)* Works for me.

**GREENWAY:** Hobbs, you’re out of a job unless you can come up with a blockbuster idea for a new Christmas book. I mean a through-the-roof national bestseller!

**WALTER:** Well, sir, that’s easier said than done—

**GREENWAY:** Yes, it is. So you better get your top writers on it, because I will be back in New York on the evening of December twenty-fourth. At that time, you will present to me, in exact detail, your plans for the book! Happy Holidays, Hobbs.

*(GREENWAY exits. WALTER is in despair starts praying.)*

**WALTER:** God? I’m a good guy. Basically. Could you...could you throw me a bone?

*(Suddenly, BUDDY runs back in and throws shredded paper in WALTER’S face)*

**BUDDY:** Snow!

*(DEB rushes in after him, carrying a cup of hot chocolate. BUDDY rushes past her. DEB stares at WALTER, who sits at his desk covered in shredded paper, looking miserable.)*

**DEB:** *(to WALTER, awkwardly)* Chocolate Monster?

## **ACT ONE: SCENE 10**

### **#7a - Greasy Souvlaki**

*(Early evening of the same day. BUDDY and JOVIE stroll along 5th Avenue. JOVIE’S sweetly dressed up for her date; BUDDY is wearing his new overcoat. NYC ENSEMBLE passes by during the scene. They are both eating souvlaki on a stick. Behind them, we see a cart with a sign that reads: “World’s Greatest Souvlaki.”)*

**BUDDY:** How did you like your dinner?

**JOVIE:** Greasy souvlaki on a stick is not dinner.

**BUDDY:** But it’s the world’s best souvlaki...

**JOVIE:** No, it’s the world’s crappiest souvlaki. *(She drops it in the trash and apologizes to the vender.)* Sorry.

**VENDOR:** No. Thank you for your feedback. I'll go home right now and change the sign.  
(*VENDOR exits*)

**JOVIE:** (to *BUDDY*) Look, how about we just call it a night?

**BUDDY:** No! We've still got so much to do on our date. It's too early to take you home.  
Oh! How about dancing?

**JOVIE:** Oh, no...

**BUDDY:** I'll go first! Ein zwei drei vier!

### #7a2 - Buddy Clogs

(*BUDDY turns and scats a Christmassy tune while dancing an elaborate, acrobatic, solo Elf jig.*)

**BUDDY:** (gestures for *JOVIE* to take over) Take it, Jovie!

**JOVIE:** I am so not going to take that.

(*Suddenly, BUDDY spies a SALVATION ARMY bell ringer standing on the street corner with the collection receptacle at her feet.*)

**BUDDY:** Oh! Bells! (*BUDDY rushes over to her*) May I try?

**SUSAN BEA ANTHONY THE SALVATION ARMY LADY:** Oh...

### #7aa - The Tintinnabulation of the Bells

(*BUDDY takes the bells, and with a small, effortless gesture plays a stunning rendition of "Carol of the Bells".*)

**SUSAN BEA ANTHONY THE SALVATION ARMY LADY:** That was very impressive!

**BUDDY:** (putting them back) Thank you. This one's a little flat.

(*The SALVATION ARMY LADY leaves, a bit perplexed*)

**JOVIE:** You are amazing on those things!

**BUDDY:** Well, I used to be in a band; it was me on bells, Charlie on toy piano and Tiara on lead vocals, and Popsy on glockenspiel. We had a good thing going there for a while; but then Charlie started hitting the syrup pretty hard, and we had to call it quits. Those were crazy, crazy days. Hey, did I tell you? You look miraculous!

**JOVIE:** Miraculous, huh? Okay, well you look miraculous, too. That elf getup made you look incredibly dorky.

**BUDDY:** Thanks!

**JOVIE:** That wasn't a compli—

**BUDDY:** I know! It's the night before Christmas. Let's do something Christmas-y!

### #7b - Big Tree Music

**JOVIE:** You want Christmas-y? Okay. Follow me!

(*JOVIE runs off playfully. BUDDY follows. When they return, the set has changed. We see Rockefeller Center and it's enormous Christmas tree, upstage center, decorated but unlit.*)

**BUDDY:** Oh! Let's go skating!

**JOVIE:** I'm not a very good skater.

**BUDDY:** That's okay. Neither am I. Santa says I'm a hazard. He calls me "Edward Scissor feet."

**JOVIE:** Stop. Let's make a pact. If you try to be less elf-y, I'll try to be less crabby.

**BUDDY:** Okay. I'd like it if you'd be less crabby.

**JOVIE:** I came here last year, too. My first Christmas in New York.

## #7c - Rockefeller Center Skating

**BUDDY:** Oh, where'd you come from?

**JOVIE:** L.A.

**BUDDY:** L.A.? Never heard of that place. I don't think Santa goes there.

**JOVIE:** He doesn't. Christmases there are surreal. No snow.

**BUDDY:** No snow?!?

**JOVIE:** I've never even seen snow. I've always wanted to.

**BUDDY:** That's the saddest thing I've ever heard.

**JOVIE:** Yeah, I've been here for almost two years and it hasn't snowed since. You know, when I was a kid I dreamed of having a snowy Christmas Eve dinner at Tavern on the Green with Billy Crystal. That sounds so stupid.

**BUDDY:** No, it doesn't! Who's Billy Crystal? He sounds magical.

**JOVIE:** He's an actor. He was in my favorite movie of all time: "City Slickers." Anyway, last year I spent Christmas Eve in a 400 square foot studio apartment watching "Gilmore Girls" on Netflix. Sad, huh?

**BUDDY:** You know what? You're going to have Christmas Eve dinner at Tavern on the Green!

**JOVIE:** I don't think so. For one thing, it's been closed for months. It just reopened, now it's even harder to get in.

**BUDDY:** My dad can get us a table! He can do anything!

**JOVIE:** Buddy, don't promise things you can't deliver.

**BUDDY:** Jovie, I will make your dreams come true. I promise.

**JOVIE:** Wow, I might actually have a real Christmas.

**BUDDY:** You see? You do have a Christmas Spirit!

**JOVIE:** I guess I do. A little.

**BUDDY:** Now you have to spread it around and remember the best way to spread Christmas cheer is singing loud for all to hear.

## #8 - A Christmas Song

**JOVIE:** I told you, I don't sing.

**BUDDY:** What do you mean, you don't sing?

**JOVIE:** I mean I don't sing for anyone, at any time, under any circumstances, and that includes birthdays, Bar Mitzvahs and especially Christmas. Okay?

**BUDDY:** COME ON, JOVIE, SINGING CAN BE EASY

**JOVIE:** Please, stop.

**BUDDY:** IT'S FUN AND FREE AND BEST OF ALL IT'S

**JOVIE:** Totally cheesy?

**BUDDY:** C'mon! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MOVE YOUR VOICE MUCH HIGHER.  
HIGH, LOW, HIGH, LOW.

*(Very high)* HIGH *(Drawing it out)* IT'S JUST LIKE TALKING ONLY YOU SUSTAIN IT  
AND MAKE IT SOUND PRETTY

**JOVIE:** No.

**BUDDY:** I JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG IT'S LIKE MAGIC IF THINGS GO WRONG  
JUST SPREAD SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER BY SINGING LOUD FOR ALL TO HEAR

**JOVIE:** People are staring.

**BUDDY:** That's the point!

JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG AND KEEP ON SINGING ALL SEASON LONG  
THINK OF THE JOY YOU'LL BRING IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SING  
AND IF YOU'RE SHORT ON CHEER THINK ABOUT THAT YEAR  
YOU WOKE UP TO FIND A BRAND NEW SNOW HAD FALLEN  
THE ORNAMENTS YOU MADE BACK IN SECOND GRADE  
UNTANGLING THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS TOOK YOUR FATHER SEVERAL NIGHTS  
YOUR MOTHER CLAIMED THAT SHE HAD PROOF THERE WERE REINDEER ON THE ROOF  
REMEMBER WHO YOU WERE BACK THEN? LET THOSE MOMENTS LIVE AGAIN  
Come on, Jovie! Try it for me!

*(JOVIE closes her eyes and sings, tentatively at first, but growing more confident.)*

**JOVIE:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG

**BUDDY:** That's it!

**JOVIE:** IT'S LIKE MAGIC IF THINGS GO WRONG

**BUDDY:** Keep going!

**JOVIE:** JUST SPREAD SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER BY SINGING LOUD FOR ALL TO...

*(More NYC ENSEMBLE join in as they sing)*

**JOVIE, BUDDY & NYC ENSEMBLE:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG,  
AND KEEP ON SINGING ALL SEASON LONG.

THINK OF THE JOY YOU'LL BRING IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES...

IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES...

IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SING!

*(On the applause, JOVIE kisses BUDDY and the Rockefeller Christmas Tree lights up.)*

## **#8a - Back to the Office**

### **ACT ONE: SCENE 11**

*(WALTER'S office. WALTER confers with CHADWICK. It's obvious that the meeting has been going on for hours.)*

**CHADWICK:** Okay. How about this town populated by tomatoes —

**WALTER:** Tomatoes.

**CHADWICK:** Little tomato people. They are busily preparing for Christmas, but little do they know, the mean tomato who lives on the top of the mountain is planning to steal Christmas this year.

**WALTER:** You are describing the Grinch.

**CHADWICK:** But with tomatoes!

**WALTER:** You're an idiot, Chadwick. Greenway is going to fire us all if we don't come up with something good, you understand that? Can you grasp the seriousness of this situation? Where is Matthews?

**CHADWICK:** He's working a lead.

**WALTER:** He's what?

*(MATTHEWS bursts in, carrying a small manuscript)*

**MATTHEWS:** I got it!

**CHADWICK:** You got it?

**WALTER:** An original idea, I hope?

**MATTHEWS:** We got something better than an idea.

**CHADWICK:** We got a book.

**MATTHEWS:** You are familiar, of course, with Christopher Smith.

**WALTER:** Are you kidding? Christopher Smith was the greatest writer of Christmas stories who ever lived. When you think of Christmas, you think of Chris Smith.

**CHADWICK:** So, you would be happy if we brought him in?

**WALTER:** He's dead, you morons.

**MATTHEWS:** Mr. Hobbs, I met this guy who deals in used furniture; high-end stuff, from the homes of prominent dead writers. So, he recently acquired a desk once owned by one Christopher Smith.

**CHADWICK:** And in this desk, he finds a secret drawer—

**MATTHEWS:** --and in this secret drawer, he finds a manuscript.

**WALTER:** A lost Chris Smith Christmas story?

**MATTHEWS:** It's a Chris Smith Christmas for Walter Hobbs!  
*(MATTHEWS hands WALTER a small, yellowing manuscript)*

**WALTER:** It's beautiful.

**MATTHEWS:** Isn't it? The illustrations —

**CHADWICK:** And the story will make you cry.

**WALTER:** I can't believe I'm actually holding an original Christopher Smith in my hands.

**MATTHEWS:** Careful. It's the only copy.

**CHADWICK:** Are you nuts? What if someone spills coffee on it? Make a copy!

**MATTHEWS:** Relax. The machine's out of toner. Deb's changing it now. Just be careful with it, Mr. Hobbs.

**WALTER:** *(handling it gingerly)* This could be huge!  
*(Suddenly BUDDY, in his business suit, bursts into the conference room, having just come from his date.)*

**BUDDY:** I'm in love! And I don't care who knows it!

**WALTER:** Buddy, please. We're very busy.

**BUDDY:** Dad, I need a table for two at Tavern on the Green, seven o'clock, Christmas Eve. And four hundred dollars.

**MATTHEWS:** The guy's waiting in the lobby, Mr. Hobbs.

**WALTER:** *(to BUDDY)* Buddy. We'll talk about this in a minute. Just do me a favor and sit there in that chair. Amuse yourself.

**BUDDY:** Oh, okay, dad.

**WALTER:** *(to MATTHEWS)* Well, bring the guy up here. I want to thank him personally.

**MATTHEWS:** He's not waiting for a thank you. He's waiting for \$300,000.

**WALTER:** What?

**CHADWICK:** It's a small price to pay, Mr. Hobbs. This is a modern classic.

**MATTHEWS:** We'll make it back on the film rights alone.

**WALTER:** I don't know. That's a lot of money. *(WALTER puts down the manuscript)*

**CHADWICK:** Mr. Hobbs, we've been trying to come up with an idea for a story but we've got nothing.

**MATTHEWS:** We're idiots!

**CHADWICK:** And then this comes along: It's a gift from God!

**MATTHEWS:** And God gets mad when you don't accept his gifts.

**WALTER:** Fine. I'll write the guy a check.  
*(WALTER walks behind the desk and takes out his checkbook. BUDDY notices the shredder. HE picks up the manuscript and wanders over to it.)* Greenway will understand, right? In fact, he'll be thrilled! There'll be Christmas bonuses for everyone! I mean, this is going to make us millions!  
*(WALTER fills out the check and hands it to MATTHEWS. At that moment, BUDDY drops the manuscript into the shredder. WALTER, MATTHEWS and CHADWICK freeze when they hear the*

sound. They slowly turn to face BUDDY. He picks up pieces of the shredded manuscript and throws them in the air.)

**BUDDY:** Snow! Snow! Snow!

*(MATTHEWS and CHADWICK scramble to pick up the shredded pieces of paper. They soon realize the futility of the exercise. They look back to WALTER forlornly.)*

**WALTER:** What have you done? *(to BUDDY)* That was the only copy!

**BUDDY:** *(scared)* What?

**WALTER:** I cannot deal with this anymore. Just go back to the apartment, get your things and leave!

**BUDDY:** For where?

**WALTER:** I don't care! I don't care where you go! I don't care that you're an elf! I don't care that you're my son! Just get out of my life!

**BUDDY:** Dad-

**WALTER:** Forever!

*(BUDDY walks unhappily out of the conference room.)*

## **ACT ONE: SCENE 12**

*(A little later the same night, December 23rd. We find BUDDY alone.)*

### **#8b - World's Greatest Dad - Reprise**

**BUDDY:** I ONLY TRIED MY BEST TO BE  
EVERYTHING YOU'D EXPECT OF ME  
BUT I LET YOU DOWN AND SO I GUESS WE'RE DONE.  
AND NOW HOW CAN I SAY  
I'M THE WORLD'S GREATEST SON?

**CAROLERS:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG  
AND KEEP ON SINGING ALL SEASON LONG.  
THINK OF THE JOY YOU'LL BRING IF  
YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES  
IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES  
AND SING.

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO: PROLOGUE

### #8c - Entr'acte

### #8d- After Entr'acte

*(SANTA rushes in with a cup of cocoa.)*

**SANTA:** Sorry. Sorry. Just made a quick trip to the cocoa cart. *(SANTA settles, and takes a sip of cocoa.)* Oh. Single melt cocoa. That'll curl your shoes. Okay. Where were we? *(Opening the book).* Ah, yes. Buddy was not having a very merry Christmas. In fact, it was the worst he could remember, even worse than that year all the elves had that winter vomiting disease. After Walter said all those terrible things to him, Buddy went back to the apartment, got back into his elf suit and wrote a note.

*(We see a projection of Buddy's farewell message, which is written on an Etch-A-Sketch).*

**BUDDY:** *(Speaking the words we see projected)* Dear Dad and Mom and Michael: I'm sorry I ruined your lives--and I also feel really upset about pouring that bottle of maple syrup into your DVD player. My bad. Anyway, Thanks for your nifty suit and coat, but I won't be needing them anymore. I don't belong here with you. I don't belong at the North Pole, either. I'll never forget you, love and goodbye forever, Buddy. P.S. Merry Christmas

**SANTA:** After that, Buddy wandered all night and all the next day, cold and alone, through the streets of the city.

*(BUDDY, now once again in his elf costume, enters and trudges forlornly alone through a projected Manhattan street.)*

By then he was hungry, and he happened to stumble upon the only place in New York where a sad elf can get a cheap meal on Christmas Eve.

*(BUDDY comes upon the exterior of a Chinese restaurant, Chung Fu Palace. As we segue into the next scene, the time is a day later, early on the evening of the 24th.)*

## ACT TWO: SCENE 1

*(The interior of the Chung Fu Palace, Christmas Eve It is early evening. All of the customers are dressed as Santa Claus since each is now an out-of-work department store or Salvation Army street-corner Santa. They pick at their food and commiserate.)*

**SAD SANTA FRANK:** This is one Christmas season I thought would never end.

**SAD SANTA FLOYD:** It gets longer every year.

**MANAGER:** You're telling me. I got a bruise on my thigh in the shape of a kid's butt. *(Another bedraggled Santa walks in.)*

**SAD SANTA FRED:** Am I too late?

**SAD SANTA FONZY:** Nah, we still got chow mein, and sesame chicken.

**SAD SANTA FRED:** Oye, may I never put on this suit again.

**SAD SANTA FABIO:** Tough year.

**SAD SANTA FRITZ:** What a meshugenah Christmas.

*(The SAD SANTA's clink glasses. Upstage, we see a despondent BUDDY, in his elf outfit, peering through the window. The WAITRESS notices him and waves him in.)*

**BUDDY:** Is this a Chinese restaurant?

**WENDY THE WAITRESS:** No. I got a thing for dragons.

**BUDDY:** Sorry. I'll keep looking...

**WENDY THE WAITRESS:** Oh, you too depressed for sarcasm, huh? Come on in, honey, we've got a special on for out of work Christmas temps. You like hot and sour soup?

**BUDDY:** (*disgusted*) No!

**MANAGER:** Hey! That's the crazy I was telling you all about.

**SAD SANTA FABIO:** Hey Fred, is that the guy?

**SAD SANTA FRED:** YOU! I oughta pound you-

**BUDDY:** I'm sorry I called you a fake and pulled your beard. Mom explained to me that you guys pretend to be Santa for the kids who can't make it to the North Pole to see the real Santa. I get it now. Sorry.

**MANAGER:** Hey! Buddy. Come sit next to Santa Claus.

**BUDDY:** You guys make a lot of kids happy.

**SAD SANTA FRITZ:** Not anymore.

**SAD SANTA FONZY:** Years ago kids would light up when they saw you. You felt special, you know?

**MANAGER:** Now they just sit on your lap and text each other.

**SAD SANTA FRANK:** People got no respect.

**SAD SANTA FABIO:** No respect at all.

**WENDY THE WAITRESS:** No respect.

**BUDDY:** No respect for Santa Claus.

## **#9 - Nobody Cares About Santa**

**SAD SANTA FONZY:** USED TO BE I'D STAND ON THE BUSIEST CORNER,  
RING MY BELL AND MAKE THE PEOPLE SMILE.

NOWADAYS THEY PASS ME BY, AND WHO KNOWS WHY?

COULD IT BE THAT OLD SAINT NICK'S GONE OUT OF STYLE?

**ALL SAD SANTAS:** WELL, NOBODY CARES, NOBODY CARES,  
NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA.

THEY READ THEIR LIST THEN YOU GET DISMISSED 'CAUSE  
NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

**FAKE SANTA FRED:** USED TO BE THE KIDS WAITED HOURS TO SEE ME.  
ALL THAT JOY COULD ALMOST MAKE YOU CRY.

NOW THEY THINK I'M JUST PASSE, SOME DUMB CLICHE,  
AND IT MAKES ME WONDER WHY I EVEN TRY

**ALL SAD SANTAS:** WELL, NOBODY CARES, NOBODY CARES,  
NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA.

YOU ONCE WERE REVERED.

**SAD SANTA FABIO:** NOW THEY YANK OFF YOUR BEARD

**ALL SAD SANTAS:** 'CAUSE NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS. IS THIS ALL A SIGN?

**BUDDY:** IS THIS ALL AN AWFUL SIGN

**ALL SAD SANTAS:** OF A SAD DECLINE?

**BUDDY:** A MISERABLE, SAD DECLINE!

I NEVER KNEW SUCH DISRESPECT COULD EVER HAVE EXISTED.

NO WONDER THIS WHOLE CITY HAS BEEN NAUGHTY LISTED.

**SAD SANTA FRANK:** HO!

**SAD SANTA FLOYD & FRITZ:** HO!

**SAD SANTA FABIO:** HO! HO!



**SAD SANTA FONZY:** HO! HO!

**MANAGER AND FAKE SANTA FRED:** HO! HO! HO!

*(Dance break)*

**ALL:** NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

NO-BODY! NO-BODY! NO-BODY!

**BUDDY:** NOBODY, NOBODY

**MANAGER:** WHOA, BUDDY.

**SANTAS:** NO-BODY! NO-BODY! NOBODY CARES! NOBODY CARES!

NOBODY CARES! NOBODY CARES! NOBODY CARES!

**BUDDY:** HOW CAN SANTA CLAUS

**SANTAS:** HOW CAN GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS

**BUDDY:** BE A HOPELESS CAUSE?

**SANTAS:** A TOTALLY HOPELESS CAUSE!

**BUDDY:** EVEN LITTLE CHILDREN THINK THAT SANTA'S OVERRATED.

I KINDA GET THE FEELING THAT NEW YORK IS JADED!

**SANTAS:** I KINDA GET THAT FEELING, TOO!

**ALL:** WELL, NOBODY CARES, NOBODY CARES,

NOBODY CARES ABOUT SANTA.

THE BRINGER OF BLISS.

**BUDDY:** WHAT KIND OF WORLD IS THIS?

**ALL:** WHERE NOBODY CARES ABOUT WEARY, FED UP,

READY TO HANG THE SLED UP SANTA CLAUS.

HO! HO! HO!

NO! NO! NO!

*(As the song ends, the SAD SANTAs begin to exit, saying goodnight to each other.)*

**SAD SANTA FLOYD:** Well, that's it for me. I gotta get home.

**SAD SANTA FRED:** Me, too.

**SAD SANTA FRITZ:** Been good catching up with you guys.

**BUDDY:** Wait. Don't you guys want to hang out some more? Sing songs? Complain?

**MANAGER:** Don't you have a family to go home to?

**BUDDY:** I had a fight with my dad. He said he never wants to see me again.

**SAD SANTA FABIO:** Ah, forget about it. Christmas is all about fighting with your family.

**SAD SANTA FRANK:** Yeah, but that's what presents are for. Making up.

**MANAGER:** Listen to the Santas. Go get your old man a present.

**BUDDY:** A present?

**MANAGER:** Sure. That's the thing about Christmas. When you're a kid, it's all about what you're gonna get, but when you grow up, well, it's all about giving people stuff. It's the one day a year everybody gets to be Santa Claus.

**BUDDY:** A present. Thanks Mr. Manager man and fake Santas.

**SAD SANTA FONZY:** No problem.

**MANAGER:** That reminds me. It's Christmas Eve and I got to get something for the wife. I hope Wallgreens is still open.

**BUDDY:** Christmas Eve! Oh, my gosh! Jovie! I forgot all about Jovie! *(BUDDY jumps to his feet.)* Merry Christmas guys!

**MANAGER & SANTAS:** Merry Christmas!

## **ACT TWO: SCENE 2**

*(JOVIE, dressed to the nines, stands forlornly in front of Tavern on the Green. It's a little later on Christmas Eve. JOVIE looks at her watch, sighs and sings.)*

### **#10-Never Fall in Love (With An Elf)**

HE'S SEVERAL HOURS LATE, THE SKYLINE'S GROWING DIM.  
WHILE OTHERS DECK THE HALLS, YOU DREAM OF DECKING HIM.  
MY CHOICE IN MEN HAS ALWAYS BEEN PATHETIC, I SUPPOSE.  
THE GUY WHO STOLE MY CREDIT CARDS.  
THE GUY WHO TRIED ON MY CLOTHES.  
AND SO A ROW OF SELF-HELP BOOKS LINE MY BEDROOM SHELF.  
BUT THERE'S ONE RULE THOSE BOOKS FORGOT:  
YOU NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH AN ELF.  
HIS ENDLESS TALK OF CHRISTMASTOWN WILL TEST YOUR EVERY NERVE.  
STILL, HE'S KIND OF CUTE, I GUESS,  
WELL, IF YOU GRADE ON A CURVE.  
AND THOUGH YOU VOWED YOU'D NEVER SING JUST LOOK AT YOURSELF:  
YOU'RE HALFWAY THROUGH A CHRISTMAS SONG  
CALLED "NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH AN ELF."  
THE HOLIDAYS WILL SEEM BITTERSWEET WHILE YOU'RE ALONE IN BED,  
BUT HOW CAN ONE GIRL EVER COMPETE  
WITH A MAGIC FAT GUY IN A FLYING SLED.  
GO ASK A HUNDRED SINGLE GIRLS FROM HERE TO PHILADELPHIA ('1A),  
THEY'LL SAY IT'S CLEAR AS DAY.  
YOU'RE IN FOR SLEEPLESS NIGHTS  
IF YOU DATE A GUY WHO HAS A THING FOR TIGHTS.  
OH, NEVER FALL IN LOVE, NEVER FALL IN LOVE,  
NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH AN ELF.  
IT'S AS CLEAR AS A JINGLE BELL, IF YOU ARE SINGLE, WELL, DON'T FALL IN LOVE WITH AN ELF.  
*(At the end of the song, BUDDY enters and runs up to JOVIE.)*

**BUDDY:** Jovie! I know you are super mad right now. *(noticing her dress)* Wow. You look more miraculous than ever.

**JOVIE:** And you look...seasonally appropriate.

**BUDDY:** Thanks!

**JOVIE:** You are two and a half hours late.

**BUDDY:** I have a really good explanation.

**JOVIE:** Go ahead.

**BUDDY:** I forgot about our date.

**JOVIE:** That's your explanation? You forgot?

**BUDDY:** I remembered it eventually, but for a long time I forgot, which is why I'm late. Oh! Is this Tavern on the Green? With all the lights? Pretty!

**JOVIE:** Yes. I'm sure some lucky couple had a wonderful evening sitting at our table.

**BUDDY:** No they didn't.

**JOVIE:** Why not?

**BUDDY:** Because we didn't have a table. I was going to ask my Dad to get us one....

**JOVIE:** But you forgot.

**BUDDY:** No. I remembered, but he got really mad at me for making it snow in his office...

**JOVIE:** Stop. Just stop. I can't take any more of your crazy stories.

**BUDDY:** But it's true! And, oh, Jovie. I am so, so sorry I ruined your Christmas dream.

**JOVIE:** Forget it. It's my fault. I knew you couldn't get a table. But still, I got all dressed up and came here. And then an hour went by, then another hour and I waited. I didn't leave. Why? Because our date on Thursday was the only good time I've had in the last year and a half. How sad is that?

**BUDDY:** That is sad. But it's nice, too.

**JOVIE:** I just thought that if anyone could give me a real Christmas it would be you. "Lower your expectations, so you don't get disappointed." I should have that tattooed on my forehead.

**BUDDY:** Jovie I feel so bad about this; sick to my stomach, like I swallowed a zillion sticks of Juicy Fruit. The last thing in the whole world I wanted to do was hurt you.

**JOVIE:** I don't want to talk about it anymore. I'm cold, and my feet are killing me in these heels...

**BUDDY:** Can I just give you a Christmas present?

**JOVIE:** This is the worst possible time...

*(BUDDY takes out the snow globe)*

**BUDDY:** This is what New York City looks like when it snows. *(he hands it to her)* Shake it. *(As SHE takes the globe and shakes it.)* Pretty, huh? Real snowflakes are smaller than buildings. *(JOVIE tries to hand it back to him.)* Keep it, and look at it later when you're not furious. It's really special. I mean, I know you're not going to believe me, but Santa Claus gave it to me when I left the North Pole.

**JOVIE:** Oh, Buddy. I so wish that were true. Goodbye. *(JOVIE leaves)*

## #10a - Goodbye

### ACT TWO: SCENE 3

*(The living room in the Hobbs apartment. MICHAEL and EMILY are reading BUDDY's note on the Etch-a-sketch.)*

**EMILY:** *(reading the note)* "...I don't belong at the North Pole, either. Nobody wants me, Nobody needs me." Poor thing, wandering the streets in that dorky elf suit.

**MICHAEL:** Why did he do it?

**EMILY:** He had a fight with your father. *(examining the Etch-a-sketch more closely)* This really is amazing. I can barely draw a straight line on one of these things.

**MICHAEL:** We have to find him! We have to bring him home!

**EMILY:** We will find him, but after that, I think we need to get him some help.

**MICHAEL:** What do you mean, "help"?

**EMILY:** Professional help. Honey, Buddy is crazy.

**MICHAEL:** Mom.

**EMILY:** No, he is. We have to accept that.

**MICHAEL:** He's my brother.

**EMILY:** I know. So you have a crazy brother. Lots of people do.

**MICHAEL:** Just because somebody believes in Santa Claus, doesn't mean they're crazy.

**EMILY:** Yes, it does.

**MICHAEL:** No, it doesn't.

**EMILY:** Yes, it does.

**MICHAEL:** What about little kids? Are they crazy too?

**EMILY:** It's different. If a little kid believes in a talking purple dinosaur, it's delightful. If he still believes when he's thirty, it's profoundly disturbing. Look, just because Buddy is crazy, doesn't mean we should love him any less. I have a friend who's a psychiatrist. Do you remember Barry? With the Ferrari? I'm going to give him a call right now. Maybe he can tell us where we should look for Buddy. *(EMILY leaves the room. MICHAEL wanders over to an upstage window. He stares out forlornly.)*

**MICHAEL:** *(to himself)* Buddy. Where did you go?

## #11 - There Is a Santa Claus

*(Suddenly a bright flash of light appears outside. MICHAEL stares in disbelief.)*

**MICHAEL:** Mom! Mom!!

*(EMILY runs back into the room.)*

**EMILY:** What?!

**MICHAEL:** I SAW A TINY SLEIGH MAKE IT'S TINY WAY RIGHT ACROSS THE SKY,  
THERE WASN'T TIME TO THINK THERE WASN'T TIME TO BINK BEFORE IT ZOOMED RIGHT BY  
AND EVERYTHING I KNEW I KNEW AND EVERYTHING THAT YOU KNEW, TOO  
IS ABSOLUTELY NOW UNTRUE BECAUSE WITHOUT A DOUBT THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS  
*(Through the window EMILY sees Santa's sleigh passing by)*

**EMILY:** Michael, are you sure you're not just seeing--- Oh, my gosh!!!  
I JUST SAW HIM, TOO YET MY WHOLE LIFE THROUGH HE SEEMED FAKE TO ME  
COULDN'T SANTA SEE WHAT A FANTASY HE APPEARS TO BE  
AND EVERYTHING I THOUGHT I THOUGHT IS TANGLED UP IN ONE BIG KNOT  
THE WORLD OUT THERE HAS CLEARLY GOT ITS FLAWS  
IF THEY CAN'T SAY THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

**MICHAEL:** AND RUDOLPH'S NOSE REALLY GLOWS AND GUIDES HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT

**EMILY:** THE BEARD LIKE SNOW, THE "HO HO HO"

**MICHAEL:** I TOLD YOU I WAS RIGHT!

**EMILY:** AND DOES THIS MEAN THAT EASTER EGGS ARE HIDDEN BY A RABBIT?  
I JUST THOUGHT THAT I'D BEEN HOCUS-POCUS-ED  
AND DOES THIS MEAN THERE'S ANY TRUTH TO A FAIRY WHO MIGHT BUY YOUR TOOTH?

**MICHAEL:** COME ON, MOTHER. LET'S STAY FOCUSED

**EMILY:** IT'S HARD TO BE SEDATE OR KEEP YOUR HEAD ON STRAIGHT

**MICHAEL & EMILY:** WHEN FAIRY TALES COME TRUE.

THOUGH I CAN'T COMPLAIN CAUSE IF I'M INSANE THAT MEANS YOU ARE, TOO.

SO WHY DON'T WE MAKE A PACT, A SOLEMN PLEDGE TO BE EXACT.

THAT SANTA'S REAL, IN FACT, HE ALWAYS WAS.

I KNOW I'VE HAD MY DOUBTS BEFORE

BUT NOW THERE'S PROOF I CAN'T IGNORE.

SO WHY DENY IT ANYMORE?

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!!

## #11a - Into the Asparagus Patch

*(MUSIC plays off and we transition into...)*

## **ACT TWO: SCENE 4**

*(The Greenway Press Offices on an upper floor of the Empire State Building, as in Act One. Later on Christmas Eve.)*

**WALTER:** You have to work on Christmas Eve, tough luck, so do I. Get it through your heads, Greenway's on his way and if he doesn't buy our pitch, we're all fired.

**CHADWICK:** But we've been trying all night.

**MATTHEWS:** We don't have a pitch.

**WALTER:** I'm painfully aware of that! Just keep thinking.

*(long thinking pause)*

**CHADWICK:** What about this: a poor family of asparagus children, eagerly awaiting Santa, but they're self-conscious about the way their pee smells.

**WALTER:** *(pause - then with disgust)* No! I want your resignation on my desk in the morning. In the meantime, keep thinking.

*(They are all silent)*

**DEB:** May I make a suggestion?

**WALTER:** Anything.

**DEB:** Whenever we visited my Grammy in Budapest, she would tell us the story of little Palko, the one-legged boy. He wished and he wished every year for a leg and then one Christmas morning there it was, under the tree. From Santa.

**WALTER:** A leg?

**DEB:** Yes. A leg.

**WALTER:** A human leg?

**DEB:** Yes, because he'd been a very good boy.

**WALTER:** That's the most disgusting story I've ever heard.

**DEB:** *(defensively)* Well, it's incredibly touching when you hear it in Hungarian.

*(EMILY and MICHAEL burst in)*

**EMILY:** Walter -

**MICHAEL:** Dad. You're not gonna believe what we just saw!

**WALTER:** Emily! What are you doing here?! You have no idea how important it is that I continue working on this pitch.

**EMILY:** No. We have to talk, Walter. Right now.

**WALTER:** Fine. Deb, keep an eye out for Greenway, will you?

**DEB:** Yes sir.

*(DEB steps out of the office.)*

**EMILY:** First of all, Buddy is missing.

**MICHAEL:** He ran away. He left a note on an Etch-a-sketch.

**EMILY:** I brought it in the cab, but, you know, the slightest shake and those darn things erase themselves.

**WALTER:** Emily, you know that tonight of all nights, I have to-

**MICHAEL:** I knew it. He's not going to help us.

**WALTER:** Michael, you don't understand...

**MICHAEL:** No, you don't understand! It's not just Buddy. Me and Mom both saw -

*(DEB speaks loudly from outside the office.)*

**DEB:** Oh! Mr. Greenway, how lovely to see you! Can I get you anything? Coffee? Tea? A chocolate monster?

**GREENWAY:** Chocolate Monster? No. Where's Hobbs?

**WALTER:** *(to EMILY)* Please. I'm begging you. Just give me ten minutes to make this pitch and then I'll look for Buddy with you. I'll look for any elf you want.

*(GREENWAY enters)*

**GREENWAY:** Okay. Make it quick. I've got to catch a plane back to Chicago.

**WALTER:** Christmas party?

**GREENWAY:** Hardly. Do you remember Marczenko in acquisitions? He gave some con artist 300,000 dollars of company money for a fake Chris Smith story. Idiot.

*(WALTER looks to CHADWICK and MATTHEWS)*

**MATTHEWS:** *(nervously)* What a loser.

**CHADWICK:** *(to MATTHEWS)* You should fire that guy.

**GREENWAY:** Now, let's hear your pitch, Hobbs! And it better be good!

**WALTER:** Okay. Okay. Let's start with the cover. Picture this: Under a Christmas tree, a little boy's leg...

*(BUDDY enters)*

**BUDDY:** *(tentatively, nervously)* Hi, Dad. Everybody. I'm sorry that I...

**MICHAEL:** Buddy!

**EMILY:** We were so worried! Are you okay?

**BUDDY:** Well, I think I just broke up with my girlfriend...

**EMILY:** *(sympathetically)* Oh... *(thinking about it)* You have a girlfriend?

**MICHAEL:** Buddy! The most amazing thing happened!

**WALTER:** Can we do this later, Please?

**BUDDY:** Dad, I know you're mad at me, and I want to fix that.

**GREENWAY:** Hobbs, what is your family doing here? This is a business meeting.

**BUDDY:** *(ignoring GREENWAY and going on)* I want to give you a Christmas present, but I don't have any money, so which would you prefer: a thousand butterfly kisses or a bracelet made of my hair?

**WALTER:** Neither. Do you want to give me a Christmas present? Give me a story to pitch!

**GREENWAY:** What? Are you telling me, Hobbs, that you don't have a story to pitch?

**BUDDY:** Dad!

**WALTER:** Oh, no, sir. Of course, I have a story to pitch.

**BUDDY:** Dad! Oh!

**WALTER:** It's about, uh, little Palko, a one-legged boy who lives in an asparagus patch and...

**BUDDY:** Dad! I have a great story! Oh, this is a way better present than a bracelet made of my hair!

**WALTER:** Hold it, Buddy, you can't...

**GREENWAY:** Yes, he can. Go ahead. It can't be any worse than little Palko, the one-legged asparagus boy.

**BUDDY:** Yes, sir. It starts on Christmas morning about thirty years ago...

## #12 - The Story of Buddy

**BUDDY:** PAGE ONE, FRESH OUT OF TOYS,  
SANTA MAKES HIS WAY BACK.

WHEN HE HEARS A SMALL NOISE FROM INSIDE OF HIS SACK  
A SOUND THAT'S NOT UNLIKE A BABY'S CRY  
IT'S ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE JOLLY GUY PERPLEXED

**GREENWAY:** AND?

**WALTER:** AND?

**DEB, CHADWICK & MATTHEWS:** AND?

**MICHAEL:** COME ON BUDDY, WHAT COMES NEXT?!

**GREENWAY:** A baby inside Santa's bag? It's not a bad start...

**WALTER:** He's buying it! Keep going!

**BUDDY:** PAGE TWO, BACK FROM HIS RIDE, SANTA GATHERS HIS ELVES

**MICHAEL:** HE GATHERS HIS ELVES

**BUDDY:** AND THEY QUICKLY DECIDE, THEY'LL RAISE THE BABY THEMSELVES

THE NORTH POLE ISN'T MADE FOR HUMANS, THOUGH

AND SOON THE PHONY ELF BEGINS TO GROW SO TALL

*(stuck)* HE...

**GREENWAY:** HE?

**DEB, CHADWICK, & MATTHEWS:** HE?

**BUDDY:** HE...?

**WALTER:** LEARNS HE'S HUMAN AFTER ALL!

**BUDDY:** Right!

**MICHAEL:** Good one, Dad!

**BUDDY & MICHAEL:** IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF,

IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF; IT'S THE STORY OF...

**BUDDY:** IT'S KIND OF BRILLIANT IF I SAY SO MYSELF!

**BUDDY, MICHAEL & WALTER:** IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF!

**GREENWAY:** So the baby find's out he's a human. Then what?

**BUDDY:** Well, uh, he goes to New York, and, uh...

**WALTER:** PAGE THREE, HIS FATHER'S AT WORK, WHEN BUDDY WALKS THROUGH THE DOOR

HIS DAD IS SORT OF A JERK AND BUDDY'S BANNED FROM THE FLOOR

**BUDDY:** HIS FATHER'S NOT PREPARED TO BE A DAD

TO A SON HE NEVER KNEW HE HAD

**BUDDY & WALTER:** BUT SOON, HE'LL BE FORCED TO CHANGE HIS TUNE

**WALTER:** IT'S THE STORY OF

**BUDDY, MICHAEL, & WALTER:** BUDDY THE ELF,

IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF; IT'S THE STORY OF...

IT'S KIND OF BRILLIANT IF HE SAYS SO HIMSELF/I SAY SO MYSELF

IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF

**BUDDY:** AND MAYBE BUDDY HELPS HIS DAD IN A SETTING MUCH LIKE THIS

**WALTER:** AND MAYBE HIS FATHER LEARNS A SON IS SOMETHING HE CAN'T DISMISS

**BUDDY & WALTER:** THEY MIGHT LEARN THEY NEED EACH OTHER MUCH MORE THAN THEY KNOW

**WALTER:** MAYBE THE POINT OF THE STORY IS, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GROW

**BUDDY:** IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GROW!

**ALL (BUT GREENWAY):** IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF,

IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF, IT'S THE STORY OF

**MATTHEWS & CHADWICK:** AND THE BOOKS WILL FLY RIGHT OFF OF THE SHELF

**EMILY, MICHAEL & DEB:** IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF

**GREENWAY:** I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT, I DO!

I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT, I DO!

I LOVE THAT STORY, LOVE THAT STORY, LOVE THAT STORY

**EVERYONE ELSE:** HE LOVES THAT STORY, LOVES THAT STORY, LOVES THAT STORY

**ALL:** HE LOVES THAT STORY, LOVES THAT STORY, LOVES THAT STORY

IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF,

IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF, IT'S THE STORY OF  
AND THE BOOKS WILL FLY RIGHT OFF OF THE SHELF  
IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY AND THE POINT OF THE STORY IS  
MAYBE THAT IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO GROW  
AND THE BOOKS WILL FLY RIGHT OFF, OF THE SHELF,  
IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF

**GREENWAY:** I LOVE IT I LOVE IT, I DO, I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT I DO

**ALL:** I LOVE THAT STORY, LOVE THAT STORY, LOVE THAT STORY  
(IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF)  
THAT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF!

## #12a - The Story of Buddy – Playoff

**ALL:** IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF, IT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF, IT'S THE STORY OF  
AND THE BOOKS WILL FLY RIGHT OFF OF THE SHELF,  
THAT'S THE STORY OF BUDDY THE ELF!

*(Playoff ends, GREENWAY gets up and shakes WALTER's hand)*

**GREENWAY:** I love it! It's perfect!

*(The STAFF all react happily, ad lib)*

**WALTER:** Thanks, Mr. Greenway. Thanks a lot.

**GREENWAY:** Just one little thing. Instead of an elf, let's make it a horse.

**WALTER:** Excuse me?

**GREENWAY:** I want to make it a horse instead of an elf.

**CHADWICK:** You mean a horse, like... neeee *(he starts to make a horse sound)*

**MATTHEWS:** With a saddle and a tail...?

**GREENWAY:** Yeah. A horse.

**WALTER:** Interesting.... Why?

**GREENWAY:** Market research. Horses score really big with gweens.

**EMILY:** Gweens?

**GREENWAY:** Girl tweens.

**WALTER:** So, you want our Christmas story to be about a horse who grows up at the North Pole...

**GREENWAY:** Yeah. Obviously, it's going to take a little tweaking...

**MATTHEWS:** *(to CHADWICK)* Genius!

**CHADWICK:** *(to MATTHEWS)* It's outside the box.

**MATTHEWS:** There is no box!

**MICHAEL:** That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard!

**WALTER:** Michael....

**MICHAEL:** You're an idiot.

**GREENWAY:** That's it. Hobbs, what's up with these sons of yours?

**WALTER:** Mr. Greenway-

**MICHAEL:** Oh, come on. Buddy the Christmas horse?

**BUDDY:** Sir, I am not a horse.

**GREENWAY:** I've had enough of this. I don't need to be lectured by kids on how to sell kid's books to kids!

*(to MICHAEL and BUDDY)* You two, take your smart-aleck remarks and get out of here!

**MICHAEL:** Sorry.

**BUDDY:** Sorry.



**WALTER:** *(to GREENWAY)* Mr. Greenway, Michael, and Buddy are my sons. I'd prefer that you didn't insult them.

**GREENWAY:** And I'd prefer that you keep your wife and your whole weirdo family out of the office and do your job! Now you got a good idea here, Hobbs. With work, it could be a million-seller, so this is what we're going to do: I'm going to cancel my flight; we're going to work all night and all day tomorrow until we-

**WALTER:** *(interrupting him)* Tomorrow? Tomorrow's Christmas.

**GREENWAY:** You got a problem with that?

**WALTER:** Yes. Mr. Greenway? I quit.

**GREENWAY:** What?

**WALTER:** I quit.

**GREENWAY:** Let me get this straight. You want to spend Christmas on the unemployment line?

**WALTER:** No, I want to spend Christmas with my family, but I'd be happy to spend it anywhere, as long as it's not with you.

*(WALTER gives MICHAEL and BUDDY a high five.)*

**MICHAEL:** All right, Dad!

**BUDDY:** Yes, Dad!

**GREENWAY:** *(packing up his things and storming out)* You're weak, Hobbs! I haven't spent Christmas with my family in 30 years! That's why I'm the president of this company and you're nobody!

**BUDDY:** Mr. Greenway?

**GREENWAY:** What?

**BUDDY:** Merry Christmas!

*(GREENWAY exits)*

**WALTER:** I quit. I actually quit my job.

**EMILY:** I've never been so proud of you, Walter.

**MICHAEL:** Buddy! We saw him! We saw Santa Claus!

**BUDDY:** You did?

**EMILY:** He was flying around in his sleigh, with the red suit and the big sack of toys! The whole bit! And then he landed in Central Park! Walter, it was the most incredible-

**BUDDY:** He landed?

**MICHAEL:** Yeah. Right by the boathouse.

**BUDDY:** Why would he do that? Unless... the sleigh couldn't fly anymore! Oh, Santa was afraid this would happen! We have to go help him! Come on!

## **#12b - We Have to Help Santa!**

*(BUDDY and MICHAEL rush off. WALTER rushes after them.)*

**WALTER:** Buddy! Michael! Wait for your dad!

*(EMILY hesitates, touched by WALTER's transformation, and then hurries after them.)*

## **ACT TWO: SCENE 5**

*(The woods near the Boathouse. SANTA CLAUS stands glumly beside his sleigh.)*

## **#13 - Nobody Cares... (Santa's Reprise)**

**SANTA:** USED TO BE, I COULD DEPEND ON THE CHILDREN  
THEY'D BELIEVE, AND I'D BE SKYWARD BOUND.  
NOW IT SEEMS, THERE'S NOT ENOUGH BELIEF AROUND  
TO GET ME AND MY SLEIGH UP OFF THE GROUND  
I GAVE IT A TRY, BUT HOW CAN I FLY?  
WHEN NOBODY CARES ABOUT...

**BUDDY:** (*rushing on*) Santa!

**SANTA:** Buddy, am I ever glad to see you! The darn sleigh won't fly.

**BUDDY:** I know!

**SANTA:** In this whole city, there's not enough Christmas spirit.

**BUDDY:** Tell me about it!

**SANTA:** Eight million people who don't believe in me. A guy can't help but take that personally.

**BUDDY:** I believe in you! And my little brother -

**SANTA:** It's the same thing every year: I get a boost over Vermont, but as soon as I hit the Tri-State area, it's lights out. Like I'm entering a black hole. (*looks at the sleigh*) But I've never crashed before.

**BUDDY:** Santa I have so much to tell you -

(*WALTER, MICHAEL, and EMILY appear*)

**WALTER:** Buddy, you shouldn't have run off -

(*They stop and stare in stunned silence.*)

**BUDDY:** Dad, Mom, Michael? I'd like you to meet my really, really good friend, Santa Claus.

**WALTER:** Woah....

**EMILY:** (*To WALTER*) That's the guy! That's the guy we saw in the sleigh! Flying! Right past our window! That's him! Right there!

**MICHAEL:** Santa Claus!

**SANTA:** (*Bending down to greet MICHAEL*) Hello, Michael. I got your letter.

**MICHAEL:** You did?!

**SANTA:** Sure. (*Retrieving his iPad*) It's on my iPad. I used to schlep around this huge book of Christmas Wishes. Not anymore.

(*stabbing at the iPad*) Let's see... No, that's "Fruit Ninja". Okay, here we are. Letters to Santa... Michael Hobbs: "All I want for Christmas is a day with my dad." A real tear-jerker.

**MICHAEL:** Oh, man! I can't wait to tell the guys at school about this! They'll freak!

**EMILY:** (*Grabbing his hand, flustered*) Mr. Claus? I have to tell you, I'm a huge, huge fan. At least I was. And now I am again! I loved you in Miracle on 34th Street.

**BUDDY:** And... this is my dad.

(*SANTA turns to WALTER*)

**SANTA:** So, Walter. Can I take you off the naughty list, or not? (*Everyone stares at him.*)

**WALTER:** You know what? It's been a crazy week. I found out I have a son, who was raised by elves; I told my boss, I quit my job... I'm a little disoriented right now.

**BUDDY:** Come on, Dad! Santa's standing right in front of you!

**WALTER:** I'm just saying.... It doesn't matter if I can't wrap my head around all of this. The important thing is; Buddy, if you believe in Santa Claus, then I believe in Santa Claus.

**SANTA:** That's good enough for me. You're off the naughty list.

### #13a - Thank You, Santa

**BUDDY:** (*With great enthusiasm*) YES!

*(The sleigh slightly rises and then settles back on the ground.)*

**MICHAEL:** Look! Look at the sleigh!

**SANTA:** It's not enough. Sure could use a few magic reindeer about now. Thank you, PETA! Well, that's it.

**BUDDY:** What do you mean?

**SANTA:** I mean it's over. No more Christmas. I guess it's time I considered another line of business. My Brother-in-law owns a Chipotle in Boca.

**BUDDY:** Santa!

**SANTA:** I'm not talking about working there, I'm talking about a franchise. Well, don't look at me like that. If nobody believes in Santa anymore, what can I do? Oh, it breaks my heart to disappoint all those kids.

**BUDDY:** I'm not gonna give up. I know I can get you all the Christmas spirit you need. I've just got to find enough people to talk to... *(grabbing SANTA's iPad)* I have to borrow this!

**SANTA:** What?! Wait! I haven't backed it up yet!

*(BUDDY, MICHAEL, EMILY and WALTER hurry off. The lights go slowly down on SANTA.)*

## **ACT TWO: SCENE 6**

*(Central Park West, just outside Central Park a few minutes later. A New York 1 remote news telecast is on the air live. Microphone in hand, CHARLOTTE DENNON stands in the midst of a large crowd of onlookers. MICHAEL runs on, followed by BUDDY, EMILY, and WALTER.)*

**CHARLOTTE:** Charlotte Dennon, New York 1, continuing our live coverage from Central Park. No evidence has yet been found of the UFO that apparently crashed in the Park earlier this evening. But could there be another explanation? Perhaps what you millions of New York One viewers saw was Santa Claus making his rounds in the skies above Manhattan, delivering toys to all good little boys and girls -

**BUDDY:** *(grabbing the microphone and looking into the camera)* That's exactly what people saw, only the sleigh crashed because there isn't enough Christmas spirit.

**CHARLOTTE:** It seems that one of Santa's Elves has joined us.

**BUDDY:** I know, I know everybody in New York thinks I'm crazy. But I've come here to tell you that Santa is real.

**CHARLOTTE:** Well, I'm afraid that's all the time we have for...

**BUDDY:** Look! I have Santa's iPad right here! You, sir, what's your name? *(pointing to a man in the crowd)*

**DAVID LAMBERT:** David Lambert.... Why?

**BUDDY:** *(typing into the iPad)* David Lambert. On Christmas 1989, Santa brought you a red Schwinn bicycle with a bell-shaped like Miss Piggy.

**DAVID LAMBERT:** What? How did you know that?

**BUDDY:** And you are, ma'am?

**EMMA VON BROCKLIN:** Emma Von Brocklin.

**BUDDY:** Christmas 1992. A Rugrats Lunchbox.

**EMMA VON BROCKLIN:** I loved Rugrats!

**CHARLOTTE:** What is this, some kind of a trick?

**BUDDY:** What's your name?

**CHARLOTTE:** Charlotte Dennon. New York 1.

**BUDDY:** Charlotte Dennon, New York 1. Yeah, right, here you are. This year you want a Tiffany engagement ring and your boyfriend Dwayne to stop dragging his feet and pop the question.

**CHARLOTTE:** Who told you to say that? My mother?

**BUDDY:** No, it's right here!

**CHARLOTTE:** (*losing her cool*) Okay. That's it. I don't know how you're doing this, but I'm not an idiot. Everybody knows that there is no Santa Claus. (*realizing what she has just said.*) Oh my gosh! I ruined Christmas.

**BUDDY:** You didn't ruin Christmas. No one can! (*turning to the crowd*) Oh, I could stand here all night reading names out of this thing and you still wouldn't believe in him, would you? Well, it doesn't matter, because Christmas is a lot more than just Santa Claus. Christmas is... is... sleeping on a futon. Having cold spaghetti for breakfast with your little brother. Right? It's going ice skating with your girlfriend and kissing her for the very first time under a big, glittery Christmas tree. It's traveling miles and miles to be with your family, walking through the Lincoln tunnel with cars blowing their horns the whole time and truck drivers yelling things that no person should say to another human being, let alone to an elf. It's hoping that when you wake up on Christmas morning, all the cars, and all the big gray office buildings, and all the piles of garbage will be covered in snow.

### **#13b - Snow Music (*light snow begins to fall*)**

**BUDDY:** You see? You can't ruin Christmas! It's all around you. You just gotta get into the spirit of it. And the best way to spread Christmas cheer is singing loud for all to hear! Everybody! Sing! Sing! .... Anybody? (*Silence*)

### **#14- "A Christmas Song Reprise"**

**JOVIE:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG,  
IT'S LIKE MAGIC IF THINGS GO WRONG,  
JUST SPREAD SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER BY  
SINGING LOUD FOR ALL TO HEAR.

Come on people! Get into it!

**BUDDY:** Jovie? You're here! I thought you were mad at me.

**JOVIE:** I was, but then you made it snow.

**BUDDY & JOVIE:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG, AND KEEP ON SINGING ALL SEASON LONG  
THINK OF THE JOY YOU'LL BRING IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SING.

(*Now, gradually as lights come up all around the stage, we see SANTA sitting in his sleigh. One by one, ALL join in the song.*)

**JOVIE, BUDDY, & EMILY:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG,  
IT'S LIKE MAGIC IF THINGS GO WRONG  
JUST SPREAD SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER BY SINGING LOUD FOR ALL TO HEAR

**WALTER:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG, AND KEEP ON SINGING ALL SEASON LONG

**JOVIE, BUDDY, WALTER, EMILY & MICHAEL:** THINK OF THE JOY YOU'LL BRING IF  
YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SING.

**HALF OF THE ENSEMBLE:** AND IF YOU'RE SHORT ON CHEER, THINK ABOUT THAT YEAR,  
YOU WOKE UP TO FIND A BRAND NEW SNOW HAD FALLEN

**ENSEMBLE:** THE ORNAMENTS YOU MADE, WAY BACK IN SECOND GRADE

**MICHAEL & WALTER:** UNTANGLING THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS, TOOK YOUR FATHER SEVERAL NIGHTS

**JOVIE & EMILY:** YOUR MOTHER CLAIMED THAT SHE HAD PROOF,  
THERE WERE REINDEER ON THE ROOF

**WALTER, EMILY, & MICHAEL:** REMEMBER WHO YOU WERE BACK THEN,

LET THOSE MOMENTS LIVE AGAIN

**JOVIE & BUDDY:** LET THOSE MOMENTS LIVE AGAIN

**ALL:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG/OOOOOOO

IT'S LIKE MAGIC IF THINGS GO WRONG

JUST SPREAD SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER BY SINGING LOUD FOR ALL TO HEAR.

*(SANTA and his sleigh slowly begin to rise in the midst of the falling snow.)*

**ALL:** JUST SING A CHRISTMAS SONG AND KEEP ON SINGING ALL SEASON LONG

**SANTA:** You did it, Buddy! You saved Christmas! Hey! You wanna ride back to the North Pole?

**BUDDY:** No, thanks Santa. I'm happy right here.

*(Ultimately, SANTA disappears and flies away as all continue to sing.)*

**ALL:** THINK OF THE JOY YOU'LL BRING IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES,

IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES, IF YOU JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES...

*(We see SANTA and his sleigh projected above and then vanish into the night as SANTA calls out.)*

**SANTA:** Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

**ALL:** AND SING!!

## EPILOGUE

**SANTA:** *(reading)* "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night" I proclaimed, as I continued on my rounds. *(looking up from the book)* Funny story; in all the excitement I forgot the New Zealand that year. It completely slipped my mind! I popped by on the 26th and made good. Anyway... It wasn't long after that Walter started his own publishing company, Hobbs and Sons, and Buddy's story went on to become the bestselling children's book in the world! They even made a movie out of it, and eventually a musical too! And it probably won't come as a surprise to you that they all lived happily ever after. *(closing the book)* And that's it. That's the end of our story. *(doorbell rings)*

**MRS. CLAUS:** They're here!! Get up!

**SANTA:** Well, it's not quite the end. There is one last, little chapter...

*(MRS. CLAUS opens the door. BUDDY and JOVIE are dressed as elves and JOVIE are pushing a baby carriage. WALTER follows. CHARLIE and the other ELVES from the workshop are right behind them, carrying bowls of food, presents, eggnog, etc. It's a chaotic scene )*

**BUDDY:** Merry Christmas, Santa!

**SANTA:** Merry Christmas, kids!

**BUDDY:** Merry Christmas everybody!

## #15 - Finale

**BUDDY:** I'M SINGING!

I'M AT THE NORTH POLE AND I'M SINGING!

I'VE GOT A WIFE AND I'M SINGING!

AND NOW WE'VE GOT A KID AND SO I'M SIIIIINGGGGINNNGGG!!!

**WALTER:** Shhh! Buddy! You'll wake the baby!

**JOVIE:** It's okay, Papa Hobbs. The baby loves Buddy's singing!

**BUDDY:** ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SING TO STOP A STRING OF SLEEPY SOBS

**BUDDY & JOVIE:** CAUSE NOBODY LIKES A CHRISTMAS SONG LIKE LITTLE BUDDY HOBBS!

**BUDDY, JOVIE, & WALTER:** AND THAT'S WHY HIS MIDDLE NAME JUST HAPPENS TO BE

**ALL:** SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY!

*(EMILY & MICHAEL enter in seasonal costumes)*

**EMILY & MICHAEL:** NOW WE SPEND EACH CHRISTMAS HERE  
DRESSED UP IN NORTH POLE FESTIVE WEAR

**BUDDY:** AND MY SON HAS JOVIE'S EYES

**JOVIE:** AND BUDDY'S REDDISH BLONDISH HAIR!

**WALTER:** BUT YOU'LL FIND THAT BUDDY JUNIOR TAKES AFTER ME,  
I'M SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY!

**EMILY:** No you're not!

**WALTER:** Yes, I am!

**EMILY:** No, you're not.

**WALTER:** Yes, I am!

**EMILY:** No, you're not.

**ALL:** YES HE IS

**SANTA:** AND WHEN THE BABY'S GROWN HE'LL RIDE ON MY SLEIGH

**SANTA & BUDDY:** AND HELP DELIVER GIFTS GALORE

**WALTER:** WE'LL TEACH HIM CHRISTMAS NEVER GETS IN THE WAY  
*(knock at the door)*

**BUDDY:** GUESS WHO'S AT THE FRONT DOOR!

*(The rest of the cast, including DEB, and the STORE MANAGER dance their way onto the stage.  
Big finale and dance break.)*

**ALL:** EVERYTHING SEEMS BETTER WITH OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY INTERTWINED  
AND WE KNOW A HAPPY ENDING ISN'T VERY FAR BEHIND  
ONCE WE TURN THE WORLD INTO ONE BIG FAMILY, WE'LL BE...

**SOLO 1:** SPARK

**SOLO 2:** JOLLY

**SOLO 3:** TWINKLE

**SOLO 4:** JINGLE

**SOLO 5:** SHINY

**SOLO 6:** SHOWY

**SOLO 7:** CHEERY

**SOLO 8:** KRINGLE

**SOLO 9:** RAZZLE

**SOLO 10:** DAZZLE

**SOLO 11:** RING-A-LINGLE

**MANAGER:** I CAN'T LIE, IT MAKES ME TINGLE!

**ALL:** SPARKLEJOLLYTWINKLEJINGLEY!

**#16 - Bows**

**THE END**

**#17 - Exit Music**