

start -

**FAKE SANTA**

*(in a heavy New York accent)*

Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!



*(The first MOTHER in line leads a small CHILD to FAKE SANTA as BUDDY rushes over.)*

**BUDDY**

Santa! Yeah! Yeah! It's me, Buddy! It's me!

**FAKE SANTA**

Yo, Buddy, how ya doin'?

*(SANTA'S HELPER places the CHILD on FAKE SANTA's lap.)*

**BUDDY**

It's me! Who the heck are you?

**FAKE SANTA**

Whadda ya talkin' about? I'm Santa Claus.

**BUDDY**

No, you're not.

**FAKE SANTA**

Yes, I am.

**BUDDY**

No, you're not.

**FAKE SANTA**

*(to the CHILD)*

What can I get you for Christmas?

**BUDDY**

*(whispers to CHILD)*

Don't tell him what you want, he's a liar!

**FAKE SANTA**

Let the kid talk.

**CHILD**

I want Grand Theft Auto: Chinatown Wars.

**BUDDY**

*(to FAKE SANTA)*

You don't smell like Santa. You smell like beef and cheese.

**FAKE SANTA**

Just cool it, Zippy.

stop

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**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 just thought that if anyone could give me a real Christmas it would be you.

**BUDDY**

Jovie I feel so bad about this, sick in my stomach, like I swallowed a zillion sticks of Juicy Fruit.

**JOVIE**

I don't want to talk about it anymore.

**BUDDY**

Can I just give you a Christmas present?

**JOVIE**

This is the worst possible time—

*(BUDDY takes out the snow globe.)*

**BUDDY**

Here. This is what New York City looks like when it snows.

*(He hands it to her.)*

Shake it.

*(JOVIE 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 real 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. Bye Jovie.

*(BUDDY exits, and JOVIE is alone onstage.)*

**JOVIE**

Oh, Buddy. I so, so wish that were true.

*(#20 – GOODBYE begins. JOVIE exits.)*

stop

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A  
B  
  
  


~~MANAGER~~

~~Yeah, but try talkin' to her, she's nuts.~~

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~~BUDDY~~

~~She is? I love nuts!~~

~~(The MANAGER exits shaking his head as BUDDY walks over to JOVIE.)~~

Start

**BUDDY**

Hi. I'm Buddy the Elf and we're going to have fun together.

**JOVIE**

Hi. I'm Jovie the Elf, and I seriously doubt it.

**BUDDY**

You're very pretty. Like a glittery angel.

**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 singing loud for all to hear!

**JOVIE**

I don't sing.

**BUDDY**

Oh, come on. It's fun!

*(singing)*

I'M SINGING!

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

~~(The MACY'S EMPLOYEES are now staring at BUDDY. The MANAGER re-enters.)~~

stop

~~MANAGER~~

~~All right, listen up everybody. You all gotta finish decorating this place because Santa is on his way. No more standing around. Get to work.~~

~~(The MACY'S EMPLOYEES grumble as they continue to hastily and sloppily toss around decorations. BUDDY looks around in horror.)~~

Start

**CHADWICK**

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

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**WALTER**

You are describing the Grinch.

**CHADWICK**

But with tomatoes!

**WALTER**

Greenway is going to fire us all if we don't come up with something good, you understand that?

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

**MATTHEWS**

I got it! You are familiar, of course, with Christopher Smith.

**WALTER**

Are you kidding? Christopher Smith was the greatest writer of Christmas stories who ever lived.

**MATTHEWS**

Mr. Hobbs, I met this guy who recently acquired a desk once owned by one Christopher Smith and in a secret drawer he finds a manuscript.

**WALTER**

A lost Chris Smith Christmas story?

**MATTHEWS**

A lost Chris Smith Christmas story!

*(MATTHEWS hands WALTER a small, yellowing manuscript.)*

**MATTHEWS**

Be careful. It's the only copy.

*(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.

Stop

Start

**DEB**

Can I get you anything? A coffee?

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**BUDDY**

Chocolate milk would be fantastic...

**WALTER**

You're making it sound like it's my fault. Today is impossible.

*(crosses back toward DEB)*

Isn't it Deb?

**DEB**

Oh, yes, Mr. Hobbs.

**BUDDY**

\* *(standing)*

Dad!!!

**WALTER**

Who are you?

**DEB**

Looks like someone sent you a Christmas Gram, Mr. Hobbs.

**WALTER**

What?

**DEB**

Meet Buddy the Elf.

**WALTER**

Well, aren't you going to sing a song or something?

**BUDDY**

A song? Uh, yeah. Anything for you Dad.

*(singing off-pitch)*

I'm here with my dad and we never met, and, um, 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 stops singing.)*

**BUDDY**

Susan Welles had me and she didn't tell you, but now I'm here.

Stop

Start

**CHARLIE**

I appreciate it. I feel bad for the big guy. I just hope he doesn't get wise.

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**SHAWANDA**

Well, if he hasn't figured out by now that he's a human I don't think he ever will.

**BUDDY**

Human?!? I'm human?

*(Beat.)*

**CHARLIE**

*(desperately whispering to ELF #1)*

Get Santa!

\*

*(ELF #1 runs off to get SANTA.)*

**BUDDY**

You said I'm human!

**CHARLIE**

No. No.

**SHAWANDA**

No, not you Buddy. We we're talking about some other Buddy. Some Buddy... else.

**BUDDY**

No you weren't!

*(SANTA arrives, accompanied by a now panicking ELF #1.)*

**SANTA**

Buddy...

**BUDDY**

Santa? Is it true what they said? Am I human?

**SANTA**

Good question.

*(#2 - SIT ON SANTA'S LAP begins. SANTA walks over to BUDDY.)*

Once upon a time there was this young woman, Susan Welles, she had a baby, but she passed away soon after he was born. That baby was put in 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, raised him as one of their own.

Stop

Rea  
Buc  
I'm  
Ani  
Not  
you  
Anc  
Rig  
Kee  
Tha  
He  
Oh  
But  
No  
No  
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I k