

**ACT ONE  
PRELUDE****SANTA  
MRS. CLAUS**

## #0 – Overture

*The OVERTURE ends and the CURTAIN RISES on the living room of a snowy cottage at the North Pole. A large, inviting easy chair and a 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.*

**START****SANTA**

I don't believe it.  
(calling off stage)  
It happened again!

**MRS. CLAUS**

(off stage)  
What happened again?

**SANTA**

The TiVo thing. It taped over the football game I was gonna watch. East Carolina vs. Boise state.

**MRS. CLAUS**

(off stage)  
Oh.

**SANTA**

(calling off stage)  
Why does it do that?

**MRS. CLAUS**

(off stage)  
I don't know, dear.

**SANTA**

(calling off stage)  
I mean, what's the point of having the thing if it doesn't tape what you want it to tape?

MRS. CLAUS

SANTA  
MRS. CLAUS

*(off stage)*

I don't know, dear.

SANTA

I watched one show on Global Warming six months ago and now it thinks I'm Al Gore.

*He turns off the TV.*

MRS. CLAUS

Hey. They'll be here at six.

SANTA

*(to 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 had fifty bucks on Boise. 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\*

—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's no Starbucks; and two: everyone who lives here is a elf.

END

*\*Please note: if you wish to use the original opening number ("Christmastown") as an alternative substitute for "Happy All The Time," you may do so. See APPENDIX, p.116*

**ACT ONE**  
**SCENE 3**

*BUDDY runs outside. 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 snow drift.*

Here. Sit on Santa's lap.

#1c – Sit on Santa's Lap

I have to tell you a story

*(reacting to his weight)*

Oh. You're a big boy. 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.

**BUDDY**

Really? Where is he? Is it Charlie?

**SANTA**

Buddy, it's you! It's your story!

SANTA  
BUDDY

**BUDDY**

I'm not an elf; I'm a human. And I'm an orphan. Just like Annie!

**SANTA**

Not exactly. You have a human father, but he never knew that 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 snow globe back but SANTA stops him.*

Keep it: It's a gift from me.

**BUDDY**

Thank you, Santa.

**ELVES**

Awwwwwww.

*SANTA turns to the gathered elves.*

START

**SANTA**

All right, break it up. Nothing to see here. Back to work.

**BUDDY**

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.

SANTA  
BUDDY

**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.

*He 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 that you left 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's a great place. But there's one thing that should know. And it's very important.

**BUDDY**

What?

**SANTA**

There are like thirty Ray's pizzas and they all say they are the original, but the real one's 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 is 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 just go through the Lincoln Tunnel and you're there.

END

*BUDDY steps onto a small ice floe. MUSIC begins under as BUDDY begins to float away.*

#2 - World's Greatest Dad

**(SANTA)**

Bye, Buddy. Take care.

**BUDDY**

Bye, Santa. Oh, hey, what's my Dad's name?

**SANTA**

Hobbs. Walter Hobbs.

**BUDDY**

Hobbs? Then I must be Buddy Hobbs!

*(uncertain)*

Yay!

*Scene 3 ends as BUDDY remains on stage while the set changes around him and we transition into...*