

**BUDDY**

(to FAKE SANTA)

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

**FAKE SANTA**

Just cool it, Zippy.

**BUDDY**

You sit on a throne of lies.

**FAKE SANTA**

Look, I'm not kiddin'. Get outta here!

(to the BOY)

You were saying, kid?

**BOY**

I want Zombie Apocalypse Four: Rivers of Blood.

**MOTHER**

It's reprehensible.

**BOY**

(to MOTHER)

You're reprehensible!

**BUDDY**

You're a fake.

**FAKE SANTA**

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**

I'm not, huh?

MUSIC underscores as the CHILDREN and PARENTS all scream and FAKE SANTA lunges at BUDDY, starting a fight and rolling all over the stage. BUDDY keeps shouting, "He's a fake! He's a fake!" The MOTHER of the boy yells off stage.

**MOTHER**

Help! Someone's beating up Santa Claus!

*Policemen / Security*  
- 41 -

Two POLICEMEN (VINNIE and DOUG) appear. They wrestle BUDDY off the FAKE SANTA.

**MANAGER**

(to BUDDY)

You're not corporate, you're crazy!

(to the POLICEMEN)

Arrest this nut.

(to the FAKE SANTA)

And you! Get outta my store!

(grabbing his hat and beard)

I'm Santa now.

(putting on the Santa Claus beard and approaching the boy)

Ho, ho, ho!

The BOY runs off screaming. The MANAGER follows him.

Wait! 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 #1**

Calm down. Tell us your name.

**BUDDY**

Buddy the Elf.

**POLICEMAN #2**

You got a last name, Buddy the Elf?

**BUDDY**

Hey! I do! I'm Buddy Hobbs. Do you know my dad, Walter Hobbs?

**POLICEMAN #1**

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?

MUSIC of "Sparkle..." plays off as Scene 6 ends and we transition into...

**ACT ONE**  
**SCENE 7**

*MUSIC underscores, "In the Way". The living room of the Hobbs Central Park West apartment. Later the same day, early evening. 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, heck, 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**

Michael, 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 out-stretched to hug EMILY)*

Hi, Mom, I'm home!

**EMILY**

*(stepping back)*

Excuse me?

**POLICEMAN #1**

This the Walter Hobbs residence?

**EMILY**

Yes?

**POLICEMAN #2**

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 #1**

Good. Guess we came to the right place.

*(to POLICEMAN #2)*

Let's go.

**EMILY**

Wait a second, you can't just leave him here!

**POLICEMAN #2**

Hey lady, have a heart. It's almost Christmas and he's homeless.

**EMILY**

Well...

**POLICEMAN #1**

Okay, bye Buddy.

**BUDDY**

*(as he hugs the two POLICEMAN)*

Bye, Vinny. Bye, Doug! Thanks a whole lot. And Merry Christmas!

**POLICEMAN #1 & #2**

Merry Christmas!

*(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.