

BUDDY DIALOGUE

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.

BUDDY

You're a fake.

FAKE SANTA

I'm a fake? How'd you like to be dead?

BUDDY

(pulling off FAKE SANTA's hat with the white hair attached)

Look, he's not really Santa!

(BUDDY holds the hat high in the air and begins to run.)

Santa's a fake! Santa's a fake! Santa's a fake!

MR/MRS GREENWAY

DIALOGUE

MR. GREENWAY

Hobbs! My phone has been ringing off the hook. Angry mothers, kids crying, "What happened to Jingles, the jolly Christmas puppy?"

WALTER

It was an unfortunate oversight, Mr...

MR. 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!

MR. 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.

DEB DIALOGUE

WALTER

Mr Greenway's on his way and if he doesn't buy our pitch, we're all fired.

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

Well, it's incredibly touching when you hear it in Hungarian.

EMILY DIALOGUE

EMILY

Look, Buddy fixed your wind machine!

He's stayin' with us!

WALTER

What do you mean, Emily, he's staying with us?

(EMILY grabs WALTER's arm and moves him away from BUDDY and MICHAEL. EMILY picks up an envelope from the table.)

EMILY

Walter, I've been, uh, very busy the last couple of days. You see, I took a strand of Buddy's hair, and a few strands of your hair from the sink, then I had my cousin at Beth Israel Hospital compare the two and...

WALTER

(worried) And?

EMILY

(hands WALTER the envelope with a DNA report)

You have an elf for a son.

WALTER

Oh, no. *(During the above, we see BUDDY and MICHAEL move closer to eavesdrop. BUDDY races to hug WALTER. MICHAEL follows right behind BUDDY.)*

BUDDY

Yay! I knew it! Dad!!! Dad!!! Dad!!!

EMILY

You have a big brother! This is so unexpected!! I can't believe it!

(she composes herself) I'll planned out your first day Buddy. Just you and Walter. Tomorrow you will...

WALTER

Tomorrow I've got to go to work...

MICHAEL DIALOGUE

BUDDY

All fixed!

MICHAEL

Yay, Buddy!

(hugs BUDDY)

You're the man!

EMILY

Nice going, Buddy.

(EMILY hugs BUDDY too. The door opens, and WALTER enters. WALTER stops short upon seeing BUDDY, MICHAEL and EMILY all happily hugging each other.)

WALTER

What in the devil is going on here?!

BUDDY

Hi, Dad!

MICHAEL

Look, Buddy fixed my wind machine!

He's stayin' with us!

WALTER

Staying with us? What do you mean, Emily, he s staying with us?

(EMILY grabs WALTERs arm and moves him away from BUDDY and MICHAEL. EMILY picks up an envelope from the table.)

EMILY

(hands WALTER the envelope with a DNA report)

Well... You have an elf for a son.

WALTER

Oh, no.

(During the above, we see BUDDY and MICHAEL move closer to eavesdrop. BUDDY races 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!

I'm gonna plan out our whole first day Buddy. Just you and me. Tomorrow we will...

WALTER

Tomorrow I've got to go to work...

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

Tomorrow, your Dad will take you to work with him.

WALTER

All right, but if you're coming with me

MICHAEL

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?

MICHAEL

No.

WALTER HOBBS DIALOGUE

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.

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.)

(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.

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.

JOVIE DIALOGUE

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

Look, how about we just call it a night?

BUDDY

No! It's too early to take you home. And 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 compliment...

BUDDY

I know! Let's go skating!

JOVIE

I'm not a very good skater

BUDDY

That's okay, neither am I.

JOVIE

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

BUDDY

Okay. I'd like it if you'd be less witchy.

JOVIE

I came to Rockefeller Center last year too, my first Christmas in New York.

BUDDY

Oh, where'd you come from?

JOVIE

L.A. 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 once. 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.

BUDDY

You know what? We are 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 re-opened, now it's even harder to get in.

MANAGER DIALOGUE

MANAGER

Hey you! Get back to work! What section I assign you to?

BUDDY

I don't know.

MANAGER

All right, you work right over there, the North Pole.

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.

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 from up north?

BUDDY

That's the one.

MANAGER

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

BUDDY

Okay!

MANAGER

(loudly to all)

Attention Macy's shoppers! Santa will be arriving in thirty minutes. In thirty minutes, Santa Claus is comin' to town!