

# ELF THE MUSICAL JR

## SIDE 1

**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.)*

**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.

**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 puts down the manuscript.)*

**WALTER**

What?

**CHADWICK**

Mr. Hobbs, we've been trying to come up with an idea for a story but we 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.

**SIDE 2**

**DEB**

Mr. Greenway, sir.

**BUDDY**

*(standing up)*

Hi, Mr. Greenway, I'm Buddy the Elf!

**MR. GREENWAY**

What? Who the devil is that?

**WALTER**

Well, he's, uh, he's my, son.

**MR. GREENWAY**

What?

**WALTER**

Deb! Buddy needs a break.

**DEB**

*(to BUDDY)*

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!

*(BUDDY and DEB leave the office.)*

**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.

**SIDE 3**

**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!

**EMILY**

He's stayin' with us!

**WALTER**

Staying with us? 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! I knew it! Dad!!! Dad!!! Dad!!!

**MICHAEL**

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

**BUDDY**

I planned out our whole first day, Dad. Just you and me. Tomorrow we will...

**WALTER**

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



**EMILY**

*(interrupting)*

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

**WALTER**

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.

## **SIDE 4**

**CHARLIE**

How you doing, Buddy?

**BUDDY**

Um, fine Charlie, but... I guess I'm gonna 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**

I made, uh, eighty-five!

**CHARLIE**

Eighty-five? It's ten a.m. and you've only made eighty-five?

**BUDDY**

Why don't you just say it? I'm the worst toy maker in the whole wide 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...

**ELF #1**

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

**ELF #2**

Even better than Santa!

**ELF #3**

And you're the only baritone in the Jinglesingers!

**ELF #4**

You bring us down a whole octave.

**ELF #5**

In a good way!

**CHARLIE**

See, Buddy? 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 to SHAWANDA to join him.)*

**CHARLIE**

Hey, Shawanda.

**SHAWANDA**

Yeah, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

I hate to do this to you, but do you think you could pick up the slack with those Etch A Sketches®?

*(BUDDY returns. He listens, unnoticed.)*

**SHAWANDA**

No problem.

**CHARLIE**

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

**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 were talking about some other Buddy. Some Buddy... else.

**BUDDY**

No you weren't!

**SIDE 5**

**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! We've still got so much to do on our date. It's too early to take you home. 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! Let's do something Christmas-y! 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 Scissorfeet.

**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.

**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 dream come true. I promise.

**JOVIE**

Wow, I might actually have a real Christmas.

**BUDDY**

You see? You do have 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.