

# #5- BUDDY, WALTER, DEB & GREENWAY

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Why is the sky blue?

BUDDY

WALTER

I don't know. It has something to do with the sun, and ultraviolet....I don't know.

*More silence.*

BUDDY

Dad?

WALTER

What?

BUDDY

What does a rainbow feel like?

WALTER

I don't know. Soft...

BUDDY

Dad?

WALTER

Buddy!

BUDDY

What was my mom like? Susan Welles?

WALTER

That was a long time ago, Buddy.

*BUDDY looks dejected. WALTER softens.*

What I mean is, we were just kids in college. We drifted apart. She never told me about....Susan was fun, full of life. You would have liked her.

*DEB enters, leading in MR. GREENWAY, a gruff elderly businessman carrying a bulky briefcase.*

DEB

Mr. Greenway, sir.

GREENWAY

Hobbs! My phone has been ringing off the hook. Angry mothers, kids crying, "What happened to Jingles, the Jolly Christmas Puppy"? "Did he make it to the North Pole?" "Did he ever get his magic bone?"

WALTER

It was an unfortunate oversight, Mr. Greenway. I'm fully prepared to blame my staff—

GREENWAY

*(opening his brief case and slapping some papers on the desk)*

Don't try to pass the buck. It's your name on these proofs. And I'll tell you something else; even if those two missing pages were in there, the book still would have sucked! You're hanging by a thread Hobbs!

BUDDY

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

GREENWAY

What? Who the devil is that?

WALTER

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

GREENWAY

I thought your son was twelve years old?

BUDDY

I'm thirty. That's this many.

*(indicating 30 with his fingers)*

GREENWAY

What?!

WALTER

*(shouting to DEB)*

Deb! Buddy needs a break, take him downstairs for some hot chocolate.

BUDDY

Oh! Can I have a Chocolate Monster?

DEB

A Chocolate Monster?

BUDDY

It's hot chocolate with a chocolate bar on top. That way, when the chocolate bar melts it makes it more chocolatey.

DEB

*(leading BUDDY off)*

Works for me.

**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 best-seller!

**WALTER**

Well, sir, that's easier said than done—

**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.

*GREENWAY exits. WALTER is in despair.*

**WALTER**

God? I'm a good guy. Basically. Could you....could you throw me a bone?

*Suddenly, BUDDY runs back in and throws shredded paper in Walter's face.*

**BUDDY**

Snow!

*DEB rushes in after him, carrying a cup of hot chocolate. BUDDY rushes past her. DEB stares at WALTER, who sits at his desk covered in shredded paper looking miserable.*

**DEB**

*(to WALTER, awkwardly)*

Chocolate Monster?



# #6 - CHADWICK, WALTER & MATTHEWS

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## ACT ONE SCENE 11

*WALTER's office. WALTER confers with CHADWICK. It's obvious that the meeting has been going on for hours. MATTHEWS is conspicuously absent.*

CHADWICK

→ Okay. How about this: a town populated only by tomatoes—

WALTER

Tomatoes.

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

You're an idiot, Chadwick. Greenway is going to fire us all if we don't come up with something good, you understand that? Can you grasp the seriousness of this situation? Where is Matthews?

CHADWICK

He's working a lead.

WALTER

He's what?

*MATTHEWS bursts in carrying a small manuscript.*

MATTHEWS

I got it!

CHADWICK

You got it?

WALTER

An original idea I hope?

MATTHEWS

We got something better than an idea.

CHADWICK

We got a book.

MATTHEWS

You are familiar, of course, with Christopher Smith.

WALTER

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

CHADWICK

So, you would be happy if we brought him in?

WALTER

He's dead, you morons.

MATTHEWS

Mr. Hobbs, I met this guy who deals in used furniture; high end stuff, from the homes of prominent dead writers. So, he recently acquired a desk once owned by one Christopher Smith.

CHADWICK

And in this desk he finds a secret drawer —

MATTHEWS

— and in this secret drawer he finds a manuscript.

CHADWICK

A lost Chris Smith Christmas story!

WALTER

A lost Chris Smith Christmas story?

MATTHEWS

It's a Chris Smith Christmas for Walter Hobbs!

*MATTHEWS hands WALTER a small, yellowing manuscript.*

WALTER

My God. It's beautiful!

MATTHEWS

Isn't it? The illustrations —

CHADWICK

And the story will make you cry.

WALTER

I can't believe I'm actually holding an original Christopher Smith in my hands.

MATTHEWS

Careful. It's the only copy.

CHADWICK

Are you nuts? What if someone spills coffee on it? Make a copy!

MATTHEWS

Relax. The machine's out of toner. Deb's changing it now. Just be careful with it, Mr. Hobbs.

WALTER

*(handling it gingerly)*

This could be huge!

*Suddenly BUDDY, in his business suit, bursts into the conference room, having just come from his date.*

BUDDY

I'm in love! 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 favour 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

What?