

ELF THE MUSICAL JR AUDITION SIDES

BUDDY OR JOVIE

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 compliment

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.

CHARLIE/SHWANDA/ELVES

SIDE 1

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 we're talking about some other Buddy. Some Buddy... else.

WALTER HOBBS OR DEB

SIDE 1

WALTER

You have to work on Christmas Eve, tough luck, so do I. Get it through your heads, 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 HOBBS

SIDE 1

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.

MICHAEL HOBBS

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BUDDY

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WALTER

No.

SIDE 2

SAM

We got a problem, Mr. Hobbs. *Jingles The Jolly Christmas Puppy* is tanking in every bookstore in the country.

WALTER

Why?

SAM

Because two whole pages are missing from the last chapter.

WALTER

What?

SAM

Without them the end of the book makes no sense.

WALTER

(calling to DEB)

Deb!

DEB

Yes, Mr. Hobbs.

WALTER

Coffee! Now!

DEB

Right away.

WALTER

(EMILY and twelve-year-old MICHAEL enter.)

EMILY

Hi, darling.

MICHAEL

Hi, Dad.

EMILY

Ready to go?

WALTER

Go where?

EMILY

Christmas shopping, remember?

WALTER

I can't. I'm swamped.

MICHAEL

Dad, it is well documented that the children of workaholics are prone to self-esteem issues.

(WALTER stares at EMILY, baffled. DEB stifles a laugh.)

WALTER

Could we please continue this delightful conversation over here?

