

CHARLIE THE HEAD ELF: How you doing, Buddy? I see you're gonna be a little short on today's quota. That's all right. Just tell me how many Etch-a-Sketches you finished. Eighty-five? It's ten a.m., and you've only made eighty-five?

ELF: You're the best basketball player in the whole North Pole! Even better than Santa!

MANAGER: Hey, you! Get back to work! I assigned you to that section right over there. The North Pole. Why you smilin' like that? Oh, you like to smile? It's your favorite, you say? Well, make work your favorite.

MANAGER: That's the thing about Christmas. When you're a kid, it's all about what you're gonna get, but when you grow up, well, it's about giving people stuff. It's the one day a year everybody gets to be Santa Claus.

SANTA: Buddy, you have a human father, but he never knew that you were born. He lives in a faraway land called New York City. And he works in the Empire State Building. He publishes children's books. But I should tell you, he, uh...well, he's on the Naughty List. He just doesn't believe in me anymore. He's lost the Christmas spirit.

SANTA: In this whole city, there's not enough Christmas spirit? Eight million people who don't believe in me. A guy can't help but take that personally.

MICHAEL: Hi, Dad. Ready to go Christmas shopping? What do you mean you're swamped? Dad, it is well documented that the children of workaholics are prone to self-esteem issues.

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... You have an elf for a son.

EMILY: Mr. Claus? I have to tell you, I'm a huge, huge fan. At least, I was. And now I am again! I loved you in *Miracle on 34th Street*.

WALTER: Greenway is going to fire us all if we don't come up with something good, you understand that? We need something like...Christopher Smith. He was the greatest

writer of Christmas stories who ever lived. *(to Buddy)* Buddy, just do me a favor and sit there in that chair. Amuse yourself.

WALTER: I cannot deal with this anymore. Just go back to the apartment, get your things, and leave! I don't care where you go! I don't care that you're an elf! I don't care that you're my son! Just get out of my life! Forever!

WALTER: You know what? It's been a crazy week. I found out I have a son...who was raised by elves. I told off my boss, I quit my job...I'm a little disoriented right now. But Buddy...if you believe in Santa Claus, then I believe in Santa Claus!

MR. GREENWAY: Hobbs! My phone has been ringing off the hook. Angry mothers, kids crying, "What happened to Jingles, the jolly Christmas puppy? 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! 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: I'm sure Mr. Hobbs will be delighted to meet you, but he's in a meeting right now. Would you mind waiting a few minutes?

CHARLOTTE: Charlotte Dennon, New York One, continuing live coverage from Central Park. No evidence has yet been found of the UFO that apparently crashed in the park earlier this evening. Perhaps what you millions of New York One viewers saw was Santa Claus making his rounds...

CHARLOTTE: I don't know how you're doing this, but I'm not an idiot. Everybody knows that there is no Santa Claus.

BUDDY: Hi. I'm Buddy the Elf and we're going to have fun together. You're very pretty. Like a glittery angel. Uh-oh. Sounds like someone needs to sing a Christmas carol! Don't you know, the best way to spread Christmas cheer is singing loud for all to hear! Oh, come on. It's fun! (*singing*) *I'm singing! I'm in a store and I'm singing!*

BUDDY: Yes, right, that's it. I'm asking you out on a date! Why? Well, because I like you. I feel really good when I'm around you. And, um, my tongue swells up. Yeth, it doth.

See? You're free on Thursday? Thursday! Yesssss!!! This is going to be the best Thursday ever in the history of Thursdays!

BUDDY: Jovie! I know you are super mad right now. (*noticing her dress*) Wow. You look more miraculous than ever. I have a really good explanation. I forgot about our date. I remembered it eventually, but for a long time, I forgot, which is why I'm late. Oh! Is this Tavern on the Green? With all the lights? Pretty. Oh, Jovie, I am so, so sorry I ruined your Christmas dream. I feel so bad about this, sick in my stomach, like I swallowed a zillion sticks of Juice Fruit. Can I just give you a Christmas present? Here. This is what New York City looks like when it snows. (*He hands her a snow globe.*) Pretty, huh? Real snowflakes are smaller than buildings. Keep it and look at it later when you're not furious. It's real special. I mean, I know you're not going to believe me, but Santa Claus gave it to me when I left the North Pole. Bye, Jovie.

JOVIE: Hi. I'm Jovie. I'm not a Christmas person, so dial down the elf-speak, okay? Oh, and I don't sing. Not for birthdays, bar mitzvahs...and especially not at Christmas.

JOVIE: Are you asking me out on a date? Oh, you don't want to go out with me. Well, it's weirdly nice that I make your tongue swell up. What the heck. I'm free Thursday. You know what? I find if you lower your expectations in life, you avoid a lot of disappointment.

JOVIE: Well, you look...seasonally appropriate. You are two and a half hours late. And your explanation is that you forgot? Stop. Just. Stop. I can't take any more of your crazy stories. You know what? Forget it. It's my fault. I just thought that if anyone could give me a real Christmas, it would be you. I don't want to talk about it anymore.