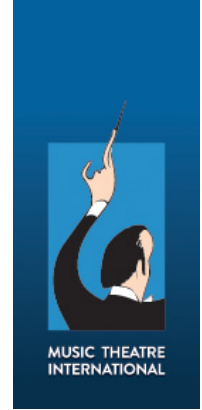


Music Theatre International

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Audition Central: Elf The Musical JR.

Script: 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.

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.