

(Kris enters. Noelle runs from audience. Stops. Catches her breath.)

NOELLE- Kris wait!

KRIS- Noelle?

NOELLE- Don't go back to the city!

KRIS- I can't do this, Noelle. I just can't!

NOELLE- I want you to look at this. It's a letter to the editor your father wrote before he died.

KRIS- Oh no there's so many emotions!

NOELLE- I also have a canister of his ashes here and I kidnapped a small child.

(Girl 1 enters tied up)

GIRL 1- When can I get out of the van?

(Noelle runs and shoves her backstage)

NOELLE- Never!

KRIS- Is she okay?

NOELLE- I cracked a window, no worries. Here's what your father wrote: "It has been an honor for me to portray Santa Claus."

(Kris starts crying)

"I have never been prouder of-"

(Kris cries more.)

"Waving-"

(Kris sobs)

"And-"

(Kris sobs louder)

Are you okay?

KRIS- When someone reads my father's words I cry. I'M EMOTIONAL, okay!

NOELLE- And that's why you'd be a great Santa! I know it. *(Grabs canister of ashes)* Here's your father's ashes.

KRIS- I thought he was buried.

NOELLE- He was buried but then I dug him up and had him cremated.

KRIS- Why would you do that?

NOELLE- Because it would be really sick to bring his corpse out here, don't you think? Sheesh. Now, Kris, this is your father. I want you to tell him what your feeling.

KRIS- *(Takes canister)* Dad?

NOELLE- *(Dad voice)* Yes, son?

KRIS- I Love you.

NOELLE- *(Dad voice)* I only love you if you are Santa Clause.

KRIS- Okay, I'll do it.

NOELLE- *(Dad voice)* Also, I think you have feelings for Noelle that you need to act on.

KRIS- You're Right. *(Tosses canister aside)* Noelle? You've help me find myself.

NOELLE- Heck yes I have.

KRIS- Let's do it. *(Short pause)* Be Santa in the parade.

NOELLE- Right. Before we do that should probably release that child.

KRIS- Yeah sure.