

KRIS. Well, certainly, Mr. Sawyer. I accept your apology. Thank you for the dinner invitation, but I believe I'll go with Mrs. Walker.

DORIS. That's all right, Kris. It'll give me time to take care of some shopping. I'll go with Ms. Shellhammer, and I'll see you in the morning. *(They exit.)*

SAWYER. Shall we go?

KRIS *(pauses)*. Would you excuse me a moment? I need to talk to the elves.

SAWYER. Of course. I'll just go collect my things. *(Exits.)*

KRIS *(to ELVES)*. I've been thinking. Do you remember how we should always look for the good in everyone, no matter how bad the person seems to be?

ELF R *(unbelieving)*. Does "everyone" include Mr. Sawyer?

KRIS. Sometimes the good in people is buried so deep that it has a difficult time trying to get out. When it does come out, we may not be able to recognize it because we've blocked off our willingness to see it. Mr. Sawyer sees things very narrowly because he lacks the ability to dream. That means he can't imagine anything being better than his limited view.

ELF W. Is there hope for him?

KRIS. Of course there is. He just apologized for his angry words. I don't know if he was sincere...but still, we must encourage his good feelings in every way we can.

ELF R. What if he wasn't being honest?

KRIS. That would mean...that the bad was, *at the moment*, stronger than the good.

ELF W. You shouldn't go with him, Mr. Kringle!

KRIS. Not so fast. We must be quick to recognize the good intentions in his words. Having said them, even he, deep down, believes he should mean them.

kris
Elf R
Elf W
Elf Q

ELF Q. I'm calling for a vote of the elves on whether Mr. Kringle should go with Mr. Sawyer. All those in favor?

KRIS. Aye!

ELF Q. Opposed?

ELVES (*shouting*). Opposed!

KRIS. I'm sorry, but I'm in charge of me. So the ayes have it. I'm going to give Mr. Sawyer a chance. Besides, it's Mrs. Walker who decided I should go with him. Don't worry. I can take care of myself. You elves go on home, and I'll see you in the morning.

ELVES. If you say so, sir. But please be careful.

(*ELVES ad lib as they file out. SAWYER enters.*)

KRIS. Oh, there you are, Mr. Sawyer. Where shall we go to have dinner?

SCENE EIGHT

SCENE: *Bellevue State Hospital, Men's Ward.*

KRIS is dressed in a shroud-like gown, sitting dejectedly on his bed. FRED stands beside him.

KRIS. How could she have done it? How could she have done this to me?

FRED. Doris didn't send you here. She thought Sawyer was taking you to dinner.

KRIS (*not really hearing him*). She must have been humoring me all along. I thought she was beginning to believe in me.

FRED. How did it happen that you went with him to Bellevue?