

Wilson, Thoman, Claire

1.11

Poindexter Skating Rink

Falling . . . in Love (The Birth of the Toymaker)

....

Claire takes their skates and walks to the rental desk just as Wilson approaches Thoman who is dressed as a Christmas Elf.

Wilson

You're a bit old to be playing with little kids, aren't you?

Thoman stares at the strangely dressed man.

Thoman

Me, too old? Willy, you're wearing tights!

Wilson

It's "Wilson," and I'm spreading a little holiday cheer! And doing a bit of promotions for my store while I'm at it. My store! You know I have a store, Thoman?

Thoman

Good luck with that. . . and you look ridiculous! Is there something you want from me, *W-i-l*. . . son?

Wilson

Just want to know what's up with you and the girl? What are you up to?

Thoman

And why is that any of your business?

Wilson

It's not. Just not used to seeing you out. That's all, since . . . well, you know . . .

Thoman stands up abruptly.

Thoman

Now you listen here, Eugene! You don't know anything about what I've been through. So before you start going off at the mouth, you should . . .

Claire returns.

Claire

The attendant told me to give you this free bag of popcorn voucher for the wonderful entertainment you just provided. He said it was pretty impressive. ^{To Wilson>}Hello! Who are you?

Thoman

Claire, this is Mr. Newsburgy. Eugene Wilson Newsburgy

Newsburgy?
Claire

Wilson
Yes, owner and manager of Gilmon's gifts and toys.

Claire
Oh. Hi.

Wilson
Yes, yes.

Claire
Okay. Why are you wearing tights?

Wilson
It's a costume! Nobody gets it!

Claire
No offense, but aren't you a little old to be wearing tights.

Wilson
I'm a Christmas Elf! It's a costume! I don't normally wear tights.

Claire
Well that's a good thing because . . .

Claire looks at Thoman and shakes her head. Thoman shrugs his shoulders in agreement.

Wilson
(Breathing out grown) Be sure to stop by the store for all your Christmas needs, gifts, cards, wrapping paper, and toys.

Wilson leaves disgruntled but gives Thoman one last look, pointing to his eyes then to Thoman.

Claire
He's really weird! Is there something wrong with him?

Thoman
Chemical imbalance maybe.

Claire
What?

Thoman
Nothing. You ready for ice cream?

Claire
Been ready. Let's go!

Lights out.

Wilson, Thoman

2.7
Jail

“Have a Nice Life . . . *ToyMaker*”

Thoman sits with his head in his hands, as Wilson enters the jail room.

Wilson

Well it finally caught up with you, huh?

Thoman looks up at Wilson; then puts his head back down.

So what’s it feel like?

Thoman

Exasperated>What Willy?

Wilson

Being kicked out of your home, landin’ in jail. Trapped, helpless, confused.

Thoman

What?

Wilson

. . . . Not knowing why you were let go! Being accused of something you didn’t do?

Thoman

What are you talking about, Wilson? Is this your doing?

Thoman gets up and approaches the bars. Wilson backs up a bit.

Wilson

Do I have your attention now?

Thoman

What are you doing, Wilson?

Wilson

Well since you’re in here and will be here for a while—they don’t take too kindly to kidnapers—I figured, I can just take your toys, make the repairs needed and sell them at my store. I would of course give you a percentage of the profits. Oh wait a minute, you didn’t do that for me when you fired me! And that’s too bad because they’ll sell like hotcakes when I adopt your little magic girl.

Thoman

You lay one finger on that little girl, and I will personally see to it that you never manage a store again—let alone walk!

Wilson laughs maniacally.

Wilson

A little over sensitive, aren’t we?

Thoman

What?! I'll show sensitive.

Wilson

She's not yours! In fact, She's fair game, bub!

Thoman quickly reaches through the bars and grabs Wilson by the lapels and neck. Wilson, startled, can't react quickly enough and finds himself in a choke hold.

Wilson

(Struggling with his breathing) Yeah. **(Cough)** She's fair game, Thoman. **(cough, cough)**
And since you're in here . . . what can you really offer her anyway?

Wilson gasps and rubs his neck. Thoman releases Wilson, who drops to the floor. Thoman begins to absorb/perceive the revealing words he just spoke. He returns to his cot.

. . . . Except a life full of unresolved bitterness and . . . oldness. Why do you think she would want to be with someone like you, anyway? You're broke . . . and broken. I, on the other hand, can give her everything she needs—and with that magic touch, in return, she'll make me stinking rich.

Thoman doesn't respond, but sits quietly on his cot.

Wilson

Now you feel it, don't you? Now you feel what I felt.

Wilson turns to leave.

You ruin my life, I ruin yours. Have a nice life . . . *Toymaker!*

Wilson exits.

Thoman

But I didn't . . . **(Sighs deeply and groans)**

Lights out.

Wilson, Claire, Sylvia

2.11
Foster Home

A New Last Name

....

Wilson (offstage)

Good morning, Ms. Applegate. Merry Christmas.

Wilson, Ms. Applegate and two officers enter, followed by a Sylvia. Wilson has gifts in hand.

Ms. Applegate

Well, this is a busy morning.

Wilson speaks with assertiveness and domineering confidence.

Wilson

Good morning everyone and Merry Christmas! Ms. Applegate, flowers for you and for the girls . . . uh . . .

Bethany

It's Bethany, Mr. Newsburg.

Sylvia is anxious to interject.

Sylvia

Ms. Applegate, Claire I want you to know I had nothing to do with this. I was at home . . . they drug me here.

Wilson

Yes, yes. **(Cutting off Sylvia)** Of course. Here you are.

He hands Bethany her small wrapped present and turns to look for Claire. Bethany looks at his gift briefly, then throws it on the pile. Wilson continues multiple conversations.

Where is your friend, your partner in crime? **(He chuckles and bumps into Sylvia.)**

^{To Sylvia>}We needed your signature. **(He turns to Thoman)** ^{Coldly>}Baker.

Sylvia

But on Christmas morning?

Wilson

No better time. ^{To everyone>}You see, I intend to adopt Claire. **(He looks at Baker again, smugly.)** That's why I'm here! ^{To the officer>}Officer. ^{To the others>}Where is the little scallion?

One of the officers gives Sylvia a large envelope. She opens it and takes out several papers.

Sylvia

Sir, I'll need a background check, references, letters of recommendation, a court . . .

Wilson

Not to worry, Ms. Tilbert. You'll find it's all there. I took care of the details myself. My time is of the essence, and I didn't want to take any chances.

Sylvia

Reluctant>Well . . . it appears to be all here.

Wilson

Good! We're all set then. Now, where is my . . . **(Claire enters with her old ragdoll.)** There she is. My little magic girl! Merry Christmas, Claire! I have something for you.

Claire

What? "Your little magic girl"? Mr. Newsburgy? **(Looking around)** What is going on here?

Wilson

My dear, I have come bearing gifts and Christmas joy. I'm looking forward to spending much time together, you and I.

Claire

What? I don't understand.

Thoman

He has adopted you, Claire. He's your new father.

Claire gets a horrified look on her face, and backs away a couple of steps.

Wilson

We will come to that in a moment. First, **(he hands her a long box wrapped in pink paper)** please accept this gift as a token of my friendship. **(She looks at it, then back at him confused.)** Oh, go ahead and open it!

Still very confused, Claire looks at Thoman, sets down the ragdoll, and then opens the present. It's another (different looking) doll. She takes it from the box.

Claire

Oh! This is beautiful, Mr. Newsburgy but I can't take this.

Wilson

Now she's a special doll and requires lots of love. So go on, give her a hug.

Claire

Mr. Newsburgy, I really don't want to hug . . .

Wilson

Oh, please hug the doll.

Claire

Sir, I can't . . .

Wilson becomes impatient.

Wilson

Hug the doll! **(Claire jumps, startled then quickly squeezes the doll.)** There that's better. That's nice. Now wait for it.

Nothing happens as everyone stands still and at attention.

Claire

Mr. Newsbury, what am I . . .

Wilson

Shh! Just be still and listen.

He steps closer to Claire and the doll, twisting his head to get his ear closer. Claire leans back away from him.

Claire

What are you doing, Mr. Newsbury?

Wilson

There's supposed to be a sound. She's supposed to say something.

Claire

What?

Wilson

She's supposed to say something. She's supposed to talk! *The doll is supposed to talk!*

Ms. Applegate

Mr. Newsbury, what are you talking about?

Wilson

I saw this girl make the toys talk!

The room goes silent and nobody moves.

Claire

Wait! What?

Thoman

Where? When?

Claire

Oh, yeah. ^{<realizing>} Where . . . Mr. Newsbury? **(He says nothing.) (Pause)** It was you!

Wilson

What?

Claire

It was you in the room that night!

Wilson

I beg your pardon!

Claire

You called me "the magic girl" that night too. And, you worked for Mr. Baker, didn't you?

Wilson

What?!

She quickly gets the picture of the Christmas ball and shows it to him.

Claire

That's you, isn't it? The Christmas elf? (**Wilson looks at the picture.**) I knew I had seen those tights before!

Wilson

They are *not tights!* They are . . .

Bethany grabs the picture.

Bethany

So you do have elves!

Wilson

But the toys . . . I saw them.

Sylvia

Mr. Newsburg? Is this some sort of vengeance against Mr. Baker?

He stutters, trying to say something but nothing coherent comes out.

Claire

Officer, Mr. Baker didn't kidnap me. I walked into his house on my own. It was Mr. Newsburg who came in and locked me in.

Wilson

You vile little girl.

Officer 1

Mr. Newsburg, why don't you come with us? We can settle this back at the station.

Wilson mumbles out some angry gibberish as the police officers escort him out. They exit.