

KRIS. You shall have it, Tommy.

MARA (*gloomy*). Your Honor, the state of New York concedes the existence of Santa Claus... But... having so conceded, Your Honor, we ask that Mr. Gailey cease presenting personal opinion as evidence. The State could bring in hundreds of witnesses with opposite opinions. It is our intention to shorten this hearing if possible. I therefore demand that Mr. Gailey submit *authoritative and tangible proof* that Mr. Kringle is *the one and only Santa Claus!*

JUDGE. A point well taken, Mr. Mara. I'm afraid I must agree.

FRED. Your Honor, I am not prepared to present "authoritative and tangible proof" at this time. May I ask for an adjournment until tomorrow?

JUDGE. The court stands adjourned until tomorrow afternoon at three. (*Gavel.*)

~~BAILEFF. All rise.~~

START → SUSAN (*as everyone begins to leave*). Is Mr. Kringle coming over tonight, Mother?

DORIS. I'm afraid not.

SUSAN. He hasn't come for so long.

DORIS. Susan, Mr. Kringle may never be able to come and see us again.

SUSAN. Why not?

DORIS. Well... It's because he says he's Santa Claus.

SUSAN. But he has to be Santa Claus. He's just like everything Santa is supposed to be.

DORIS. I hope you're right. He's going to be very unhappy if people say he isn't Santa Claus.

SUSAN. Then I want to write him a letter to cheer him up. What's his address, Mother?

DORIS. I'm not sure where he's staying. But I know he'd get it if you sent it here, special delivery, to the New York State Courthouse, New York City... Let's go home and I'll help you. \* END

## SCENE SIX

SCENE: *Mail room at NYC post office.*

AL. Here's a new one! They write to Santa Claus at the North Pole, the South Pole, care of the postmaster, and every other way. But this kid writes to Mr. Kris Kringle at the New York State Court! Special delivery, too.

LOU. The kid's right, you know. That's where he is. Don't you read the papers?

AL. Sure, I read the papers — the news I want to read, like the Dodgers and the Giants are out of the playoffs.