

HILDA (*looking off*). They ain't run that thing in years. (*LEO moves away from the others and to HILDA.*)

LEO. And you won't believe any differently, will you, Hilda?

HILDA. Facts is facts, and you can't change them, no matter what kinda tricks you got up your sleeve, Mr. Smith!

LEO (*as if almost remembering*). Smith? Smith.

JERRY. Leo, we need to get out of here!

DONNA. Yeah, I need to start dinner.

LEO (*looks squarely at HILDA*). Hilda, listen to me. The Christmas Express is coming. I'm telling you, it'll be here. And I have to be on it.

SATCH. Leo, you can't just sit around here, waiting for some train.

LEO. Oh, Satch, haven't you gotten it yet? I know Hilda hasn't. But, don't you see? It's not just a train, it's a feeling, a sound, a sensation, a visit, a gift, not just transportation. Whenever you suddenly get a feeling something's going to happen, something good, that's the Christmas Express. Whenever you're feeling down and you hear a sound, maybe a train whistle or a doorbell or a telephone, and you know it's good news, that's the Christmas Express. It can be anything that brings joy to your heart. And I call it the Christmas Express...because it's the expression of the feeling of Christmas. And what better feeling is there? What better sound? What better sign is there for Christmas?

*(Suddenly, the storage room door bursts open and FAIRFAX, now dressed completely as SANTA CLAUS, jumps out.)*

~~FAIRFAX. Merry Christmas! Ho ho ho! Merrrry Christmas!~~

~~LEO. Well, there's that.~~