

A script from



"All I Want For Christmas"

by
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- What** Several humorous scenes of children and their visit to Santa remind us that we could all learn a lesson or two about what matters most at Christmas.
Themes: Christmas, Children, Santa, Wants, Needs, Missions, Salvation, Gifts
- Who**
- | | |
|---------|---------|
| Santa | Child 4 |
| Child 1 | Child 5 |
| Child 2 | Child 6 |
| Child 3 | |
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Santa suit
Santa chair- could be rented or made
If adults are playing the children, then make sure they're not in typical "adult" clothes. Men can wear ball caps and women's hair could be in pigtails with bows.
Decorate the set around Santa's chair with a Christmas tree and gifts.
- Why** Matthew 18:2-6;
- How** This script was written for a youth group to perform, but there are several options here. You can either have adults perform the children's parts or children themselves. If you choose to use children, this will take a lot of practice. Be sure you give yourself plenty of time to work with them and to use children who will be able to understand the comedy and it's timing.
- There are six different scenes in this script. It's possible to use as many or as little as you'd like.
- Time** Approximately 8-12 minutes

Child 1

*Child enters and sits on **Santa's** lap. She is a little girl and remains cool, confident, and in control through whole scene.*

Santa: Hello there, Angel. What would you like for Christmas?

Child 1: I want a castle.

Santa: A toy castle! I'll work on that for you.

Child 1: *(Sternly looks at **Santa**)* I didn't say a *toy* castle. I said a castle. A real castle. And you gotta give me what I want.

Santa: Well sweetie, Santa's not really in the construction business.

Child 1: *(Touches **Santa's** ears with a patronizing voice like a teacher to a student)* Now we are going to put on our listening ears so we can hear everything that is said to us. *(Returns to serious voice)* I want a real castle.

Santa: What are you going to do with a real castle?

Child 1: I need a real castle so a real prince can come rescue me.

Santa: A real prince? Do those still exist?

Child 1: I dunno. But if they do, I need a castle so he will know where to find me. My mommy says I'm going to have to get a job, but when I watch the movies, I just know that this is easier. That way I don't have to work. I just wait for my prince who is going to give me what I want, clean the house, and never watch football.

Santa: Don't you want a Barbie or something?

Child 1: My prince will buy me all the Barbies I want. It's **your** job to get the castle ready.

Santa: I...um...I'll try. You might have to wait till next Christmas.

Child 1: *(Pulls **Santa** close, eye to eye)* You have 9 days. This time I'll be checking twice.

Child gingerly jumps down and exits.

Child 2

*Child 2 enters, and for the whole scene never stops eyeing **Santa** very strongly, as he suspects **Santa** is up to something.*

Santa: Merry Christmas!

Child 2: *(Accusingly)* How did you do it?

Santa: Um...pardon me?

Child 2: Don't play reindeer games with me. I know you did it, and you know you did it. I just don't know *how* you did it.

Santa: *(Calling to someone off-stage)* Um, Security Elf, I think we have another one of those "other list" children.

Child 2: Ok...squid pro quo, you came into our house AGAIN last year and I want to know how you did it.

Santa: Well, through the chimney of course!

Child 2: *(Peering even harder at **Santa**)* We don't have a chimney.

Santa: Well, then I came through the back door.

Child 2: I slept by the back door last year and you didn't come in there.

Santa: How do you know I didn't just step over you?

Child 2: I taped my hand to the door to feel the movement. And you didn't come in the front door because I taped our Chihuahua, "Killer" to the door. After about 3am, he didn't make a sound.

Santa: How do you know I didn't come through the windows?

Child 2: I put all my sharpest toys by the windows. I know you didn't go there cuz my dad was the first one to scream. I even booby-trapped the cookies.

Santa: Booby trapped?

Child 2: It wasn't JUST powdered sugar on the cookies...

Santa: Well, I'll be honest, I slipped you a little North Pole dust to make you sleep more heavily then I came in the window of your parents' room.

Child 2: *(Slightly startled)* Does that penetrate Darth Vader masks?

Santa: Sure does.

Child 2: *(Yells in despair)* AAAAAAAHH! You CHEATER!!!

Santa: Well, I've got more kids in line so...

Child 2: *(Pointing finger sternly at **Santa** and speaking very threateningly)* This isn't over between us. I WILL find you. *(Exits)*

Child 3

*Normal-looking **child** enters. This **child** constantly interrupts **Santa**.*

Santa: Hello! How are you today?

Child 3: I'm fine. I know where you were born!

Santa: Really? Where was I—

Child 3: You were born in a town called Bethlehem. In a manger.

Santa: What?

Child 3: Yeah, it was like a stable. And all the reindeer were around you and that's how you met them. And then the smart men came and gave you presents and when you got grown up, you wanted to give presents, too, so you gave the reindeer special powers, and now you fly with them to give kids presents better than what you got cuz the smart men only got you perfume and baby boys can't play with perfume.

Santa: Um, that's not exactly the right story. I think you are mixing up...

There is approximately 2 pages omitted from this preview. To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at SkitGuys.com!

OPTION 1 ENDING:

Child 5: Anyways, those kids in Africa are really poor and some of them looked really sad. And all my friends are always talking about what they want for Christmas. My friend Dakota thinks he is going to get an iPhone for Christmas. Is that true?

Santa: He might, but it's a secret.

Child 5: I hope not. He's a jerk. Well, anyways, I can't stop thinking about how happy I was when I got my Avengers toys last year, and I want those kids I saw in those pictures to be happy, too. So this year, can you give my gifts to the kids in Africa? I still play with my Avengers toys so I don't really need anything new. I just want those kids to be happy like me.

Santa: *(Humbly)* I'll see what I can do.

Child 5: Why don't you bring better things to the kids in Africa who don't have anything? Haven't they been good, too?

Santa sits speechless. Child slides off seat and begins to exit.

Child 5: *(While leaving)* You can give them my toys if you want. I got a lot, and they don't have any. But if you know someone that can help the poor kids in the world, you should prolly call 'em.

OPTION 2 ENDING:

Child 6: Well he's really nice and you're really nice. And I've been thinking. If there are so many people who do so much sin, they really need help. Like everyone I know sins and I don't want anyone to go to the bad place. But so many people keep on sinning. So I got an idea: You could help Jesus right? I mean, you're Santa Clause! You fly in a sleigh. You eat cookies all the time and don't get sick! Santa, you could really help Jesus a lot if you two worked together. *(Pauses)* But Santa, can you take away sin?

Santa: No, I can't take away sin.

Child 6: You can't make like a machine to take away sin or anything?

Santa: No, it doesn't work like that.

Child 6: Yeah, besides, I guess if you could make something to save us from sin, you already would have. *(Pauses)* Hmm. Too bad. I guess Jesus is our only hope. I'm gunna go see if I can talk to Him. Bye Santa. You're a nice man. But, this year, I need a Savior.

Lights out.

NOTE: For editing and timing sake, the **Child 5 and **Child 6** scenes make good endings to this script, so feel free to choose one and omit the other.*