

A script from



“A Puppet Christmas Story”

by
Tom Smith

SYNOPSIS

Willie and his friends are excited about the holiday season. But do they really know what Christmas is all about? With the help of a stranger they come to understand the real story behind the Babe in the manger.

CAST

Willie
Betsy
Sammy
Narrator (adult, male or female)

PROPS AND COSTUMES

Puppets and narrator should be dressed in winter clothing. Coats, hats, scarfs, etc.
Bible
String of Christmas tree lights (taped to Willie's stomach behind his t-shirt and coat)
Christmas decorations for scenery of your choice

SET

The puppet stage needs to be large enough for three puppeteers to be able to maneuver comfortably behind it. The setting for the scenery will be up to you. This may be a good project for the ladies in your church. When I last performed this play the puppet stage was made to look like a small bridge in the center of a town square. It was surrounded by decorated lamp posts, park benches and trees. A large holly wreath was placed on the front of the stage. Also, cotton cloth was placed about to give the appearance of snow on the ground. The Narrator should be sitting on a bench or leaning against a lamp post at the start of the play reading to himself from his Bible.

WHY

John 3:16, Isaiah 9:2, Luke 1:26-35; 2:1-19

HOW

The narrator will use familiar passages from the Bible to tell the Christmas story. He (or she) will be able to read most of his lines in the script from the open Bible he's holding in his hand during the play. The puppeteers will have their lines tacked to the back of the stage.

Puppets are wonderful tools for sharing the gospel of Jesus Christ in a fun, lighthearted way. What great joy it brings to hear the laughter of children when your performance goes well. I would like to take just a moment to focus on a few areas that I believe are key in order for that to happen.

The first has to do with the stage (curtain) itself. **PREPARE YOUR WORK AREA.** How you feel *behind* the curtain can make a big difference in how your presentation is seen in *front* of it. You will want a large enough work area behind the curtain to allow three or

four puppeteers to maneuver comfortably behind it. A short stool or a rolled-up blanket can provide relief from the discomfort to your knees and back. Proper lighting is a must. This will help prevent you from losing your place while reading from the script. You may want to attach several copies of the script to the back of the curtain and have each puppeteer highlight their individual parts.

Next, because puppets are mostly expressionless, you will need to give them their spirit and vigor. **BE HIGHLY EXPRESSIVE AND ANIMATED.** Wave those arms, raise your voice and include lots of *wows, boings, zonks and thuds!* Children love that.

The presentation is most important. It is so easy for a good skit to suddenly go bad due to poor delivery. Reading over a script two or three times before performing it can make a world of difference. **COMMIT TO MEMORY AS MUCH OF THE SCRIPT AS POSSIBLE.** This will free you up to spend more time concentrating on the handling of your puppet, adding slap-stick humor, etc. **ALWAYS KNOW WHAT YOUR PUPPET IS DOING.** Is he positioned too high up...or down too low. Is he looking at who he's speaking to? Are his lips in sync with your words?

And finally, don't forget the 'risk' factor. By this, I mean to be bold. Take risks. Dare to be differently. So what if your puppet (or your audience) gets a little wet? Who cares if your puppet ends up with whipped cream (shaving cream) on its face or with a little Play-Doh in its hair? It all comes out in the wash. **DO THE UNEXPECTED.** Your children will love it. If they are still talking about your puppet skit days, or even weeks, after it's over you're probably doing something right. In short, **HAVE FUN!**

1. Prepare your work area.
2. Be expressive.
3. Commit to memory much of the script and know what your puppet is doing.
4. Do the unexpected.
5. Have fun.

TIME

Approximately one hour (including music)

*Note from author: This play can be performed with or without music. Should you choose to use music you may select different songs/hymns than the ones suggested in the script. When I last performed this play, the music was played by a small praise team in my church. Some of the songs were sung by a soloist and others by duets and quartets. Feel free to do what works best for you.

Willie enters singing offkey.

Willie: "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the waaaay". *(Stops singing and begins talking to himself gleefully)* Oh, I just love Christmas. I wish it could be Christmas every day. *(Begins reading from a long list he is holding in his hand)* Let's see now. Baseball bat, bicycle, boxing gloves, Batman costume, building blocks, bubble gum machine...

Sammy: *(Enters)* Hi, Willie.

Willie: Oh, hi Sammy.

Sammy: What'cha doing?

Willie: *(Excited)* I was just lookin' over my Christmas list.

Sammy: Cool. Can I see it?

Willie: Sure. *(Holds list in front of Sammy's eyes)*

Sammy: *(Begins reading from the list in Willie's hand)* Let's see, uh... battleships, basketball, binoculars, B. B. Gun, beach ball, boogie board... *(Stops reading)* Whew! Sure is a long list.

Willie: *(Proudly)* Yeah. And that's just the 'B's'. Wait till ya see the 'T's'.

Sammy: Wow! My list isn't nearly as long as yours.

Willie: *(Proudly)* Yeah, sure is a long list all right. *(Sigh)* I just love Christmas.

Betsy: *(Enters)* Hi, guys.

W&S: Hi, Betsy.

Betsy: What'cha doing?

Sammy: *(Excited)* Willie was just showing me his Christmas list.

Betsy: *(Confused)* Christmas list?

Willie: Yeah, you know. The list of all the things I want for Christmas 'cause I've been good.

Betsy: *(Thinking)* Hmmmm. So, you've been good, have ya?

Willie: *(Nodding)* Yeah, all year. Well, most of it anyhow.

Betsy: Been minding your parents?

Willie: Sure have.

Betsy: Keeping your room clean?

Willie: Yep.

Betsy: What about that pile of junk you keep underneath your bed?

Willie: JUNK? That's not junk. That's good stuff. *(Becoming excited and speaking as if telling a secret)* Hey, did you guys know that if ya put a bologna sandwich under your bed, after about a week, it'll start to grow hair!

Betsy: Ewww...gross! That's disgusting!

Sammy: Cool. I've gotta try that.

Pause

Betsy: *(Dreamy like)* Ahhhh, don't ya just love Christmas?

Willie: *(Nodding)* Yeah. We were just saying that same thing.

Betsy: All the pretty colors and sights and sounds.

Willie: Yeah, and all the great food.

Sammy: Yep. Lots of great food, alright. *(Pause)* I like the snow.

Betsy: Yeah, Me too. And I like decorating the tree.

Willie: Yeah, that's always fun.

Sammy: And noooooo school. I like Christmas 'cause there's no school.

All: *(Giggling)* Yeah...no school!

Willie: And food. Don't forget the food.

Betsy: Willie, is that all you think about? Food?

Willie: *(Shaking his head)* No, not all the time. Tell ya what, though, I wish we could have pizza for Christmas dinner instead of some dumb 'ole turkey like we always have to have.

Sammy: *(Nodding in agreement)* Yeah, that'd be cool. I could eat a whole pizza all by myself.

Willie: Meeeee too. *(Spreading his arms)* One this big!

All puppets laugh.

Willie: Sometimes I guess I might eat too much though, 'specially before I go to bed.

Betsy: Why do you say that?

Willie: 'Cause sometimes when I eat too much before I go to bed I have some really weird dreams. That's what happened last night.

Sammy: Did ya eat too much?

Willie: I guess I did.

Betsy: Whadya have?

Willie: Oh, just a couple of burritos.

Sammy: That's not bad.

Willie: Yeah, and a banana.

Sammy: Hmmm.

Willie: Oh, yeah, and a piece of chocolate cake.

Betsy: *(Surprised)* You ate all of that before you went to bed?

Willie: Oh, and a pickle. I almost forgot the pickle.

Betsy: Disgusting. No wonder you have weird dreams. Did you have one last night?

Willie: *(Nodding)* Yeah...I sure did. I dreamed I was eating...

Betsy: *(Interrupting)* No surprise there.

Willie: Shhhhh. I dreamed I was eating some looooooonnnng spaghetti. And then, when I woke up I noticed that a string of Christmas tree lights was missing from our tree.

Silence as Betsy and Sammy stare at Willie with their mouths opened wide.

Betsy: Willie, you're not trying to tell us that you *(slowly)* ate a string of Christmas tree lights, are you?

Sammy: *(Excited)* Cool.

Willie: I don't know, I hope not. But I have had kind of a tummy ache this morning.

Betsy: *(Sternly)* Willie, nobody could swallow a string of Christmas tree lights.

Sammy: *(Interrupting)* One time my brother swallowed a whole grasshopper.

Betsy: Ewww. Gross. You're such a...such a...boy.

Sammy: *(Proudly)* Thanks.

Betsy: *(Shaking her head)* Oh, brother. *(Pause)* Hey, Willie, can I see your Christmas list?

Willie: Sure *(holding up his list in front of Betsy)*.

Betsy: *(Reading from Willie's list)* Soccer ball, Spiderman costume, silly putty, soldiers, super-duper squirt gun. Oh my, this really is a very long list, isn't it?

Willie: *(Proudly)* Yep. That's what Sammy said, too. I don't think I left anything off of it. And I didn't waste any space on clothes or stuff like that. 'Cept, I did write down a pair of socks to make Mom happy. But I don't really need any 'cause I've already got a pair. *(Pause)* And ya wanna know something else? When I do get these toys, I'm not even going to share them with my baby brother. They'll be mine. Aaallllll mine! *(Suddenly sounding evil with a sinister laugh)* Bwaaaaaaaaaaaa. *(Calms down)* Whoa! What was that?

Betsy: That was your puppet nature, Willie. You'd best not listen to it. *(Resumes reading from Willie's list)* Let's see now. Sled, Spooner Board, Snap Circuits, Smart Lab, Spiderman game board... *(Pause)* Ya know, Willie, I don't see much of lasting value here.

Willie: Huh? What do you mean?

Betsy: Well, this reminds me of your Christmas list from last year. Do you remember what happened to those things?

Willie: Like what, for instance?

Betsy: Well, How about your Playstation 2.

Willie: Oh, yeah, I broke that.

Betsy: And your Mighty Master Power Rangers.

Willie: Uh, lost 'em.

Betsy: And your Sponge Bob trading cards set.

Willie: Dog ate it.

Betsy: And your jar of Play-Doh.

Willie: I ate it.

Betsy: Gross again. Anyhow, doesn't it seem like a waste of time to ask for a bunch of stuff that you're only going to end up breaking or losing or ...eating?

Willie: *(Confused)* But I'm supposed to ask for things. I'm a kid.

Betsy: I know we're just kids, Willie. But I thought you were old enough to know by now that the real joy of Christmas is found in the giving...not the getting.

Willie: *(Surprised)* Say what!!!

Betsy: That's right. *(Pause)* Perhaps you need to be reminded of the Christmas story. You do know the Christmas story, don't you Willie? *(Silence)* Willie?

Willie: The Christmas story? Well, uh...sure, I know the Christmas story. *(Confidently)* If you're good, you get lots of toys. And if you're not good, tough luck, kiddo.

Betsy: *(Disappointed)* Oh, Willie, that's not the Christmas story.

Willie: It's not?

Betsy: No, it's not.

Willie: You mean I've been being good for no reason?

Betsy: No, Willie. We're supposed to be good. We're just not supposed to expect to get something every time we are. *(Pause)* In fact, Christmas isn't even about toys or presents at all.

Willie: *(Confused)* No toys?

Betsy: *(Shaking her head)* Nope.

Sammy: How about snowmen?

Betsy: Nope, Christmas isn't about snowmen either.

Willie: No presents?

Betsy: No presents. *(Correcting herself)* Well, actually there is one present.

Sammy: *(Shocked)* Just one?

Betsy: Yep, just one. But it's the most important of all gifts ever. The story of Christmas is about God's gift...to us.

Sammy: Do you know the Christmas story, Betsy?

Willie: Yeah, do ya?

Sammy: Could you tell it to us? Huh? Huh?

Betsy: Well, I'm not sure I can remember all of it. But I guess I could try. *(Suddenly spots Narrator standing near a lamp post reading from a Bible)* Hey, wait a minute. Maybe that person over there knows the Christmas story. Let's ask him.

Willie: Good idea, I'll holler at him. *(Shouts)* Hey Mister! Mister Person. Hellooooo over there!

B&S: *(Join in shouting)* Hey, Mister! Yoohoo!

No response.

Willie: Ya want me to throw a snowball at 'em?

Betsy: *(Frantic)* Of course not. Don't even think about doing that. Let's just shout louder.

All puppets, continue shouting "HEY MISTER! Mister Person!"

Narrator: *(Glancing at the puppets)* Who, me?

Betsy: *(Loudly)* Yes, sir. My friends and I were wondering if you could help us.

Narrator: *(Approaching Puppets)* Sure. How may I be of help?

Betsy: Well, we were wondering— *(pausing for introductions)* Oh, excuse me. Let me introduce my friends. This is Sammy.

Narrator: *(Shaking Sammy's hand)* Nice to meet you, Sammy.

Sammy: Thanks.

Betsy: And this is Willie.

Narrator: Hi, Willie, nice to meet you, too. *(Concerned)* Are you okay Willie? You look a bit peaked.

Willie: Yeah, I'm okay.

Sammy: Yeah, he's okay. He just thinks he swallowed a string of Christmas tree lights.

Narrator: *(Surprised)* A string of Christmas tree lights?

Betsy: Oh, he was only dreaming.

Willie: *(Defensively)* Maybe not.

Betsy: And my name is Betsy *(holding out her hand)*.

Narrator: Hi, Betsy. A pleasure I'm sure. *(Shakes Betsy's hand)* Well, it certainly is nice to meet all of you. Now, how may I be of help?

Betsy: Well, we were wondering if you happen to know...the Christmas story.

Narrator: The Christmas story?

Sammy: Yeah, the real one. Do you know it?

Narrator: Well, yes I do. In fact, I was just reading it right here in my Bible.

Betsy: Oh, that's wonderful. Can you tell it to us? Please?

W&S: *(Excited)* Yeah, can ya? Huh?

Narrator: Well, I'd be delighted to.

All Puppets, gleefully get situated to listen: "Oh goody! This is great. Thank you Mister Person." Puppets take a few seconds to get settled down for the story.

Betsy: Okay, we're ready now, Mister Person.

Narrator: Hmmmm, now how should I begin?

Sammy: How about with "Once upon a time?"

Narrator: Hmm. Okay, I can do that. *(Begins telling the story as Puppets give their full attention)* Once upon a time...in fact...a very, very long time ago...

Sammy: *(Interrupting)* How long ago?

Narrator: Oh, several thousand years.

Sammy: Wow, that really is long ago.

Willie: Yeah, it sure is. That's probably even before my Grandpa was born.

Betsy: Shhhhh. Let him tell the story.

Narrator: Well, as I was saying. Once upon a time...many years ago, this world was a dark and troubled place. Mankind had long before become separated from God because of their sin. They were lost without hope. For the people of Israel, it seemed an especially difficult time. For many years, they had been held in captivity. And for many more they wandered aimlessly in the desert. They were foreigners in a strange land, a nation without a home...a people in desperate need of a savior.

Willie: Gee, that must have been terrible.

Narrator: Yes, it was. But the prophets of old began to offer hope from God. Isaiah, speaking of a future event, said that, "The people walking in darkness have seen a great light; on those living in the land of the shadow of death a light has dawned."

Willie: Is this the place where Santa Claus comes in?

Narrator: Sorry, Willie. Santa's not in this Christmas story. God was promising, through his prophets, to send His people a savior...the Messiah. One who would bring light into their dark and troubled world. Well, the people began to pray long and hard for this promised Savior. They prayed and watched and waited. And prayed and watched and waited.

Spotlight leaves puppets and shines on individual or individuals singing.

**O Come, O Come, Emmanuel.*

Spotlight returns to puppet stage.

Betsy: So the people were praying and watching and waiting. Did God ever send them a Savior?

Narrator: *(Excited)* He sure did! God sent them His Son, Jesus. *(Pause)* But let's not get ahead of the story. Nearly 400 years had passed since the last of the prophets had spoken. Many people were no longer watching for the coming Messiah. Some had even stopped believing altogether. But God was faithful. And, finally, the time had come. Listen to this. *(Narrator may read from his Bible at this time)* In the town of Nazareth in Galilee, there lived a young girl named Mary. Now Mary was a virgin and pledged to be married to a man named Joseph who was a descendant of King David. One day, an angel sent by God suddenly appeared to Mary.

Willie: Wow! A real angel?

Narrator: Yes indeed, a reeeeeaal angel.

Sammy: Did it have wings?

Narrator: Well, I don't know. Maybe.

Betsy: *(To Willie & Sammy)* Shhhhh. *(To the Narrator)* What did the angel do?

Narrator: Well, the angel said to Mary, "Greetings, you who are highly favored! The Lord is with you." Now Mary was greatly troubled at the angel's words and wondered what kind of greeting this might be. But the angel said to her, "Do not be afraid, Mary, you have found favor with God." And then the angel said to her, "You will be with child and give birth to a son, and you are to give him the name Jesus. He will be great and will be called the Son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of his father David, and he will reign over the house of Jacob forever; his kingdom will never end."

Betsy: Wow!

Narrator: *(Resumes reading)* "How will this be," Mary asked the angel, "since I am a virgin?" And the angel answered her, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. So the holy one to be born will be called the Son of God."

Mary was quite troubled...and probably still a bit frightened...but she said, "I am the Lord's servant, may it be to me as you have said." Then the angel left.

Betsy: Gee. I would have been really scared.

W&S: *(Nodding in agreement)* Yeah, me too.

Betsy: So Mary was going to have a baby? Would this baby be the Savior that the people had been waiting thousands of years for?

Narrator: Yes, exactly. He would be their Savior. The True Light who gives light to all men was about to enter the world. *(Pause)* Now Mary thought about all the words the angel had said, and she treasured them in her heart.

Spotlight leaves puppets and shines on individual or individuals singing.

**Mary Did You Know.*

Spotlight returns to puppet stage.

Willie: So, what happened next? Did Mary have her baby?

Narrator: Well, not quite yet. *(Pause)* Several months had passed since the angel appeared to Mary. Now it was nearly time for her to give birth. In those days Caesar Augustus— he was like a really important official of his day— issued a decree that a census should be taken of the entire Roman world. That meant that everyone had to go to their own home town to be registered. And because Joseph belonged to the house and line of King David, he would have to go up from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to the tiny village of Bethlehem. This would be a fulfillment of prophecy.

For nearly 700 years earlier, the prophet Micah had written: “But you, Bethlehem Ephrathah, though you are small among the clans of Judah, out of you will come for me one who will be ruler over Israel, whose origins are from old, from ancient times.”

Betsy: So, did this mean that Mary and Joseph were going to have to travel to Bethlehem?

Narrator: Yes, it did.

Betsy: *(Concerned)* Gosh, Was it very far away? Wasn't she about to have her baby? Was she afraid?

Narrator: Yes, yes...and yes again. It was about 70 miles from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Today 70 miles doesn't seem like a great distance. But during the time of Joseph and Mary it meant days of traveling on long and winding dirt roads. Mary would ride on the back of a donkey because she was heavy with child. She would surely miss the comfort of her home and friends and family. It must have been very difficult for her. And, it wouldn't have been very easy for Joseph either. He would have to leave his home too. And his friends...his job...everything.

Betsy: What kind of job did Joseph have?

Narrator: Joseph was a carpenter.

Sammy: Cool! That's what my dad is.

Narrator: Really? How interesting.

Betsy: My dad's a teacher. He likes working with students.

Narrator: Very nice. We can never have enough good teachers. *(Looking at Willie)* What about your father, Willie, what does he do?

Willie: *(Proudly)* My dad works for the FBI.

Narrator: *(Impressed)* Oh, my. That must be very exciting.

Willie: Oh, it's okay, I guess. He says there's a lot of paper work.

Narrator: Well, I guess there would be, catching all those bad guys and everything.

Willie: *(Confused)* Bad guys? *(Suddenly realizes the Narrator's misunderstanding and laughs)* No, no, no. FBI...Farm Bureau Insurance.

Narrator: *(Laughing)* Ohhhhhhh, That FBI.

Willie: *(Chuckling)* Yeah.

Betsy: So, what happened next? I mean with Mary and Joseph?

Narrator: Well, as I was saying, they traveled a great distance over many days. And finally, far off in the distance, there it was, the little town of Bethlehem.

Spotlight leaves puppets and shines on individual or individuals singing.

**O Little Town of Bethlehem.*

Spotlight returns to puppet stage.

Willie: Okay, so Mary and Joseph finally arrived in Bethlehem. What did they do then?

Narrator: Well, once they did arrive, they soon discovered that there was no place for them to stay.

Betsy: Oh, my. That must have been terrible. Mary was about to have her baby and there was no place for her to go.

Narrator: That's right. Because so many people had come to Bethlehem for the census, there was no room for Mary and Joseph in the inn.

Willie: No room in the inn?

Narrator: *(Lowering his head and shaking his head slowly)* No room in the inn.

Willie: So, did they go in and out of other inns to find an inn to hang out in?

Narrator: Uh, no. Instead they found a stable.

Willie: *(Confused)* A stable? You mean with donkeys and sheep and reindeer?

Narrator: No reindeer, Willie.

Willie: *(Disappointed)* No Rudolph?

Narrator: Not in this story.

Willie: Ah, shucks.

Betsy: What happened next?

Narrator: Well, after they had settled in the stable the time came for Mary's baby to be born. She gave birth to her first born, a son. Mary wrapped the child in cloths and placed him in a manger. Finally, at long last, the promised Messiah had come. The Savior of mankind had been born. God's Light had pierced the darkness.

Betsy: Wow, that was baby Jesus, wasn't it?

Narrator: Yes it was, God's Son.

Sammy: Then what happened?

W&B: Yeah, then what?

Narrator: Well, the Bible says that there were shepherds living out in the fields nearby keeping watch over their flocks. Suddenly an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, "Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. Today, in the town of David, a Savior has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger."

Then a great company of heavenly host appeared with the angel, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom his favor rest."

Spotlight leaves puppets and shines on individual or individuals singing.

**Angels We Have Heard on High.*

Spotlight returns to puppet stage.

Narrator: How excited the shepherds must have been at the news that a Savior had been born! When the angels had left and gone into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let's go to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has told us about." So, they hurried off to Bethlehem and there they found Mary and Joseph, and the baby, who was lying in the manger.

When they had seen him, they spread the word concerning what had been told them about this child, and all who heard it were amazed at what the shepherds said to them.

Willie: But I don't understand. Jesus was just a baby. How could he save the world?

Narrator: That's right, Willie. Jesus was just a baby... then. But one day he would grow up to be a man. He would walk among his people healing the sick and bringing sight to the blind. He would teach them about the Kingdom of God and offer them hope and comfort to a dark and troubled world. But most important, Jesus would die on the cross to take away our sin. By doing that he would restore the relationship between us and God that was broken way back in the Garden of Eden. The Bible tells us that if we believe in Jesus and put our trust in him, we will never have to be a slave to sin again.

Puppets: *(Excited)* Wow! That really is good news!

Narrator: That's what Christmas is really about... **God's gift to us.** John 3:16 says, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,

All: "...that whosoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Narrator: Very good, children!

Puppets: Thank you.

Willie: It's kinda sad, though, that Jesus had to die to save us.

Narrator: Yes, Willie, Jesus did die for us. But the story doesn't end at the cross. Jesus was stronger than death and, after three days, he rose from the grave, never to die again. (*Puppets become gleeful*) Every year we celebrate that event at Easter time.

Betsy: (*Excited*) Hey, Mister Person, maybe you can come back and tell us the Easter story sometime.

Narrator: Well, I'd love to Betsy. That would be fun.

Willie: (*Whispering loudly into Sammy's ear*) He probably doesn't even know the part about the Easter bunny.

Sammy and Willie giggle.

Narrator: Do you remember the place in the Christmas story where the Bible said that the shepherds hurried off to tell others about the good news about Jesus?

All puppets, nodding affirmatively: "Yeah."

Narrator: Well, God wants us to tell others the good news about Jesus too. The news that God loves us and sent His son to free us from sin.

Spotlight leaves Puppets and shines on individual or individuals singing.

**Go Tell It on The Mountain*

Spotlight returns to puppet stage.

Willie: Wow, that was a great story, Mister Person. Thank you for sharing it with us.

B&S: (*Nodding in agreement*) Yeah, thanks Mister Person.

Willie: I guess God's gift to us really is more important than all the other gifts in the whole wide world, isn't it?

Narrator: That's right, Willie. Nothing else even comes close.

Betsy: I'm so pleased to hear you say that, Willie. Perhaps you are finally growing up.

Willie: (*Embarrassed*) Yeah.

Betsy: So, now that you know the real meaning of Christmas, don't you feel a little bit ashamed about your long Christmas list?

Willie: *(Hesitantly)* Well, yeah, maybe a little.

Betsy: A little? Tell ya what. How about we shorten your list just a little.

Willie: *(Concerned)* Shorten my list?

Betsy: Sure. How about you allow us to cut a piece off at the end? Then I'll tell everyone at school how mature and grown up you really are.

Willie: Really?

Betsy: Really.

Willie: And you only want to cut a piece off at the end?

Betsy: Yep, just one cut.

Willie: Well, I guess that would be okay.

Betsy: *(To Narrator)* Mister Person, could you help us?

Narrator: *(Reaching behind the stage to get a pair of scissors)* Sure, I'd be happy to. *(Holds scissors up for all to see)* Here we go.

Willie: *(Proudly as he looks at Sammy)* I'm gonna let him cut a piece off of my Christmas list Sammy, because I'm grown up. I'm becoming...a man.

As Willie is looking at Sammy, the Narrator raises up the list that Willie is holding and makes one cut....at the wrong end.

Narrator: There now. That didn't hurt so much, did it?

Willie: *(Turning his attention back to the list freaks out)* EEEEEIIIIIIKKKKK! NOT THAT END! You cut the wrong end!! All of my toys are gone! My Spiderman game board, my basketball, my bubble gum machine. Gone! They're all gone. You only left me with one thing. ONE THING! *(Looks closely at the piece of the list still in his hand)* Socks. SOCKS! You left me with socks! Oooohhhhhhhh!

Narrator: There now. Are you okay? We were just having fun with you.

Willie: *(Settling back down)* Yeah, I'm okay. And now I realize how selfish I really was. I didn't own my toys...they owned me. I've been a slave to them. They were like the most important things to me. And I didn't even want to share them with my baby brother. But God did more than just share His Son with us. He gave Him to us for keeps.

Narrator: *(Pleased)* That's right, Willie. I think now you truly do understand what Christmas is all about, and how important it is that we touch others with the love of Jesus. Jesus said that, "we are the light of the world." We need to let the light of Jesus shine through us so that others may know him too.

Willie: *(Nodding)* Yeah.

Puppets: Thanks, Mister Person!

Narrator: It was my pleasure. *(Glancing at his watch)* Oh, my...just look at the time. I'd best be on my way. My family is coming over for Christmas and there is much to do before they arrive. Would you like to sing one more song before I go?

Puppets: *(Gleefully)* Yeah, that would be great!

Narrator leads puppets in singing the first verse of "Silent Night". Willie sings off key.

Narrator: That was nice. Okay, time for me to go. It was so nice meeting all of you. *(Begins to exit but turns back around)* By the way, Willie, how's your tummy ache?

Willie: Oh, it's okay, I guess.

Narrator: You don't really believe you swallowed a string of Christmas tree lights, do you?

Willie: I don't know.

Narrator: Here, let me have a look.

Willie opens his mouth real wide and the Narrator looks down his throat.

Narrator: I don't see anything. *(Unbuttons Willie's coat)* Let's look here.

The Narrator will now open Willie's coat. At this time, it would be helpful if someone in charge of lighting could begin to dim the lights in the building. As the Narrator opens Willie's coat flickering lights are seen coming from behind Willie's t-shirt.

B&S: *(Amazed)* Oh, Willie! You *did* swallow a string of Christmas lights.

Willie: Wow, I guess you could say that I'm letting my light shine!

Betsy: *(Laughing)* Oh, Willie!

All laugh.

Narrator: *(To the audience)* Won't you please join us by standing and singing the wonderful hymn, 'Joy to The World'.
The end.

PURCHASE

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