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SCRIPT

**“The Island of Misfit Toys:
A Children’s Christmas Play”**

By
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TO
REMOVE
WATERMARK
AT
SKITGUYS.COM

What A children's Christmas play about being fearfully and wonderfully made.

Sometimes our uniqueness makes us feel like a misfit, but it is often our uniqueness that we can use to bring glory to God.

We can proudly invite others to the Island of Misfit Toys where the Savior of the world would arrive unexpectedly to all... including all the "Misfits".

Themes: Christmas, Children, Fearfully Wonderfully Made, Ensemble, Easy, Unique, Manger, Joy, Doubt, Loneliness, Fear, Love, Sadness, Hope, Purpose

Who	Farbie	Roxy/Rock	Marble 1
	Len	Tidy Bear	Marble 2
	Cold Wheels	Ball	Marble 3
	Bottom	Mary	Marble 4
	Yoyo 1	Joseph	Marble 5
	Yoyo 2	Baby Doll	Marble 6
	Ball	Extras as desired	

When Present Day

Props Baby Doll
Rolling baby carriage/cradle
Fake flower bouquet
Box of chocolates
Pacifier/Binky
A crooked "Island of Misfit Toys" sign on a post or hung

Why Luke 2, Matthew 2:1-12, Psalm 139:13-14

How *See Director's Notes

***DIRECTOR'S NOTES**

- Go Big! or Go Simple.
 - Suggestions for costumes, scenery, props, and more are to be used according to your needs, capabilities, budget, space, and goals for the community you are presenting with and for.
 - Designed for ease of rehearsal: Rehearse small scenes/groups. Farbie and Len, Marbles, YoYos, and the final scene starting with Mary and Joseph's entrance. This script is monologue heavy for easy individual practice and learning at home and then combine monologues with scenework you have been rehearsing.
 - Roles for males and females: Some of them can be done by either including the Yoyos, Cold Wheels, Bottom, Baby Doll, Roxy/Rocky, Tidy Bear, Ball, Marbles and any added extras. YoYo can also be done as a monologue.
 - Consider adding extras in the form of additional Misfit Toys like Marbles or non-speaking roles reminiscent of the other Misfit Toys from the old Christmas classic. A Spotted White and Pink Elephant, A Charlie-in-the-Box, Train with square wheels, Cowboy riding an Ostrich, etc.
 - Costumes: Raid the secondhand/thrift stores or hire a seamstress! Consider using cardboard sandwich type costuming painted or covered in plastic tablecloths for coloring and designing. Example: a hula hoop decorated with shiny plastic tablecloths and draped from the neck or held in hand could be an option for a marble costume.
 - Scenery is not necessary but a crooked "Island of Misfit Toys" sign on a post or hung may be desired to set the stage. An arctic white wonderland could be created as the setting with large mountainous backgrounds depicting the island as a desolate-like iceberg.
 - Lighting: Use lighting to mark the beginning and end as well as entrances and frame individuals or small groups.
 - This script can be acted by children for children, or by adults for children, or by children for adults in "Big Church" or similar presentation.
 - Enjoy the quirky characters and present them in a comedic, fast-paced and energetic telling of a story that is life-changing. The story of our Savior's birth!

Farbie enters and addresses the audience center stage.

Farbie: *(holding up arms to display where they are)* Welcome to the Island of Misfit Toys. Well, I guess I shouldn't really say, "Welcome." The name tells you that much. *Misfit Toys.* That's why *we're* all here. *(a little sad)* That's why *I'm* here. Oh right... I forgot. *(suddenly falsely perky)* Hi! I'm Farbie! *(deflated a bit)* No, you heard me right. I said *Farbie*. It means "Fake Barbie". Barbie is the real queen of the dress up doll scene. Her clothes are so stylish. Her accessories are tres trendy. And don't even get me started on her dream house! It's so... so... dreamy. That's all I really have anymore... dreams. Dreams of being more like Barbie and less like me... Farbie. I feel like a fake. A fraud. A misfit. *(suddenly starstruck)* And Ken. Did I mention Ken? I've heard he surfs. I don't have a Ken. I have a...

Len enters, stumbling, bumbling in, flowers in hand. Stops just short of knocking **Farbie** over.

Len: *(enthusiastically)* Hey Farbie!

Farbie: *(unenthused)* Hey Len.

Len: I brought you some flowers. They're plastic because I'm ahhh.... ahhhhhh... because I'm ahhhhhhhhhhLERGIC! To flowers. They're fake. Just like *you*.

Farbie: *(depressed and taking the flowers)* Thanks Len.

Farbie steps into the background and **Len**, like a sweet puppy dog, follows on her heels.

Cold Wheels: *("racing" in, very slowly and shivering)* Brr! Make way! I'm... *(shivers)* coming through! *(still slow)* Here I come! *(still slow)* Almost there! *(slowing to a stop)* I'm here! *(shivering a little)* Is it cold in here, or is it just me? *(shouting offstage)* Does anyone got a cup of hot cocoa I could have?! Maybe a nice warm car cover?! *(to audience)* Oh, hey... I'm *Cold* Wheels. Yep. *Cold* Wheels. Doesn't sound quite so cool as *Hot* Wheels. It doesn't feel so cool either.

(shrugs) Anyway, not much of a market for people wanting Cold Wheels. I'm so slow. *(excitedly)* All the people want Hot Wheels doin' there loop de loops! Hot Wheels jumpin' through rings of fire! They don't want someone with cold wheels who would prefer a slowed day parked in a cozy garage with the latest Automobile Digest in the glovebox. *(yawns and stretches)* I'm a misfit because I'm too slow. Nowadays, seems like everyone is concerned about who's hot and who's not. *(very sad)* And I'm definitely not.

Cold Wheels slowly, head hanging, slinks into the background as **Topper** enters in a chaotic, bumbling flurry.

Bottom: *(entering suddenly, speaking to self and running in place)* Come on, Bottom. You can do this! Just, get a running start this time. Yeah, that's it. I'll get a running start, and then I'll just start spinning. OK, here it goes.

Bottom begins running more enthusiastically in place and then bursting forward and wildly out of control but NOT in a spinning motion, more of a pinballing motion as he bounces off several other background cast members who cower and react with "oophs!" and "watch out!" and "my toe!" etc. as they get bumped.

Bottom: *(while bumping the others)* Whoa! Oh no! Watch out! I can't seem to stop! Ahhh! *(he finally stops)* Failed again. What good is a spinning top that can't spin? Just look at me! I'm a misfit for sure. I'm designed for centrifugal force, but gravity always wins. *(trying again, moving about the stage chaotically trying to spin and wobbling while speaking the next few lines)* I weeble, and I wobble, and I always fall down. Right when I think I'm finally getting something good going *(falls down and speaks while sitting)* it all comes crashing down. What good is a top that can't spin and always ends up... on its bottom?

Topper sits deflated. **YoYos** enters with a swagger and moves to **Bottom**.

YoYo 1: *(to audience and fellow misfits)* Yo yo! What's up everyone? YoYo in the How-House!

YoYo 2: *(almost running bumping into **Bottom** then noticing) Sup, mah man? Life got you down? (reaches hand down to **Bottom** who grabs it and pulls him up as he says) Just get back up again...*

Yoyo 1 and Yoyo 2 over the next lines each hold one of **Bottom's** hands and lift him up and down repeatedly as they say...

YoYo 1: and then down again...

YoYo 2: and then up again...

YoYo 1: and then down again...

YoYo 2: and then up again...

YoYo 1: and then down again...

YoYo 2: and then up again...

YoYo 1: and then, *(lifting up **Bottom** one final time and dusting him off a little)* aw, man. You get the picture.

YoYo 2: *(pushes a disoriented **Bottom** behind him into the group then speaks to audience)* Yo! We're yoyos! We're totally bodacious, yo!

YoYo 1: Up and down, up and down. Yo yo! Ain't much to it, y'know know! I used to be totally popular with the kids... back in the day...

YoYo 2: *(shrugging shoulders)* It was totally rad.

YoYo 1: *(he's slowly deflating in energy)* We don't remember how long we've been on this Misfit Island.

YoYo 2: It's tough being a yoyo in a go-go kinda world! I got no-no bells or whistles...

YoYo 1: no-no flashers or fancy buttons...

YoYo 2: No-no screens.

YoYo 1: No-no chance of keepin' up with all the fancy stuff they got on lock up in those toy stores these days! I'm just a yoyo, and so-so don't you know-know we're just a couple of misfits stuck on this island.

YoYos: No-no place to go-go.

YoYos watch as the **Marbles** enter and move to get out of the way, joining others in the background.

Marble 1: *(entering stage right abruptly pointing across stage to **Marble 4** entering)*
Watch out!

Marble 4 enters "rolling" wildly, flailing from stage left off stage right saying "Whoa!" as they do, passes in front of **Marble 1**, who tries to stop them unsuccessfully, then **Marble 4** exits stage right.

Marble 2: *(entering stage left, spins and speaks in place)* We're lost! What are we gonna do?

Marble 3: *(entering stage right)* Does it really even matter? *(bumps into **Marble 1** then keeps "rolling" stage left)*

Marble 2: So, we lost our marbles, who cares? *(bumps into **Marble 1**)* We've been stuck on this island for years.

Marble 5 enters stage right "rolling" wildly in front of all the Marbles flailing from stage right off stage left saying "Ahhh!" as they do.

Marble 1: Nobody plays with marbles anyway!

Marble 2: Who wants marbles in this day and age?

Marble 3: (dramatically) Nobody!

Marbles 4, 5 & 6 enter "rolling" wildly, flailing, and running into each other and everyone on stage then bounce offstage together.

Marble 1, Marble 2, and Marble 3 move together center and speak to the audience.

Marble 1: When's the last time you saw anyone savin' up their clams to put us under the Christmas tree?

Marble 2: We're all misfits, and we're doomed to stay on this island hoosegow forever!

Marble 3: Just a bunch of lost marbles.

Marble 1: Even in our glad rags we can't make a comeback.

Marble 2: And boy, do we need a comeback.

Marbles 4, 5 & 6 enter "rolling" wildly, flailing across stage again.

Marble 2: (calling after them) Come back! (to audience) See what I mean? We haven't *always* been misfits. We were the bees knees...

Marble 3: the cat's meow...

Marble 1: the big cheese back in the twenties! The *nineteen twenties*, that is.

Marble 3: Gosh, we were swell.

Marble 2: Everything was ducky, but the good times just ain't rollin' for us marbles anymore.

Marble 4, 5 & 6 enter simultaneously bump into the other **Marbles** and they all jostle around together and move into the background.

Enter **Roxy** slowly, hesitantly, sheepishly.

Roxy: Hello? Anyone out there looking for me? I'm just your good old everyday run of the mill pet rock. *(proudly)* I don't require batteries! I don't really require much of anything. I just kind of... sit here. *(remembering and excited)* I can help you learn physics though! For example, just watch me sit... and do nothing. *(long dull pause)* I require no work, and work is defined as *(reciting)* the transfer of energy that occurs when a force is applied to an object, causing it to move in the direction of the force. *(pause, almost like looking for applause)* Well, I mean... I don't do the work. *You* have to do the work. I guess I'm just too much work. I guess I'm not much of a physics teacher either. I don't have many talents, unless you consider gathering dust a talent. I know I'm not much. *(pause)* Maybe just being who I am is the problem. Yeah, I'm definitely a misfit.

Len steps forward proudly holding a box of chocolates. **Farbie** steps forward

Len: *(stepping boldly forward)* Look, Farbie! I got you some vegan chocolates!

Farbie: That's *fake* chocolate, Len.

Len: But you're *fake*, and I'm ahhh... ahhh... ahhhhhLERGIC to chocolate!

Len's sneeze hurls the box of chocolates across the stage where they land in front of **Tidy Bear** who has entered.

Tidy Bear: *(picking up the chocolates)* Look at this mess! Just look at it! Marbles everywhere. Toys strewn about, *(moving to Roxy, poking her a bit)* and who brought this big old stone inside?

Roxy: *(not meanly)* I'm a rock, not a stone.

Tidy Bear: *(shoving the chocolates into **Roxy's** arms and pushing her into the background of toys)* No matter! Clean it up! How do we ever expect someone to want us this Christmas if this place is such a mess?! *(singing her jingle)* "Time to clean! Time to clean! Time to make each surface gleam!" *(suddenly realizing)* Everyone wants a *teddy* bear. Nobody wants a "Tidy Bear". I'm programmed to... *(suddenly spouting her preprogrammed lines)* Ding! "Clean up children! Put your toys away!" Ding! "What time is it? It's Tidy Bear time!" Ding! "Spic and span is the best plan!" Ding! "Cleanliness is next to Godliness!!" Ding! *(suddenly a little exhausted)* Children want a teddy to cuddle with. They don't want their toys telling them to clean their room! I'm such a misfit. No wonder every year that goes by this island gets cleaner but my dreams get cloudier.

Tidy Bear slowly, head hanging, fades into the background.

Ball enters as though someone may have just called for him.

Ball: Did I hear somebody call for *me*? Ball?

Marble 4: Soccer ball?

Ball: No.

Cold Wheels: Basketball?

Ball: No.

Marble 5: Baseball?

Roxy: Tennis ball?

Marble 6: Football?

Ball: No. No and no. Just ball. Plain old ball. I'm not really sure what I was even made for. I'm not good for dribbling. I'm too big for a glove. If you kick me too hard I'll burst, and if you throw me I wobble. There's no stick or net or basket that seems to fit me. It's tough being a misfit. All the other balls, the ones with real purposes, leave the shelves in droves year after year. They're out there smokin' it up on the courts, making plays at the plate, catching the corner of the net, beatin' the buzzer, and whizzing by the competition! They're living their purpose, and all the while I'm still here on this Island of Misfits because I'm just a ball. An oddball.

Len: *(stepping forward again, holding up his hands as though displaying a necklace)* Hey Farbie, I got you this pretty necklace.

Farbie: Where? I don't see anything.

Len: Well, it's invisible. See, I'm allergic to... I'm allergic to mahh... mahh... metal! So, I used my imagination and made you an imaginary necklace.

Farbie: Uh, ok. Kind of weird, but kind of sweet too, Len. *(taking the invisible necklace)* Thanks.

Baby Doll enters. She has a binky in her mouth and a teddy under her arm. She pulls a cradle on wheels behind her.

Yoyo 1: Awwww! It's that cute little Baby Doll!

Ad lib. Isn't she cute! She's adorable! Look at those sweet little cheeks! I just want to cuddle her! Goo Goo Gah Gah! Time for nappy wappy time! etc.

Baby Doll: *(suddenly after hearing too much shouting and aggressive)* Back off!

All are surprised.

Baby Doll: I'm not a baby! I mean, I know that I'm a baby doll, sure. But I can't handle anymore of this goo goo gah gah stuff. *(dreamily)* I want to be a lawyer. I want to be a fortune five hundred CEO. I want to be President... *(dramatically)* of the world! People look at me, and they think, "what a cute little baby." And they think all I'm good for is burping and nappies. Well, enough! I got dreams, y'know... and they don't involve diapers! *(wiggling uncomfortably)* which I don't recommend for anyone with an eye for summitting mountains! But that's the problem, isn't it? I look like I belong in the cradle, all cuddled up with some disgustingly adorable and sticky toddler rocking me to sleep. But I want to see the world during my life! Not sleep it away! And you can't do that when you're strapped into a five point harness and just a backseat driver. These curls... these clothes... these dimples... they don't define me or my dreams. But who wants a baby doll that doesn't want to play pretend and wants to be out there adventuring in the real world?! It's no wonder I'm still here. I'm such a misfit.

***All** the characters ad lib to one another about how they feel like misfits. "Yeah, I'm a misfit." "I guess this is where I belong." "No one is ever going to want a toy like me for Christmas." "I'm not good enough." "I'm strange. No wonder nobody wants me."*

Cold Wheels: *(pointing offstage)* Hey everyone, look!

Marble 3: *(looking offstage)* What's that?

Tidy Bear: *(straining and then seeing clearly)* Newcomers!

***All** the toys get very excited, animated, and joyful at the prospect of welcoming new people to their home. They move forward and gather around the newcomers as they enter. Think nativity tableau.*

***Joseph** enters with **Mary**, who is holding the baby Jesus in her arms. They appear tired and as though looking for something.*

Joseph: I'm sorry, could you help us?

Mary: We just need a place to lay him down and rest awhile.

Baby Doll moves forward with a cradle in tow and offers it up.

Mary: Thank you! *(laying Jesus down then looking around)* What a lovely little island!

Baby Doll: This place? You're kidding right?

Mary: It's so beautifully unique.

Joseph: I've never seen anything like it! *(to Mary)* That must be why He wanted us to be here.

Mary: And you're all so welcoming and kind.

Bottom: I don't understand.

Mary: Well, this is a very special baby. His name is Jesus, and He is God's own son!

Ball: God's son? Here?

Marble 5: On the Island of Misfit Toys?

Marble 6: With us?

Marble 2: That doesn't make any sense.

Len: Why would the Son of God come *here*? Of ahh... of ahhhhh... ahhhhhhhchoo... *(pause)* of all places?

Yoyo 1: Yo-yo! The Lord of the Universe could go-go anywhere he wants to, don't you know-know! Why stoop so low-low?

Joseph: *(confused)* Stoop low-low?

Farbie: You're on the Island of Misfit Toys. *(looking around)* That's why we're all here. We're just a bunch of outcasts.

Marble 4: Nobodys.

Marble 2: Unwanted.

Baby Doll: We have nothing to give.

Mary: Nothing to give? *Everyone* has something to give. *(looking down at Jesus)* This baby is God's gift to the world. He's not here so he can receive the perfect gift. *(looking up at all of them)* He is the perfect gift. And he wouldn't be here... with all of you if this isn't exactly where he chose to be.

Baby Doll: *(leaning over cradle and cooing)* Awww. He's so cute. *(noticing everyone looking at her surprised)* What?! He is! *(she tucks her teddy bear beside Jesus)* We may not always feel like we have much to give you, or that we're living up to our purpose in the world, but what we have, we offer it to you, Jesus.

Yo-Yo 1: We can teach people how to get back up when life gets them down.

Cold Wheels: And I'll help slow things down when it all seems to be going too fast.

Tidy Bear: I can bring order to a chaotic world.

Marble 1: We can teach the world to enjoy the simple things in life.

Roxy: And remind the world that the Rock is a solid foundation.

Bottom: And sometimes you feel like you're spinning in circles, but you're still going places.

Ball: Some of us may not be the biggest, the brightest, the fastest, or the fanciest, but that doesn't mean we're not special the way we are.

Farbie: And we don't have to try to be something we're not. I am enough. Just the way I am.

Len: You're the real deal, Farbie.

Farbie: You are too, Len. *(she grabs his hand and he swoons)*

Joseph: See! You have so much to give! Look at all of you! So colorful, so unique, so wonderfully made!

Mary: It's no wonder we ended up here, with all of you. What a special gift you've all been to us!

All the toys look at one another, shyly at first, and then with more confidence, smiling at one another, ad lib and pat one another on the back, high five, fist bump, hug each other, etc.

Joseph: So, why stay here on this island? Come with us! The world needs more of you... *(picking up and looking at Jesus)* and Him in the world.

Baby Doll: You mean we can just leave this island?

Marble 5: We don't have to stay?

Yoyo 2: I thought this is where we belonged.

Bottom: I thought we were all misfits.

Marble 6: Mistakes.

Mary: I don't see any misfits. *(looking down and speaking to Jesus)* Do you, Jesus? He just sees what God created. And God doesn't make mistakes.

Yoyo 1: Yo-yo! What are we waiting fo-fo?

Yoyo 2: Let's go-go! *(exits)*

Roxy: This so totally rocks! *(exits)*

Cold Wheels: Sounds *really cool!* Like me! *(exits)*

Marble 1: We've been found!

Marble 2: And we're on a roll! *(Marbles exit)*

Marble 3: This one's for all the marbles, folks! *(Marbles exit)*

Bottom: I'll come too and put my own spin on it! *(exits)*

Tidy Bear: Ding! I think that's my cue! *(exits)*

Ball: Gotta bounce! *(exits)*

Baby Doll: *(dramatically out to the audience)* Nobody puts Baby Doll in the corner.
(pops binky in and exits with a strut towing his/her baby cradle)

Len: *(to Mary and Farbie and motioning the way out)* Ladies first.

Farbie: *(blushing and moving to exit)* Oh, Len.

Mary and Joseph exit, followed by **Len**.

Farbie: *(is exiting then turns back to audience)* I guess we've lived feeling stuck on this Island of Misfit toys long enough. But now we know... we were made... fearfully and wonderfully made... for more. So much more.

Exit.

Blackout.