

*All I Want for Christmas Is...!*

*Story and Script*  
*by*  
*Susan Blumer and Garrett Heater*

*Words and Music*  
*by*  
*Garrett Heater*

# **All I Want For Christmas Is...!**

Copyright 2004

by

Susan Blumer and Garrett Heater

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS...! is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign language are strictly reserved.

The amateur live stage performance rights to ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS...! are controlled exclusively by Drama Source and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended and dates of production. Royalties are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Drama Source Co., 1588 E. 361 N., St. Anthony, Idaho 83445, unless other arrangements are made.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain, and whether or not admission is charged. For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to Drama Source Company, 1588 E. 361 N. St. Anthony, Idaho 83445.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced, the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play, "Produced by special arrangement with Drama Source Co."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

**No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright or the rights to copyright of this play may be impaired.**

**No one shall make changes in this play for the purpose of production without written permission.**

**Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Drama Source Company for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.**

**No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.**

## CHARACTERS

**ELFIS**, *Santa Claus's rockin' and rollin' little elf.*

**PRANCER**, *Santa Claus's caustic, smart-mouthed reindeer.*

**SANTA CLAUS**, *the beloved icon of the holiday season.*

**ABIGAIL**, *a lonely, rich girl with an overactive imagination.*

**CHRISTOPHER**, *a pre-teen boy who loves video games.*

**MADELINE**, *a poor girl with a single Christmas wish.*

**MR. I. C. ICLE**, *the frostiest man in town.*

**CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER**, *single father trying to teach his son how to value  
the wonders of the holiday season.*

**MADELINE'S MOTHER**, *single mother trying her best to provide for  
her child.*

## NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN/ TOYS/ ELVES

## SETTING

Your hometown!

## TIME

Present day Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

Originally presented by the Baldwinsville Theatre Guild in December 2004. Directed by Garrett A. Heater. Stage manager / properties: Trish Thayer; choreography: Susan Blumer; costume design: Anne Gray; lighting: Sam Barbuto; scene design: Peter Gray. Produced by Denise Heater.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS IN THE  
2004 BALDWINVILLE THEATRE GUILD PRemier e**

<b>ELFIS</b>	Kurt Karandy
<b>PRANCER</b>	Brian Hensley
<b>SANTA CLAUS</b>	Al Ross
<b>ABIGAIL</b>	Nicole Peinkofer
<b>CHRISTOPHER</b>	Joseph Manganiello
<b>MADELINE</b>	Julie Keefe / Holly McMahon
<b>MR. I. C. ICLE</b>	Joshua Taylor
<b>CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER</b>	Robert Peinkofer
<b>MADELINE'S MOTHER</b>	Amy Blumer / Melissa DelGuercio
<b>CHILDREN'S ENSEMBLE</b>	Taylor Sanders, Emily Denniston, Gabe Kahn, Tyler Mackey, Lydia Darling*, Mackenzie O'Brien*, Carly Leworthy*, Rachel Beneway, Melissa Castellini*, Stephen Castellini**.

\* FROSTBITE, featured dancer

\*\* MISTLETOE, the dog

# ACT I

## Prologue

*{Dusk on Christmas Eve. Extreme downstage right features an unlit Christmas tree. Extreme downstage left is Santa's office in the North Pole. Center stage, ELFIS, wearing earmuffs to disguise his true identity, nods off on a stool in a local diner in front of the main curtain. His own snoring suddenly wakes him up. He discover his imaginary meal has arrived. He addresses them directly with great enthusiasm.}*

**Elfis:** Well, hello there! My name is Elfis the elf, I guess you would like to know what I am doing here at (he mentions the name of a popular local eatery) - but before I begin, I will need total silence. So please turn off all your pagers and cell phones, and in case of an emergency, like complete boredom, you can run out of the doors marked "Exit" located here *(he gestures to the theater fire exits)* and there. *(In the manner of Elvis)* 'Uh-huh!' Now that we've done that, I can tell you why I am here. It is Christmas Eve and Santa has sent all of his elves to cities and towns all over the world, hence the disguise. *(ELFIS lifts up his earmuffs, revealing his pointed ears.)* They are to report back to Santa tonight, letting him know which little boys and girls have been naughty and nice. I have been assigned to (he mentions the name of the town) - which is full of children who are both naughty *and* nice. Let's take a look, shall we?

*{The diner set is rolled off stage, the main curtain opens and reveals a street scene of the town mentioned above. The set pieces are comprised of various recognizable homes and landmarks that help to define the community. NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN play games in the snow. ELFIS skips around them, reveling in the holiday merriment.}*

## Scene 1

### “Christmastime is Here!”

**Elfis:** Christmastime is here!  
It comes but once a year.  
Trim that tree and string those lights!  
Shovel that snow with all your might,  
'Cause Christmastime is here!  
The world is full of cheer!  
Hark, the herald angels sing,  
See the joy that love can bring when  
Christmastime is here!

*{CHRISTOPHER and CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER enter, arguing.}*

**Christopher:** Dad, come on, I've got to get back to my video game! There are so many more levels I need to beat tonight!

**Christopher's Father:** Christopher, please calm down, the TV isn't going anywhere. Listen, I thought we'd go see the big Christmas tree in     {mentions name of local, decorated public area}    . It's huge!

**Christopher:** I've seen that tree before, Dad. Now, come on! My game! Let's go!

**Christopher's Father:** But look at all of your friends, playing in the snow. Don't you want to join them?

**Christopher:** Snow is much more fun when it's in video games, Dad! Now let's go home, inside, to my TV! {*Christopher tries unsuccessfully to pull his father off stage.*}

**Elfis:** Christmastime is here!

**Children, have no fear –**

**Santa Claus is coming soon**

**With special toys for all of you**

**'Cause Christmastime is here!**

{*MADELINE and MADELINE'S MOTHER enter.*}

**Madeline's Mother:** Are you warm enough, sweetheart?

**Madeline:** {*She is shivering.*} Yes.

**Madeline's Mother:** You poor, brave thing. I know things are hard for us right now, but we'll get through it. I bet Santa Claus will bring you something to keep you warm on Christmas morning.

**Madeline:** Mommy, look at all the children!

**Madeline's Mother:** Yes, everyone is having lots of fun. Look at how beautiful everything looks.

**Madeline:** The snow makes everything sparkle!

**Elfis:** Could there be a happier winter's day?

**Christmas makes the sad times go away.**

**When school is out the children shout:**

**Neighborhood Children:** {*shouted*} Christmastime is great!

{*ABIGAIL enters, carrying a stack of brightly wrapped gifts before her.*}

**Abigail:** I can't see a thing! I'm glad my parents left me their credit cards, boy did I go on a shopping spree. And the best part is - they're all for me! {ABIGAIL *crashes into an unseen MADELINE and falls. Presents fly everywhere.* CHRISTOPHER and CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER *take notice.*} Oh, you clumsy girl!

**Madeline:** I'm so sorry!

**Abigail:** Do you know how much all of this cost?

**Madeline's Mother:** She didn't see you, miss – we're terribly sorry.

**Abigail:** If anything is broken –

**Christopher's Father:** Christopher, let's help these people.

**Abigail:** Anything at all –

**Christopher's Father:** {*to MADELINE'S MOTHER*} Let me get that.

{CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER *and* MADELINE'S MOTHER *reach for the same package. Their hands touch.*}

**Madeline's Mother:** Thank you.

**Abigail:** I'll make sure you pay for any damages; now get out of my way! (*She exits.*)

**Elfi:** Christmastime is here!

**It's not a time for tears.**

**Sing the chorus far and wide –**

**Banish frowns and do not cry**

**For Christmastime is here!**

**Fill those stockings, light that fire,**

**Hang that star a little higher!**

**Write those cards, deck your halls,**

**Go outside and throw snowballs!**

**Sing a carol, do good deeds,**

**Don't forget those most in need.**

**When Christmastime arrives**

**I smile and give a sigh:**

**It's Christmas!**

**Christmastime is here!**

{ELFIS tries to hold out his final note for as long as possible, stopping and then starting it again a few times, before giving up.} Oh, forget it!

**Icle:** {hollering from offstage.} What's all that racket?

**Child 1:** Oh, no, it's Mr. Icle!

**Child 2:** You mean icky Ickle?

**Child 3:** He's the *ickiest*!

**Child 4:** He has a heart of pure ice!

**Child 5:** And when you look him in the eye –

**Child 6:** *Your* heart will turn to ice, too!

**ELFIS:** (*In the manner of Elvis*) Don't be cruel to a heart that's true!

**Child 7:** Oh, no, here he comes now!

## “Mr. I. C. Icle”

{*To the slinking opening measures of his song MR. I. C. ICLE creeps about the stage, terrifying everyone. When he leers at them, they all look away.*}

**Icle:** It was a cold, cold morning when I entered this world.  
That's right, December 25<sup>th</sup> is the day of my birth.  
With that in mind it's easy to see  
Why a frosty, cool demeanor suits a man like me.

**All:** Mr. I. C. – I. C. Icle,  
Mr. I. C. – I. C. Icle.

**Icle:** Growin' up as an Icle was so darn tough.  
My last names pretty funny so the jokes were rough.  
I got real mean, which really is a bummer,  
Until my heart turned cold as iced tea in the summer.

**All:** Mr. I. C. – I. C. Icle,  
Mr. I. C. – I. C. Icle.

**Icle:** My pops was a cold man and that's the truth.  
Yes, Pops Icle was as frigid as a big ice cube.  
No presents for my birthday or even Christmas,

**And all I ever wanted was a hug and some kisses!**

**All: Mr. I. C. – I. C. Icicle,**

**Mr. I. C. – I. C. Icicle.**

**Icicle: So now when Christmas comes around I get real rude.**

**I yell at neighbor kids who say: “Merry Christmas, dude!”**

**And then I spend my birthday all by myself,**

**‘Cause I’m my only friend, I don’t like no one else.**

**Christmas Day just go away!**

**Icicle: Mr. I. C. Icicle!**

## Scene 2

*{Santa’s office at the North Pole. PRANCER is sprawled across a large armchair while perusing Santa’s ‘Naughty and Nice’ List. Wearing Santa’s spectacles, he sucks sloppily on a candy cane as he reads the names aloud.}*

**Prancer:** Let’s see who is on the ‘Naughty List’ this year... *{PRANCER improvises a list of celebrities and other well-known public figures who have earned a spot on the list.}*

...Mr. Icicle....

*{SANTA enters, patting his bathrobe pockets, looking for his spectacles.}*

**Santa:** Prancer!

**Prancer:** *{He is engrossed in reading.}* Prancer!? I better not be on the ‘Naughty List’ again this year!

**Santa:** Prancer, will you get out of my chair!

**Prancer:** *{Springing up.}* Santa! Oh! I was just, uh, proofreading your ‘Naughty and Nice’ List.

**Santa:** Yeah, right, and I’m the Easter Bunny! Look, you’ve gotten reindeer hair all over the place! *{He pulls out a dust-buster and vacuums the chair.}* Now, how much of that list did you see? Ahem, my spectacles. *{PRANCER hands them over.}*

**Prancer:** Enough to see that Rudolph made the ‘Nice List’ *again!* Didn’t I tell you that he put ExLax in my breakfast oats last week?

**Santa:** Oh, Prancer, honestly –

**Prancer:** He’s a rotten sugarplum! *{He stomps about and pouts.}*

**Santa:** Enough about Rudolph, Prancer! Now tell me, has Elfis returned with his report of naughty and nice children from {He mentions the name of your town} yet? It is nearly eight o'clock and I must finish my list. We've got a big night ahead of us!

**Prancer:** He's not here, Santa. I guess his blue suede shoes couldn't get him here on time.

{ELFIS bounds into the room.}

**Elfis:** Hey, Santa!

**Santa:** Well, Elfis has entered the building. How are things, little friend? Do you have that report from {He mentions the name of your town}?

**Elfis:** Right here, Saint Nick. It's the usual suspects on the 'Naughty List' and there are some real angels on the 'Nice List.' But Santa, there are some children I would like you to meet personally. They seem to be missing the point of Christmas entirely!

**Santa:** What do you mean, Elfis?

**Elfis:** Well, Christopher is always playing his video games and missing out on all the real joys of the holiday season. Abigail is just plain rude to everyone – she isn't sharing any goodwill with mankind! And then there is Madeline.

**Prancer:** Madeline? It says here that she is on the 'Nice List.'

**Elfis:** She is, *Santa*, and she has the most beautiful Christmas spirit. I think you should visit with her because it would bring so much well-deserved joy into her life.

**Santa:** Well, I'll do it! But why visit them in {he mentions the name of your town} when they can come here to the North Pole?

**Prancer:** {Sensing something is up} What do you mean?

**Santa:** Prancer, Elfis, I would like you to seek out Christopher, Madeline, and Abigail and bring them here to the North Pole.

**Prancer:** But it's cold outside!

**Elfis:** So put on one of Santa's sweaters.

**Prancer:** Are you kidding? Those colors have been out of season for hundreds of years!

**Santa:** Than have Mrs. Claus find something warm for you to wear. I won't hear another word about it, Prancer. I want you both on your way right now. And get back soon, we have a full night of important deliveries! Ho! Ho! Ho!

**Elfis:** Yes, sir!

{PRANCER and ELFIS *exit*.}

**Prancer:** {*Singing as he goes*} “Dashing through the snow, with an evil troll in my sleigh...”

**Elfis:** Be quiet!

**Santa:** {*Settling into his chair, he begins to review his list.*} Well, my little children, it is time you learned the true meaning of Christmas.

### Scene 3

*{The three separate bedrooms of Christopher, Abigail, and Madeline. Christopher’s room, stage right, features a TV with a video game system connected to it on a stand with CHRISTOPHER seated in a desk chair facing it. Downstage right of his room, in his home’s “living room,” there is an unlit Christmas tree, as mentioned in the beginning of the script. Abigail’s room, placed center, features a large, double door armoire at the back and a toy chest slightly right of center. Madeline’s room, stage left, features an uninviting, broken bed and a rocking chair. Lights come up on CHRISTOPHER.}*

**Christopher:** {*His face is lit solely by the TV screen. He is pounding feverishly on the video game controller.*} Bam! Bam! Got you right where it counts you Dark Zombies!

**Christopher’s Father:** {*Entering the darkened room.*} Christopher, turn a light on, you’re going to hurt your eyes. {*He pantomimes turning on a light switch. The lights in the bedroom rise considerably.*} Please sit away from the screen. Have you even blinked in the past hour and a half?

**Christopher:** No way, Dad. If I blink, I might get zapped with a photon-blaster and get sent back two levels!

**Christopher’s Father:** Son, listen to me. It is Christmas Eve and we haven’t done anything to celebrate the holiday season. Why don’t we go to {*he mentions a local holiday attraction*} tonight before it closes. We can make it if we leave now.

**Christopher:** Sure, Dad. Just let me beat this level and we can go.

**Christopher’s Father:** But that’s what you said three levels ago!

**Christopher:** But I have to beat the evil wizard Ramfeezo at the end of this round!

**Christopher's Father:** Well, I hope that when you get to wizard Ramfiki, or whoever, he tells you to get off your fanny and help your father decorate the tree.

**Christopher:** Come on, Dad, you're breaking my concentration.

**Christopher's Father:** Christopher, you are missing out on the most wonderful time of year to battle the living dead in a video game! You need to participate in some human interaction. Do you want to grow up to be like Mr. Icicle? Are you even listening to me?

**Christopher:** Yes! I got the Nimbus Ring! Total invincibility is mine for thirty seconds!

**Christopher's Father:** And don't think for one minute that you'll be playing any of these games when your relatives come to visit.

**Christopher:** What, Dad? I didn't hear you.

**Christopher's Father:** I just want you to know that the video games can never love you, no matter how much you love them, Christopher. I just want you to think about that. I'll be in the living room decorating the tree if you care to join me. *{He begins to leave.}*

**Christopher:** I love you too, Dad, goodnight!

**Christopher's Father:** *{Completely dismayed.}* Goodnight son. Merry Christmas. *{He exits.}*

**Christopher:** Why would I want to decorate some tree when – Ramfeezeo the Wizard! Finally! *{He plays intensely for a few moments.}* No – no – NO!!! Dead! Game over! I didn't stand a chance. *{He sings.}*

## ***“Plug Me In!”***

**Christopher:** Reset! Reset!  
I have to play again!  
If I stop now I'll never know  
What happens in the end!  
Through the mountains, o'er the hills,  
Battling ogres with my skills,  
Flinging arrows, climbing trees,  
Stealing treasure, time to flee!

Christmas doesn't stand a chance  
Against this wizard's forces.  
Santa Claus would wet his pants  
His reindeer would divorce him.  
The wizard'd cast a magic spell

**On Santa's wooden sleigh.  
Instead of going 'round the world  
He'd shoot through outer space!**

**Plug me in, to any TV,  
I'll sit for hours and play.  
Plug me in, it's the best thing  
To while the hours away.  
While the neighborhood is wrapping,  
You can bet I won't be napping –  
My controller I'll be tapping!  
Plug me in, plug me in!**

*{CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER enters the "living room," which is the Christmas tree placed downstage right, with a box of ornaments, prepared to tackle the chore of decorating the tree alone.}*

**Christopher's Father: They're out! They're out!  
Which one of them is blown?  
I really wish I had some help  
And not do this alone.  
Pull one out and then one more  
It may be this one, I'm not sure.  
Replace them both, without a doubt  
This one's it – but it's still out!  
Give the cord a little jiggle,  
Hope this does the trick.  
Give the tree a little wiggle,  
How about a kick?!**

*{CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER gives the tree a kick and it miraculously lights up.}*

**Ah! That's all I had to do!  
It's shining like a beacon!  
It fills my heart with faith in all -  
I love the Christmas season!**

**Plug them in, those little white lights  
Around the Christmas tree.  
Plug them in – Christmas spirits  
Got a hold of me!  
When I see bulbs blink and wink  
You know exactly what I think;  
It puts me in the mood to sing!  
Plug them in, plug them in!**

**Christopher and Christopher's Father:**

**Plug me/them in, this is the most fun**

**I've had in forever!**

**Plug me/them in, there's nothing that could**

**Bring me greater pleasure.**

**Christopher:** Shoot those zombies one by one!

**Christopher's Father:** Watch out, garland, here I come!

**Together:** It's too bad I'm almost done.

**Christopher's Father:** {Spoken} They're out!

**Christopher:** {Spoken} Game over!

**Together:** Plug me in, plug me in, plug me in!

{CHRISTOPHER'S FATHER *exits*. ELFIS and PRANCER *slowly emerge from behind the Christmas tree and decorations are hanging from PRANCER'S antlers. He is also wearing one of Mrs. Claus's warm, pink yarn ponchos. They stealthily creep into Christopher's room unseen, PRANCER behind Christopher and ELFIS behind the TV.*}

**Christopher:** Well, I can reset my game again. I don't need to go help Dad with that old tree – that's kids stuff.

**Elfis:** What are you wearing? Don't tell me you paid full price for that...

**Prancer:** Oh, hush up! It's from Mrs. Claus and I think it makes me look...

{ELFIS *suddenly unplugs the TV set. CHRISTOPHER spies PRANCER behind him and gasps.*}

...huggable!

{PRANCER *throws a giant toy sack over his head as CHRISTOPHER yells. Blackout. Lights come up on Madeline's cramped home. MADELINE sits in bed while her mother combs her hair.*}

**Madeline's Mother:** Tomorrow morning is Christmas Day, Madeline, aren't you excited?

**Madeline:** Yes, Mommy, but how will Santa find us now that we've moved?

**Madeline's Mother:** He always knows where the children of the world are, sweetheart. Don't worry about that.

**Madeline:** But we don't have a chimney for him to slide down, or a fireplace place to hang our stockings on.

**Madeline's Mother:** Santa always finds a way, Maddy, and he'll find your stocking where we tacked it to the windowsill. Now, what did you wish for in your letter to Santa?

**Madeline:** I can't tell you, Mommy, or it won't come true!

**Madeline's Mother:** Alright, dear. Now go to sleep, and when you wake up in the morning, you'll see what Santa has brought for you!

**Madeline:** Okay. Goodnight, Mommy, I love you.

**Madeline's Mother:** I love you too, darling.

*{As the music begins and MADELINE falls asleep in her bed, MADELINE'S MOTHER retires to the rocking chair and pulls out a sweater that she has almost finished knitting for her daughter. She yawns, puts the sweater away, and falls asleep in the rocking chair. MADELINE wakes up, runs to the window and pantomimes looking outside for Santa. Seeing nothing, she returns to bed.}*

## “Someone to Love”

**Madeline:** Its cold in here, it's windy out  
But it doesn't bother me.

My mother's love will keep me warm  
'Til winter turns to spring.

With all the love she loves me with  
I cannot help but wish;

Dear Santa, you'll see what I wrote,  
There's just one thing on my list.

When stars come out, the sun is gone.  
The snow is still and all is calm.  
Santa's soaring through the sky  
With my special prize.

It's not for me, but for my mom.  
My Christmas list isn't long.  
Dearest Santa, bring my mother  
Someone to love.

Someone to care and make her laugh,  
To make her smile when all looks black,  
Someone to love her as I do;

**That's all I want.**

**Presents won't bring me happiness,  
This is something your elves can't make.  
But if you bring her someone to love  
Her heart will never break.**

**So listen close, if you can hear  
At the North Pole, Santa dear;  
Bring my mother what I wish,  
Someone to love.  
Bring my mother what I wish,  
Someone to love!**

{MADELINE drifts off to sleep. ELFIS and PRANCER appear outside of the "window" and pantomime sliding it open. ELFIS stumbles in first and then grabs PRANCER by the antlers to pull him in as well.}

**Elfis:** Shush, Prancer! This one might give us trouble, like that boy Christopher.

**Prancer:** He bit my hoof!

**Elfis:** I'd bite your hoof too if you carried me off in a sack! You're a talking reindeer in a pink poncho - I'd be scared for my life!

**Prancer:** Speak for yourself. You're an elf who wears rhinestone bellbottoms!

**Elfis:** Be quiet, you flying cow! {PRANCER gasps in shock at the remark.}

**Madeline:** {Waking suddenly.} Santa? {PRANCER and ELFIS hit the floor near the bed to hide.} Oh, my, it's Rudolph!

**Prancer:** {He rises slowly, his rage building.} Madam, I am not that aforementioned beast of burden you speak of. He shames us all with that obscene red nose of his.

**Madeline:** But you have a red nose!

**Prancer:** Only because it's cold outside!

**Elfis:** Prancer, please. Hello, Madeline.

**Madeline:** Mommy! Mommy! Get a camera, Elvis is alive!

**Prancer:** Oh, brother!

**Elfis:** Please, no mothers and no pictures...and thank you for the Elvis compliment.

**Prancer:** She's getting rowdy, hound-dog, should we use the bag? *{He eagerly prepares to "bag" Madeline.}*

**Elfis:** No, I don't think we need the bag for this one.

*{Lights fade as ELFIS picks up MADELINE to carry her away. Lights come up on Abigail's luxurious bedroom. ABIGAIL sits solemnly on her toy chest, reading two postcards from her parents.}*

**Abigail:** 'Christmas in Venice is *molto bene!* Wish you were here, love, Father.' 'Christmas in Aspen is *heavenly!* Wish you were here, love, Mother.' Why don't they ever wish they were *here* - home with me? But since they're not, I've had plenty of time to devote to Christmas shopping – for myself! *{Suddenly sad.}* My parents don't even miss me. So here I sit on Christmas Eve, wondering what stacks of toys Santa has in store for me... which reminds me – I need to make room in my closet for all the new toys I'll be getting!

*{She flings open the doors of the armoire and begins to fling toys and clothes about the room.}*

Hate it, hate it, used to like it, never liked it. Now to make room in my toy chest!

*{She tears into her toy chest, pulling out old dolls and stuffed animals, throwing them about.}*

All of these old toys are ready for the dumpster. I haven't played with some of these in years! I can't wait to see my new toys. Santa knows exactly what I want, too. I emailed him my list months ago. *{She sings.}*

## **“All I Want for Christmas Is...!”**

**Abigail:** While Mother skis in Aspen, I sit at home and cry.  
Thank God she left her check book to keep me occupied!  
It's nice that I have friends like Mastercard and Visa,  
While Father hangs a Christmas wreath on the Tower of Pisa!  
Some may say it's fickle to replace love with things –  
But those who usually say so don't have nice things like me.

**All I want for Christmas is...everything!  
Think of all the joys that Santa's gonna bring!  
All night long I'll sit here wishing and hoping  
For exactly what I want:**

*{As ABIGAIL begins to sing her list, certain toys mentioned in the song pop out of the armoire and dance with her. The toys that are used are marked with an asterisk \*}*

A talking doll\*, a babe that crawls, a pogo stick, a rope to skip  
A teddy bear\* with fuzzy hair, a brand new bike that's pink and white,  
A soldier man\*, a Chinese fan, a lovely dress, a bracelet,  
A pony\* that I'll learn to ride, a real fur muff to wear outside!

All I want for Christmas is...what I want!  
My list goes on and on, it's never gonna stop!  
I'll just ask for more and more until I drop!  
Santa are you listening?

A princess bride\*, a doll that cries, a golden crown, a glittering gown,  
A lion\* from an African plain, a long, long line of choo-choo trains,  
A cowboy thief\*, an Arabian sheik\*, a pair of skates, an oven that bakes,  
A carnival to call my own, a friend to call me on the phone.

All I want for Christmas is...what I see!  
In every storefront window there is more for me!  
I hope there is room under my Christmas tree  
For all my presents!

Big screen TVs, a sandy beach, a ferris wheel, a baby seal,  
A handsome prince\* who's tall and rich, a cook\* to make my favorite dish,  
A happy clown\*\*, my own small town, a great big yacht, is that a lot?  
A ballerina on her toes\*\*, an island where it never snows.

*{ELFIS and PRANCER emerge from the wardrobe with the rest of the toys dressed as a clown\*\* and ballerina\*\*, respectively. For the rest of the number they toss the sack back and forth while dancing with the other toys, trying to find the best moment to "bag" Abigail. }*

All I want for Christmas is...everything!  
Cover all my fingers up with silver rings!  
On my Christmas throne I'll sit here like a queen!  
What else is there? Ah!

A country please, the Florida Keyes, a racing car, the Eiffel Tower,  
A palace in the realm of Spain with all my butlers and my maids,  
A sleek jet plane, unending fame, the planet Mars and all the stars,  
The Tower of London should be mine, give me Big Ben to tell the time.  
Christmas comes but once a year.  
What a shame that is to hear!  
If Christmas could be bought and sold  
I'd trade it for a sea of gold!  
All I want for Christmas, all I want for Christmas,  
All I want for Christmas is...everything!

*{The toys begin to go back into the wardrobe, waving goodbye to Abigail as they go. ELFIS and PRANCER duck behind the armoire doors until the final toy disappears. They close the armoire doors and creep up behind Abigail, who gives a scream as they “bag” her. PRANCER smiles gleefully at the audience.}*

# **To Read The Rest, Please Purchase The Script**

