

Arthur's Christmas

by Marc Brown

Parts(10): Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Arthur D.W.
Grandma

Father Mother Buster Francine Santa



Narrator 1: Arthur's Christmas

Narrator 2: by Marc Brown

Narrator 1: Arthur and D.W. had been in the drugstore a long time looking for presents.

D.W.: For heaven sakes, this store is full of presents, just pick one and let's go!

Arthur: It has to be just right. I want Santa to like it.

D.W.: Well hurry up I want to see if Grandma is at our house and how many presents she bought me.

Narrator 2: At home D.W. added 10 more things she wanted to her Christmas list and copied it over in red pencil. Grandma's car pulled up in the driveway.

Arthur and D.W.: Yeah Grandma's here!

D.W.: Are there presents in there for me?

Arthur: Grandma, do you think Santa would like new mittens or gloves?

Grandma: What happened to Hello, I'm glad to see you?

Narrator 1: After dinner everyone relaxed.

D.W.: I can't wait for Christmas. Only 2 shopping days left.

Grandma: Arthur what's the matter? You seem sad.

Arthur: I haven't found the right gift for Santa.

Grandma: You are so silly Arthur. Santa doesn't need a gift.

Narrator 2: The next day Arthur, D.W., Francine, and Buster went shopping. Arthur searched the entire store and still couldn't find a present for Santa.

D.W.: What is the big problem, Arthur. I can see a hundred things I want.

Arthur: I can't find anything for Santa.

Buster: Let's go see Santa!

Francine: I love Santa.

Narrator 1: The children went to see Santa. Arthur sat on his lap first.

Santa: HO! HO! HO!

Arthur: What would you like for Christmas, Santa?

Santa: HO! HO! HO! You just leave the giving to me.

Narrator 2: Buster sat on Santa's lap next.

Santa: HO! HO! HO!

Buster: Santa, be careful when you come down my chimney. My parents always forget to put out the fire in the fireplace.

Santa: HO! HO! HO! I'll use the front door.

Narrator 1: Then it was Francine's turn with Santa.

Santa: HO! HO! HO! Have you been a good little girl?

Francine: Oh yes Santa I am always good!

Santa: Always?

Narrator 2: After seeing Santa, the kids went out for ice cream.

Arthur: I only have one more shopping day left before Christmas.

Francine: Look, Santa eats ice cream.

Santa: I'll have a banana split with six scoops of bubble gum ice cream.

D.W.: Wow with six scoops of bubble gum ice cream, hot fudge, whipped cream, and nuts.

Buster: Yum that sounds good.

Narrator 1: At home, Arthur asked his family for help.

Arthur: What should I get Santa?

Father: How about a nice colorful tie?

Mother: After-shave is always a good gift.

Grandma: I bet Santa could use some toasty-warm long johns.

D.W.: Arthur, you are taking this shopping too seriously. Just do what I do and get everyone the same thing.

Narrator 2: While everyone went caroling, Arthur went window-shopping hoping that he would get
an idea for Santa's present.

Narrator 1: Arthur saw Santa's everywhere. Santa was drinking a diet root beer at the car wash.

Narrator 2: Santa was eating subgum chow goo at a Chinese restaurant.

Narrator 1: Santa was also eating a fish sandwich at the deli.

Arthur: Santa sure eats a lot.

Narrator 2: Finally Arthur went home. He hadn't seen a single thing in any store window that
Santa would like.

Narrator 1: Then Arthur saw Santa on TV eating Papa's pickled peppers.

Arthur: That's it! I know what I will get Santa. I will make a list of what I need.

Narrator 2: Arthur counted his money.

Arthur: D.W.

D.W.: Okay, how much do you need, but I'll only help you if you stop being such a grouch.

Narrator 1: The next morning Arthur gave D.W. half his list. He took the other half and went
shopping.

Narrator 2: When Arthur got home he made Santa's present.

Father: What is all that noise?

D.W.: Arthur is making a mess.

Narrator 1: The kitchen door opened and Arthur sneezed.

Arthur: Mom, how many cups of pepper in pickled peppers?

Mother: Maybe I should help.

Arthur: No please I want to make Santa's present myself. How many sticks of gum in subgum chow goo?

D.W.: Poor Santa.

Narrator 2: Hours later, Arthur whistles while he set the table for Santa.

Father: What's that?

Arthur: Pickled peppers, a hot fudge sundae on bubble gum ice cream, and sub gum chow goo.
I sort of combined Santa's favorite foods.

Grandma: What's that big lumpy thing that's moving?

Arthur: A pizza to go with everything on it.

Mother: If you want Santa to come, you'd better go to bed.

D.W.: If we want Santa to come we'd better do something about that food.

Narrator 1: The family went to bed but D.W. couldn't sleep so she got up and tiptoed downstairs.

D.W.: I have to do something. Poor Arthur worked so hard, but if

Santa gets a whiff of

Arthur's present, he'll never set foot in the dining room or eat any of it.

Narrator 2: Careful to miss the squeaky step, D. W. tiptoed downstairs in the dark.

Narrator 1: The next morning Arthur was the first one up.

Arthur: Santa ate it all and he left a note!

(Narrators hold up the note together and read)

Narrator 1 & Narrator 2:

Dear Arthur,

You were so nice to take the time to find out my favorite foods and make them.

Thank you. You also taught me about the Christmas Spirit.

Love, Santa.

P. S. Aren't you lucky to have such a nice little sister?