

# CHRISTMAS SKITS FOR GIRLS

By Sheri Flannery-Verrilli

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## THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

by  
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**CHARACTERS:** LINDA, DONNA, TANYA, JILL, all teenage girls

**PROPS:** No props are necessary, however, if props are desired, they include: A donkey's head or ears, A cardboard box containing rabbit ears, and a cow's head, or horns, An audition flyer, A few chairs, or desks, to suggest a classroom.

**RUNNING TIME:** 10-12 minutes

**AT RISE:** *A group of girls angrily enter a classroom. DONNA is holding a box containing bunny ears, and the cow's head/horns, TANYA is carrying the donkey head/ears. LINDA is carrying an audition flyer. The girls are upset at the acting roles they have been assigned for their school's upcoming holiday production.*

LINDA: *(ripping up the flyer and tossing it aside)* I'm so mad, I could just scream!

DONNA: *(putting the box on the desk)* Me, too! I got the worse part in the school play!

TANYA: I don't know what you're complaining about. *(holding up the donkey head/ears)* Look at this stupid donkey head I have to wear! *(plopping it on a desk)* I'm an ass, for crying out loud!

LINDA: *(removes cow prop from the box and looks at them)* It's still not as bad as being a cow! Think about it. Cows have udders! *(shudders as SHE puts the prop back in the box)*

DONNA: It figures. I finally get the chance to cozy up to Ben Taylor, and... *(puts the bunny ears on her head, and raises her palms as if to say, "Why me?")* I'm dressed like a barnyard critter!

LINDA: *(explaining to TANYA)* Ben's playing the Innkeeper, you know.

TANYA: Really? Who got the part of the Innkeeper's wife?

DONNA: Who do you think? Jill Gleason! Teacher's pet!

LINDA: Figures! *(plopping into a seat)* She gets everything! I can't stand her.

DONNA: It's not fair! She's so stuck-up. And she hasn't even been in school all week.

TANYA: I know. Supposedly, she was sick. Watch - she'll probably have a zillion lines.

LINDA: Yeah. And I'll be lucky if I get to say "Moo."

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DONNA: At least you get to say *something*. Rabbits don't even talk.  
**(JILL enters, and DONNA quickly removes the bunny ears, putting them back in the box.)**

LINDA: Maybe not, but at least their noses are pink. Here comes "Little Miss Brown-Noser," now!

JILL: **(confidently)** Hey, girls. How's it going?

OTHER GIRLS: **(flat)** Hi, Jill.

LINDA: So, where are you off to? Publicity photos for the newspaper, I suppose.

JILL: No. I'm going to get fitted for my costume. Everybody has to go. Mrs. Chase told me that my gown is one of the prettiest in the whole show. I can't wait to see it.

DONNA: **(sarcastically, as SHE sits)** Me, neither. I'm sitting on pins and needles.

JILL: Did you hear Ben Taylor's playing my husband? He got the part of the Innkeeper.

TANYA: **(flat)** Did he? **(folding her arms defiantly)** How nice.

JILL: He's being fitted for his costume, as we speak. I just love Ben. He's so much fun!

LINDA: So, Jill - how come we all went to auditions last week, but didn't see you there?

JILL: It's because I had the flu. I wasn't able to make it. The doctor said I was contagious.

DONNA: Did you audition for Mrs. Chase, at all?

JILL: No. She said I really didn't have to.

TANYA: What? You didn't have to recite a dramatic monologue?

JILL: No. But I wanted to. I had a great monologue all prepared.

DONNA: You didn't have to stand in the middle of the stage, and sing that awful song, all by yourself?

JILL: No, thank goodness. **(touches her hand to her throat)** My throat was so sore. I would have sounded awful.

TANYA: **(snidely)** Tell me about it.

JILL: But, I'm not all that upset.

LINDA: Upset? Why should *you* be upset? You're not playing a dumb cow!

DONNA: Or standing on stage, wearing ridiculous bunny ears, doing nothing.

TANYA: You're wearing a beautiful gown. . . not the head of an ass.

JILL: My costume may be nice, but it's not the part I wanted.

LINDA: **(holding a hand up, as if to stop her)** Oh, give me a break! You're playing the Innkeeper's wife, opposite Ben Taylor!

DONNA: And the Innkeeper and his wife are the stars of the show, are they not?

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JILL: Did you even talk to Mrs. Chase about this play?

TANYA: What's there to talk about? The audition notice said it was a full-length musical, and the title was. . . **(deliberately, with both hands, as if spreading a banner across the air)** "They Spoke at Midnight."

DONNA: The cast consisted of five animals and five people, and we all wanted speaking roles.

LINDA: So, we tried out for a "human" part, and three days later, Mrs. Chase assigns us our roles. **(disgusted)** Animal roles.

DONNA: **(rising from her chair)** What difference does it make anyway? We all knew who would get the lead.

TANYA: You know what? This play's gonna stink, and I don't really care.

LINDA: Me, neither. In fact, I'm thinking of quitting. **(rising from her chair)**

DONNA: Me, too. Who needs to be humiliated in front of their parents and all of their friends?

JILL: I really think you girls should reconsider.

TANYA: **(verbally attacking JILL)** Why? Can't you see that we're disappointed? After all, we paid our dues. We all went through that whole embarrassing audition process. . .

DONNA: **(joining in the attack)** Yeah. We performed our little hearts out and waited three whole days only to get these cruddy parts.

LINDA: **(pointing a finger in JILL's face)** But you, Miss Teacher's Pet, are out sick all week, yet, somehow, you wind up with a terrific part!

JILL: **(defensive)** You're not being fair! It wasn't my fault that I was sick! I wanted to go to auditions, but by the time I came back to school, Mrs. Chase said auditions were over, and I'd have to settle for whatever part was left.

TANYA: Oh, and that part just happened to be the Innkeeper's wife, huh? Stop it. You're breaking my heart.

JILL: **(with a sudden, nasty change in attitude)** Listen. If I *had* gone to auditions, you girls wouldn't have stood a chance! But I didn't, and now, I don't get to sing, I don't get to act. And I only have four crummy lines to utter.

LINDA: What? That's impossible. You're playing the Innkeeper's wife!

JILL: Yes, but if you took the time to read the play, dearie, maybe you wouldn't be acting so smug. For your information, this musical just happens to be based on an old legend.

TANYA: Big deal! Who cares?

JILL: If you'd shut up and listen, Tanya, *you* might care. **(SHE continues)** The legend says that every Christmas Eve, at the stroke of midnight, animals acquire the ability to speak.

LINDA: **(remembering)** Hey, I had a book like that when I was little. It was called "The Night the Animals Talked."

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JILL: Then if you remember the story, hotshot, you'll realize the only way I'll ever get a good part, is if one of you stinkin' animals quit! (**folds her arms, takes a stance and icily dares them**) So, go ahead! Do it! (**smiles wickedly**) I'll be waiting! (**turns abruptly, and haughtily exits.**)

(**Everyone watches as SHE leaves. They are silent, until JILL is out of sight. A beat, and then TANYA speaks. SHE is angry at first, not quite understanding her new situation.**)

TANYA: What does she mean. . . stinkin' animals??? (**thinks for a moment, then realizes. . .**) Animals? Hey, wait a moment. I'm the donkey. I'm the donkey!! And the animals talk! Oh, my gosh! I've got a lead! (**excitedly, SHE tries the donkey head on.**)

DONNA: Actually, if we're all animals in this show, it means we all have leading roles!

LINDA: Donna's right. I still have the book somewhere, and I remember the people were barely in the story. The real action began after the humans went to bed.

TANYA: Maybe we should find Mrs. Chase, and ask her if we can read the whole script.

DONNA: And then we'd better go and get fitted for our costumes. Ooh, just think! (**takes the bunny ears out of the box and happily puts them on her head, striking a cute pose**) I'm gonna be dressed in a cute, little bunny outfit, standing right next to Ben Taylor.

LINDA: (**putting on the cow head/horns proudly**) And I'm going to be the cow. (**recalling the story. . .**) Whoa! In the book, the cow had a really big part!

TANYA: This is so exciting! (**a pause, and, then, with a serious expression. . .**) But, wait a minute. I'm thinking that maybe we owe Jill an apology.

LINDA: Duh. You're kidding, aren't you?

DONNA: No, Tanya's right. After all, Jill has such a small part.

LINDA: (**smiling**) Yeah. A *real* little part.

TANYA: A real *nothing* part. (**they all snicker**) Eh, what's the hurry? We'll apologize later.

DONNA: Way later.

LINDA: Next year, maybe. Now, come on. . . let's go get fitted for our costumes!

DONNA: Wow! This is going to be the best musical ever!

TANYA: You said it! (**strikes a dramatic pose**) I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille!

***(TANYA holds the pose for a moment, while they all stare at her in her donkey head. Then TANYA breaks the pose, and they all start laughing, as they exit, happily wearing their costume parts.)***

**END OF PLAY**

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## A PRESENT FOR MOM

by  
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**CHARACTERS:** BETH and CLAIRE, two teenage sisters

**PROPS:** No props are necessary; however, if props are desired, they include: A small gift box, Scissors and wrapping paper, A tape dispenser, Another gift box containing a perfume spray bottle, tied with a cord, with a few charms hanging from it, and a shopping bag.

**RUNNING TIME:** About 10 minutes

**AT RISE:** *BETH is sitting on the floor of her room, Center Stage, wrapping a small gift. After a moment, her sister, CLAIRE, enters, with a shopping bag on her arm.*

BETH: Claire! You're home! Have you been at the mall all day?

CLAIRE: Yes, but I'm finally finished shopping. I spent a little more than I planned, but I know Mom will just love this present I got her. **(plops her bag down on the floor)**

BETH: I spent a little extra on Mom, too, this year, but I figure she's worth it.

CLAIRE: She sure is. She does so much for us all year round, and she never complains.

BETH: Driving us to all our cheerleading practices, our soccer games, our friends' houses. . .

CLAIRE: Right. Mom deserves a nice gift. That's why I got her something personal, instead of another stupid gadget for the house.

BETH: Ugh, speaking of gadgets. . . guess what Doug bought Mom? A "Scooty-Doo" waffle maker!

CLAIRE: That's because he really wanted it for himself. Our brother's life revolves around food.

BETH: Not mine. I got Mom something really cool this year!

CLAIRE: Me, too. The stores just started carrying it this month!

BETH: It was advertised in all of the fashion magazines.

CLAIRE: The container, alone, was so unique, that I fell in love with it.

BETH: Me, too. Wait until you see this gorgeous glass bottle!

CLAIRE: And it has all these cute little charms hanging from it.

BETH: Wait a minute. The perfume I bought Mom had charms dangling from its bottle.

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CLAIRE: **(pulls a small box out of shopping bag)** It's the very latest fragrance. . . "Eau de Ooh".

BETH: **(looks at her wrapped gift)** Oh, no! I got Mom a bottle of "Eau de Ooh", too.

CLAIRE: **(angry)** Beth! You should have told me you were going to get her that!

BETH: **(angry, too)** What? *You* should have told me!

CLAIRE: Great. Now what are we going to do? We can't both give Mom the same gift!

BETH: You're absolutely right. You should take yours back to the store.

CLAIRE: No way! Why don't you return your perfume to the store?

BETH: Because I just finished wrapping mine. See? **(holds up the box)**

CLAIRE: So what? I can use that paper to wrap mine. It's the same size.

BETH: Don't be ridiculous, Claire! My gift is already wrapped. I'm not taking it back.

CLAIRE: Yeah? Well, I'm not returning mine either.

BETH: Then what are we going to do? We can't give Mom two bottles of the same perfume.

CLAIRE: Darn! And here I thought I found the perfect gift.

BETH: Me, too. This really stinks!

CLAIRE: I'll bet the perfume smells incredible.

BETH: You mean you never actually smelled it?

CLAIRE: No. I wanted to, but the tester bottle at the perfume counter was empty.

BETH: The store I went to didn't even have a tester.

CLAIRE: Gee, I wonder what it smells like.

BETH: I don't know, but every ad I've seen so far has a famous celebrity using it.

CLAIRE: It must be fabulous!

BETH: Do you think we could open the bottle, and, at least, try it out?

CLAIRE: Maybe - if we're careful. **(From her shopping bag, CLAIRE takes out the box, opens it, and removes the bottle. SHE takes off the top and smells it)** Whew! It's a little strong.

BETH: You don't smell perfume that way, silly. You have to dab some on the inside of your wrist. Then you wave your wrist around for five seconds, before you smell it.

CLAIRE: Oh. Okay. **(dabs her wrist, then waves it.)** 1001. . . 1002. . . 1003. . . 1004. . . 1005.

BETH: Now, let's smell it.

**(Together they smell it, and instantly take a step back. They exchange horrible faces.)**

BOTH: Whoa!!!!

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CLAIRE: Oh, my gosh! It smells awful, Beth. Worse than awful.

BETH: This stuff shouldn't be called "Eau de Ooh". It should be called, "Eau de Pee-yew".

CLAIRE: It's like that stinky perfume Aunt Mabel wears. Every time she visits, we have to open up the windows, to air the place out. I swear – that old lady takes a bath in the stuff.

BETH: You know what? I changed my mind. You can give the perfume to Mom.

CLAIRE: No way. You give it to her. Mine's going back to the mall, first thing in the morning.

BETH: Mine, too. **(A beat. Then, sadly. . .)** Bummer. Now we don't have anything for Mom.

CLAIRE: **(pause)** Hey, I've got an idea. Why don't we combine our money?

BETH: Yeah. Then we can buy Mom something really nice. . . like a. . .

CLAIRE: A smoothie machine!

BETH: Ooh! I heard those new smoothie machines make great milkshakes.

CLAIRE: Maybe if we ask Doug, he'll drive us to the mall, right now.

BETH: Are you kidding? He'll do anything if he knows that food is involved!

CLAIRE: Yum! I can taste it now. . . milkshakes and Scooty-Doo waffles!

BETH: Yeah, but it's not really a personal gift for Mom, anymore.

CLAIRE: It will be if we make the breakfast ourselves on Christmas morning. Then we can serve it to Mom, in bed, on a pretty tray.

BETH: You know what, Claire? **(puts an arm around CLAIRE)** Not only are you a good daughter -you're a really clever sister! Now, come on. . . let's go find Doug! Doug just loves smoothies!

***(They laugh, as they pick up their shopping bags, gifts, and wrapping paper and exit together.)***

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