

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

Santa: H0! H0! H0!

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

Santa: H0! H0! H0! I'll use the front door.

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

Santa: H0! H0! H0! 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.

Narrator1: 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?

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