

Angel's Poinsettia

A child fairy, Angel learns a valuable lesson about caring for the sick when she runs away from home. Angel ventures into the human world, only her magic goes askew and she finds herself a poinsettia plant that no one loves. A homeless woman rescues Angel from a garbage bin and nurses her back to health. Angel returns home with a greater appreciation for caring and nurturing others. This skit will take approximately five minutes to perform.

Props

Go with just a minimal set and leave the rest to the audience's imagination. Alternatively, use a curtain screen in the background and project photos that represent each scene. Angel can either don a costume or perform lines offstage while a real poinsettia is used.

- Poinsettia or poinsettia costume for Angel
- Fairy costume for Angel with wings (optional)
- Shopping bags for Maggie
- Coffee cups
- Basketball
- Spotlight or flashlight
- Water can
- Poinsettia, scraggly nearly dead for end of skit
- Trash can
- Cardboard boxes
- Small table and chairs, for use in the coffee shop and at Angel's home



Cast of Characters

- Storyteller - Narrates the story
- Angel - Young fairy child
- Mom - Mom to Angel
- Maggie - Human who buys Angel as a poinsettia
- Santa - Fake Santa
- Stella - Maggie's friend
- Cab Driver - Drives cab where Angel is left as the poinsettia
- Teenage Boy - Gets Angel the poinsettia from Cab Driver
- Dog - Chews on Angel the poinsettia
- Old Man - Throws Angel the poinsettia away
- Homeless Woman - Revives Angel the poinsettia
- Grandma - Gives Angel poinsettia after Angel returns to fairy state

Script

Storyteller: Once upon a fairy forest there lived a young fairy named Angel. She was the prettiest fairy in all the forest and everyone loved her fun spirit but Angel only thought of herself and what she wanted.

Mom: Grandma isn't feeling well. She's been sick for a week, so we're spending the week before Christmas with her. I think a little TLC will help her get well quicker.

Angel: I don't want to visit someone sick. It's no fun!

Storyteller: So Angel decided she would run away to the human world and spend the week before Christmas with humans. So late that night while her mom and grandma were asleep, Angel decided to test out the human world for a few hours and if she liked it, she'd stay longer. So, she dusted herself with fairy dust and entered the human world, only to her surprise she was no longer a fairy.

Angel: What is this?

Storyteller: Instead of arms and legs and wings, Angel had red and green leaves.

Angel: How can this be? I'm a poinsettia!

Storyteller: And so Angel was stuck because everyone knows that fairy dust small wishes last for at least 8 hours, sometimes a little longer.

Angel: Where am I? There are so many plants and flowers. Oh, I must be in a flower shop.

Storyteller: It didn't even take an hour before a customer named Maggie bought the poinsettia and Angel found herself being carried down the busy city street.

Angel: I had no idea that humans were so noisy. Look at how they go about their business hardly noticing each other. They aren't at all friendly like the fairies. Oh, there's Santa on the corner ringing a bell. He'll help me get back to fairyland.

Santa: Ho! Ho! Mighty pretty poinsettia you've go there Miss.

Angel: No! Santa, it's me Angel, don't you recognize me?

Storyteller: Angel found herself in a coffee shop where Maggie set her down at a table with another woman.

Maggie: I know it's Christmas, Stella, but I feel so sad this year.

Stella: I'm sure this beautiful poinsettia will cheer up your mother during her stay at the hospital.

Storyteller: Angel became upset. This was not what she'd planned.

Angel: Oh, no! I'm going to be around sick people all Christmas. This is a disaster! I came here to get away from sick people!

Storyteller: Maggie soon left the coffee shop and got into a cab, but when she stepped out, clutching her shopping bags to her, she completely forgot about the poinsettia, slammed the cab door shut and the cab sped away.

Angel: Help! Save me!

Storyteller: The cab driver careened around a corner and poor angel toppled over, breaking off one of her leaves.

Angel: Ouch!

Storyteller: Suddenly, the cab came to an abrupt stop, the door opened, and a teenage boy jumped inside. The cab driver took the boy to his designation. Just as the kid was getting out of the car, he noticed the poinsettia.

Teenage Boy: Hey, this poinsettia in your back seat has a broken leaf.

Cab Driver: Take it with you, kid, give it to your mother before it gets destroyed.

Angel: Destroyed!

Storyteller: Angel found herself being dragged from the cab and unceremoniously carried down the busy street.

Teenage Boy: (To unseen other kids) Hey, wanna play a quick game? (Basketball is bounced from off stage onto stage and teenage boy grabs it.)

Storyteller: The young man set Angel on the sidewalk while he ran to join his friends on the basketball court. Angel sat waiting for the boy to finish the game, but to her surprise, he completely forgot about her and after the game he and his friends walked away in the opposite direction.

Angel: Help! Someone help me. I'm all alone and no one notices me.

Storyteller: Angel had never felt sadness or loneliness before.

Angel: I don't like being sad or alone. It's no fun!

Storyteller: A large dog came trotting by.

Dog: Woof! Woof!

Storyteller: The dog bit at Angel, pulling off several of her beautiful red leaves.

Angel: Oww! That hurt, get away from me.

Storyteller: An old man walked past Angel and stooped over to pick her up.

Old Man: You're a sad looking plant.

Storyteller: Hope kindled in Angel's heart but it was short-lived when the old man tossed her into the trash bin.

Angel: Eww! It stinks in here. Help! Oh please, someone notice that I'm here and that I was once a beautiful plant. I can be once more if someone will just find me and nurse me back to health. Please.

Storyteller: There was a sound outside and the lid to the bin opened. A dirty-faced woman with scraggly hair spied Angel.

Homeless Woman: Oh my, what have we here? Look at you. Poor thing. How could anyone just toss you into the trash? I'll help you.

Angel: Thank you. I never cry, but I don't seem to be able to stop.

Storyteller: The woman took Angel to a strange home made out of several boxes, but she had water for Angel and set her on a box where the sunlight bathed her and Angel began to feel like her old self.

Homeless Woman: You are such a beautiful plant.

Storyteller: Angel felt new leaves bursting from the places where the other leaves had been broken off.

Homeless Woman: See there, all you needed was a little love and caring.

Angel: You are such a kind woman and have a very big heart. I never knew how important it was to let people know they are cherished.

Storyteller: And so it was that Angel found herself back at her Grandmother's house in fairyland and the sun was just beginning to shine over the horizon.

Angel: Oh look. I have arms and leg and wings again! Mom! Grandma!

Storyteller: Angel sprang from her bed and rushed downstairs where her mom and Grandma were sitting over morning coffee.

Grandma: There's my Christmas Angel.

Storyteller: Angel hugged her Grandmother and her mom, but her eye quickly caught the neglected poinsettia in the corner. She rushed over to the plant.

Angel: I'll take care of you. Can I Grandma?

Grandma: That would be wonderful. I completely forgot about that plant while I was so sick. Perhaps you can take care of her while I'm on the mend. In fact, you can have it and take it home if you like.

Angel: I know just what to do.

Storyteller: And so Angel set about watering and trimming the dead leaves from the plant, knowing that the poinsettia just needed someone to notice it and care for it. And, soon the plant began to grow and became the most beautiful poinsettia in all of fairyland.