

# Timmy's Christmas List

By Ethan Kapoor

[The scene opens with a cozy living room adorned with twinkling Christmas lights and colorful decorations. A young child, let's call him Timmy, sits cross-legged on the floor, eagerly awaiting Santa's arrival. His eyes sparkle with excitement as he addresses the audience.]

Timmy: [Excitedly waving his hands] Oh, I've been practicing my Christmas list for months, folks! You know, it's not just about making a list; it's an art form, a strategic masterpiece!

[He dramatically paces back and forth, his imagination running wild.]

Timmy: Picture this: I stroll into the living room, confidence oozing from every pore. Mom's sipping hot cocoa, Dad's untangling lights, and there I am, ready to negotiate like a seasoned diplomat.

[He pauses, grinning mischievously.]

Timmy: But first, I gotta butter 'em up, you know? "Mom, Dad, you're looking exceptionally parental today. Is that a new apron, Mom? It brings out the twinkle in your eye!"

[He chuckles, mimicking his attempts at flattery.]

Timmy: Once I've laid the groundwork, it's time for the big reveal. I whip out my meticulously crafted list, complete with circles, stars, and a few strategically placed doodles for extra charm.

[He holds up an imaginary list, his eyes wide with anticipation.]

Timmy: "Behold! The key to my happiness, the blueprint of joy, the sacred parchment of desires!" And then, with the grace of a seasoned performer, I begin my monologue.

[He adopts a theatrical voice, gesturing dramatically.]

Timmy: "Oh, Santa, dear Santa, if you could only see the purity of my heart, the sincerity of my wishes! I beseech thee, deliver unto me the treasures of my dreams!"

[He pauses, then bursts into laughter.]

Timmy: Of course, that's just the warm-up. The real magic happens when I unleash my strategic reasoning. "Now, Dad, remember how I helped shovel the driveway? And Mom, those dishes I washed without complaining? Surely such noble deeds warrant a shiny reward, no?"

[He winks at the audience, clearly proud of his cunning tactics.]

Timmy: But sometimes, just sometimes, my brilliant negotiation skills hit a snag. Like the year I asked for a pony and got a plastic one instead. I mean, sure, it was anatomically correct and neighed on command, but it didn't quite have the same majestic charm, you know?

[He shrugs, laughing at the memory.]

Timmy: But hey, that's the thrill of the Christmas game, isn't it? The anticipation, the negotiation, and the occasional curveball from Santa himself. And even if I don't get everything on my list, I know that the real magic of Christmas isn't found in presents but in the joy of spending time with loved ones.

[He smiles warmly, his eyes twinkling with genuine happiness.]

Timmy: So, here's to another year of holiday hijinks, strategic negotiations, and, most importantly, spreading cheer to all, whether you're naughty or nice. Merry Christmas, everyone!