

SCRIPT SAMPLE



By Paul Nolan

Can't decide between a nativity or pantomime? Our brand new play provides the perfect balance. This parody of the Christmas story is fantastically funny one minute, and powerfully poignant the next. Your audience and performers will be entertained, and reminded of the true meaning of Christmas, as they follow the tribulations of a modern day Mary. The play is simple to perform, ideally suited to KS 2 upwards. Songs are included (vocal tracks, backing tracks, score and lyrics) and there is scope to include other favourite Christmas songs of your own. You could even insert a "Karaoke Competition" into the "Pub" scene. The play also works very well without using any songs at all. Duration 35-40 min upwards, depending on how many songs you decide to include.

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Character List

Main parts: Mary Baker, Joseph, Taxi Driver, Receptionists 1 and 2.

Large parts: Dr. Gabriel, Bobby, Billie, Mr. Baker, Angel, Celeste, Mr. Herod, Reporters 1 and 2, Landlady (Innkeeper), Customers 1 and 2, Jo King, Beau King, Mo King, Hospital Receptionists 1 and 2, Priest/Vicar

Other parts: Carol singers 1-5, plus Other (non-speaking) carol singers
Choir singers (as many as you like) , Doctors' surgery extras, Pub extras, Hospital extras, Sheep (optional). We recommend that all other children will sit on benches near the stage to boost the singing.

Props

Scene 1: Telephone, wings, teacups, baby doll, basket, blanket, glass of water, Mary's handbag, Joseph's wallet, Celeste's handbag, 8 chairs, 2 tables.

Scene 2: Mary's mobile phone, random household objects, ladle, slow cooker pot, three dinner plates, forks, Joseph's wallet with coins, Mr. Baker's mobile phone, collection tins for carol singers, monopoly £ note, 8 chairs, 1 table.

Scene 3 Pint glasses, beer mats, bar towel, Mary's purse, Mary's handbag, two glasses of hot chocolate, 9 chairs, 2 tables.

Scene 4: Mr. Baker's mobile phone, 9 chairs, 2 tables.

Scene 5: Mary's purse, pot pourri, ointment jar, 3 chairs.

SCENE 1: The Doctors' Surgery

On stage, the two receptionists are sat talking behind their desk. To their side, two patients are seated, with a chair between them. Opposite them, is Doctor Gabriel, sat at his desk.

Mary walks onto stage and approaches the receptionists. They see her but continue their conversation. The telephone rings, but the two women continue to chatter before Receptionist 1 finally answers).

Receptionist 1: New Hope Surgery: name please. Oh, Mrs. Andrews – it's you...again (*looks at Receptionist 1 and rolls her eyes, Receptionist 2 shakes her head*). What can we do for you this time? (*lifts the receiver away from ear and resumes conversation with receptionist 1, before she eventually puts the earpiece back to her ear*). Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that. I'll book you in with Dr. Payne for your usual time. Merry Christmas to you from all at No Hope, I mean New Hope!

(Mary looks shocked by the receptionist's comment. Mary clears her throat to capture their attention).

Receptionist 2: (*looks up at Mary*) That's a nasty cough you have dear, you should see a doctor about that. (*The two receptionists laugh at the joke and look at each other*).

Mary: I do have an appointment with the Doctor.

Receptionist 2: (*disinterested*) Name?

Mary: Mary – Mary Baker.

Receptionist 1: (*looking at her clipboard*) Yes- here you are. The doctor will see you in a minute.

Mary: Which Doctor?

Receptionist 1: No ...he's a normal doctor. The Witch Doctor is on holiday.

Mary: No - you misunderstand. What is the name of my Doctor?

Receptionist 2: Oh, I see. Doctor Gabriel - he's heavenly.

Receptionist 1: (*swoning*) You'll like him -he's angelic.

Receptionist 2: Now take a seat over there deary (*pointing at the spare seat between the other two patients*) - the doctor will call for you soon. (*Mary looks over at the seat and then back to the receptionists*).

Mary: Thank you – I think. (*Mary walks over to the seat where the women are chatting. Briefly, they stop talking to look at her, before resuming their conversation*).

Celeste: (*leaning over to Angel – ignoring Mary*) What is it you're in for this time?

Angel: (*leaning over to talk to Celeste – ignoring Mary*) Excessive body odour. I've tried everything, but I just can't stop sweating. I'm like a leaky tap, dripping all day. Here - have a whiff. (*Angel leans over Mary, thrusting her armpit in her face. Mary's face contorts. She shuffles and backs her seat away a little, holding her hands to her face*).

Celeste: (*face contorting*) You're not joking. That smell is more nausea than Nivea!

Angel: What about you then? What's your trouble?

Celeste: Can you not tell?

Angel: No – I don't think so.

Celeste: Excessive flatulence. I just can't stop trumping. Loud ones, quiet ones, incredibly smelly ones. It's awful! (*Mary's face contorts again, and she backs her seat further away*)

Angel: (*waving her hand to her nose*) That's you is it? I thought it was the drains.

Celeste: No, it's me I'm afraid (*looking concerned, and face wobbling*) and it's going to be me again. Brace yourself!

Angel: Blimey Celeste, you need to get yourself sorted.

Celeste: You're a fine one to talk.

Angel: (*taking a bottle of perfume out of her handbag and handing it to Celeste*) Here – try this. Divine – from Versace - £5 a millilitre.

Celeste: Thanks. Better than the pong of Brussels sprouts. (*Sprays herself with the perfume bottle and then pretends to walk on a catwalk, twirling her handbag. Mary and Angel look on, laughing, the two receptionists are oblivious*).

Receptionist 2: Miss. Baker – Dr Gabriel will see you now. Go to the White door.

(*Mary stands up to leave, looking at both Celeste and Angel*).

Mary: Goodbye to you both. I hope the Doctor helps you!

Angel: Thank you deary. And the best of luck to you. You'll be needing it!

Mary: (*confused*) What do you mean?

Celeste: Ignore her – she doesn't know what she's talking about. Good-bye lovey, God bless you.

Mary: (*walking away, looking bewildered and waving to them*) Goodbye – it's been memorable. And Happy Christmas!

Angel/Celeste: (*both waving back to her*) Happy Christmas! (*Mary walks off towards the Doctor's room, knocks, and waits outside*).

Angel: Sweet girl.

Celeste: Right, must fly. Things to do, people to see.

Angel: Me too, I'm off out. Lovely day today, very cloudy!

(*Angel and Celeste get up to leave, put on their winged coats, and leave the stage*).

Receptionist 1: Cup of tea, Margaret?

Receptionist 2: Why not. I'll help you. (*The two receptionists turn their backs to the audience*) (*Mary knocks again on the door*).

Dr. Gabriel: Come in!

(Mary walks into the room, and stands opposite the Doctor and Joseph. The priest walks onto the stage, looking around, and then silently places the baby on Mary's seat. Once off the stage, the receptionists turn back to face the audience).

Mary: Hello.

Dr. Gabriel: Halo, I mean, hello! *(Mary and Doctor Gabriel shake hands)*

Mary: Your hands are so cold.

Doctor Gabriel: Why – thank you! It's very cold up there, I mean, out there, today. Please take a seat; it's as comfy as a cloud.

Mary: Thank you. *(Mary sits down opposite Doctor Gabriel and Joseph).*

Doctor Gabriel: Let me introduce you to our young student doctor, Joseph. He's going to sit in with us, if you don't mind, that is?

Mary: *(flustered and flicking back her hair)* I don't mind, I don't mind at all.

Joseph: Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you!

Mary: You too.

Doctor Gabriel: It's very important for me to have another opinion you see. Joseph is very good – he brings me down to earth you know, keeps my feet firmly grounded.

Mary: I see – I think.

Doctor Gabriel: You may be wondering why I asked you in on Christmas Eve.

Mary: Yes – I was rather.

Doctor Gabriel: Well, I have some news for you, a message even. It may come as a bit of a shock. You're going to be a mother.

(Mary is completely overwhelmed and falls from her chair. Joseph runs to her side, to help her back into her chair, and remains, behind her)

Mary: *(still completely shocked, and fanning herself)* Oh my, for a minute I thought you said that I was going to have a baby?

Doctor Gabriel: No – you're not going to have a baby, but you are going to become a mother, and an excellent one at that, I think. *(The Doctor hands Mary a glass of water, which trembles briefly in her hand, before she steadies herself, and drinks it).*

Mary: *(still shocked)* But, there must be some mistake. Perhaps you have my records mixed up with another.

Doctor Gabriel: You're Mary Baker, are you not?

Mary: I am.

Doctor Gabriel: Then you're going to be a mother. I have it, on the highest authority *(looking up)*.

Mary: But, but... I don't understand. It's impossible.

Doctor Gabriel: It's a miracle, yes. Christmas is the time for miracles.

Mary: Christmas? You mean I'm going to become a mother in the next twelve days?

Doctor Gabriel: No – that would be silly; you're going to become a mother in the next twelve minutes!

Mary: Oh my! *(Mary falls back and Joseph catches her).*

Doctor Gabriel: Now, I must fly. Other people to see. Other messages to deliver. Joseph will still be here, if you have any questions. Have yourself a Merry Christmas. *(Doctor Gabriel walks off the stage).*

Joseph: Come now Mary, you need to be off home to rest, while you still can.

(Joseph helps a shell-shocked Mary to her feet. Mary staggers back to reception. Joseph remains in the office, looking at paperwork, etc...).

Receptionist 1: Back so soon my dear?

Receptionist 2: What did you make of Doctor Gabriel? Quite divine, isn't he? Really down to earth – wouldn't you say? I need to go out and buy his Christmas Present.

Receptionist 1: Don't waste your time. He's not interested. You're on a wing and a prayer with that one.

Receptionist 2: He's got a sweet tooth; I'll buy him some cake. He's often eating that cake with the pink, white and yellow layers. I've forgotten what it's called. *(Mary coughs again to catch their attention).*

Receptionist 1: Still got that cough deary? What a shame, being ill at Christmas.

Mary: I'm going home now - goodbye! (*Mary goes to leave the doctors' surgery*).

Receptionist 2: Aren't you forgetting something dear? (*Mary turns round, and faces the receptionist*).

Receptionist 1: (*sweetly*) Oh, nothing important (*angrily*) just your BABY!

Mary: (*really upset*) What are you on about? I didn't bring a baby in here.

Receptionist 2: (*pointing*) What's that over there then? On the seat, you were sat on.

Mary: (*angry*) I think that I would remember bringing in a baby!

Receptionist 1: Oh, poor love. Not getting much sleep are you?

Receptionist 2: Staying up all night, bringing up his wind are you? Takes me back!

Mary: (*still angry and upset*) That baby has absolutely nothing to do with me! I've never seen him before. He must belong to one of those women I was sat with.

Receptionist 1: What women? You were sat by yourself.

Mary: (*astonished*) But, but...they were here earlier, Celeste and Angel. One smelt of Brussel sprouts, (*sniffing*), you can still smell her.

Receptionist 2: That smell is coming from your baby! (*The receptionists walk over to Mary.*

Receptionist 2 picks up the baby).

Mary: (*angrier still*) Won't you listen, he's not mine! (*Receptionist 2 examines the label on the baby's clothing*).

Receptionist 2: You're Mary Baker, are you not?

Mary: (*sniffing*) Yes!

Receptionist 2: Then he's definitely yours. His name is Ted.

Receptionist 1: Ah. Such a good mum, he's only a few days old and you've already sewn his name into his clothes.

Receptionist 2: He's such a good boy; we haven't heard a squeak from him at all! (*Mary sits and cries*).

Mary: But, but, it's impossible. I don't even remember having a baby!

Receptionist 1: Crying all the time....

Receptionist 2: ... Angry with everyone....

Receptionist 1:...Forgetting what you've done....

Receptionist 2:...And looking ten years older than you really are.

Receptionists: You're definitely a new mother.

Receptionist 1: Don't worry, the first twenty years are the worst.

(*Mary cries even more, Receptionist 1 wraps her arm about Mary*).

Receptionist 2: Don't you worry deary, he'll leave home in thirty years. You'll get your life back then!

(*Mary continues to cry, louder this time. Receptionist 2 puts the baby in the basket*).

(*Joseph leaves his office and walks into reception*).

Joseph: What on earth is going on here? What's the commotion?

Receptionist 1: (*Pointing at Mary*) That's what the commotion is, Doctor Carpenter.

Receptionist 2: Let's go Barbara, we should just catch the shops (*tapping her nose*).

Receptionist 1: Oh, yes, of course. I'm coming.

(*The two receptionists wave goodbye to Mary and Joseph, and walk off the stage*).

Joseph: Whatever is the matter Mary?

Mary: (*distressed and pointing to the baby*) The baby, they said that it is mine, but I can't remember ever having a baby. (*Joseph hands her a tissue, which she takes*).

Joseph: I see... Well, you do remember what Doctor Gabriel said, don't you? This baby is now yours.

(*Mary puts her head in her hands, shuffles over to the baby and slowly picks him up to cradle him*).

Joseph: That's it: you're a natural. He hasn't made a sound. You're a great mum.

Mary: (*composed*) You really think so?

Joseph: I know so.

Mary: But I live on a farm with my father, and brothers. What are they going to say?

Joseph: I'm sure that they'll welcome you with open arms.

Mary: You have obviously never met them.

Joseph: Come on, I'll take you home. We've missed the last bus so I'll call for a taxi.

(Joseph picks up a taxi card from reception and hands it to Mary who looks it over).

Mary: Donkey Cabs? We'll get you from A to Bray – eventually. I'm not sure I like the sound of them.

Joseph: Donkey Cabs are all I can afford. I leave you a minute to *mule* it over.

Mary: Really Joseph, now isn't the time for jokes.

Joseph: Sorry Mary, it's in the script.

Mary: Ok, let's go, I'll call them once outside. *(Mary sets off to leave and Joseph picks up the baby).*

Joseph: Don't forget the baby! *(Mary turns back to Joseph. Joseph hands her the baby).*

Mary: This is going to take some getting used to. *(Mary and Joseph exit the stage).*

Two of the patients' seats moved to the office, to make the 'taxi'. Another seat moved to the receptionists' desk to make the dinner table. Dr. Gabriel's desk can be removed from stage.

SCENE 2: Mary's house

Mary, Joseph and the baby are sat in the back of a taxi. The driver is sat in front. They are sat without speaking. Mary and Joseph are playing with the baby. They find items in the back of the car that hint on the taxi driver living in the car such as a toothbrush, flannel, socks etc...

On the opposite side of the stage, Mr Baker, and his two sons are sat on stage, around the table previously used as the receptionists' desk.

Billy: What's for dinner dad, not Mutton again is it?

Mr. Baker: Curry.

Bobby: What type of curry dad?

Mr. Baker: A spicy one.

Bobby: That's not what I meant.

Mr. Baker: Sorry, it's a madras.

Billy: *(frustrated)* What type of madras Father?

Mr. Baker: The type served with rice.

Bobby: It's mutton madras, isn't it dad?

Mr. Baker: How did you guess?

Bobby: Should never have bought Mary that mutton cookbook. I'm surprised we have any sheep left.

Billy: Hope that Mary is home in time to wash the dishes.

Bobby: She's been shopping for ages.

Billy: You know what she's like. Spends hours walking around the shops, only to go back to the first one and buy something from there. What a waste of time.

Bobby: I hope that she has bought me something good for Christmas.

Billy: I can't wait to find out what Mary has for me.

Mr. Baker: Whatever she brings home, I'm sure it's going to be quite a surprise!

Bobby: What have you bought her, dad?

Mr. Baker: A new vacuum cleaner, I'm sure she will love it.

Billy: That's great. She can Hoover up all the wool!

Bobby: As long as she doesn't wake me up.

Mr. Baker: What did you get her, boys?

Billy: I got her a new set of scouring brushes. I don't think she likes her old ones.

Bobby: What makes you say that?

Billy: Well, she never looks happy when she is using them.

Mr. Baker: And you Bobby?

Bobby: I've got her some new washing up gloves. She looked so fed up yesterday, wearing those old yellow ones.

Mr. Baker: You are so thoughtful. She doesn't deserve us. I need to go see to Flossy the sheep.

Billy: Has she caught herself in the fence again?

Mr. Baker: No – she's in the slow cooker. She should be about ready by now.

(Mr. Baker exits and returns with a pot that he places on the table. The three men start to eat. Enter the carol singers).

Carol Singer 1: I'm sure that the people who live here will be far more welcoming.

Carol Singer 2: I do hope so. They can't be any grumpier than the last house.

Carol Singer 3: True. Who would have thought that the vicar has an air rifle.

Carol Singer 4: I know. How can he have had enough of Christmas already?

Carol Singer 5: We won't knock this time. Our beautiful voices will open the door.

Song 1: God rest ye merry, gentlemen

*God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our saviour was born on Christmas day
To save us all from Satan's power when we had gone astray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.....*

*From God our heavenly father the blessed angel came
And unto certain shepherds brought tidings of the same
How that in Bethlehem was born the Son of God by name
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.....*

*Fear not said the angel, let nothing you affright
This day is born a Saviour of the pure virgin bright
To free all those who trust in Him from Satan's power and might
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.....*

*And when they came to Bethlehem where our dear Saviour lay
They found Him in a manger where oxen feed on hay
His mother Mary kneeled down and to the Lord did pray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy.....*

Mr. Baker: (*angry*) Quiet! We're trying to have our dinner in here!

Carol Singer 1: We brought you tidings of great joy! Did you not like our carol then? We only sang half of it...there are more verses.

Mr. Baker: If I wanted Christmas Carols, I'd put a CD on. Go away – leave us alone.

Carol Singer 2: We have more carols - we could sing them for you!

Mr. Baker: No hymns, no songs, no carols – just go.

Carol Singer 3: But we have already sung a song – you owe us (*shaking his tin*).

Mr. Baker: (*calmer*) Fair enough. Tell you what; I'll give you some money.

Carol Singer 4: Thanks mister. I knew you weren't as mean as people said.

(Mr. Baker takes a £5 note out of his pocket, and rips it in half, giving one half to Carol Singer 5).

Mr. Baker: Here you go – half a note for half a song. Now, get lost!

(Mr. Baker goes back inside, and takes his seat again at the dinner table).

Carol Singer 5: What an old skinflint. What is wrong with people tonight? It's Christmas Eve. Let's sing some more songs anyway-for free!

Song 2 : O Christmas Tree

*O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! O tree most fair and lovely!
Oh Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! O tree most fair and lovely!
The sight of thee at Christmastide Spreads hope and gladness far and wide
Oh Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, O tree most fair and lovely!*

*O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! You stand in verdant beauty
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! You stand in verdant beauty
Your boughs are green in summer's glow And do not fade in winter's snow
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! You stand in verdant beauty*

*O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! How laden are your branches
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! Your presence here enhances
Your silver star does glisten bright Reflecting all the candlelight
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree! How laden are your branches*

*O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree You fill all hearts with gaiety
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree You fill all hearts with gaiety
On Christmas Day you stand so tall Affording joy to one and all
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, You fill all hearts with gaiety*

Song 3: The 12 days of Christmas

(Last verse is: On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Twelve drummers drumming, eleven pipers piping, Ten lords a-leaping, nine ladies dancing, eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree!)

(The 5 Carol singers trudge off the stage).

Taxi Driver: *(looking back over his shoulder)* You two all set for Christmas? Don't get me started on Christmas!

Joseph: Didn't think we had.

Taxi Driver: I hate it. Everyone running about like the world's ending. Dashing around, buying stuff no one wants. Supermarkets – don't get me started on them!

Joseph: Don't worry - we won't.

Taxi Driver: I was in one last week – thought I'd never get out. Couldn't move in the fruit and veg – everyone barging into each other. Mad – the lot of them. A melon dropped on my foot. Had to go to the doctors. Don't get me started on doctors!

Joseph: Don't worry – I won't. Are we nearly there yet?

Taxi Driver: I'm going as fast as I can. Have to keep stopping behind cyclists. Don't get me started on that lot. They think they own the streets. We win a few medals and the whole country goes bike crazy!

Mary: *(pointing)* Driver – my farm is at the end of this lane.

Taxi Driver: Right o' love. Have you home in no time.

Mary: I can see why they're called Donkey Cabs – we're going so slowly.

Joseph: I know. A mobility scooter has just overtaken us.

Taxi Driver: Here we are – safe and sound. That will be more than you thought please.

(Joseph empties his wallet – the driver doesn't look best pleased).

Mary: Bye – and thank you very much.

(Mary and Joseph stand up and leave the taxi, Joseph holding the baby. Taxi driver exits the stage).

Joseph: You Ok, Mary?

Mary: I'm not sure I can do this.

Joseph: Everything will be fine, come on.

(Joseph holds Mary's hand. They approach the door, and Mary knocks. Joseph places the baby behind him. Billy rises from the seat and opens the door).

Billy: Oh, thank goodness you're back Mary – I was beginning to worry.

Mary: Really?

Billy: *(sarcastically)* Oh yes – I was worried that I'd have to make my own dessert.

Mary: Missed you too Billy. Is father home?

Billy: *(sarcastically)* No, he's out on a hot date with a supermodel. She loves the rustic type. Of course he's home. *(shouting)* Dad – it's for you! Dad!

Joseph: Why don't you just go in? It's your house too. *(Mr. Baker makes his way over to the door and joins Billy).*

Mr. Baker: Hello there Mary. So pleased you're back home. For a minute there, I'd thought I'd have to run my own bath. Come on in, out of the cold.

Mary: In a minute father. There's something I have to tell you.

Mr. Baker: If it's about the boys' presents, I don't want to know. *(turning to Joseph)* I love surprises!

Joseph: Oh – that's just as well.

Mr. Baker: *(angry and pointing at Joseph)* Hang on a minute, is he the surprise? Come to steal her away? Well you can't have her – she belongs here, with us.

Mary: Father, meet Joseph - Doctor Joseph Carpenter.

Mr. Baker: *Doctor Joseph?*

Joseph: Yes – that’s right, Doctor Carpenter.

(Mr. Baker vigorously shakes Joseph’s hand). **Mr. Baker:** Welcome to the family son – I hope you’ll be very happy. Before your marriage, would you take a look at my feet? I have bunions the size of onions.

Mary: (voice raised) Father – you have it all wrong. I only met Joseph an hour ago.

Mr. Baker: That doesn’t matter Mary – you can get to know each other once you’re married. Besides – you won’t be able to do better than a Doctor.

Joseph: (angry) Mr. Baker – that is no way to speak to your daughter!

Mr. Baker: And that’s no way to speak to your father-in-law!

Mary: Father – Joseph is not the surprise. **(Joseph picks up the baby and shows him to Mr. Baker)**

Joseph: No – he is!

Mr. Baker: (aghast) But, but.....you said you only met an hour ago?

(Bobby comes to join Billy and Mr. Baker)

Mary: The baby has nothing to do with Joseph – in fact; he has little to do with me. Can I come in father, to explain? It’s freezing out here?

Mr. Baker: You most certainly can’t. We have no room for a baby. And what good are you to me, now you have a child? You need to go and find somewhere else to stay!

Mary: No room? You have six spare rooms – I know, I have to clean them all.

Joseph: Have a heart – Mr. Baker – it’s Christmas Eve!

Billy: You heard him – get lost!

Bobby: You’re not welcome here. Go!

Mary: (distracted) But, but I have nowhere to go. It’s Christmas Eve Bobby!

Bobby: Oh yes – make sure you leave our presents before you go!

Joseph: (disgusted) Come on Mary – no point staying where you’re not welcome, **(turning to the three men)** you should be ashamed of yourselves.

(Mr. Baker and his two sons return to their seats, and to dinner. Joseph picks up the baby and takes an upset Mary back to the taxi. Taxi Driver enters the stage).

Taxi Driver: Is something wrong love?

Joseph: Can you take us away from here please?

Taxi Driver: Would love to, but I can’t get the taxi to start.

Joseph: Would you like me to help? I know my way around cars.

Taxi Driver: Could you? Tell you what – if you get me started, I’ll take you anywhere you want for free.

Joseph: Deal. My dad used to be a mechanic you know.

Taxi Driver: (unimpressed) Mechanics – bunch of cowboys. Don’t get me started....

Joseph: ...I thought that’s exactly what you wanted me to do!

Taxi Driver: Oh – I see. Yes – *do* get me started! **(Joseph pretends to look under the bonnet; Taxi Driver is sat down).**

Joseph: Give that a go! **(Taxi Driver pretends to start the car).**

Taxi Driver: Wow – it’s a miracle!

Mary: It seems to be the day for them.

Joseph: Where to, Mary? What about your mother’s?

Mary: Afraid not. She left my father and moved away.

Joseph: (sarcastically) Can’t think why. I’m sure she’ll let you stay.

Mary: Probably – but I don’t think the taxi will take us that far; she lives in Australia!

Joseph: Oh, I see. I’d let you stay at mine, but I only have a tiny room. There is a pub I know with a few rooms. It’s a bit rowdy but perhaps they’ll let us stay the night?

Mary: (resigned) O.K. – it’s worth a try.

Joseph: Taxi driver – can you take us to the pub please?

Taxi Driver: Sure – which one?

Joseph: The Broken Bottle please.

(Joseph and Mary return to their seats in the back of the car. Mary takes out her phone and begins to type into it).

Mary: I need to update my status: found a baby but lost a home. Staying above a pub tonight. Hashtag - bad day. *(Mary and Joseph sit quietly in the back of the taxi; Joseph is playing with the baby and trying to console Mary).*

Bobby: What’s up Dad – you seem to be off your curry?

Billy: Have you found a bit of wool in it?

Mr. Baker: No – it’s not that. It’s Mary – what have I done?

Bobby: What do you mean Dad?

Mr. Baker: I’ve thrown your sister out – on Christmas Eve. I can’t believe I’ve been so stupid!

Billy: Don’t worry dad. I know what to do.

Mr. Baker: You do.

Billy: Sure – we’ll hire a cook and a cleaner.

Mr. Baker: (angry) That is not what I meant! We need to go and find your sister and bring her home for Christmas.

Bobby: But what about the baby? It will whine all day and night, and smell of poo.

Mr. Baker: Just like you then. I work on a farm – I’m used to noise and bad smells.

Billy: But how can we find her? We have no idea where she went.

Mr. Baker: (looking at his phone) We can follow her tweets. I’ve just received her status update. Oh dear – she’s gone to the pub. I think I know which one.

Bobby: The Shepherds Inn? Of course, let’s go!

(Mr. Baker, Bobby and Billy exit the stage. On the opposite side of the stage, Mary, Joseph and the Taxi Driver remain). Three chairs added, and a small table, to make up pub table. The dinner table is adapted into Mr. Herod’s desk.)

SCENE 3: THE DAILY HEROD/THE BROKEN BOTTLE PUBLIC HOUSE

(Mary, Joseph and the Taxi Driver are already on stage, sat in the taxi, away from Mr. Herod’s desk. Mr. Herod enters stage and stands behind his desk, the two reporters follow him.)

Mr. Herod: (angry) Right you two – sit down!

Reporters: (grovelling) Yes Mr. Herod, thank you Mr. Herod!

Mr. Herod: I am the King of all newspapers, am I not? *(reporters nodding frantically)* And do you know how I became the king? *(reporters shaking their heads)* I will tell you: by working harder and being harder than all the other editors!

Reporter 1: There’s no doubt about that, Mr. Herod.

Reporter 2: No doubt at all.

Mr. Herod: Tomorrow morning, when everyone has finished opening their socks and underwear, I want them to choose my newspaper to read.

Reporter 1: (timidly) But Sir – ours is the only newspaper on sale tomorrow.

Reporter 2: That’s right. All the other newspapers closed tonight. All their workers are at home with their loved ones: eating mince pies, and wrapping presents.

Mr. Herod: (shouting) Fools! That's why I'm the King! We never have time off, and loved ones do not distract us.

Reporter 1: I'd like to have loved ones. I'm going to be all alone on Christmas Day.

Reporter 2: Me too, it's so sad.

Mr. Herod: You won't be alone. You'll both be spending Christmas Day with me.

Reporters: Really? At your big mansion house?

Mr. Herod: No – here. There's lots of filing and shredding to do.

(The two reporters hang their heads disconsolately).

Reporters: Gee – thanks Sir.

Mr. Herod: Enough about tomorrow. What scoops do you have for my front page?

Reporter 1: I have a story about a one legged turkey who escaped from his farm.

Reporter 2: For the headline, we thought *(pulling his hands apart)* **HOBBLE**

Reporter 1: WOBBLE Reporter 2: NOBBLE Reporter 1: GOBBLE!

Mr. Herod: (angry) Absolutely not – that story is *fowl*. I'll be stuffing you, if you can't do any better!

Reporter 2: Ok. I have a story about a thief who has stolen a donkey.

Reporter 1: For the headline: *(pulling his hands apart)* **BADMAN AND DOBBIN**

Mr. Herod: (angrier still) No, No, NO! Tomorrow is going to be *my* day. People need to be reading my newspaper, not their rubbish annuals and books.

Reporter 1: Yes Mr. Herod, of course Mr. Herod.

Mr. Herod: Now go out there, and find me a story, or you'll be getting the sack, and I don't mean one stuffed with presents!

Reporter 2: Yes Mr. Herod, of course Mr. Herod. But where are we going to get a story from, so late on Christmas Eve?

Mr. Herod: Listen in to people's mobile phones. Hack-Hack-Hack!

Reporter 1: Don't you mean: Ho-Ho-Ho?

Mr. Herod: (shouting and pretending to strangle them) No I don't - now get out before I make you the headline!

Reporter 2: (grovelling) Yes sir – right away Sir.

(The two reporters move away from their seats and check their phones. Mr. Herod exits the stage).

Reporter 1: Hey – this look's promising. A Mary Baker has found a baby but lost her home. Just the sort of story the boss is looking for.

Reporter 2: It does. Any clues as to where we can find her?

Reporter 1: A pub – which one, I don't know.

Reporter 2: So you are suggesting that we visit each pub, until we find Mary Baker. I hope we don't find her too quickly!

(The two reporters exit the stage. The Landlady enters the stage and stands behind the 'bar'. She begins to clean out glasses, and wipe the 'bar' etc... Customers enter too, sit at the 'bar', drink, and begin to chat and then swap jokes. Additional customers could also enter the 'bar').

Customer 1: Have you got your wife's present yet?

Customer 2: No – not yet. Just couldn't face it.

Customer 1: I know what you mean. Why does Christmas always happen when the shops are so busy?

Customer 2: Don't know? I'm sure that there will be a garage open somewhere, on the way home. That'll do!

Landlady: (miffed) That'll do. In the shops today, that is all I heard men say. *(imitating)* This'll do... That'll do. You men are useless: you buy your football tickets months in advance, but leave your wives' present until the last minute!

Customer 1: That's no way to speak to your best customers! I'm hoping that Santa and his elves will be coming down my chimney this year and save me the bother. They didn't come last year!

Customer 2: Maybe Santa didn't want to squeeze down your chimney – maybe he was *Claustrophobic!*

END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE (Nearly Half Way Through)