

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Book, Original Music

And

Lyrics by

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PROPS

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Mobile Phone | (Linda) |
| Mobile Phone | (Bob) |
| Handkerchief or tissue | (Gran, Linda, Mum) |
| Envelope with Olympic Games invitation | (Linda) |
| Baton | (Lead Piper) |
| Barry Manilow CD | (Gran) |
| Drums (can be toy drums), drumsticks, etc | (Drummers) |
| Official document | (Policeman/Woman) |

Plus (optional, can be mimed)

| | |
|--------------------|---------|
| Cookery book | (Mum) |
| Adjustable Spanner | (Dad) |
| Barry Manilow CD | (Gran) |
| Harry Potter book | (Kevin) |

CAST

The Browns

LINDA , the daughter
MR BROWN (Dad)
MRS BROWN (Mum)
GRAN
KEVIN, the younger brother.

OTHERS

BOB, Linda's boyfriend
PERCY, the postman
A POLICEMAN or POLICEWOMAN



THE "PRESENTS"

POLLY, the Partridge
ROMEO and JULIET, Two Turtledoves
THREE FRENCH HENS
FOUR CALLING BIRDS (Swiss Yodeling Birds)
SEVEN SWANS NB Can be less, suggested minimum 4, or a SOLO SWAN
EIGHT MILKMAIDS NB Can be less, suggested minimum 4
NINE DANCING GIRLS NB Can be less, suggested minimum 4
TEN LORDS NB Can be less, suggested minimum 4
ELEVEN PIPERS NB Can be less, suggested minimum 4. See script for further suggestions
TWELVE DRUMMERS NB Can be less, suggested minimum 4. See script for further suggestions

A CHORUS/ CHOIR

(Which can include an optional West Indian group – with optional steel drums)

THE SETTING

Is the Browns' home throughout, though one Scene can suggest a New-Age Travellers' settlement.

(The setting throughout is the home of the Brown family.)

(The chorus/choir sing:-)

Song One – The Twelve Days of Christmas

(NB Lines can be allocated individually or to groups, as wished)

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| | On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me |
| | A partridge in a pear tree. |
| | On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me |
| | Two turtledoves and a partridge in a pear tree. |
| (3 rd day) | Three French Hens...etc |
| (4 th day) | Four calling birds...etc |
| (5 th day) | Five gold rings...etc |
| (6 th day) | Six geese a-laying...etc |
| (7 th day) | Seven swans a-swimming...etc |
| (8 th day) | Eight maids a-milking...etc |
| (9 th day) | Nine ladies dancing...etc |
| (10 th day) | Ten lords a-leaping...etc |
| (11 th day) | Eleven pipers piping...etc |
| (12 th day) | Twelve drummers drumming...etc |



(The NARRATOR/s step forward. (She/he can have the script on a lectern, or if more than one, on lecterns each side))

(NB The Narrators speeches are split into Narrators 1 & 2. If more Narrators are used the lines can be re-allocated. If only one Narrator, join the speeches together. The Narrators are on stage permanently, but separated from the main action.)

Nar.1: It was Christmas Eve, at the home of the Brown family.

Nar 2: They lived at 23, Acacia Avenue, **(LOCAL)**

Nar 1: It had been a long day, and everyone was tired and crotchety...

Nar 2: Which was not unusual at Christmas time.

Nar 1: There was mum-

(Enter MUM)

Mum: Why is it always me who has to do all the work at Christmas?

Nar 2: I'm sure every mum here knows that feeling.

Nar 1: There was Dad, who was a Do-It-Yourself enthusiast.

(Enter DAD)

Dad: I've repaired the shed door, and re-grouted the bathroom tiles. Nothing left to do. Going to be a dead boring Christmas.

Nar 2: There was Gran, who preferred living in the past to the present.

(Enter GRAN)

Gran: I remember when we used to make our own entertainment, instead of being stuck in front of the telly all the time.

Nar 1: Young brother Kevin was resentful...

(Enter KEVIN)

Kevin: Mum, I want to play on my computer.

Mum: You'll sit down here and be miserable with the rest of us. That's what being a family is all about.

Gran: Didn't have computers in my day. You played real games: Hide'n'Seek, Charades, Pin The Tail On The Donkey.

Kevin: Must've been dead boring.

Gran: Only after the fifth year in the row.

Nar 2: Finally, there was Linda, the teenage daughter.

(Enter LINDA, clutching her mobile phone)

Nar 1: Permanently clamped to her mobile phone and waiting for a call from her boyfriend Bob.

(Linda paces up and down)

Mum: Linda, I wish you'd settle down.

Gran: You're like a cat on a hot tin roof.

Dad: Tin roof? Where? I can fix that.

Kevin: You know all she thinks about is Bob.

Linda: Yeh - well all you think about is your Playstation.

Kevin: Look, if it's any help, I'll let you have a go on it. That'll take your mind off him. ***(Linda bursts into tears)*** Sometimes I don't understand women at all.

Mum: Never mind dear, I'm sure he'll phone soon.

Gran: Gone on holiday hasn't he? Where was it – Clacton? ***(Or nearby resort)***

Linda: NO – Skegness*. ***(*or other resort)***

Gran: I went to Skegness* once. It was closed.

(Linda's phone rings)

Linda: That'll be him. ***(She answers the phone)*** Hello Bob?

(Enter BOB, to one side, dressed in a bright floral shirt, shorts, sandals, and sunglasses, speaking into his mobile phone. With him are a similar dressed group, preferably West Indian, with, if possible, steel drum, bongos, maracas, claves, etc. If not practical, the Chorus enter or the Choir stand)

Bob: Linda I'm having a great time.

Linda: In Skegness* ?

Bob: I'm not in Skegness*. I'm in Barbados.

Linda: Barbados?

Bob: It's a long story. But it's brilliant here – Christmas is in full swing.

Linda: I'd have thought it would be too hot.

Bob: Not on your life. Listen. They're going to sing one of their favourite carols.

(He holds up the phone as the Barbadian group sing: - [can be solos ad lib])

Song Two- The Virgin Mary had a Baby Boy

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy,
The Virgin Mary had a baby boy
The Virgin Mary had a baby boy
And they say that his name was Jesus.

He come from the Glory
He come from the glorious kingdom:
He come from the glory
He come from the glorious kingdom:
Oh, yes, believer! Oh, yes, believer!
He come from the glory,
He come from the glorious kingdom



(While the music continues softly, with the Group/Chorus dancing to the calypso rhythm, Bob speaks into his mobile phone.)

Bob: The reason I'm in Barbados instead of Skegness* - would you believe, I won the lotto!

Linda: ***(With a whoop of excitement)*** You haven't? ***(To her family)*** Mum, Dad, everyone – Bob's just won the lotto! ***(They all gather round her mobile phone excited, too, trying to make out what Bob is saying)***

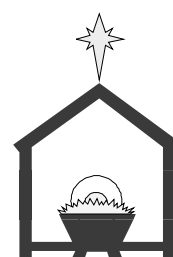
Bob: All my family are here – and Linda, I'm going to make sure you have a Christmas you'll never forget. Stand by to get a big present every day.

Linda: What all twelve days?

Bob: All twelve days. Got to go now. Just listen to them finishing their carol.

(As the Group/Chorus/Choir sing and dance the last Verse/Refrain, Linda and her family also dance around.)

The shepherds came where the baby was born,
The shepherds came where the baby was born,
The shepherds came where the baby was born,
And they say that his name was Jesus.



He come from the glory
He come from the glorious kingdom;
He come from the glory,
He come from the glorious kingdom
Oh, yes, believer! Oh, yes, believer!
He come from the glory,
He come from the glorious kingdom (**End of song**)
(Exit Bob and Chorus.)

Nar 1: The next day was Christmas Day.
Nar 2: Presents were opened. (**The presents can either be mimed or practical**)
Mum: A cookbook! Are you trying to say there's something wrong with my cooking?
Dad: An adjustable spanner. Got three already.
Gran: Barry Manilow's Greatest Hits! What's wrong with Perry Como, like I always get?
Kevin: A Harry Potter book. I don't read books. I was hoping for a new Playstation game.
Linda: I wonder what Bob has in mind. Whatever it is, it'll never be delivered on Christmas day
Nar 1: Just then the doorbell rang.

(The sound of a "naff" door chime – "Jingle Bells" or similar.)

Nar 2 And who should appear but...

(Enter the POSTMAN)

All the family: It's Percy the postman!
Postman: Special delivery.
Mum: It must be Linda's Special present.
Postman: Weird present if you ask me. Still, couldn't keep it hanging round the depot over the holidays.
Linda: What is it?
Postman: Look out of the window. Leaning against the wall.

(All rush to one side, miming looking out of the window)

Mum: It's a tree.
Dad: What kind is it?
Gran: We had one in our garden in the old days. It's a pear tree.
Linda: Look – there's a funny kind of bird in it.

Kevin: I know it from my Jurassic Park game. It's a pterodactyl.
Postman: Pterodactyl! Ain't you ever seen a partridge before?
Linda: A partridge in a pear tree! How sweet!
Dad: Sweet, nothing. I'm the one who's got to plant it.
Mum: And what about the poor bird? It'll freeze out there. I'll go bring it in.

(She exits)

Postman: Well I hope it brings you a happy Christmas. It certainly has for me. They're paying me a fortune for this. Never been known to work on Christmas Day.
Gran: In my day...
Dad: All right, Gran, but times have changed.
Gran: For the worse.
Postman: Bye, all.

(He exits just as Mum enters with POLLY PARTRIDGE [girl actor])

Mum: I'd like you all to meet Polly. ***(Polly curtseys)***
Polly: Nice place you have here.
Linda: She talks.
Polly: So would you if you'd been stuck up a pear tree for three days.
Linda: Poor dear, you must be hungry. Mum, can she have some of our turkey?
Mum: Of course she can.
Polly: No way. Do you think I'd eat one of my cousins? Have you got any All Bran?
Kevin: All Bran? Yeuch!
Dad: If that's what partridges feed on, no wonder they move so quickly. Reckon I'll Have to make a bed for you in the loft. I'll get my power drill out. ***(Exits)***
Mum: Come on, you lot; let's leave Linda and Polly to get acquainted.

(All exit except Linda and Polly)

Linda: Well, Polly, what are we to do with you?
Polly: You can forget about the pear tree for a start. It's not my natural habitat.
Linda: What is?
Polly: Moorland - and plenty of it.

Linda: There's not much Moorland in Acacia Avenue. But I'll do the best I can for you, Polly. It might be a bit difficult. There are plenty of books about caring for cats and dogs, but none about partridges.

Song Three – The Partridge Song

Linda: ***(Refrain)*** How do you pet a partridge?
She's not like a hamster or mouse.
She doesn't chew slippers, or chase balls of wool,
And she's ever so clumsy about the house.
So how do you pet a Partridge?
She doesn't meow, bark, or moo.
Polly: Well, the way to a partridge's heart is
To love her and she'll love you.



(Music continues softly under the next dialogue:-)

Linda: Oh, Polly, loving you is the easy bit. It's the looking after you I haven't a clue about.

Polly: Let me give you a little tip. Do you know what we partridges love the most? Dancing.

Linda: Dancing?

Polly: Not a lot of people know that.

Linda: Then, Polly, it will be my pleasure ***(With a curtsy)*** shall we dance?

Polly: ***(With a curtsy)*** Delighted.

(The Choir/Chorus sing the Refrain as Linda and Polly dance [End of song])

Linda: Come on Polly; let's see what kind of bed Dad's made for you.

(They Exit)

Nar 1: So ended Christmas Day...

Nar 2: The first of the twelve.

Nar 1: Next morning, the Browns had only just come downstairs

Nar2: When the doorbell chimed

(The sound of "naff" chimes again. Enter The Postman)

Dad: Ey-ooop, Percy. ***(Or 'local' expression)***

Mum: Working on Boxing Day too?

Postman: I'm earning a fortune.

Gran: More than I get for my pension.

Kevin: What have you got for us today?

Postman: Not for you, young man, for Linda. I'll just fetch them in.

(He exits)