

COUNTDOWN TO CHRISTMAS

Book, Music & Lyrics
by
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SCRIPT

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CAST

Vicar	<i>(Typical country vicar)</i>
Wife	<i>(Prim and proper lady)</i>
Buyers & Sellers	<i>(Everyday clothes)</i>
Alf, Marge, Bert, Floss, Little Boy	
Weightwatchers/Keep Fit	<i>(Leotards etc)</i>
Vanessa, Cybil, Tania, Vivien, Carmen	
Councillor Clott	<i>(Suited and Booted!)</i>
Mr Shufflebottom	<i>(A strong minded man!)</i>
Mrs Shufflebottom	<i>(Hangs on his every word!)</i>
Their Children:	<i>(Everyday kids)</i>
John, Daisy, Paul, Jimmy, Sophie, Amy, Karen, Robert, Eric, Carly	
Rock Band	<i>(Need to look 'Heavy Metal- ish!)</i>
Gazza, Bazza, Buster	
Cedric	<i>(A be-spectacled nerdy looking guy)</i>
Amateur Theatricals	<i>(A Cow costume needed for this scene)</i>
Roger, Robin, Annabel, Simon, Cecelia	
Silver Surfers	<i>(Need to look like pensioners with walking-sticks, zimmer frames, possibly wheel-chairs)</i>
Mr Wainwright, Mrs Wainwright, Mr Grimes, Miss Jones, Beattie , Florrie	
Cleaners	<i>(With mops, brooms, buckets etc)</i>
Elsie, Hilda, Annie, Jack, Ted, Len	
Plant	<i>(member of the cast planted in the audience - see script)</i>
Chorus	<i>(To be used to boost singing and action where deemed necessary)</i>

Countdown to Christmas

(The show opens in the Village Hall, and the whole cast sings)

Song One: - Countdown to Christmas

We're counting down the days to Christmas,
Longing for the new Noel,
Once a year we get this feeling,
Christmas casts its spell.

Everywhere the joy of Christmas,
Fills the air, and peacefully,
All the world is sweetly smiling,
Laughing happily.

In the Bleak Midwinter,
Frosty winds made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone.

We're counting down the days till Christmas,
Everyone is busily,
Writing cards and wrapping presents,
For all the family.

Children singing Christmas Carols,
Hanging baubles on the tree,
Sending notes to dear old Santa
Waiting eagerly.

What can I give him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would give a lamb.

We're counting down the days to Christmas,
Hoping we get loads of snow,
Welcome to the start of Christmas,
Please enjoy our show!

(They exit, leaving the Vicar and his wife)

Vicar: Aah my dear, isn't it wonderful to hear the sounds of Christmas again, and hasn't this year just flown by?

Wife: It surely has Harold. Why it seems like only yesterday since my mother over there was watching me in last years show! ***(Waving)*** Hello Mum.

Vicar: ***(Not seeing the wave, turns and says)*** Pardon.

Wife: Nothing

Vicar: Yesss, **(rubbing his hands with glee)** voices raised in praise and joyful celebration of the nativity, the expectation on the faces of the children, the wonder and excitement of Christmas. Yes, the season of goodwill is truly upon us again.

Wife: Except for the cleaners dear.

Vicar: **(Looking around, to see who's there, almost frightened)** Well, yes, except for the cleaners, **(No one's there, so now with authority)** but they must realise that the Village Hall is the focal point of this community, all our user groups are getting ready for the festivities and it's our job to help them, that's why we're so busy. Everyone's looking forward to Christmas

Wife: Except for the cleaners!

Vicar: Except for the cleaners!

(Much commotion as a group of buyers and sellers enter and set up the Christmas bring and buy sale)

Alf: Morning Vicar, here we go again, no peace for the wicked so to speak.

Vicar: A very good morning to you Alf, and I wish you and all your friends the best of luck with your bring and buy sale and let's hope it proves to be as successful as last year.

Marge: It won't be for the want of trying your eminence.

(Vicar and wife exit)

Alf: How many times do I have to tell you he's a vicar, not an evidence!!

Marge: Well he seems pretty important to me.

Bert: He is, he's the vicar and he's the most important person around here.

Alf: Except for the cleaners.

Marge: Don't mention the cleaners to me, after all the grief they gave us last year.

Bert: Too right, and all because of the incident with Fred.

Floss: Yeah, poor old Fred and he really did try to hold on you know.

Marge: He's never been the same.

Bert: Yes it's a shame really he's a good old stick is Fred.

Floss: One of the best.

Alf: And he didn't do it on purpose you know.

Marge: Well you wouldn't, would you.

Bert: Well I certainly wouldn't.

Little Boy: **(To Floss, tugging her arm)** Excuse me, but what did Fred do?
Floss: Ooh... I can't say too much.
Alf: No, you'll have to ask the cleaners!

(All assembled Characters sing)

Song Two: - Roll Up

Roll Up, Come on and try one.
Roll Up, Come on and buy one.
Roll Up, Come on and spend, spend, spend. **(Repeat)**

We have got good news for you,
We can make your dreams come true,
Spend it all, it's not a crime,
Roll Up, Come on, it's Christmastime.

Come on try one, just for size,
Give someone a nice surprise,
Spend it all; what's yours is mine,
Roll Up, Come on, it's Christmas time.

Roll Up, Come on and try one.
Roll Up, Come on and buy one.
Roll Up, Come on and spend, spend, spend. **(Repeat)**

Let's see the colour of your money, honey.
Let's hear the jingle of your cash, flash.
Feel the rhythm, tills a'ringin.
Let's get excited tonight.

Let's have a whiff of your wad, bod.
Let's have a taste of your dosh, bosh.
Keep it flowin, keep it growin'.
It's Christmas, come on,

Roll Up, Come on and try one.
Roll Up, Come on and buy one.
Roll Up, Come on and spend, spend, spend. **(Repeat)**

Bert: That seemed to go well enough.
Floss: Yes and we've certainly raised more money than last year.
Marge: His eminence the Vicar will be pleased.
Bert: Not just the Vicar, everybody will be pleased.
Alf: Except the cleaners.
All: Except the cleaners.

(All exit and the weight watchers/ keep fit club enter)

- Vanessa: OK Ladies, let's get to it. Not much longer to lose those last few inches before the big day.
- Cybil: Inches she says, inches, **(pinching her waist)** this is more like a foot.
- Tania: Oh Cybil, don't be so hard on yourself dear, you've done really well.
- Cybil: Thank you Tania, **(Posing)** but I'm hardly model material am I?
- Vivien: **(Sarcastically)** It depends what you want to model.
- Cybil: **(To Vivien sarcastically)** Thanks a lot!
- Tania: Vivien!! You can be so cruel.
- Vivien: Well... I'm exactly the same, coming here week after week, puffing and blowing and gasping. What's it for eh? We never get any thinner.
- Carmen: She's right you know.
- Tania: Don't encourage her Carmen.
- Carmen: But she is right.
- Vivien: And any grams we may lose, will all get put back on again!
- Tania: That's not the attitude dear, you must be more positive.
- Carmen: She's right you know.
- Cybil: **(Still pinching herself)** If only I could see a little movement.
- Vivien: You will Cybil, after Christmas **(Mimics being overweight)** Outwards!!
- Carmen: She's right you know.
- Cybil: Anyway, does it really matter if we don't lose anything at all, just think of all the fun times we'll have next year trying to get it off again!
- Tania: Yesss ... That's the spirit, never give up trying!
- Vivien: Say what you like, but it's a lot more fun putting it all on.
- Carmen: She's...
- All: **(Shouted)** Oh do be quiet Carmen, we all know.
- Carmen: What?
- All: She's right you know.
- Vanessa: Come now ladies, less chatter and more action. Into line. **(Organises the ladies into lines)**
- Vivien: Here we go again, and really, what's it all for?
- All: Looking good for Santa!
- Vivien: Is it worth it, I only ever get bath salts anyway!

Carmen: She's right you know!

Song Three: - Counting Calories for Christmas

We're counting calories but nothing works
And however hard we try we stay the same,
But do we get despondent
You bet your life we do,
Fighting flab is just a never ending game.

It isn't easy but we're doing our best
We're resisting the temptation to indulge,
But people just don't realize
The pain we're going through,
Every day's another battle of the bulge.

But we're trying hard, this time
We're trying hard,
And we're counting the calories for Christmas,
We're trying hard, this time
We're trying hard,
No matter if it takes forever
We'll keep working out together.

With all this exercise we'll soon be trim
With our super duper diet we can't fail,
So wish us Merry Christmas
Good luck and a slim new year,
As we're counting down the digits on the scales

We're trying hard, this time
We're trying hard,
And we're counting the calories for Christmas,
We're trying hard, this time
We're trying hard,
And no matter if it takes forever
We'll keep working out together.
Counting the calories for Christmas.

(The Vicar and his wife enter)

Vicar: Hello Vanessa, I can see you and your ladies have been trying very hard. ***(Asks innocently)*** Do you think it's working?

Wife: Harold!

Vivien: See, even the Vicars noticed!

Vanessa: Yes Vicar, all my ladies have done extremely well.

Vicar: So it's congratulations to you all then, but just before you leave, could I ask you to have a quick tidy round; we don't want to upset the cleaners do we?

Vivien: **(Sarcastically)** Oh no we mustn't upset the cleaners must we.
Cybil: Of course not, remember what happened to old Fred.
Tania: Yes I do, how is the dear old chap?
Wife: Well it hasn't got any bigger thank goodness.
Vicar: Yes, yes, it's probably better if we don't upset the cleaners,
Carmen: He's right you know!

(They exit leaving the Vicar and his Wife. Enter Councilor Clott)

Vicar: Ah good morning Councilor Clott.
C.Clott: Good morning Vicar, **(addressing his wife)** Maam.
Vicar: I must say that I'm very impressed with the Christmas decorations in the Civic Centre this year councillor.
Wife: Yes it's a wonderful sight Mr Clott.
C.Clott: Thank you very much indeed maam... **(Goes into speech)** We at the Town Hall are constantly striving to project all that is good about this fine community of ours and I'm sure that the whole town appreciates the lengths, and no little expense, we have gone to in achieving this aim.'
Vicar: I'm sure you're right Councilor Clott, **(innocently and sincerely)** and I also understand that it was your son Colin who was awarded the contract to carry out these works; he too must be congratulated for his efforts. **(Coughs of embarrassment from Councilor Clott)**
Wife: Being so near to Christmas, are you expecting many constituents at your surgery today Mr Clott?
C.Clott: I have been finding over the months that as a direct consequence of all our efforts the number of people requiring my help has diminished and the level of complaints received by the council has significantly reduced.

(Enter Mr & Mrs Shufflebottom and their ten children)

Mr S: Ah there you are Councilor! What about my drains!
C. Clott: I beg your pardon.
Mr S: Don't start with your excuses.
Mrs S: No, we've had enough of them.
Vicar: Ah! It's Mr & Mrs Shufflebottom and the children, how are you today?
Mr S: Morning Vicar, **(Addressing his wife)** Mrs... It's a life init, what with all this lot, me bad back, and now the council, I'm washed out ... Will you kids get from under my feet!... and Pauly stop picking your nose!

Mrs S: Did he mention his back?... like glass it is, the poor man. I don't know how he copes you know. **(Addresses the children)** Will you lot behave yourselves in front of the holy man!

C.Clott: And what can I do for you, Mr Shufflebottom?

Mr S: I'll attend to you in a minute, can't you see I'm talking to the Vicar.

Vicar: **(Looking at the children)** Ah! Now let me see, that's John and Robert, Daisy, Sophie and Eric. You're Amy so you must be Karen and you're Paul: that's little Jimmy and baby Carly; how about that then.

Mr S: My, Vicar, you've got a better memory than me, I get 'em mixed up all the time.

Vicar: I remember all my little ones, **(Addresses the kids)** are you all looking forward to Christmas?

Kids: **(Much jubilation)** Yea, Yea, Santa's coming, Santa's coming.

Wife: And what have you asked Santa for Johnny?

John: I want a big red bike, with ten gears, some tracking tyres and a headlamp.

Daisy: I want a sound system and CD's

Pauly: Santa's bringing me some cars and a garage to keep them in, and a big wagon with a crane on the back. If I'm really good mom said I might get a new battery torch for when I go to bed, and Eric is getting a football game and I can play with it, Dad said so!

Wife: How about you Sophie?

Sophie: Me and Robert have asked for some books and Amy and Karen are getting dolls and stuff.

Vicar: And little Jimmy what about you?

Jimmy: **(Very shy)** I don't know.

Vicar: Don't you want something special?

Jimmy: I don't know.

Wife: It seems like you're going to be very busy, Mrs Shufflebottom.

Mrs S: Well it is Christmas isn't it.

Mr S: Now you must excuse me Vicar but I've come to have a word with Councillor Clott, on a matter of great urgency.

Vicar: Then we shall detain you no longer, good bye all.

(Vicar and Wife exit)

C.Clott: Now ... you were saying something about your... drains?