

# **IS IT TIME YET, DAD?**

A Play for Four Actors  
(or more)

by

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15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

# IS IT TIME YET, DAD?

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## IS IT TIME YET, DAD?

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*The stage is empty. All atmosphere is created by sound and light and the four actors' movements and expressions.*

*(Enter four CAROL SINGERS movingly sheepishly towards a front door).*

**One:** Who's going to knock then?

**Three:** Not me.

**Two:** I did last time! *(with a sigh ONE knocks at the door).*

**One:** O.K. after three... one... two... three *(sings)*. As shepherds washed their socks by night and... *(ONE stops, he has been singing alone)*. What's the matter?

**Three:** I'm not startin' til I hear footsteps in the hallway!

**Four:** It's embarassin'

**Three:** I bet we're missin' somethin' really good on telly!

**One:** This is ridiculous... We're supposed to be carol singers... we're happy... spreadin' tidin's of gladness an' joy...

**Two:** Not wiv you singin' we won't.

**Three:** Give it another knock, wiv any luck they'll be out. *(ONE knocks... silence).*

**Four:** Probably a family full of carol singers...

**Two:** Singin' their 'eads off round our 'ouse.

**One:** They won't 'ave any luck there!

**Three:** Dad turns down the telly an' pretends everybody's out.

**Four:** I thought they just did that for the milkman!

**One:** *(annoyed)*. Look! Are we gonna sing or what? After all, it is Christmas!

**Two:** Christmas, eh?

**Three:** One laugh after another.

**Four:** Christmas.

**Two:** You can always tell.

**One:** What?

**Three:** In the shops like...

**Four:** They take down the Easter eggs.

**Three:** An' put out the Christmas cards.

**Four:** Well, it seems like that anyhow!

**Two:** Christmas!

**One:** Yeh! Christmas. *(Pause)*. It's all about Jesus' birthday, y'know.

**Two:** Gerraway!

**One:** It is y'know.

**Two:** I reckon St. Michael's got more to do wiv it!

**Three:** Who's he when he's at 'ome?

**Four:** Patron saint of shoppin' (*The sound of a cash till closing as all four go into mimes to do with shopping. FOUR drops to his knees and is dragged along by TWO. Piped music plays*).

(4)

**Small child:** Oh, look at that, mam!

(2)

**Mam:** (*disinterested*). Yes, dear.

**Child:** An' that!

**Mam:** Oh yes.

**Child:** They're ever so good and value for money too!

**Mam:** Are they? You should do adverts!

**Child:** I've always wanted one!

**Mam:** Yes.

**Child:** For ages!

**Mam:** Really?

**Child:** Ever such a long time!

**Mam:** (*to CASHIER*). Could I pay for these please?

**Child:** Ages an' ages!

**Mam:** And how long is that exactly?

**Child:** Since... since... last week!

**Mam:** That long?

**Child:** Yeah!

**Mam:** Well Father Christmas has got his list now and he can't change it. (*the SMALL CHILD changes appearance to suit the direction*).

**One:** Hands on hips!

**Three:** Lip out.

**Child:** Awwww!

**Mam:** I'll slap your legs for you. (*she attempts to drag the child away - she won't budge*).

**One:** (*the two of them fail to notice aunt anybody passing by*). Hello Auntie.

(3)

**Aunt A:** Hello dear.

**One:** clutching her shopping list.

**Aunt A:** Now what is it little Wayne wants? - an ectoplasm hyper-gunge gun... oh dear... I'm not sure I know what one of those looks like... I know I'll get him a trigonometry set... probably the same sort of thing anyway... Janet's down for some designer jeans... Hmm - knickers and vests... she can always take them back... Right... I've just got the selection boxes to find and I'm done... I don't

know why people make such a fuss over Christmas shopping, I really don't.  
(Exit).

**All:** Shoppin'

**Two:** Once the presents have been bought

**Three:** You have to find them!

**Four:** Picture the scene

**Three:** Mam and Dad are nippin' out.

(2) (1)

**Mam/Dad:** Just for a few minutes

(3) (4)

**Boy/Girl:** Bye!!!

**Girl:** (*still waving through gritted teeth*) Note innocent smiles!

**Two:** The door has barely shut

**One:** and they're off upstairs

**Two:** ten minutes later

**One:** Little brother's on top of the wardrobe

**Two:** Little sister's under the bed

**Girl:** Any luck?

**Boy:** No... nothin'

**Girl:** I reckon they've not bought anythin'

**Boy:** What?

**Girl:** They couldn't hide anything this well

**Boy:** If they haven't I'm taking Dad's bookmark back, 50p it cost me!

**Girl:** An' mam's talc!...

**One:** Success!

**Two:** Ten minutes later, a delicate operation is in progress (*Both CHILDREN mime "feeling presents"*).

**Girl:** What do you reckon?

**Boy:** I dunno... a sponge?

**Girl:** A sponge? What sort of present is a sponge?

**Boy:** Well... it just feels like that... it's either a sponge... or...or a brain!

**Girl:** You're stupid you are... O.K. let's say it's a sponge; what have we got so far?

**Boy:** A sponge, a plastic thingy, a box with a squidgy bit and a carton of metal sweets.

**Girl:** Sounds like its going to be a wonderful Christmas!

**One:** Bang on the door

**Mam/Dad:** We're home

**Girl/Boy:** Arrgh! (*the CHILDREN frantically put back the presents, and as the parents get to the room they are grinning inanely*).

**Dad:** (*rubbing hands*). Looking forward to Christmas then?

**Boy/Girl:** (*deadpan*). Can't wait

**One:** Everybody goes Christmas mad

**Two:** There's adverts on the telly

**Three:** Lights in the streets

**Four:** Cards on the mantelpiece

**One:** and you?

**Four:** You get a box with a squidgy bit!

**One:** And then there's school

(4)

**Teacher:** Listen children... as it's a special time of year we're going to have an extra special lesson... we're going to make Christmas cards!! (*groans from the CLASS*).

**Two:** At home, later that evening. (*BOY hands his FATHER something, on his knees*).

(1)

**Dad:** Oh isn't that sweet, listen dear, Stephen's brought home some cotton wool and red crayoning from school.

(3)

**Steven:** It's Father Christmas Dad

**Dad:** It's .. oh.... yes... yes that's his suit isn't it

**Steven:** That's a robin!

**Dad:** Oh... so it is.

**Steven:** I hate Robin's dad!

**Dad:** Why's that?

**Steven:** 'Cos they're sly.

**Dad:** But they're friendly little creatures!

**Steven:** No they're not, they hide all the year then jump out at Christmas 'cos they know I can't draw them!

**Dad:** Oh!

**Steven:** Now bats... I can do them. They'd be great... but whoever 'eard of a Christmas bat?!

**Dad:** Er yes... go and show your mother. I'm sure she'd like to see...

**All:** Back to school!

(4)

**Teacher:** Joyeux Noel!

(1)

**Child:** What's that mean?

**Steven:** Probably that we're going to do Christmas cards in French!

(1)

**Child:** What's a French robin look like then?

**Steven:** A bit like a bat I reckon! (*starts to draw*).

**Teacher:** (*clapping hands*). Right, places everyone - this is going to be the last run through before all the mummies and daddies come to watch this evening.

**Child 1:** What have you got there then?

**Child 2:** It's my new chain. I got it for my birthday - it's a silver cross.

**Child 1:** Oh I've got one of them, but mine's got a bloke on it!

**Teacher:** Come along children, we haven't got time for idle chatter. Sebastian, go and join Mary by the crib.

**Sebastian (1):** Don't want to, miss.

**Teacher:** What?

**Seb:** It's boring being Joseph, miss, he doesn't do anythin'. I'm sick of noddin' and smilin', it's givin' me an 'eadache.

**Teacher:** Joseph was a very important person... the father of the son of God who...

**Seb:** But that's it... I never get to 'old the baby.

**Teacher:** Is this true, Mary?

**Mary:** Yeah, but that's because last time he did the baby Jesus's 'ead came off!

**Seb:** Wasn't my fault!

**Mary (2):** Didn't stop you usin' it for a kickabout with the wise men though! (*class giggle*).

**Teacher:** Sebastian Brown, I'll deal with you later, and that goes for anybody else who finds the matter funny! (*silence*). Good... we'll start with the scene with the innkeeper - David, where are you?

**David (3):** Here, miss, but I'm not the innkeeper anymore!

**Teacher:** I see, and pray tell me who you think you might be?

**David:** A monster, miss!

**Teacher:** Really? I don't seem to remember any mention of a monster at the scene of our Lord's birth.

**David:** Oh there was, miss, he was one of the wise men's mates!

**Teacher:** I see!

**David:** Yeah, it says they brought incense, myrrh and Frankenstein! (*children giggle*).

**Teacher:** I don't find this in the slightest bit funny, now get over to that stable and get ready to welcome Mary and Joseph.

**David:** Awwww

**Teacher:** Just do it!

**Seb:** I suppose that means I can't be Dracula now either, miss!

**Teacher:** It's all quite simple. There is Joseph, Mary and the Innkeeper... nobody else... understand. (*MARY realises she is holding the baby Jesus and throws it away*). Simple isn't it? Now action! (*up to now the children have been acting naturally now they overact*).

**Seb:** Knock! Knock! (*Silence. DAVID just sits there*) Knock! Knock!  
(*DAVID still sits*).

**Teacher:** Aren't you going to answer it, innkeeper?

**David:** No Miss, at our 'ouse we can't 'ear the knocker so we wait for them to ring the bell.

**Teacher:** Just this once imagine you can hear the knocker O.K.

**David:** O.K.

**Seb:** Knock Knock!

**David:** Come in!

**Seb:** Yes! in yer come, Mary!

**Teacher:** No! you're not supposed to go in.

**Mary:** But he said!

**Teacher:** I know he did, but he doesn't know you.

**David:** Yes I do, that's Mary and Sebastian

**Teacher:** In the play... in the play they're Mary and Joseph and you don't know them... look come to the door and we'll start from there.

**Seb:** Knock! Knock!

**David:** Yeah! what d'want?

**Seb/Mary:** We are Mary and Joseph and we have travelled afar and on this night we need a place to sleep and rest our weary heads, an'a little shelter from the cruel elements. (*Silence*).

**David:** All right then, in yer come!

**Teacher:** But you have no room to spare!

**David:** They can have my bed then!

**Teacher:** You offer them the barn!

**David:** But that's full of plastic animals, they don't want to kip there... it's warmer in here and we've got chicken in a basket!

**Mary:** Have you got satellite?

**David:** You bet... 'ow you gonna pay? (*SEB hands DAVID a piece of paper*).

**David:** Jerusalem Express, that'll do nicely! (*the children giggle*).

**Teacher:** Very funny... We've had our little joke, now I can't believe after all this rehearsal you've completely forgotten your lines... now concentrate... think hard what comes next? (*the three CHILDREN groan in concentration after a good few seconds*).

**David:** (*indicates*). Behold a star! (*chaos ensues as they all go around gesticulating wildly*).

**Teacher:** Good grief.

**One:** It was the night before Christmas and nobody stirred. (*the CHILDREN continue their noise*).

(*louder*). I said it was the night before Christmas and nobody stirred.

(silence). I heard you!

(we are back in a family scene).

(4)

**Girl:** but I don't want to go to bed yet.

(1)

**Dad:** Look your mother is putting out the mince-pies and sherry for Father Christmas.

**Girl:** So?

**Dad:** He'll be here soon and if you're still up you won't get any presents.

(2)

**Mam:** Just stockings full of soot!

**Girl:** (to AUDIENCE). Parents, don't you just love them? O.K. I'll go to bed.

**Mam;** Good.

**Girl:** But I won't go to sleep.

**Dad:** Just get up them stairs now!

**Mam:** And that includes you too!

**Dad:** There's no point pretending you're asleep.

(3)

**Boy:** Awwww

**Mam:** Both of you off now!!

**Girl:** If he's drinkin' sherry and eatin' mince pies at every house it'll be a bit of a squeeze down our chimney. (*children giggle*).

**Dad:** If you don't get upstairs this minute there'll be no presents to come down to.

**Boy:** I wonder if he knows we've got a gas fire!

**Mam:** Thirty seconds!! (*the CHILDREN race off*).

**One:** Thirty minutes later on the landing (*the CHILDREN are huddled together miming looking through the bannister*).

**Boy:** Can you hear anythin'?

**Girl:** Like what?

**Boy:** I dunno... rustlin' sounds?

**Girl:** I can only hear the telly.

**Boy:** What's that noise?!!

**Girl:** Dad laughin'.

**Boy:** Oh... what's he watchin'?

**Girl:** The adverts.

**Boy:** I hope they're toy adverts!

**Girl:** Too late now anyway.

**Boy:** Yeah... Christmas eve an'll I've got to look forward to is a carton of metal sweets.

**Girl:** Don't forget the squidgy bit!

**Boy:** Don't remind me... I know... I know I won't get up tomorrow... I'll have a lie in... I'll leave all my presents unopened... That'll show 'em... that's what I'll do! (*silence*).

**Girl:** No you won't.

**Boy:** No I won't... I'm going to bed.

**Girl:** You sure?

**Boy:** Yeah?

**Girl:** You're not going to (*smiles*). look for Father Christmas or anythin'?

**Boy:** No!

**Girl:** Like you did that time before.

**Boy:** I didn't.

**Girl:** The time you came running downstairs screaming "it's him, it's him, it's Father Christmas".

**Boy:** You're making this up!

**Girl:** "He's here, he's here".

**Boy:** Shut up!

**Girl:** But it wasn't Father Christmas after all.

**Boy:** Well?!

**Girl:** It was a smudge on the window.

**Boy:** (*storming off*). I hate you!

**Girl:** I just love Christmas

**One:** (*to AUDIENCE*). Christmas eve... the longest night if the year.

**Four:** You just lie there and wait...

**One:** and wait... (*THREE is now lying on the floor reading*).

**Mam:** Is that light out?

**Boy:** (*instant*). Yes (*carries on reading*).

**Mam:** I'm coming up

**Boy:** It's off (*lights change*).

**Mam:** Get some sleep!

**Boy:** What am I going to do now? (*silence*). Mam! Is it time yet?

**Mam:** What? We've not even come to bed yet!

**Boy:** Oh

**Mam:** I won't tell you again. (*with a sigh , the boy turns over and tries to get to sleep*).

**One:** Half an hour later and you want to kill the clock!!

**Boy:** It's the ticking... it keeps tickin'... it's drivin' me mad... Im gonna kill it... suffocate it with me pillow!! (*the BOY attempts to kill the clock*).

**Mam:** What's going on in there?

**Boy:** (*stops*). Nothin'

**Mam:** Well... we're coming to bed now and you should be asleep.

**Four:** The night drags on

**Boy:** 122 sheep... 123 sheep... 124 ... is it time yet?

**Mam:** No

**Four:** and drags on...

**Boy:** 1,029 sheep... 1,030 sheep, 1,031... is it time yet?

**Mam/Dad:** (*through gritted teeth*). Get... to... sleep!

**Four:** Later still a tap on the door.

**Boy:** (*whispered*). It's time now, isn't it? It's just got to be! (*Parents scream as the BOY rushes back to "bed"*).

**Two:** Finally, just as the birds begin to sing... (*BOY and GIRL are asleep*).

**One:** It's Christmas

**Two:** And no one's awake to see it!

**Dad:** What's this, nobody interested in Christmas anymore? (*BOY and GIRL open their eyes*).

**Boy/Girl:** It's Christmas. (*bells ring Christmas carols - the lot. The CHILDREN run downstairs*).

**Two:** The stairs are taken two at a time. (*CHILDREN fall over*).

**One:** And form a crumpled heap at the bottom.

**Two:** They rise to open a door onto...

**One:** An Aladdin's cave of presents...

**Two:** Big presents and small presents...

**One:** Presents you can squeeze...

**Two:** Presents you couldn't carry...

**One:** And presents you can't really afford!

**Two:** There's a sort of tingle in the air...

**One:** You can almost touch.

**Two:** It's the magic of Christmas! (*Silence*).

**Girl:** He's got more than me!

**All:** Christmas morning! (*The CHILDREN dive in amongst the presents - then they all adopt a family scene in the front room*).

**Mam:** Put all your presents together in a pile, nice, so you can look at them.

**Girl:** I have.

**Mam:** Then what are Gran's knickers and vest doing under the couch?

**Girl:** I suppose Gran left them there.

**Mam:** Don't be funny, and put them with the rest.

**Girl:** Awwww (*the BOY playing crosses in front of MAM*).

**Mam:** And you can get out from under my feet.

**Dad:** He's only enjoying himself!

**Mam:** That's all very well and good but when we buy a 100 pound toy I'd expect

him to enjoy himself with that and not the box it came in!

**Boy:** Brum, Brum... I'm gonna play with that in a minute!

**Girl:** Dad... show us how to play this game, I've got the rules here.

**Dad:** O.K. let's have a look. What does it say? (*reads*). "ensure you're sitting down comfortably. This is going to take some time".

**Mam:** Oh turn the telly off!

**Boy:** Why, what's the matter?

**Mam:** Well it's bad enough those poor kids being in hospital on Christmas Day without Rolf Harris going round singing at them!

**Dad:** What's on the other side?

**Girl:** Some Polish cartoon.

**Mam:** Well, turn it off and give the telly a rest, it'll be on enough today as it is.

**Dad:** Is "The Great Escape" on again?

**Girl:** Yeah 2.00... I wonder if he'll get his motorbike over the barbed wire this year

**Boy:** I dunno why he keeps trying.

**Dad:** I reckon he should take a bus.

**Mam:** Kids, come and say "Happy Christmas" to your Gran on the phone.

**Boy/Girl:** Oh no!

**Dad:** You heard your mother. (*MAM passes over the phone*).

**Boy:** Yes Gran... Yes Gran... Yes... Yes... Happy Christmas. (*MAM is going into an involved mime*).

**Mam:** Thank her for the present. (*whispered*).

**Boy:** Yes... Yes... what?... Yes.

**Mam:** Thank her for the present.

**Boy:** Hang on... Mam wants to say something.

**Mam:** Thank her for the present.

**Boy:** Oh yeah... er, thanks for the ... er... (*looks at MAM*).

**Mam:** The green polo neck!

**Boy:** The green polo neck... yeah... it's great... it's smashin'... it's what I've always wanted... it's in the front room..., but I'm going to wear it later... got to go 'cos Janet wants to speak to you now... yeah... Happy Christmas. (*BOY hands over the phone to girl*).

**Girl:** Thanks a lot... Hi Gran... Yeah... Yeah... (*BOY comes into the room with DAD*)

**Boy:** How's it going then Dad?

**Dad:** Well, we're getting there, it seems we don't need any batteries for this one.

**Boy:** It's a board game Dad.

**Dad:** I see.

**Boy:** Look, let's just get it all out an' have a go.

**Dad:** No, no... we've got to take this stage by stage, by the book. "Rule Two".

Familiarise yourself with all the little bits and bobs that accompany this game because you will be searching frantically for one of them before the day is out...

**Mam:** Crackers anyone?

**Dad:** Come on then! *(they mime pulling crackers, getting really worked up - the crackers are a flop).*

**Mam:** I know I should have got the dearer ones.

**Dad:** Listen... listen. I've got the joke... who's married to Santa Claus?

**Boy/Girl:** Mary Christmas!!

**Dad:** Oh, you've heard it before!

**Girl:** A bit!

**Boy:** A plastic model of a Lada, hopeless.

**Mam:** I said they were cheap.

**Dad:** Come on everybody put your hats on!

**Mam:** We'll have the rest of the crackers during dinner.

**Dad:** Oh... er... do... you... er

**Mam:** Need any help?

**Dad:** Er... yes

**Mam:** I've had none for the other 364 days of the year so why should I expect any now?

**Dad:** Er... well.

**Mam:** You're more trouble than you're worth in the kitchen, you stay out here and entertain the kids.

**Girl:** He'll fall asleep before dinner.

**Dad:** No I won't, not this year.

**Boy:** Oh yeah, and Steve McQueen'll get over the fence as well, will he?

**Dad:** Right, where was I?... Ah Rule 3 - for Mensa members only.

**Four:** One thing you can always be sure of at Christmas

**Three:** There's always a circus. *(Circus music begins to play - what follows is an exaggerated mime sequence that shows a family Christmas meal. The meal is being prepared in the kitchen - CHILDREN stealing food and getting told off - DAD getting away with it - MAM continual checking of the oven, DAD playing piggy back with the kids - games being broken - people being chased out of the kitchen - finally sitting down at the table - CHILDREN not wanting vegetables - choking on the sixpence - the sequence ends with everybody slumping down slowly in front of the Queen's speech - we hear the National Anthem).*

**Dad:** She does this in June.

**Girl:** What?

**Dad:** She records this in June... She's not actually saying this now... she's probably

just finished her dinner like us!

**Mam:** Which she didn't cook!...

**Dad:** Sat in front of the telly

**Girl:** With a paper crown on, eh Dad?

**Boy:** Is there anythin' on the other side?

**Girl:** It's on all sides, well except Channel 4.

**Boy:** What's on that?

**Girl:** A Czechoslovakian cartoon!

**Boy:** This is borin' Dad!

**Dad:** This the Queen!

**Girl:** She's still borin', why do we have to watch it?

**Mam:** Because you do!

**Dad:** It's what's done... to show respect... I mean people don't even stand for the National Anthem now.

**Boy:** People used to stand up!

**Mam:** After every film.

**Girl:** If you stand up now they just pelt popcorn at you.

**Mam:** Is anyone ready for tea?

**Dad:** What is it?

**Boy/Girl:** Turkey sandwiches

**Mam:** Ah, that's where you're wrong!

**Girl:** What is it them?

**Mam:** Turkey salad.

**Girl:** I'm still full up.

**Mam:** Perhaps a bit later then. You two go outside and play and you dad! do the washing up and make me a nice cuppa tea.

**Dad:** I will?...

**Mam:** ... and I'll put my feet up for a few minutes before the next round of gorging starts. *(a change here to spooky, coloured lighting)*.

**Three:** Outside on December 25th

**Four:** You enter into...

**Three/Four:** The Christmas Zone

**One/Two:** *(Twilight Zone)*. Do Bee Do Bee Do Bee Do Bee

**Three:** It's still and strangely peaceful.

**Four:** Except for the occasional figure wandering outdoors...

**Three:** to show off their presents...

(1)

**Boff:** Well, yes, it's a scale model of a fast breeder nuclear reactor.

**Three:** Let's see it go then.

**Boff:** Ah... well my Dad forgot to get batteries!

**Four:** Here comes the kid next door

**Three:** On their first bike

**Four:** Without stabilisers!

**Kid next door:** It's O.K.... you can let go now... I'm all right... I can do it... let go dad... Dad? (*she looks behind*). Where have you gone? (*she collapses in a heap*). Awwww

**Three:** Pity the poor child who's main Christmas present was clothes.

**Fashion victim:** Well, it's like you don't want to come out and model auntie's most recent woollen creation when next door has the latest in splurge guns, do you?

**Four:** Or the child with Woolie's trainers!

**Trainers:** Or the child who has been given last year's thing!

**Hula Hoop:** A hula-hoop she said... an' to make matters worse she started to demonstrate it there and then... in front of all the tellies... it was embarassin' an' besides, I'd just 'ad me dinner.

**Three:** So parents...

**Four:** Think twice about the presents you buy your child.

**Three:** Choose carefully

**Four:** and choose well.

**Three:** because with that present

**Four:** your child steps out into...

**Three/Four:** The Christmas Zone

**One/Two:** Do Bee Do Bee Do Bee Do Bee Do Bee. (*lights change back to normal - to find the family back in the front room watching telly*).

**Boy:** This a good bit.

**Girl:** Yeah!

**Dad:** Oh it's him

**Mam:** Who?

**Dad:** Him... oh, what's his name.

**Mam:** Oh I know who you mean.

**Boy:** Mam!

**Mam:** What?

**Girl:** We're tryin' to watch this!

**Mam:** Oh pardon me!

**Dad:** Jack Palance

**Mam:** That's right

**Girl:** Nuts

**Dad:** What?

**Boy:** Why don't you eat your nuts Dad?

**Dad:** Oh yes, my present. I'll eat my Christmas nuts and I'll read a book using my Christmas book mark!

**Girl:** Perhaps we'll get some peace now *(Silence - until DAD tries to open and eat his nuts... the noise gets louder and louder - almost to pneumatic drill level - Eventually BOY gets up and goes to DAD)*

**Boy:** Do you need any help opening those?

**Mam:** Don't be so cheeky to your father.

**Dad:** I think it must be bedtime!

**Boy/Girl:** Oh no it isn't.

**Mam/Dad:** Oh yes it is!

**Boy/Girl:** Oh no it isn't.

**Dad:** Oh yesit... sorry I don't know what came over me then, I thought I was in a pantomime for a minute!

**Girl:** But we're watching the film!

**Mam:** It'll be on next year!

**Boy/Girl:** Awwww

**Mam:** C'mon it's been a long day.

**Dad:** Yes, up the sleepy wooden stairs to bedland!

**Boy:** Have you been drinking, dad?

**Girl:** It can't be time to go to bed already.

**Mam:** Yes it is, and just think, it's only another 364 days to Christmas.

**Boy/Girl:** Yeah, Christmas! *(Silence - the ACTORS have now adopted the poses they had outside the house at the start of the play).*

**Three:** Christmas

**Four:** Suppose we'd better be getting home then

**One:** Looks like nobody's coming out to listen.

**Two:** Don't blame them!

**One:** We'll sing anyway.

**Two:** What?

**Three:** Yeah!

**One:** It's Christmas after all!

**Four:** Hang on, does anybody know a Christmas carol all the way through?

**One:** I dunno they usually come to the door before we get to the end of the first chorus.

**Two:** Don't blame them!

**Three:** We must know one surely?

**Four:** Let's give it a go then!

**All:** When shepherds washed their socks by night dum de dum de dum an angel of the Lord came down an' dum de dum de dum shone around.

**One:** Hopeless!

**Two:** There is one song we do know.

**Three:** Yeah, an' it's Christmassy - well sort of.

**One:** Go on then... if you have to...

**Two:** O.K... after 3... 3

**All:** 'Ere we go... 'ere we go... 'ere we go... 'ere we go...' ere we go.. 'ere we goooooO.

**One:** *(to AUDIENCE)*. Well , if you can't beat them... Happy Christmas! *(ONE joins in the singing and the GROUP leave the stage)*.

**All:** 'Ere we go, 'ere we go, etc...

**THE END**