

**A play for Christmas time**

*Original text by Chris Shelley: December 2008*

Narrator 1            This is a story about a girl and a boy.

Narrator 2            Is it a love story?

Narr 1                 Well, there's love in the story anyway.

Narr 2                 Is there sex and violence?

Narr 1                 Definitely!

Narr 2                 Are you sure you ought to tell this story? There are children here.

Narr 1                 It'll be all right, it's a PG.

Narr 2                 Oh no! My Mum and Dad aren't here!

Narr 1                 Just listen will you! .....This is a story about a girl and a boy. The girl's name was Mary.

Narr 2                 Oh I know this one. (*sings*) "Mary, Mary quite contrary, how does your garden grow? "

Narr 1                 Quiet! It's not that Mary it's a different one.

Narr 2                 Oh. Sorry!

Narr 1                 That's all right.....The girl's name, as I was saying, was Mary and the boy's name.....

Narr 2                 Was it Brian?

Narr 1                 No! It was.....

Narr 2                 Craig!

Narr 1                 It was Joseph.

Narr 2                 Oh! Wait a minute, is this the story about Joseph and his Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat ? – I really like that story.

Narr 1                 (Through gritted teeth) – No!        Now please, can I get on?

Narr 2                 Of course. Very sorry – I won't interrupt again.

Narr 1                 Good! Now then, where was I ?

Narr 2                 Mary and Joseph.

Narr 1                 Oh yes. Joseph had proposed to Mary, and Mary...

Narr 2                 Don't tell me. She turned him down flat!

Narr 1                 And Mary....said yes!

Narr 2                 Oh! ..... I bet she was pregnant!

Narr 1 (**Crossly**) Well, really!

Narr 2 That's what happens nowadays. The girl gets pregnant and then they have to get married. Or they just live together. When my friend Dave's girlfriend got pregnant she said she'd sooner marry Wayne Rooney than Dave and Dave said.....

Narr 1 We don't want to know what Dave said! You promised you wouldn't keep interrupting, now just listen will you?

Narr 2 Right! Fine! My lips are sealed!

Narr 1 I wish! Anyway, Mary wasn't pregnant. Not then at any rate.

Narr 2 Ahaa!

Narr 1 (*Looks hard at Narr 2 who puts his finger on his lips and shrugs*)  
Narr 1 (*continues*) They were very happy together and were planning the wedding But one day when Mary was working on her own she was visited by an angel.

Narr 2 (*Amazed*) An angel? What, with wings and stuff?

Narr 1 I don't know about the wings, but it was an Angel. A messenger from God. He told Mary that she had been specially chosen to have God's son.

Narr 2 (*Sarcastically*) Oh boy! How do you know it was an angel? There wasn't anyone else there was there?

Narr 1 No, only Mary. I told you.

Narr 2 So, let me guess. Mary got pregnant and no one knew who the father was, but it wasn't Joseph. And Mary said that it was God 's son and that she'd been told it would happen by an angel!

Narr 1 Erm...yes, that's right! I thought you hadn't heard this story before.

Narr 2 I haven't. It was a lucky guess!

Narr 1 Well Mary did get pregnant, just like you guessed and when Joseph heard the news.....

Narr 2 I bet he went ballistic!

Narr 1 You have heard this story before!

Narr 2 No, honest.

Narr 1 Well Joseph was really angry.....

Narr 2 You know, if my girlfriend did that to me I wouldn't marry her. I'd tell her to go and take a running jump. And I'd get the engagement ring back. When my friend Dave found out that Leanne was pregnant.....

Narr 1 (*crossly*) Will you stop going on about your friend Dave! Joseph **was** really angry and he **did** break off the engagement

Narr 2 Told you.

Narr 1 Yes, but then Joseph had a dream. In his dream the angel told him.....

Narr 2 The same angel?

Narr 1 Yes! .... The angel told him....

Narr 2 That angel that told Mary she was going to get pregnant and it would be God's son?

Narr 1 That's right!....

Narr 2 But how did Joseph know it was the same angel?

Narr 1 (*exasperated*) I don't know! Perhaps he told him! Anyway, as I was saying, the angel told Joseph that it wasn't Mary's fault that she was pregnant....God was responsible.

Narr 2 That God eh? Going around getting girls pregnant! I ask you!

Narr 1 Yes..... well.... the angel told him it would be all right to marry her. So as soon as he woke up he went off to tell Mary he'd changed his mind.

Narr 2 I bet he had to really grovel after the things he'd said. When my friend Dave....

Narr 1 (*Loudly*) **NO! NO! NO! Not your friend Dave. NO! No more about your friend Dave.** Still you're probably right about Mary – I expect she took a bit of convincing that Joseph could be trusted but when he told her he'd seen the angel as well that helped. So the wedding was back on again.

Narr 2 Great!

Narr 1 Yes. But then the news came that the Roman Emperor had ordered everyone in his Empire to go back to the town of their birth and fill in a form there.

Narr 2 Why?

Narr 1 I'm not sure. I think it was something to do with Income tax.

Narr 2 Oh! Income tax! Right!

Narr 1 So Mary and Joseph travelled to the town where he was born. It was called...

Narr 2 Milton Keynes?

Narr 1 (*shocked*) Milton Keynes? Why would it be Milton Keynes?

Narr 2 That's where my friend Dave lives.....Sorry!

Narr 1 (*Quickly*) The village was called Bethlehem. It was small but quite important, because it was the village where the great **King** David had been born and Joseph

was a descendant of **King** David. (**Looks at Narr 2**) No relation! It was a long, tiring journey.

Narr 2 And she was pregnant.

Narr 1 And she was, indeed, pregnant. Well spotted! And when they got there the place was heaving. Loads of people had come to sign the income tax forms for the Emperor and the only hotel in the place...if you can call it a hotel...was full to the brim.

Narr 2 But she was pregnant so she would get priority under the Disability Discrimination Act.

Narr 1 Er...no. This was a long time ago and there weren't any laws to protect pregnant girls. The innkeeper was very sorry but there was no room. But he was softhearted and he remembered Joseph from years before, so he offered them the use of the stable.

Narr 2 (*Amazed*) The stable? That's not very hygienic! Suppose she went into labour! She couldn't have a baby in a stable.

Narr 1 But she did

Narr 1 She gave birth to her son....her first born. And they wrapped him up and laid him in the manger – in the hay and the straw.

Narr 2 Wow! And did the angel come back to make sure everything was OK?

Narr 1 He did! And he brought all his friends with him.

Narr 2 Cool! And what did they call the baby ?

Narr 1 You'll never guess!

Narr 2 Was it.....Oh no, I don't believe it.....Could it have been..... Dave?

EVERYONE **NO!**

Narr 1 (*patiently*) It was Jesus.

Narr 2 (*realizes*) Oh!

*Words only version – revised November 2009 Chris Shelley.*