Don't miss Christmas!

Bethlehemite: too busy to see the Messiah

Josh, Mary, Joseph

Joe: (*Offstage*) Just around the corner Mary…

Mary: (*Enter Mary and* Joseph) OW! You try being pregnant and walking for miles. It's not easy.

Joe: I know, you're doing very well. There's a house just here where I know people and we can stay.

Mary: They'd better have a nice comfy bed is all I'm saying.

Joe: I'm sure they'll be happy to have us. (*Knocks on door*)

Josh: (*Offstage*) Who is it this time? Coming, I'm coming.

Joe: See everything is nearly sorted…

Josh: (*Opens door*) What do *you* want?

Joe: Josh! It's Joseph, we've travelled a long way for the census and wondered if we could stay...

Josh: You and the rest of David's line, mate. We're stuffed, we've got grandma, Uncle Abe, Cousin Moses, Aunt Sarah and they've all brought the kids. You'll have to find somewhere else mate, we've not got a bed to spare.

Joe: But Mary's going to have her baby really soon.

Josh: Sorry mate, we haven't got the space especially for that kind of thing.

Mary: It's just that this is a special baby, an angel came and told me…

Josh: Look love, it's chaos in here. Best I can do is put you with the animals.

Mary: With the animals! But the baby might come tonight!

Josh: It's all I've got. There's even a manger in there you can use as a crib. Take it or leave it.

Joe: We'll take it, It's very kind of you Josh. But you will come and see the baby won't you? You see an angel told Mary her baby would be...

Josh: Don't have time for that mate, not with this rowdy bunch to feed and organise. I'll send someone round with flowers once you've had it. You'd better pop in through the back, not sure you'll fit through here.

J & M: Thank you. (*Exit*)

Josh: Visiting special babies. I don't have time for that kind of thing. Alright I'm coming! (*Exit*)

Shepherd: doesn't want to risk his job by leaving

Shepherd, Other shepherds, Chief Angel, Other Angels

Shep 1: Oh, I'm so sleepy

Shep 2: Then WAKE UP! You can't afford to fall asleep on the job.

Shep 3: A shepherd needs to be alert and on the look-out for wolves, bears, thieves and robbers all night.

Shep 4: Leave him alone; he knows all that. It's not like any of you never get tired.

Shep 2: We're just impressing on him the importance of the job.

Shep 3: If just one sheep goes missing that is a considerable loss of money for us.

*All the lights come on and Chief Angel enters.*

All Sheps: Argggh! What is that?! It's terrifying.

Shep 1: Mummy!

Angel: Don't be afraid. I am here to give you good news of great joy for all the people. Today in David's city a saviour has been born to you. He is the Messiah, the Lord.

Shep 3: But how will we find him?

Angel: And this will be a sign to you. You will find him wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.

All Angels: (*Enter Singing*) Glory to God in the highest heaven. And peace on earth to those on whom his favour rests.

*Exit all Angels*

Shep 1: Let's go!

Shep 2: A baby in an animal feeding trough; shouldn't be hard to find.

(*Shep 1 wanders off to one side)*

Shep 3: What are you doing?

Shep 1: I'm just checking our feeding trough…

Shep 3: Don't be silly. We’d have noticed if someone had a baby here.

Shep 2: And the Angel said it'd be in Bethlehem, so what are we waiting for? Let's go!

Shep 4: Wait a minute, what about the sheep?

Shep 1: What about them?

Shep 4: They need someone to watch out for wolves and robbers.

Shep 2: I'd risk a sheep in order to see the Messiah.

Shep 3: Don't you *want* to come and see. You may never get another chance.

Shep 4 No way. I'm a good shepherd. I'm not losing my sheep, I have a family to look after. You can't say that it'd be worth it!

Shep 1: There were Angels!

Shep 4: I'm not going to risk my job just because there's a special baby.

Shep 3: Fine, you stay here then.

Shep 2: See you later.

Shep 1: Bye!

*Exit Shepherds 1, 2 and 3.*

Wise man: is just happy to have worked it out, doesn't want to go and see

Wise man, Wise men 1, 2, 3, 4, Servant

*3 wise men enter with a servant carrying a star chart*

WM1: So we're certain then.

WM2: Each of us has checked and double checked.

WM3: I am prepared to officially declare that the new star indicates a new king in Israel has been born.

WM1: Officially pronounce to whom? It's not like we've got an audience.

WM3: I'm just saying: we're sure.

WM4: (*Entering*) We're sure? You've finished checking?

1-3: Yes!

WM4: Extraordinary! When do we leave?

WM2: Leave?

WM3: We've got to decide on the right gifts, get provisions and pack the camels. Say a week before we can leave.

WM2: Leave?

WM1: Gifts shouldn't be hard, he's a king so we'll take gold.

WM3: He's a high priest; we must take frankincense.

WM4: He's born to die for us; we should take myrhh.

S: Sirs, may I respectfully suggest you take all the gifts.

WM4: Yes, that seems right. We'll take all of them.

WM3: Go and pack them on the camels then.

S: May I boldly ask your permission to come with you?

WM2: Why do you want to go?

S: If this new king is half as important as your stars say he is, I'd like to see him.

WM2: But we've worked it out. We know about him, why on earth do we need to see him.

WM1: But knowing about someone is not the same as knowing them.

WM3: When we go, we'll actually get to meet this king!

WM2: Nonsense. Israel is miles west of here. It could be two years journey. Why would you want to go to all that trouble when we already know about him?

WM1: It'll be worth it.

WM4: And we might never get a second chance.

WM2: Fine, you go if you want but I know enough already so I'm not going. (*Exit*)

WM3: Let's go get the camels ready.

WM4: Does anyone have myrrh handy, or do I need to go shopping? (*Exit all*)

Advisor: wants to see the new king of the Jews but is too scared to go.

Advisor, Other advisers, Servant, Herod

Herod: (*Waving with a group of advisors*)Bye bye, have a safe journey, take care, have a lovely time. (*Louder*) Don't forget to come back and tell us where he is!

Ad1: I think they're too far away to hear you now, sire.

Herod: (*Shouting*) Insurrection! Murder! Treason!

Ad2: Is something the matter your majesty?

Herod: How dare they come to my palace asking for 'the new king of the Jews'? How dare there *be* a new king of the Jews?!

Ad3: They are stargazers sire, astrologers and foreigners. They could be mistaken.

Herod: If they're mistaken how were you able to find out where this new king would be born, hmm?

Ad2: The prophecy just says Bethlehem, your majesty. It doesn't say when. It could be after you're … oh.

Herod: Dead. After I'm dead. We'll not if he dies first. Once we know who that baby is, I'll have him killed. In fact, I'll arrange it now. (*shouting*) General! (*Exit*)

Ad1: Well, he's mad.

Ad3: Smooth moves; reminding him he's going to die. You know he hates that!

Ad2: I was trying to help.

Ad4: Why don't we just go and see?

Ad1: Go and see what?

Ad4: We could join the wise men and go and see the baby. Find out if it's true.

Ad3: The king's in a killing mood and you want to suggest that maybe this baby should be the next king of Israel?

Ad1: Rather you than me!

Ad4: It's important to know if it's true, right?

Ad1: It's important to stay alive.

Ad3: Which won't happen if Herod finds out you're even considering another king.

Ad4: You're right. Look, it was just an idea.

Ad2: Oh, that's all right then.

Ad4: Yeah, just a stupid idea. Nothing I was actually thinking about doing.  
Ad1: So, you won't want to run off to check out if there's a new baby king then.  
Ad4: Isn't the king having a garden party next week anyway. There's no-way I'd miss that for just for some baby prophecy rubbish.

Ad3: Good decision. Nice to see you're keeping your head about this.

AD2: Haha, that's funny because now he's not thinking of treason he will get to keep his head!

*Exit all*

Present day

Family is getting ready for Christmas wrapping presents, decorating etc child wants to go and see what the point of Christmas is whole family goes with them to a Carol service:

Teen, Child, little child, mum and dad.

Teen: Baubles, I need baubles.

LC: bubbles, ooh!

Teen: No, not bubbles, baubles. Say Bore-balls

LC: Ball! Ball!

Child: I've got the baubles.

Teen: See baubles. Bore-balls

LC: Bubbles!

Teen: What else have you got?

Child: (*Getting stuff out of a box*) Tinsel, Christmas cards from last year, Christmas cards from the year before and some blank Christmas cards Mum bought in the January sales last year and forgot she had.

Mum: (*Offstage*) I CAN HEAR YOU!

Child: Ooops!

Teen: Are there any crackers?

LC: I wanna cracker.

Child: Maybe they're in a different box.

LC: I wanna cracker!

Child: Oh! There is something else here (*Gets out nativity scene*) What's this?

Teen: Oh yeah, I think it's a nativity. It's got something to do with Jesus.

LC: Dollies? I wanna dolly?

Teen: There not dollies, dummy, they're like a picture of something that happened long ago.

Child: What's it a picture of?

Teen: It was the first Christmas I think, shepherds, wise men, star. All the things that are in songs.

Child: But I can't see any bells, or a Christmas tree or any snow.

Teen: Ask mum if you want to know more about it.

Child: MUM!

Mum: There's no need to shout. Have you found the crackers yet?

LC: I wanna cracker.

Mum: Not yet dear, you'll spoil your dinner.

LC: I wanna cracker!

Teen: No crackers, but we did find the nativity!

Mum: Oh, how nice! I haven't seen this for ages.

Child: What does it mean, mum?

Mum: It's all about the baby Jesus.

Child: Who's he?

Mum: Haven't they told you in assembly. It might take a bit long to explain.

Child: I just want to know what happened.

LC: I wanna cracker.

Teen: Why don't we go to a carol service, mum. It's Christmassy and they'd know.

Mum: Alright, ask your dad.

Child: DAD!

Dad: What is it? Have you got everything for the Christmas tree?

Child: Please can we go to a carol service, please pretty please?

Dad: Okay. I'll look up when one's happening. Coming?

Child: Yay! Thank you daddy, I love you. (E*xit*)

LC: Wuv oo dada! I wanna cracker.

Dad: Okay, there are some in the tin. (*Exit LC. Dad to teen*) Are you going to tell me you love me too?

Teen: Gross, no! (*Exit*)

Dad: I'd better go and sort this lot out. Can you bring the stuff with you? *(Exit*)

Mum: (*sigh*)