

THE AMAZING ADVENT CALENDAR

BY TOM KIRKHAM AND MATTHEW CROSSEY

Script Sample

SCENE THREE

The Angels, who could have been browsing the books at the back of the stage, now come forwards.

The scene changes to become Nicholas's bedroom.

Angelo As soon as he got home, Nicholas forgot all about the calendar.

Laila It didn't contain any chocolate, after all.

Raphael Nor was it a cartoon about superheroes.

Nicholas enters, already in his pyjamas.

Laila Nicholas loved cartoons about superheroes. He stayed up far too late watching them on television.

Raphael When he clearly should have been tidying his bedroom!

Angelo In a matter of moments, Nicholas was fast asleep, still in his dressing gown and slippers.

Laila He was a good sleeper, rarely woken by late-night revellers or fighting cats.

Raphael But as midnight came and went, he began to be aware of a noise within his room.

We hear muffled voices as characters begin entering from the back of the stage. These are the people travelling to Bethlehem for the census at the time of the birth of Jesus.

Angelo Muffled voices. Men's, women's, boys', girls'.

Laila Quiet at first, then louder and closer.

Raphael And all coming, he slowly realised, from within his Advent calendar.

Angelo Entranced, Nicholas rose from bed and stepped cautiously towards the calendar.

Laila Towards ... towards ... and into the calendar.

Raphael Through the door and into the calendar!

Angelo Before he knew it, his bedroom had disappeared.

Laila His calendar had disappeared.

Raphael Everything had disappeared.

Angelo And Nicholas was spinning and turning

Laila And twisting and whirling

Raphael And swirling and spiralling

Angelo And tumbling and plummeting

Laila Over and over and over until ...

Raphael Crash. He landed.

Angelo He crash landed!

Laila And he found himself on a dusty road, under a beautiful blue sky, surrounded by strangely dressed people all shuffling along in the same direction.

The stage is now full of people as the music starts and the lights suggest an obvious shift in location.

FOLLOWING THE PEOPLE

Onwards, we're marching through the sand,
Our feet are weary,
But forwards, this journey has been planned,
We're heading homewards.

Back to the place where we were born,
Someone there will take our name,
They'll note it down and carry on,
And they will count and count again.

So we're ...
Following the people
Following the people
Following the people
To Bethlehem

Following the people
Following the people
Following the people
To Bethlehem
Steadfast, our journey carries on, we'll keep on walking.
But faster, the census has begun, so we must hurry.

Back to the place where we were born,
Someone there will take our name,
They'll note it down and carry on,
And they will count and count again.

So we're ...
Following the people
Following the people
Following the people
To Bethlehem

Following the people
Following the people
Following the people
To Bethlehem

Bethlehem, Bethlehem, Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

Song ends. The travellers keep walking, tired and weary. We hear snippets of some of their conversations as each group moves front and centre.

Hannah I don't know why you couldn't have been born in Nazareth, Peter, saved us this awful journey. And why haven't we got a donkey for me to sit on?

Peter I couldn't find one that could do the job.

Hannah What a thing to say. Sometimes, Peter, I don't know why I married you!

Peter shakes his head as if thinking the same thing. They move on. Other travellers come to the front, two women (Sarah and Ruth)

Sarah Apparently Rachael told Rebecca that Simon hadn't paid his taxes, and she was really worried that a Roman Soldier would come knocking on their door, demanding payment.

Ruth Sounds rather exciting to me. Maybe I'll stop paying my taxes too.