

# WHAT ON EARTH IS CHRISTMAS?

## SCRIPT SAMPLE

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### Scene 1

(As the **intro music** plays (**track 9**) the eight members of the Alien Council somberly enter and sit on the smaller side stage, in a semi-circle facing the audience. Each one intently watches an individual handheld tablet. We hear a **voiceover** (**track 10**) which can be played or spoken.)

**Voiceover** (in a serious tone) Nobody would have believed that at the start of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, our world was being watched. From far across the gulf of space, beings infinitely more intelligent than us studied our behaviour and... (in a light-hearted tone)... couldn't for the life of them understand what the heck we humans were playing at!

(The aliens suddenly point at their screens and fall about in fits of laughter!)

**Voiceover** Yet still they wanted to reach out to us, to share their knowledge and, in the spirit of friendship, help us build a better universe together.

**Alien #1** Fellow members of the council, I propose we visit planet Earth and make contact with these humans. But, before we do that, we should...

**Alien #2** (interrupting) Blast them with lasers!

**Alien #1** No Barry! Enough with the lasers! We've spoken about this, remember?

**Alien #2** Oh yes...sorry.

**Alien #1** Before we make contact, we should study more closely their behaviour and customs, so we will feel less like strangers when we meet. What do we know about them so far?

**Alien #3** Well, for starters (pointing at his/her screen), have you noticed that many of them have an obsession with chasing a spherical object around a large green space. And those that cannot physically do this sit in large crowds and watch others do it, often shouting and getting very angry.

**Alien #4** Ah yes, they call that 'football'. There are other variations of this activity that humans engage in. Some are quite violent!

- Alien #3** Indeed. One such variation seems to be undertaken by larger humans. And the object they fight over is an ovoid, rather than a sphere.
- Alien #4** That would be ‘rugby’. Our research shows that prolonged engagement in this pastime can lead to a strange re-shaping of the ears!
- Alien #5** How about this (*pointing at screen*)...some of them dress up in very tight clothing and gather in a large room to perform strange movements, all on the orders of a younger, slimmer human with a microphone headset!
- Alien #6** Ah yes, I believe they call that pastime ‘aerobics’. Now (*pointing at screen*), explain this one to me; there are humans who spend long periods of time walking, tied by a length of thin rope to a smaller, four-legged creature. What’s all that about?
- Alien #7** That’s ‘dog-walking’! Yes, very odd! What I’ve discovered (*pointing at screen*) is that humans always seem to be photographing themselves on primitive hand-held devices. It’s called ‘taking a selfie’ apparently.
- All Aliens** How bizarre!
- Alien #8** There’s so much to learn about this species, I don’t think we’ll ever be properly prepared to meet them.
- Alien #1** Well, we plan to make contact soon, whilst they are celebrating a festival they call ‘Christmas’. I propose we start learning about the traditions they have and the behaviour they display around *this* time.
- Alien #2** And then we blast them with lasers?
- Alien #1** No lasers, Barry! Right, members of the council...to work!

## Song **We’ve Been Watching You**

*Track 1 - vocal demo  
Track 11 - backing track  
Lyrics p19*

- Alien #8** (*pointing at screen*) Okay, I’ve found something. Humans seem to be a generous and caring species. At Christmas, they give presents.
- (The other aliens gather round to watch his/her screen.)*
- Alien #4** They look so happy! Maybe, when we meet them, we should bring presents for them?
- Alien #8** But we need to make sure we bring the right kind of presents. Look.....
- (The action moves to the main stage. A Christmas tree stands centrally with a selection of wrapped presents around its base. A mother and father sit on armchairs – school chairs with throws over them - and two children, George and Daisy, in dressing gowns, kneel by the presents.)*
- Daisy** Okay Mum, just so I understand, tell me again why there are presents for you and Dad round the tree, but not for George and me?

- Mum** Oh Daisy, we go through this every year. It’s Christmas Eve: Father Christmas will be delivering presents for you and your brother when you’re asleep tonight. Then when you come downstairs at silly-o’clock in the morning, I’m sure they’ll be round the tree with the rest!
- Dad** He doesn’t deliver presents to grown-ups, only to children. These ones here are what Mum and I have wrapped for each other, plus some bits and bobs for the family and friends who’ll be dropping in tomorrow.
- George** And don’t forget the ones Daisy and I have wrapped for you and Mum. *(pointing)* There they are. Why don’t you open them now? Lots of people open a couple of their presents on Christmas Eve.
- Daisy** Yeah, go on! I’m really excited for you to see what we got you!
- Mum** No! I want it to be a surprise for Christmas Day.
- Dad** Spoil sport! I don’t think it would hurt for you and me to open just one of our presents early. What do you say? Look at the kids’ faces.
- Daisy & George** Pleeeeeease Mum!
- Mum** Oh, alright then. *(to Dad)* But not the presents from the children – I want to wait for those. You and I can open the presents we got each other.
- Daisy & George** *(fist-bumping)* Yesssssss!
- Dad** *(excitedly)* Daisy, pass Mum that one there.
- Daisy** *(handing a present to Mum)* Oooh! That’s a bit heavy!
- Dad** *(pleased with himself)* And worth its weight in gold, I think you’ll find.
- Mum** How exciting! *(eagerly unwrapping)* I’ve been wondering what this is since it appeared under the tree!
- Dad** Well, I gave it a lot of thought! Happy Christmas, my darling!
- (Mum holds up a new iron in its box!)*
- Mum** An iron?! You got me an iron? For Christmas?!
- Dad** *(proudly and oblivious to her tone)* I did indeed. Top of the range, I’ll have you know. It’s got great reviews!
- Mum** Oh, has it? *(sarcastically)* Well, I feel really spoiled. My very own, top-of-the-range iron, with great reviews! *(shaking her head in disbelief)* And who said that romance is dead, eh?
- George** *(sensing Mum’s mood and changing the subject quickly)* Well, Dad, why don’t we see what Mum got you. Daisy, pass Dad his present from Mum.
- Daisy** *(handing an envelope to Dad)* There you go, Dad.

*(Dad looks underwhelmed with the envelope, wafting it as if to suggest it’s a flimsy gift. He tears it open to reveal...)*

**Dad** A year’s membership to the gym?! Errrm...I don’t know what to say!

**Mum** Well, I gave it a lot of thought! Happy Christmas, my darling!

**Dad** A lot of thought? And what were you thinking exactly? I wish my husband looked a bit more like Chris Hemsworth?! Charming! This is clearly a present for you, not me!

*(Mum and Dad both fold their arms indignantly, turn their backs on each other, their noses in the air! Daisy and George look awkwardly at each other.)*

**Daisy** George, we need to defuse this situation quickly! Grab our presents for Mum and Dad!

*(George takes two presents from beneath the tree and holds them out to Mum and Dad.)*

**George** Mum, Dad, these are from Daisy and me. We hope you like them.

*(Mum and Dad take the presents, still a bit prickly with each other.)*

**Mum** What do we have here then? *(opening the wrapping)* Oh, how wonderful...!

**Dad** Pasta picture frames! Beautifully decorated, *(smiling at Mum)* with a lovely photo of the four of us.

**Daisy** We made them at school. Mine’s a bit wonky and a couple of the pasta pieces fell off when I painted it.

**George** I know they’re not exactly perfect, but...

**Mum** But they’re made with love. And that *does* make them perfect. Right, come on, family hug! *(The four of them share a group hug.)* So, about this iron...please tell me you kept the receipt!

*(They all laugh and, as the intro to the next song begins, in unison they wish each other an enthusiastic ‘Merry Christmas.’)*

## Song **From Me To You**

*Track 2 - vocal demo  
Track 12 - backing track  
Lyrics p20*

*(As the **intro music** plays (**track 13**), all exit and the stage is made ready for the next scene.)*

## Scene 2

*(Back on the side stage, the aliens resume their individual seats.)*

**Alien #3** Ah, that was most pleasant to watch. Christmas does seem to bring the best out in humans. But what was that tall green plant in their room?

***Alien #4***                    (*looking at own screen*) According to this, it’s called a ‘Christmas tree’. It seems most families have one in their house during this time.

***Alien #5***                    I must say, I think the way they hang lights off it and put decorations on the branches makes it look very attractive.

***Alien #2***                    Yes, I like those flashing, coloured lights too. They make me think of lasers! BIG, POWERFUL LASERS TO BLAST THE....

***Alien #1***                    (*interrupting*) No lasers, Barry! Stop it now!

***Alien #2***                    Oh yes, sorry!

***Alien #6***                    (*looking at screen*) Well, these trees seem to make humans really cheerful. Look at the smiles on their faces as they gather round it.

***Alien #1***                    Yes, Christmas trees are very important to them. Some choose an artificial one which they can use every year, while others prefer to put a real tree in their homes.

***Alien #7***                    (*pointing at own screen*) Hmm. And others seem to not bother at all, like this family. Look, no tree. Which might explain why that little girl is looking a little glum.....

*(The other aliens gather round to watch his/her screen. The action moves to the main stage, where the furniture has been moved around to represent a different family’s living room, with different throws on the chairs. There is no tree, however. A girl, Alice, sits cross-legged and looks sad. Mum sits on one of the chairs, wrapping a present.)*

**.....END OF SCRIPT SAMPLE.....**