

## ALL OUR CHRISTMASES

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT BASED ON MEMORIES OF GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

CAST: MUM  
DAD  
BERT, THEIR SON  
CISSIE, HIS SISTER

On set there is a table, centre stage with four chairs around it, a piano at stage left, a bed at stage right. The three flats which make up the background (two bookends and a centre flat braced) show a Christmas tree, a mantelpiece and a bedroom wall, suggesting 1920s interior.

THE CAST ENTER THROUGH THE AUDIENCE SINGING A ROUSING CAROL.

Cissie: Christmas in our house started around October – there were the usual parties to attend, all gradually getting us in the mood. The ingredients for the cakes and pudding-currants, sultanas, raisins peel, were being got together.

Mum: Shopping was done during the last two or three weeks. Cakes and puddings having been made well beforehand. There was a feeling of excitement in the shops, which in those days stayed open much later, and the feeling of Christmas was infectious.

Bert: Cards were bought and written ready to send off. (GOING OUT TO POST CARDS)

Dad: Mother toured the butcher's shops to see which one had the best looking turkeys.

Mum: About a fortnight before Christmas, the butchers used to have rows of turkeys hanging up high and then you knew Christmas was coming. Christmas Day itself saw the sausage rolls and mince pies being made, the giblets simmered for the gravy, the stuffing being made. It was really quite exciting.

(MUM AND DAD ARE BUSY DOING CHRISTMAS THINGS. AT THE DOOR, THE CHILDREN, BERT AND CIS, SING A CAROL. MUM GOES TO DAD TO GET TWO PENNIES, OPENS THE DOOR, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT IT IS BERT AND CISSIE. MUM USHERS THEM IN AMIDST GREETINGS AND HILARITY.)

Oh you..... (CHILDREN TAKE OFF HATS AND MUFFLERS AND MUM SITS THEM DOWN AND GIVES THEM MINCE PIES.)

Cissie: It was lovely walking home through the snow... a real feeling of Christmas.

Dad: Christmas Eve was spent in last minute cooking...

Cissie: Sausage rolls!

Dad: Christmas pudding on the boil...

Bert: Mother gave us the job of stoning the raisins.

Cissie: Of course, one went in the dish and one went in our mouth.

Mum: But of course, mother wasn't looking.

Dad: We used to put half a pint of stout on the Christmas pudding to make it go black.

Mum: We always had silver three penny bits to stick in the Christmas pudding – Christmas puddings always had to have three penny pieces in!

Cissie: During the making of the puddings, each member of the family had to stir the mixture nine times for luck.

Bert: We all had to be called up to share in the stirring.

Cissie: And have a wish. (BOTH SQUEEZING THEIR EYES SHUT)  
Nobody had to be told what the wish was, or it wouldn't come true.

Mum: The mincemeat was made and the pickles pickled.

Dad: Fruit and nuts were bought.

Dad: The Christmas tree came from the greengrocers too.

Bert: At Christmas there was a huge tree right up to the ceiling.

Cissie: There used to be a lovely fairy on top. I used to long for that fairy.

Bert: (SINGS) What is this I see before me?  
Oh it is a Christmas tree!  
I can't remember exactly what went on after. (HE TRIES AGAIN)  
What is this I see before me, oh it is a Christmas tree.

Mum: We used to get a proper little tree didn't we?

Dad: A bottle of whiskey and a port!  
  
(PROUDLY) And also sherry was managed!

(PAUSE - DAD PASSES MUM A TOT AND THEY ADMIRE TREE, CHILDREN, etc.)

Cissie: (SINGS CAROL) Away in a manger (BERT JOINS IN)

Mum: Well you'd better sit down and tell Father Christmas what is you want.

Cissie: We would sit at the scrubbed table.

Bert: (GETTING PAPER AND PENCIL) and write our messages.  
(KIDS WRITE MESSAGES, MUM LOOKS ON).

Dad: Mum looked at them first, because she wanted an idea...

(DAD AND MUM SPY ON MESSAGES)

Dad: A stuffed monkey?!

Mum: We generally got them one decent present.

Bert: If you sprinkled a little bit of salt on the paper and threw it in the fire then the flames turned blue...

Cissie: And that was the blue fairy taking the message to Father Christmas.

Mum: While Dad just opened the door, which gave the draught to carry them up.

Dad: Now who wants the key, so as you know that Father Christmas comes down the chimney?

Bert: There's no such thing...

Mum: Shhhhhh!!! (CIS MUSTN'T HEAR)... And then there were the decorations!!

Cissie: Mother used to decorate round the mirror with holly and mistletoe... We used to pinch that out of somebody's garden.

Bert: And put one loop in the other.

Cissie: You used to buy coloured strips and make flour and water paste.

Bert: They were piled up in the front room.

Cissie: We didn't see the decorations till Christmas morning.

Christmas stockings. (HE GIVES THE CHILDREN EMPTY STOCKINGS WHICH THEY HANG ON THEIR BED END)

Cissie: Special Christmas stockings with father Christmas on...

Bert: We was all put to bed. (BERT AND CIS CLIMB ONTO BED FULLY CLOTHED AMIDST MUCH JOSTLING.)

Cissie: You always went to bed early on Christmas Eve.

Dad: Put up your stockings...

Cissie: And we hung our stockings up...

Mum: Go to sleep for Father Christmas to come. Don't you dare wake up till morning.  
Members of the family hid in various parts of the house wrapping presents. (KIDS RE-EMERGE NEAR THE BANISTER.)

Bert: We used to hang our heads over the banister wondering what we were going to get.

Cissie: We were so excited!

Mum: Go to sleep!!

Cissie: Christmas was a magic time!

Mum: I've got to go and get some meat. (HAT AND COAT ON EXITS AND RETURNS).  
Butchers shops were open right up until midnight on Christmas Eve, and if you waited long enough you got your meat much cheaper because they wanted to get rid of it. (MUM GOES).

Dad: Sometimes you'd get a turkey for half a crown (STUDYING COIN FROM POCKET AND LOOKING AT THE DOOR, DADMAKES DECISION)

Dad: (TO KIDS) Won't be a moment... just going out for a drink... (HAT AND COAT ON, DAD LEAVES)

PB PIANO - RED, RED, ROBIN - ENTER DAD

Dad: Up to place called the Horse and Groom. (ORDERING HIS DRINK)  
Half out of the barrel.

Barmaid: 1/3d.

Dad: And when ordinary ale was only 4d per pint you may imagine that what came out of the barrel was pretty good!

Harry: Round about Christmas the landlords used to give out clay pipes.

Dad: Nosegay they used to smoke, Africander too.

Barmaid: The smell used to be horrible. Smelt like manure.

Dad: Urgh. Bit Smokey. Something to clear my head.

Harry: Oh well then, well have a round of high balls.

Dad: (TO BARMAID, INSTRUCTING HER) Irish whisky – dry ginger and ice. That cleared our heads.

Harry: (TO BARMAID) What are you going to have? It's Christmas.

Barmaid: There's one Drambuie in the bottle, I'll have that. Now what are you boys going to have?

Dad: Well I'll leave it to you.

Harry: You know what we've had and what we can take.

Barmaid: Port and Brandy.

Dad: You'll have us pass out.

Barmaid: No here anyway.

Harry: HALF OUT THE BARREL FOR GERTY

Barmaid: I remember my husband telling me about his father: He'd been to the market to get the Christmas turkey, chicken or whatever, he came home late at night, they always got tiddly, and everyone was in bed. And he says to the chicken.

Harry: Get up these stairs.

Barmaid: And he throws the chicken and it didn't land where he wanted it to land, so he says.

Harry: I told you to get up those stairs.

Barmaid: All of a sudden a voice behind him says.

Dad: I'll help you mate.

Barmaid: And he throws it further you see. Well apparently the saying is that they both fell asleep on the stairs and the following morning the fell turned out to be the local policeman.

Dad: Evening all.

Dad and Harry: (HAVING HELPED BARMAID TO ACT OUR STORY, DAD AND HARRY NOW RENDER) "Christmas day in the Workhouse".

Dad: (RETURNING HOME DRUNK)  
Bough my daughter a monkey, stuffed one! Big toy store on the Deptford Broadway, Nobles! Open right up until midnight (TAKING OFF SHOES)

Bert: (POPPING HEAD OVER THE BANISTER) One time my father came home from the pub on Christmas Eve.

Cissie: He was fairly drunk! Christmas pudding was on the boil... wrapped up in a big white bag... smelt delicious!

Dad: (LIFTING THE LID – KDS GIGGLE) Is it done?

Kids: No...

Cissie: Not quite cooked yet.

Dad: Where's your mother?

Bert: Up the road.

Dad: (LAUGHING) Oh... Let's pull the pudding out, shall we?

Cissie: And he was undoing it...

Bert: Parts of the pudding started to come away...

Cissie: So he got a knife...

Bert: And cut round the edges.

Cissie: And gave us a big slice each! ...

Bert: (MOUTH FULL) Then he tried it back up again.

Cissie: (MOUTH ALSO FULL) Then he realised...

Dad: Not much of the pudding left... (CHILDREN STIFFLING GIGGLES)

Bert: And in his drunken state he put the holly back in he bag as well!!

(MUM COMES BACK IN TO THE DRUNKEN DAD AND USHERS THE CHILDREN AND THEY SCUTTLE BACK TO BED. HE GUILTILY REPLACES LID AND WHISTLES INNOCENTLY A CHRISTMAS SONG)

Mum: All the stalls were out selling stuff cheap. Oranges at 3 a penny. Of course they were blood oranges, you know, little ones. Turkey, they'd auction it off wouldn't they? All the butchers trying to sell their cheap meat.

Mum: Father would dress up if we could borrow the things.

Cissie: Our bedroom fireplace was always cleared out to make room for Father Christmas – all tidied and made nice. How he got down that little hole with his sack never through to ask.

Bert: We used to see Mum and Dad come in... my Father was a bit drunk so he kept dropping the presents.

Cissie: My mother was behind him she said:

Mum: You rotter! Be quiet!

Both: Shhh!! They're coming!!!

Cissie: We made out that we were asleep.

Bert: Of course we weren't sleep.

Cissie: We were awake.

Bert: We used to have one eye open and one eye shut.

(MUM AND DAD STUFFING STOCKINGS ALL THE WHILE)

Dad: (STUBBING HIS TOE) Arrshh!!

Mum: Shhh!

Dad: That pesky bedstead! (KIDS GIGGLING)

Bert: And when they turned their backs, we sat up in bed to see what we had...

(MUM AND DAD TIPTOE OUT – DAD TO FIX UP CHAINS AND MUM TO THE PIANO)

Song: 1. "If I were the only girl in the world".  
2. INTO – "I saw Mummy kissing Santa Claus", (SUNG BY CHILDREN WHILE DAD ENCIRCLES MUM FROM BEHIND WITH PAPER CHAINS AND THEY BRIEFLY CANOODLE.)

Song: 3. "Silent Night"

Cissie: We woke, after a very short nap, at dawn.

Bert: Christmas morning!

Parents: Shhhh! (DAD HAS A TERRIBLE HANGOVER)

Cissie: We weren't allowed to disturb early!  
(BACK UNDER COVERS)

Bert: It was terrible because you'd wake up and feel and you weren't allowed to put any lights on!

Cissie: (IN THE DARK) An apple?

Bert: (FEELING) An orange?

Cissie: A lump of coal????!

Bert: And you always had a sugar mouse.

Cissie: And you had a new coin, a half penny.

Bert: And when you got any money like that you hit it.

Cissie: You tired it in the corner of your handkerchief.

Bert: Christmas morning, my father, as was the custom in our house, made the early morning cup of tea!

Song: "I saw three ships"

Dad: Lancing his and mother's with whisky.

Parents: (ENTERING BEDROOM) Happy Christmas!

Kids: Happy Christmas!

Cissie: We had two or three presents upstairs (DIVING INTO THE STOCKING).

Bert: (OIPENING) Pencil box that swivelled open at the top.

Cissie: Girls Crystal!

Mum: They were wrapped in decorated paper (SMOOTHNG OUT THE PAPER AS IT IS RIPPED OFF).

Bert: Champion Annual!

Mum: The rest were hid in various points around the house.  
  
(CHILDREN RUN TO LOOK)



Mum: “How green you are” (ALL JOIN IN GAME WHICH INVOLVES SINGING TO TUNE OF AULS LANG SYNE, LOUDER AS PEOPLE APPROACH PRESENTS)

Bert: A Hornby train set.

Dad: You must have a Hornby train set.

Bert: An oval track... one engine, two carriages and a guards van...

Mum: That set us back a bit.

Dad: But it was worth it.

Cissie: “How green you are” (ALL JOIN IN WHILE CIS SEARCHES)

Cissie: (FINDING) A stuffed monkey!!

Dad: (TO MUM) Deptford Broadway (WINKS) Midnight

Bert/Dad: “How green you are”

Cissie: We had a game, regarding father’s present to mother. He asked me to find out...

Dad: What she wants (CIS AND MUM WHISPER)

Mum: A dress length of material.

Cissie: Which she knew precisely where to get. (BECKONED BY FATHER)  
So my father...

Dad: Gave you the money to buy it.

Cissie: Which I gave to my mother

Mum: Who bought just what she wanted.

Cissie: And gave it to me to give to my father (GIVING IT TO HIM TO HIDE FOR MUM).

All: “How green you are”

Mum: Oh.

All: And she looked suitably surprised and delighted.

Mum: When she opened it on Christmas morning.

Cissie: I'd make mother a pins and needles cushion.

Bert: Or we'd have a jam jar.

Cissie: Cover it with little bits of coloured foil.

Mum: Which was a vase.

Bert: For dad the same sort of thing (GIVING IN TO DAD TO UNWRAP)

Dad: Tightly folded newspaper to form spills.

Bert: And that would be a Christmas present for Dad (GETTING PRESENTS FROM UNDER THE TREE).

Bert: A bus conductors outfit. (BERT AND CIS STRUGGLE OVER PARCEL).

Cissie: A hat

Cissie: (DINGING) A ticket punch...

Cissie: Various types of tickets. My mother was in charge who'd have the outfit. (TEARFUL AS BERT COLLARED BEST BITS)

Bert: Ding Ding – upstairs only.

Mum: During the Christmas morning, the members of the neighbouring families made rounds of visits.

Bert: Upstairs – upstairs only.

Dad: (Putting on his hat) having a drink in each house! (EXIT DAD).

Mum: While the wives cooked the dinners.

Cissie: The turkey was stuffed and ready for the oven.

Bert: The Christmas Pudding was heated up (PUTTING HIS MECCANO ON THE TABLE).

Mum: I remember when I was little my father was out of work, and when we came down, well none of us had anything. I was in a family – one of eight – I got downstairs and looked. “I've got nothing in my stocking” And I can remember my mother with tears in her eyes and she said, “No, there is no Father Christmas, it's your mother and father, and your father's out of work”. So we had stew for dinner. And that's something that always stands out in my mind when I see what goes on now.

Bert: We spent Christmas morning playing with our presents – boys always had Mecca no.

Cissie: I might have a skipping rope with wooden handles. (GOING OUTSIDE).

Bert: You could build the Forth Bridge with one of those.

Cissie: (MEETING FRIEND) We'd be skipping out in the streets – showing them off to other children in the street.

Bert: Or a steam driven crane.

Cissie: (SKIPPING) All skip together girls,  
In the frosty weather girls  
Saw a pistol hanging out the window  
Shoot! Bang! Fire! ... (BREATHLESS). We used to skip up and down, show off our skipping ropes. By that time quite often our knickers was down our legs. They used to fall down when we was skipping. It used to slide them down, but we didn't stop!!

Mum: When I had a family of my own – I always had one thing in my mind – to let your kids have something better than you had yourself . Never let your kids put up with you had to put up with. They had things which we'd never heard of.  
(SKIPPING) Redcurrant, blackcurrant, strawberry tart, tell me the name of your sweetheart.

Cissie: We spent Christmas morning playing with our presents and eating sweets. (CONTINUING WITH HER SKIPPING – MUM CALLS HER IN)

Bert: A “Warman” steam engine, operated with a little methylated spirit lamp which is under the boiler.

Mum: Then there was all the dinner preparations, Brussels sprouts.

Cissie: If we were big enough we used to have to do the vegetables.

Mum: And baked potatoes. Bert... Come and peel the swedes... (BERT EXTREMELY RELUCTANT)

Dad: (RETURNING) Then we'd have our dinner. You always had to be in for Christmas dinner, no matter what!

Mum: The table would be laid – it would be laid with a lovely new table cloth on it – you know special.

Dad: On Christmas Day, the pubs used to be open all day and the men used to go and have a pint or two and then come back for dinner.

Well one year, the woman next door waited for her husband to come back for hours, so she got the pram with her baby in it, and on top of the pram was his Christmas dinner, and took it into the pub.

Mum: There!

Dad: She said.

Mum: You can eat it here seeing you couldn't be bothered to come back for it.

Dad: Everyone in the pub burst out laughing and he didn't half feel a fool.

Not Christmas table cloth. Maybe a white one, or a very good one you know. (LAYING TABLE)

Bert: We would lay the table

Cissie: And the best china and everything would be laid out.

Bert: We would all sit around the table (.....) My father would (....) a bottle at (.....)...  
And we would say the grace.

Dad: Bless us oh Lord and these thy gifts, the gifts which of thy bounty we are about to receive, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

All: A Happy and Holy Christmas! (A TOAST) To absent loved ones and friends.

Mum: One Christmas we sat down to our dinner, when all of a sudden my husband burst into tears and got up from the table. (TO HIM)  
"Whatever is the mater love?"

Dad: Christmas 1916 me and three of my best friends were in the trenches in France and we were ordered to go and man a gun somewhere else down the line. And I heard that Nobby, Bill and George, the three best friends I had in all the world, had been blown to bits on Christmas Day. And I should have been three with them.

Mum: To this day he still feels sad on Christmas day.

Song: On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me...

Bert: I used to have a tin frog and it had a spring under it. It would jump. I was playing with it and my mum had a glass of Guinness and it jumped and it went straight into mums Guinness. I was scared to tell her and she didn't notice 'til she got to the bottom.

(BY NOW OTHERS ARE UP TO FINAL VERSE OF SONG, SUNG OVER KNIFE AND FORK AND PLATE PERCUSSION, AND MUM HAS FETCHED PUDDING. CHILDREN AWAIT HER FURY).

Mum: (OPENING THE PUDDING) What's happened?

Bert: It's the...

Cissie: Mice

Mum: Mice couldn't get in there. Now you're all telling fibs... come on, out with it. What happened?

Dad: (LOOKING AT THE TIME) It's three o'clock!

Bert: Ad then of course we had the old wireless with an accumulator fitted to it, with batteries you know (DAD STANDS)

All: God save the king (SUNG)

Cissie: When they played God Save the King my father stood up.

Mum: Course, he was and old army man.

Bert: We always had to listen to the King ... we always had to listen to the speech on a Christmas afternoon.

Cissie: We had to sit very quiet and behave ourselves!

Dad: Shush!

KINGS SPEECH – ALL SIT SILENTLY LISTENING TO IT. IT IS SPOKEN BY BERT, HIS EAR UP TO WIRELESS AS THROUGH HEARING IT FROM THERE, AS WELL AS DELIVERING IT)

King: On this Christmas Day I send to all my people everywhere my Christmas Greetings. I would like to think that you whoever you may be, and all the peoples of this realm and Empire, are bound to me and to one another in the spirit of one great family. For you all, and especially four your children, I wish a Happy Christmas. God Bless you all. (ALL STAND)

Dad: The king! (TOASTING)

All: The king!

Mum: (FINDING FROG) Yeuch!

Cissie: Then after that, my father used to read from Dickens. We always had to hear about Scrooge.

Bert: He always used to get A Christmas Carol out and read...

(FROM A CHRISTMAS CAROL – DICKENS)

Dad: At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass: two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

Cissie: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Dad: Which all the family re-echoed.

Bert: "God bless us everyone!"

Dad: Said Tiny Tim.

Cissie: Then when we'd finished that we had the party (CRACKERS ARE PRODUCED AND PULLED WITH AUDIENCE)

Bert: Good parties too!

Mum: The Street door was always open.

Dad: Everyone used to roam in and out.

Cissie: You went out and got your saucepans and everything else and banged them and sang.

Kids

Sing: God rest you merry gentlemen... (THEY BANG SAUCEPANS IN TIME).

Bert: It was noisy but nobody seemed to mind.

Dad: You can do whatever you like as long as it's fair.

Bert: Christmas was a day when Mum and Dad never grumbled at us.

Mum: There's only one thing – if you are sick, you clean it up.

Bert: On Christmas day everyone was nice and no slappings.

Cissie: I used to wish it could be Christmas day every day.

Mum: Christmas time was round a piano with the family. So many families had piano.

Dad: Now give us a song.

Cissie: My younger brother had a very nice singing voice and he used to sing "The Little Boy that Santa Claus Forgot".

Bert: The little boy that Santa Claus forgot  
And goodness knows he didn't want a lot  
He sent a note to Santa for some soldiers and a drum  
And it nearly broke his heart when he found Santa hadn't come.

Mum: He had these big blue eyes and sandy hair.

Cissie: He was a little horror really, but he'd stand there singing this.

Bert: In the street he envies all those lucky boys  
Then wanders home to last year's broken toys  
Won't you feel sorry for that laddie  
He hasn't got a daddy  
He's the little boy that Santa Claus forgot.

(DAD PRODUCES A SIXPENNY BIT)

Cissie: (THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) He sang it with such pathos, he usually did well with tips.

Dad: He brought everyone to tears.

Mum: I remember one Christmas when I was little we all had the whooping cough really badly. Us kids had to stay in the one room with the fire burning night and day. We were so hard up that mother and father had to rip up the lino off the kitchen floor and throw it on the fire. That's a true story to show how hard up we were.

Mum: (Laughing at herself) Come on Dad – give us turn.

Dad: The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God. (DAD RECITES ENTIRE POEM, WHILE BERT PERFORMS HAND MOVEMENTS TO ACCOMPANY HIM).

Mum: We used to love to hear him reciting.

Dad: We all used to get up and do our turn.

Kids used to do a recital or a monologue.

Cissie: "Come Home Father". (LONG RECITATION WITH MUCH EXPRESSION BY CISSIE, MUM ON PIANO ACCOMPANYING, AND DAD TRYING TO KEEP AWAKE).

Dad: That had yards to it!

Dad: other always had her special song "The Gypsy's Warning"

Mum: Sings:- The Gypsy's warning. (MUM SINGS TO DAD WITH MUCH ENTHUSIASM, CHILDREN JOINING IN CHORUS)

Dad: Then there'd be a little tap-dance (DAD THROWS HATS AND BROLLIES AND CIS AND BERT DANCE TO "ME AND MY SHADOW")

Cissie: We enjoyed that. You made all own fun.

Bert: Everybody used to take turns whether you could do anything or not.

Cissie: If you didn't you paid a forfeit.

Bert: Wash up or something.

(PIANO MEDLEY WHILE THE TABLE IS CLEARED AND TABLES AND CHAIRS ARE CLEARED AWAY)

Cissie: We used to play musical chairs. (THEY DO SO WHILE MUSIC PLAYS AND STOPS)

Cissies: We had lovely games.

(SHOUTING OUT NAMES OF GAMES AND ACCEPTING SUGGESTIONS FROM THE AUDIENCE)

Mum: Charades.

Cissie: Murder.

Dad: Postman's knock

Bert: Squeak, Piggy, Squeak.

Mum: Jack's alight

Cissie: Nelson's Eye

Bert: There was on wicked one. I can't remember the name of it.



Cissie: There went to visit the King and Queen (TO MUM WHO TURNS HER BACK)

Bert: The King and Queen (EXPLAINING) are seated on a chair and there's a space between the chairs.

Bert: And a thick blanket (WHICH HE HAS FITTED) and a bowl of water and a sponge.

(INTRODUCES MUM) The King and the Queen

Bert: (TO MUM) You sit in the middle of this blanket. (SHE DOES SO)

Dad: (IN A DEEP VOICE) What is the last thing you do at night?

Mum: And while you're suffused in dread wondering what to say... oooooops! You landed up in a heap between the two chairs.  
CIS AND DAD RELEASE THE BLANKET AND MUM FALLS OUT ONTO THE FLOOR)  
We had plenty of games didn't we?

Dad: Family games.

Mum: Mummies! For this particular game, two had to be conspirators. Everyone else had to leave the room (USHERS OUT DAD AND CIS)

Bert: And one person lay down with a cushion at their feet.

Mum: (FROM THE FLOOR) The whole body was covered with a blanket to give the effect that the feet was actually the head).

Bert: The other person, suitably attired in a long robe, dressing gown perhaps, would invite people in. "This is a very ancient mummy which has been brought here at considerable risk".

(SITTING UP BRIEFLY) If they worshipped it and said few special prayers, they would be blessed and their wishes come true.

Bert: (PUSHING HER DOWN, AND USHERING DAD IN) This is a very ancient mummy which has been brought here at considerable risk.

(DAD IS MADE TO SIT FACING MUM'S FEET)

Bert: Mumbo Jumbo Mumbo Jumbo

Dad: Mumbo Jumbo Mumbo Jumbo. (MUM LEAPS UP AND SURPRISES THEM)

Dad: Ahhhhrshhhh!!!

Mum: Never failed to produce a scream of fright!

Cissie: My brother used to chase me with the turkey claw.

(TURKEY CLAW CHASE ENDING IN TEARS< COMFORT  
FFROM DAD TO CIS)

Dad: The children used to tire themselves out.

Bert: The rest of the evening was Mum's and Dad's.

Mum and  
Dad sings: "The party's over now". (DAD DANCES WITH CIS< CHEERS HER  
UP AND PUTS HER TO BED).

Cissie: Christmas Day was over for that year.

Bert: And it was a long time before the next one.

(LINES ABOVE SPOKEN OVER THE SONG)

All sing: We wish you a Merry Christmas,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas,  
We wish you a Merry Christmas,  
And a Happy New Year.  
Glad tiding we bring  
To you and your king  
We wish you a Merry Christmas  
And a Happy New Year.

(ALL EXIT SINGING)