

# Yule Play 2016

## Order and roles decided at meeting 31/10/16

Things in **bold** are songs

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Backing tracks are here:

<https://www.dropbox.com/sh/bexdv032fhsnr83/AABcaQ7GqdLXsmuVvk8mMMta1a?dl=0>

### **1. Tonicha Bring it All Back**

A singing ensemble

#### 2. Amrit Viking airlines

Air steward (Eleanor S)

#### 3. Eleanor S's De Raris Fabulis. Bit 1

Monk 1 (Ellie McD), Monk 2 (Tonicha), Waiter (Miriam), announcer (James)

### **4. Tonicha Summer Lovin'**

Emma (Tonicha), Cnut (Eleanor S depending on manliness), a singing ensemble

#### 5. Amrit Forced tonsuring

Newsreader (Tonicha), reporter (Robin), sacrifice monk (Eve), angry barbers

#### 6. Ellie's great mortality

A monk (Liam), two stone-throwing novices (Eleanor McD, Basha who "can be annoying")

### **7. Basha's fun nuns**

Aldhelm (Liam), Hildelith (Miriam), fun nuns (Eve, Tonicha, James)

#### 8. Eleanor S's De Raris Fabulis. Bit 2

Monk 1, Monk 2 (Ellie McD, Tonicha)

#### 9. James's Brendan bear hunt

Brendan (Basha), monks, hungry monk (Liam), a sheep (Ellie McD), monster (Miriam)?

### **10. Tonicha I'll Make Anglo-Saxons**

Alfred (Amrit), a crone (Basha), various soldiers (Everyone)

#### 11. Pictish Yule Play one-liner

One funny person (Miriam) (Miriam: hell yeah i'm funny)

#### 12. Ellie's delegated Icelandic sex

Father Edric (Ellie McD), Viking 1 (Amrit), Viking 2 (Eve), Viking 3 (Liam), Wife (James), Viking 4 (Robin)

### **13. Miriam HamilTáin (Miriam: eyyyyy pun)**

Lots of people – Cú Chulainn, Ferdia, Ailill, Fergus, Medb, assorted Ulaid and Connachta

### **14. Christmas song!**



# Props!

## PROPS

- Swords – as many as possible?
- Towel for the waiter's arm
- Plastic bottles for drunk monks
- A horn – Amrit has a short horn cup thing
- Book to be the monks' phrasebook. Robin has the Annal?
- Also a book with "VIRGINITY" marked on it
- Wigs? (Amrit has two but one is weird)
- scissors and hair clippers (amrit has a beard trimmer that looks close enough and makes an alarming buzzing noise)
- Signs – everyone in Hamiltáin. Cnut and Emma? Brendan?
- Feather/stylus or something for scribe to be writing with. An ink pot too?
- Basha's dead bird
- Whatever is required for the mentioned "womanly pursuits" for Emma's ladies to be engaged in
- Need printouts of the Christmas Song for the audience

## CLOTHING

- Monks – as many as possible. Amrit has one monk thing
- Nuns – is Robin still enthusiastic about making them?
- Maybe we can make some cardboard-and-string crucifixes if we can't do monks and nuns properly?
- Does Eleanor have any clothing suggestive of an air stewardess?

# SCRIPT STARTS HERE

## Bring it All Back

*Written by Tonicha. Persons 1, 2, 3, 4. Tonicha 1, Amrit 2, Basha 3, Robin 4  
Probably swords if we have them? Maybe not.*

ALL: Don't stop, plunder it all  
Murder and steal and loot the lot  
Then let the world see what you have got!  
Bring it all back with you

1: Don't worry if your actions seem  
the height of criminality  
When you're raiding other countries  
Just smile, enjoy the show

2: If people say you're doing wrong  
Just run them through with their own sword  
You only have to answer to yourself

1: Don't you know it's true what they say  
Raiding ain't that easy  
But your loot is worth a few pounds  
So don't you stop trying!

OTHERS: Ooh\_ (*on "true"*)  
Ooh  
your loot is worth a few pounds  
\_\_\_\_\_

ALL: Don't stop, plunder it all  
Murder and steal and loot the lot  
Let the world see what you have got  
Bring it all back with you  
Dream of tribute and coins  
Brooches and jewels and souvenirs  
When your income is looking low  
Bring it all back with you

A MAN: Bring it all back (*low*)  
  
(*human slaves*)

Na na na na na.... (*Miriam says bananas*)

3: Now don't you worry about a thing  
There ain't no legal consequence  
We have the upper hand here  
They can't fight us when they're dead

4: Imagination is the key

'Cause you are your own destiny  
Go and plunder what you want now,  
and mutilate them while you're there

2: Don't you know it's true what they say  
Finders keepers is the rule now  
Your time is coming around  
So don't stop you stop looting

OTHERS: Ooh\_ (*on "true"*)  
Ooh  
your time is coming around  
\_\_\_\_\_

ALL: Don't stop, plunder it all  
Murder and steal and loot the lot  
Let the world see what you have got  
Bring it all back with you  
Dream of tribute and coins  
Brooches and jewels and souvenirs  
When your income is looking low  
Bring it all back with you

A MAN: Bring it all back now (*low*)

*(human slaves)*

A MAN: Bring it all back

:)

## Introduction

*Ellie and Amrit say these things.*

Hello all! Welcome to this year's Yule Play, we are your humble Yule Play officers for today

If you can't see that the fire exits are here and here, you deserve to die

Now, we pass you on to your next safety announcement.

## Viking Airlines

*Written by Amrit*

*An air stewardess (Eleanor S), addressing the audience. Should Eleanor be wearing something vaguely air-stewardess-reminiscent?*

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. We hope you have had a very pleasant raid and we're very pleased to have you with us on this Viking Seaways voyage back to Norway. The captain has assured me that it will be smooth sailing straight across the North Sea, arriving in the fjords of home early on Tuesday morning, but first, a few important safety announcements. We urge even frequent raiders to give these their full attention, as the details will vary from longship to longship.

Your emergency exits are here, here, here, here, here, and, in fact, at all edges of the deck. Take a minute to locate the exit closest to you. There are no toilets anywhere in the cabin, but any of the emergency exits may be used for this purpose. In the unlikely event of an emergency occurring, the longship may have to be evacuated. Please leave all personal belongings behind you and we would like to remind passengers that, however attractive, high-heeled shoes should not be worn. There are flotation aids busy whining or praying in the cargo hold and working at each of the rowing benches. Please note that fatter monks are more effective for this purpose.

If you haven't already done so, please store your ill-gotten gains in the overhead luggage racks or under the seat in front of you. Captives should be placed in the cargo hold or at the rowing benches. We would like to remind all travellers that this is a non-smoking voyage – we're sure you've had a wonderful time burning the English shores, but will have to ask you to refrain from lighting anything up while we are on the seas. When we are in sight of land or during choppy periods, the captain may ask you to return to your seats. Please refrain from using any personal entertainment devices during these periods – torturing captive monks is an activity best conducted on calm waters.

Should the longship experience sudden changes in pressure, raindrops will fall from above your heads. There is no cause to be alarmed, and we ask that you put on your own waterproof skins before helping others with theirs.

A trolley shall soon be making its way around the deck with assorted merchandise for exchange. Thank you for choosing Viking Seaways; we hope you have a pleasant voyage.

## De Raris Fabulis, Part 1

*Written by Eleanor S.*

*Ellie McD as Monk 1, Tonicha as Monk 2, Miriam as Waiter, James as Announcer*

*Need table and chairs, towel to go over waiter's arm, notepad for the waiters, little book to be the phrasebook*

*Enter James w/ table, then Robin and Ellie together carrying chairs from left. James not to leave stage entirely after bringing on table Miriam from right. Miriam exit to right James reappear to take table Monks leave with their own chairs*

Announcer: This is why Colloquies do not make useful phrasebooks.

*[Enter MONKS and WAITER, bringing table and chairs. They set them up and the MONKS take a seat. The MONKS are both carrying phrasebooks which they consult when speaking. This bit of the stage directions is open to interpretation. The WAITER has a notepad.]*

Waiter: What can I get for you, holy brothers?

Monk 1: *[with heavy accent]* We'd like wheat bread, barley bread, chaff bread, rye bread, spelt bread, millet bread, sausage, chicken, boiled greens, leek, garlic, onion, cabbage, small lettuce, broth, buttermilk and cheese.

Waiter: *[who has been frantically scribbling but has trailed off about halfway through]* I'm sorry?

Monk 2: *[repeats the list, also with heavy accent]*

Waiter: I... see. And did you want anything to drink with that

Monk 2: Yes, we'd like beer, ale, wine, cider mead, mulled mead, and honey mead. *[Waiter scribbles frantically.]*

Waiter: *[sighing deeply]* Okay, I'll just... get those for you. *[He leaves, calling out on his way out:]* Ælfric, those mad Welsh monks are here again!

Announcer: to be continued...

## Summer Lovin'

*By Tonicha*

*Tonicha as Emma, possibly Eleanor S as Cnut depending on manliness, a singing ensemble.*

*Classical womanly occupations for Emma's ladies, swords?*

*Dialogue before song starts - start music at 'well'... Tonicha to make throat-cutting motion at Ellie after power hungry line*

CNUT: Summer lovin', had me a blast

EMMA: Summer lovin', happened so fast

CNUT: Met a girl crazy for kings

EMMA: Met a boy, another king

BOTH: Summer days drifting away

To, uh oh, those summer nights

PEOPLE: Well-a, well-a, well-uh-huh!

MEN: Tell me more, tell me more

A MAN: J Wasn't she Æthelred's queen?

LADIES: Tell me more, tell me more

A LADY: Are you gonna be queen?

MEN: Doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-(doo-)

LADIES: Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

*(Simultaneously, repeat throughout next verse until \*\*\*)*

CNUT: She swore to me, her loyalty

EMMA: He promised me, my sons would be king

CNUT: It works out well, she's used to the crown

EMMA: I think he likes me, wants me around \*\*\*

BOTH: Summer sun, politics done

But, uh oh, those summer nights

PEOPLE: Well-a, well-a, well-a, uh!

LADIES: Tell me more, tell me more

A LADY: Are your sons safe for now?

MEN: Tell me more, tell me more,

A MAN: A How did you work this out?

LADIES: Doo, doo-be doo, doo-be-doo, doo-be-doo-be-doo-be(-doo)

MEN: Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

*(Simultaneously, repeat throughout next verse until \*\*\*)*

CNUT: Took her walking, told her the game  
EMMA: We went strolling; he made his views plain  
CNUT: Then we worked out a marriage to last  
EMMA: We went out, and made our deal fast  
BOTH: A summer fling don't mean a thing  
But, uh, a political match

MEN: Tell me more, tell me more  
A MAN: J Do you get support from her dad?  
LADIES: Tell me more, tell me more  
A LADY: You're sure that Æthelred's dead?

PEOPLE: Shoo-bop-bop, shoo-bop-bop, shoo-bop-bop, shoo-bop-bop  
*(Repeat throughout next verse until \*\*\*)*

EMMA: He got friendly, wants some sons out of me  
CNUT: Well now I've won her, she'll be useful to me  
EMMA: I was wrong when I said Vikings are mean  
CNUT: I beat Æthelred good, if you know what I mean  
BOTH: Summer heat, boy and girl meet  
But, uh oh, those summer nights

LADIES: Oh, oh, oh  
Tell me more, tell me more  
A LADY: How'd you work this one out?  
MEN: Tell me more, tell me more  
A MAN: A But you don't gotta shout!

EMMA: But it's not love; that much is clear  
CNUT: We need each other politically  
EMMA: Then we made our wedding vows  
CNUT: Wonder who's more power hungry now?  
BOTH: Summer dreams ripped at the seams  
But, uh, oh, those summer nights

*Tonicha and ladies-in-waiting leave early - Eleanor and men stand confused, then chase after them*

## Forced tonsuring

*By Amrit*

*Tonicha as Newsreader, Robin as Bert, Eve as Stan, various Barbers, including Ellie McD as Barber 1.*

*Wig(s), assorted scissors and hair clippers, monk robe for Stan.*

*Newsreader stands in centre of the stage, with Bert waiting at the side, and Stan and the barbers offstage. Stan is dressed as a monk, with a walking stick. The barbers should, if possible, have shears, scissors, towels around their necks, aprons and so on. If possible, lighting only on Newsreader to begin. Start by playing some news-programme sounding music/fanfare?*

Newsreader: Good morning, and welcome to *Northumbria Today*, bringing you news, travel, and weather from across the kingdom. Our main story: the disturbance across the land in the aftermath of last month's Synod at Whitby shows no signs of abating, with widespread migration, friends and brothers being torn apart by the issue of the day, houses in turmoil. However, reports have reached us of a new danger to any migrating Irish ecclesiastics. We go now live to Bert at the scene for more information.

*Newsreader moves aside as Bert comes forwards. Lighting rises as he's outside.*

Bert: Thank you, Aethelthryth. I stand in the rolling hills a few miles inland from Lindisfarne. Peaceful though my surroundings might seem, over the last few days disaster has struck for Celtic monks travelling in the area. Yes, it seems that keenness to spread the implications of the Whitby decision for monastic tonsure has now resulted in gangs of vigilante barbers roaming this countryside, giving any Celtic tonsures they may see a rather nasty surprise. I have come to the epicentre of the attacks hoping to catch the militant hairdressers in the act. *(Enter Stan)*. In aid of this, Stan, a young monk of Jarrow *(gesture to him, a kindly slap on the back. Stan looks nervous)*, has kindly agreed to act as bait. Now let's watch to see what happens.

*Bert withdraws to stand with Newsreader. Stan looks nervously around, then starts slowly walking (on the spot?) with his stick. A face looks out from the stage doors, and says*

Barber 1: Here's another one, boys! Get him!

*A rabble of angry barbers, wielding a variety of scissors, shears, and incongruous modern hair clippers, enter and descend on Stan, surrounding him. They bend down around him and, amid Stan's screams and the clacking of shears and buzzing of hair clippers, bits of hair fly out of the huddle. After a little while, Bert starts looking exasperated and gives a pointed cough. The barbers and Stan (awkwardly covering his hair), stand up and awkwardly file offstage. Newsreader returns to centre stage, lights lower again.*

Newsreader: Quite terrible, quite terrible. Coming up next, an exclusive interview with the musical star of the hour, yes indeed, it is indeed his very self Cædmon, right after the break!

*Lights off, another news programme sound if we have one.*

## A Great Mortality

By Ellie McD

*Tonicha as the scribe, Ellie McD and Basha who “can be annoying” as the stone-throwing novices*

*Need a desk, chair, book and pen/feather/stylus whatever. An ink pot? Basha’s dead bird*

*Monk, sitting at desk writing.*

*(in a dull monotone):* In this year Theodore was consecrated as archbishop.

In this year... *(young monks play nearby, making much noise, Monk glares at them)*

In this year Pope Vitalian consecrated Theodore as archbishop and sent him to Britain.

In this year King Egbert gave Reculver to the mass-priest Bass, to build a minster in it.  
*(young monks make even more noise, throwing a ball around)*

*(raises voice)* In this year Oswiu, king of the Northumbrians, died.

In this year... *(young monks suddenly go quiet, looking slightly concerned, a dead bird falls from the sky, or is thrown from behind the backstage curtain to land near the Monk who looks at it coldly)*

In this year there was the great mortality of birds.

## Nuns Just Want to Have Fun

*By Basha*

*Miriam as Hildelith, Ellie McD as Aldhelm, many fun nuns, to include James, Eve and Tonicha. There should be a book with VIRGINITY written on it.*

*Tonicha enter left w table and chair All nuns enter left, everyone else from right Remember freestyle in whistly bit - Ellie and Tonicha lasso Aldhelm joins the nuns!*

ALDHELM:

Ah my dearest Abbess Hildelith, please accept my humble gift of a small book of only 38000 pages. Don't worry – I found so much more to say about bees in this one!

HILDELITH:

Of course Aldhelm, you know how grateful we are to receive your... *little* presents.

ALDHELM:

Indeed! So as I tried to explain in my first book...

*(Music Starts)*

ALDHELM:

What is the meaning of this?

HILDELITH:

Sisters? What do you think you are doing?

NUNS:

We come home from praising Christ

The Abbess says when you gonna live your life right?

Oh Hilde dear we're not the ascetic ones

And nuns they wanna have fun

Oh nuns just wanna have fun

The bell rings in the middle of the night

The father yells better think about the afterlife

Oh Aldhelm dear you know you're still number one

But nuns they wanna have fun

Oh nuns just wanna have fun

That's all they really want

Some fun

When the praying day is done

Nuns they wanna have fun

Oh nuns just wanna have fun

*(Whistly bit)*

Some monks take a beautiful girl  
And hide her away from the rest of the world  
We wanna be the nuns to walk in the sun  
Nuns they wanna have fun  
Oh nuns just wanna have fun

That's all they really want  
Some fun  
When the praying day is done  
Nuns they wanna have fun  
Oh nuns just wanna have fun

*All boogie off the side*

## De Raris Fabulis, Part 2

*Written by Eleanor S.*

*James as Announcer, Ellie McD as Monk 1, Tonicha as Monk 2*

*James returns, moves table, monks take chairs as lights will be off. Robin feet on table James not to leave stage completely*

*Bottles lying around on the floor*

Announcer: This is why Colloquies still do not make useful phrasebooks.

*[Enter the MONKS, with table, chairs and horn. They set up the table and chairs and take their seats. This bit of the stage directions is also open to interpretation.*

*Monk 2 has the horn. Both MONKS are very drunk.]*

Monk 1: *[drunkenly]* I want to drink from the horn, I ought to have the horn!

Monk 2: *[equally drunk]* I ought to hold the horn! I'm called Horn! Horn is my name!

Monk 1: *[a sort of drunken monologue or litany]* I want to live with the horn, and lie with the horn, and sleep with the horn and sail with the horn and ride with the horn and walk with the horn and work with the horn and play with the horn...

Monk 2: I wanna DIE with the horn!

Monk 1: *[grabs the horn from Monk 2]* Now I have the horn!

Monk 2: *[very drunken and sleepy and slightly suggestive]* Brother, come with me to my necessity.

*[They stumble out, arm in arm, towards someone holding a sign with an arrow to the toilets.]*

Waiter: Bloody Welsh monks

*Miriam returns as waiter to say 'bloody Welsh' in a Welsh accent and can then help James with the chairs etc*

## Brendan Bear Hunt

*By James*

*Basha as Brendan, Liam as a hungry monk, Ellie McD as a sheep, Miriam as a monster, various monks*

*Monk robes?*

BRENDAN AND MONKS:

We're going on a monster hunt,  
We're going to catch a big one,  
What a beautiful day!  
We're not scared

Uh-oh! An island with no one around  
A mildly ominous island with no one around and free food  
we can't sail over it  
we can't sail under it

Oh no!  
BRENDAN: We've got to eat their food for them  
munch munch munch  
munch munch munch  
munch munch munch

We're going on a monster hunt,  
We're going to catch a big one,  
What a beautiful day!  
We're not scared

Uh-oh! The sea  
The cold wet sea  
We can't row through it  
We can't sail through it

Oh no!  
BRENDAN: We're just going to have to let God deal with it

*(Monks sit back and boat carries on moving. Amusing travel occupations?)*

We're going on a monster hunt,  
We're going to catch a big one,

What a beautiful day!  
We're not scared

Uh-uh! An island of sheep  
Hundreds of huge fluffy sheep  
We can't sail over it  
We can't sail under it

Oh no!  
BRENDAN: We're just going to have to eat them  
*(monk pulls out knife and fork and licks lips)*  
Munch munch munch  
Munch munch munch  
Munch munch munch

We're going on a monster hunt,  
We're going to catch a big one,  
What a beautiful day!  
We're not scared

Uh-uh! A fiery island  
A fiery island with angry little men  
We can't sail over it  
We can't sail under it  
*(A MONK pipes up from the back: "could we give this one a miss Brendan?")*  
Oh no!

BRENDAN: We're just going to have to go close enough I look hard-core in my hagiography

We're going on a monster hunt,  
We're going to catch a big one,  
What a beautiful day!  
We're not scared

Uh-uh! A very smooth grey island  
A very smooth grey island called Jasconius  
We can't sail over it  
We can't sail under it  
ALL: Oh no! You're/We're going to have to go look  
*(monks stop and turn to look at Brendan)*  
BRENDAN ONLY: **You're** going to have to go look

Stomp stomp stomp  
One shiny back  
One monstrous head  
Just like in Revelation  
MONSTER: Here's Jascy!

MONKS:  
Back onto the boat  
Back past the fire  
Row row row  
Back past the sheep  
Row row (munch?) row  
Back past the desolate  
Row row (please munch?) row  
Into the monastery, up the stairs, shut the door, say our prayers and read all the psalms.  
We're not hunting sea monsters again!

# I'll Make Anglo-Saxons of You

*Written by Tonicha*

*Amrit as Alfred, Basha as Crone, various Saxons.*

*Swords*

*Until Basha talks about cakes, extreme unchoreographed incompetence, then sword lunges on 'Anglo-Saxons' Individual lines should step forward*

*Anglo-Saxons walk on, Tonicha stops the line early*

ALFRED:

Let's get down to business

To defeat the Danes

Unlike all my brothers,

I will not give way (*goes down*)

I'm gonna need you people at your best

If there's a hope that we can win

But know I'll make Anglo-Saxons out of you

First we'll beat the Danes back,

then it seems better to me

That we don't end our fight there

there is more to see

*(Up)* You are spineless, weak, and illiterate

But I know what I must do

Somehow I'll make Anglo-Saxons out of you

ANGLO-SAXONS:

*(Tonicha)* I'm not getting out of this alive,

*(Ellie)* The Danes are gonna chase and kill me,

*(Robin)* Boy, was I a fool in Church for skipping prayers

*(All)* Our king is losing his kingdom

Don't think he can win it back now

CRONE:

How I really wish he hadn't burnt my cakes

SAXONS: (Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: I'll start by proving my military prowess

SAXONS: (Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: By beating back the invading Danes

SAXONS: (Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: Then I will turn to pursuit of wisdom  
And when they remember me they'll call me great!

Time is running out now,  
but I'll soldier through  
I can't learn my Latin,  
(Up) till I have peace with Guthrum  
But when I do that I'll win glory  
And then I'll crow in my wisdom  
That I've made Anglo-Saxons Out of you

SAXONS:(Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: I'll start by proving my military prowess

SAXONS:(Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: By beating back the invading Danes

SAXONS:(Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: Then I will turn to pursuit of wisdom

And when they remember me they'll call me great!

*No background singing from here*

SAXONS:(Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: I'll start by proving my military prowess

SAXONS:(Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: By beating back the invading Danes

SAXONS:(Anglo-Saxon)

ALFRED: Then I will turn to pursuit of wisdom

And when they remember me they'll call me great!

*At last 'and when they remember me...' all march off on both sides Amrit to finish with a stage slide - be epic*

## Pictish Yule Play

*Miriam*

We were going to have a sketch about the Picts, but it seems they're celebrating the Yule Play on a different date.

## Delegated Icelandic Sex

*By Ellie's delegate*

*Ellie McD as Father Edric; Liam, Eve, Amrit and Robin as Vikings 1, 2, 3, and 4; James as Wife. Other wives?*

*Wig for James as wife, beards for Vikings*

*[A priest enters, and addresses the audience – with actors sitting in the front, dudes and ladies]*

FATHER EDRIC: Greetings to you all, and may I say how delighted I am that you have all decided to embrace the word of our Lord, and also at such a large and enthusiastic turn out to today's workshop. Just to make sure everyone is in the correct hall: I am Father Edric and this is the third workshop in the 'Avoiding Accidental Sin' series, with today's focus on, er... Having Relations. Now, before the Act commences, you must ask yourself a few questions. Firstly! Are you... inclined? *[CHEERS]* Are you married? *[CHEERS]* Is the young lady in question, your wife? Or the young man your husband?

VIKING 1: *[happily]* NO!

FATHER EDRIC:: STOP! That's a sin!

VIKING 1: Now listen here, you-

FATHER EDRIC:: Now now, the idea is to bear children and we all know what our Lord says about bastards. Now, have you all been married more than 3 days?

VIKING 2: Er... yes?

FATHER EDRIC:: Excellent! Are any of your wives currently pregnant?

VIKING 3 and WIFE: *[HIGHFIVE]* YEAH!

OTHERS: *[CHEER]*

FATHER EDRIC:: Then, I'm afraid, that would be a sin too.

*[POINTED SILENCE.]*

FATHER EDRIC: 'Fraid so chaps. Same goes for nursing the babe. Now, some of our rules correspond to the holy days of our lord. So Lent, Advent, Pentecost, Easter Week, Holy days and Fast Days are all off limits.

VIKING 4: Seems a bit much to me...

FATHER EDRIC:: Also Sundays.

VIKING: *[LAUGHTER]*

FATHER EDRIC:: And Wednesdays.

VIKINGS: *[Laughter descending into 'omg he's serious' whispering]*

FATHER EDRIC:: Also Fridays.

VIKINGS: *[WTF style uproar]*

FATHER EDRIC: [weakly]and Thursdays....?

VIKING 6(?): *[stage whisper]* This is sounding a bit suspect to me...

FATHER EDRIC: Also, no Smoozy in the daytime chaps-

VIKING 1: *(a la Lord Flashheart )* Ah, sod this boys! *[Gets up and stabs Father Edric]* SOD THE TWIT IN THE DRESS AND LET'S GO DOOOoooOOOO IT! WOOF!

VIKINGS: HOORAY!

*Viking sex - chairs to be removed in dark as vikings all running off Hamilton - Ellie to die dramatically and fall at the end*

## HamilTáin

*By Miriam. Many people. Cú Chulainn, Ferdia, Ailill, Fergus, Medb, assorted Ulaid and Connachta*

*(Miriam adds: I've marked with 🎵 the lines that are sung rather than spoken, just to make it easier to keep track / learn.)*

### **The Connachta:**

🎵 One, two, three, four,

### **With the Ulaid:**

🎵 five, six, seven, eight, nine...

### **Medb / Ailill / Fergus / Ferdia / Cuchulainn:**

🎵 It's the Ten Duel Commandments!

### **Ulaid / Connachta:**

🎵 The ten duel commandments!

🎵 Number one!

### **Medb:**

The challenge: demand single combat

If we beat Cuchulainn, we all know where we're at.

### **Ulaid/Connachta:**

🎵 Number two!

### **Ailill:**

If we don't, grab a guy, that's the next one

### **Fergus:**

Another man to die while the Hound has his fun

### **Ulaid/Connachta:**

🎵 Number three!

### **Medb:**

Have the fighters meet face to face

### **Ailill:**

There's no hope of peace

### **Cuchulainn:**

I think you know the time and place.

### **Ailill:**

With him, we're losing all of our recruits.

### **Ulaid/Connachta:**

🎵 Cuchulainn always wins in these disputes

🎵 Number four!

### **Medb:**

If you've bribed them enough, they're alright,

Time to get some weapons and the god Lug on site

**Cuchulainn:**

Never mind the sacrifice, he's my old dad

**Ailill:**

Of course we're doomed, his dad's super rad.

**Connachta/Ulaid:**

♪ Five!

**Fergus:**

Duel before the sun is in the sky

**Ulaid/Connachta:**

♪ Pick a place to die where it's high and dry

♪ Number six!

**Cuchulainn:**

Bid farewell to your next of kin

Tell 'em where you been

Pray the Otherworld will let you in

**Ulaid/Connachta:**

♪ Seven!

**Medb:**

Commit a (*grievous*) sin. Give your daughter to the man who would be Cuchulainn's greatest opponent.

**Ulaid/Connachta:**

♪ Number eight!

**Medb / Ailill / Fergus / Ferdia / Cuchulainn:**

♪ No more chances to negotiate

♪ Send the fighters in, we'll soon set the record straight...

**Ferdia:**

Cuchulainn

**Cuchulainn:**

Ferdia, dear.

**Ferdia:**

Can we agree that duels will only make things worse?

**Cuchulainn:**

'Course!

But someone has to fight for the queen, Ferdia

**Ferdia:**

And that's me? We both know what we've seen, dear

**Cuchulainn:**

Yeah, I've seen you learn to fight and I think this will be ruinous

**Ferdia:**

I think that's why we're doin' this.

**Connachta / Ulaid:**

♪ Number nine!

**Cuchulainn:**

Look him in the eye, not the shoulder  
Summon all your courage, be much bolder  
Then count

**Connachta:**

♪ One two three four

**With the Ulaid:**

♪ Five six seven eight nine

**Cuchulainn / Ferdia:**

Number ten!

**Connachta / Ulaid**

Places!

**Cuchulainn / Ferdia:**

The gae bolga!

*Everyone already on stage so form a line for xmas song*

# The Christmas Song

*By Ellie, Robin and Amrit*

Once in a royal Wessex city  
Stood a lowly Celtic monk  
There he wrote his king's life story  
Late at night in his bunk  
Asser was that loyal fan  
Alfred was that royal man

And through all his wondrous childhood  
He read English poetry  
Then grew up and still loved learning  
Spread vernac'lar literacy  
Since he could not tell the time  
Candle-clocks he did design

He won peace then baptised Guthrum  
And he named him Æthelstan  
The-en, when he got a grandson  
Also named him Æthelstan  
First king of the Anglo-Saxons  
'Gainst the Danes he took his actions

Wished to take his soul to heaven  
And all England to unite  
Once his shelter was a farmhouse  
And his cakes did not delight  
Asser he was left in wonder  
Ðā ic ðā ðis eall ġemunde