Dr Who's Christmas Adventure

Characters:
The Doctor
♀ (She)
Miriam
Voice of Moses
Boaz
Zach
Goliath's voice
David – boy voice
King David
Joab
Voice of Bathsheba
Isaiah
Mary
Augustus Caesar
Nativity children

TARDIS: made with three sides on hinges – police box blue on one side and other side has workings as if inside the TARDIS. A door opens in one side. The TARDIS looks like a box from the Police box side, but when inside the sides are open to make it look bigger. The TARDIS is on wheels.

Scene 1:
CAROL
As song is sung, the children come on and make a nativity scene but it cannot be seen what is in the crib. The Wise men come on with wrong gifts – pagan symbols – candle, tree and mistletoe.

Wise Man 1: I bring you a gift of mistletoe, to bring good luck and ward off evil spirits.

Wise Man 2: I bring a gift of a candle, to lighten the darkness of winter.

Wise Man 3: I bring the most important gift of all: chocolate.

Mary: Thank you for your kindness.

The Doctor rushes on

The Doctor: Sarah Jane! Clara! Rose! Martha! ... or whatever your name is nowadays?!! Where are you?!

♀ (She): Shhhh! You're spoiling the Winter play!

The Doctor: Winter play? Winter play?! Nativity - you mean?

♀ (She): Is it you Doctor? You look very.... young!

The Doctor: Yes – whatever your name is in this series – useless female sidekick!

♀ (She): Brainy female saviour, you mean!

The Doctor: Whatever – look – something's wrong.

♀ (She): What are you talking about Doctor? Just stay out of the way and wait until the sacrifices have been made.

The Doctor: See what I mean – something's not right here... Something's not.. not.... Christmas!

♀ (She): Look – let's just finish the Winter play and I'll help you find this Chris.

The Doctor: Christmas.

♀ (She): This Chris Mass person you have lost.

The Doctor: That's just it! What's happened to Christmas?

He pulls the blanket out of the crib and a log falls out.

The Doctor: Where's the baby Jesus?

♀ (She): I don't know what you're talking about or who this Jesus baby is; but you're interrupting our play and the parents have sacrificed a lot to make sure their children come to practices properly, so please be patient Doctor – for the last time please sit down and be quiet. It will be the lighting of the Yule log soon to conquer the darkness of winter.

Doctor Who slumps down.

CAROL: In the bleak midwinter?? ***Children leave***

SCENE 2:

SHE comes over. The Doctor opens his mouth to speak.

♀ (She): You're going to tell me that there's been a rift in the timey wimey thingy of the Universe, aren't you?

The Doctor: Well, yes – something like that.

♀ (She): And there's been an imperceptible shift that has created an alternative reality.

The Doctor: Well sort of.

♀ (She): And what we know of as reality, actually isn't.

The Doctor: Er, hum.

♀ (She): So cut to the chase – what is it this time? Darleks? Cybermen? Goggle-eyed thingies, or ... hey everyone keep an eye on those statues... nobody blink!!!

The Doctor: I don't feel you are taking this altogether seriously.. er... Clara.... Sarah Jane – What is your name by the way? I seem to have lost track...

♀ (She): In your quest for a seemingly endless supply of female partners, I decided to dispense with a name and take a generic symbol -

The Doctor: Ah interesting – like er.... Prince the artist formerly known as Squiggle, formerly known as Prince.

She shows the Female symbol ♀ on her t-shirt

The Doctor: How am I supposed to pronounce that?

♀ (She): Just call me SHE.

The Doctor: She?!

♀ (She): She.

The Doctor: Is it short for Sheena?

♀ (She): No.

The Doctor: Or Sheila.

♀ (She): No.

The Doctor: What's it short for?

♀ (She): "She who was, She who is, and She who will be forever companion to the Doctor."

The Doctor: 'She' it is then.

♀ (She): I just thought it didn't matter who I was as long as I was female – that seems to be the main criteria.

The Doctor: Fair enough. Now can we get down to brass tacks?

♀ (She): Fire away Doccy.

The Doctor: Hmmm . I may look like an idiot in half of my regenerations, but please – a bit of gravitas is required!

♀ (She): Get on with it Twohearts!

The Doctor: *(sighs)* Well, it seems there has been a rift in the...

♀ (She): Yes we've done that bit – so?

The Doctor: So – now there is no Christmas.

♀ (She): What's Christmas?

The Doctor: Precisely!

♀ (She): Precisely what?

The Doctor: Precisely that – what's Christmas?

♀ (She): That's what I asked you.

The Doctor: One of the most important and meaningful celebrations of God's love has somehow dropped out of history.

♀ (She): Or Her-story

The Doctor: Yes, yes – but in this case it is *His* story as Jesus was most definitely male.

♀ (She): Who's Jesus?

The Doctor: Only the most significant individual to grace this lowly planet and bring salvation to human kind – that's all.

♀ (She): Ah – that sounds rather important then.

The Doctor: Yes, it does a little, doesn't it! How can humankind survive without a Saviour?

♀ (She): So what's Christmas then?

The Doctor: It is the festival of Jesus' birth.

♀ (She): Ah I see – so if he wasn't born – then no one can really celebrate something that didn't happen – that would make sense.

The Doctor: Precisely.

♀ (She): So when do we go?

The Doctor: Pardon?

♀ (She): Well I assume we have to go and find where the rift in the timey wimey thingy is to take place and stitch it back together and Bob's your Uncle...

The Doctor: Well - Jesus is your Saviour more like. Yes, let's then.

♀ (She): So where did you park it?

The Doctor whistles as if to a dog/horse

The Doctor: Here Girl!

The TARDIS slides in from side.

♀ (She): *(rolls her eyes)* Oh Boy!

They get in it. It is wheeled off with TARDIS sound effect.

CAROL:

SCENE 3:
TARDIS door opens and they look out.

Miriam carries a Moses basket and a doll, and gently pushes it out on to blue material representing water.

Miriam: Good luck little Moses. May God bless and guide your journey.

The Doctor: Bit too early. Come on!

They go back inside

TARDIS noise. TARDIS turns round to become the inside. We see the Doctor and SHE at the controls pulling levers.

NB: The internal scenes can also be done by videoing the internal sections and playing on a screen.

(*The Doctor is now wearing a fez)*

The Doctor: Try again – open the door.

♀ (She): Only if you take that fez off!

The Doctor: But fezzes are cool! And we're in Egypt!

♀ (She): *(Rolls her eyes)* Just this once – otherwise you'll end up trying a Scottish accent!

♀ (She) *opens the door and a loud deep voice is heard singing:*

Voice of Moses: Let my people go!

The Doctor: Perfect! No problems there!

♀ (She): What's all that about?

The Doctor: Just checking in on Moses. He is the pre-cursor you know.

♀ (She): What – that little flickering thing that shows you where to type?

The Doctor: No – the *Pre*-cursor; the Introducer of the salvation theme; he sets the theme.

♀ (She): Oh – like – dadada dum dadada dum - ooooooeeeeeeooooooo... (*singing the Dr Who theme tune)*

The Doctor: Hem. He was known as the people's saviour. He was celebrated throughout history for his achievements; saved from the slaughter of babies that Pharaoh had ordered because he was scared of the power of the people; then kept his people safely from the angel of death by using the blood of the lamb.

♀ (She): Lamb's blood.

The Doctor: Yes – that's what I said – the blood of the lamb!

♀ (She): Well why can't you say it in a normal way? Lamb's blood instead of that gothic spooky way – "the blood of the lamb" ooooh!!

The Doctor: Whatevah! Well – most importantly –Moses led the people out of slavery into the Promised land.

♀ (She): Whooohoooo! And that was a prerequisite?

The Doctor: Precursor.

♀ (She): Precursor to Jesus then?

The Doctor: Yes! The parallels are unparalleled!

♀ (She): Eh?

The Doctor: The similarities are unique!

♀ (She): Go on then!

The Doctor: Jesus was saved from the brutal cull of baby boys

♀ (She): By the Pharaoh.

The Doctor: by the King - Herod the Great

♀ (She): Horrid Herod – doesn't sound that great to me!

The Doctor: Quite! Then Jesus gave his own blood to save people -

♀ (She): Like a blood donation? I keep meaning to do that. I have excellent blood – mine is A positive!

The Doctor: No, not like that. Jesus blood was better than that.

♀ (She): What's better than A plus? That's top grade stuff!

The Doctor: Holy blood. God's blood.

♀ (She): God?

The Doctor: Jesus' Father was God.

♀ (She): Ah.

The Doctor: Jesus shed his blood when he died as a sacrifice like Moses' lamb. Jesus died so that the Angel of Death would pass over his people. We even celebrate it at the same time – Easter and Passover.

♀ (She): And He led them to the Promised land?

The Doctor: Yes – Jesus went before us to prepare heaven for everyone: "In my Father's house are many rooms"

♀ (She): Cool – spooky parallels!

The Doctor: Yes – but still some people didn't join the dots and realise who Jesus was.

♀ (She): Ok. So Moses is ok.

(SHE opens the door and the sound of a Prince of Egypt song sounds. She closes it)

♀ (She): Just checking! Where now?

The Doctor: Off to check another link in the chain!

TARDIS wheels off.

CAROL:

SCENE 4:

TARDIS comes on to straw covered place

♀ (She): Where are we now?

The Doctor: Palestine. But not so much 'where'; and 'when'. Hopefully around 3rd century BC

♀ (She): BC?

The Doctor: Before Christ.

♀ (She): Who or what is Christ?

The Doctor: Another name for Jesus – Greek for saviour.

♀ (She): Oh I see – any other names I should know about?

The Doctor: Oh yes just a few... Immanuel, El Shaddai, Rabbi, Alpha and Omega... around 200 or so!

♀ (She): Oh good grief! Pity anyone having to say 200 names at the marriage altar – it got Princess Diana all confused with just five!!

The Doctor: Well, talking of marriage – I'm just checking that a certain young woman and man don't cock up the old marriage plans and hash up the geneaology tree! Jesus' lineage was very important and carefully planned.

♀ (She): Who....?

The Doctor: Shhhhh!

Boaz comes on with his male relatives

Boaz: It is right then that I check if any of you will marry the young widow, Ruth. You have more claim on her than I do.

Josiah: Well, she's quite a looker. I was thinking...

The Doctor: Oh dear! *(He gets out his sonic screwdriver and waves it like a Jedi mindtrick, dropping a bag of jelly babies as he takes it out of his pocket)* This is not the woman you are looking for – move on!

♀ (She): Oi! You nicked that from Star Wars!

The Doctor: Shhhhh – it's a matter of life and ... birth!!

Josiah: It's not the woman I am looking for.

Zach: Move on.

Boaz: Oh – er – well, I suppose I'd better marry her myself then. I will go and tell her. Hmmm – what's this? *(Picks up the jelly babies bag and looks at it closely.)*

(They go off)

The Doctor: Phew!! That was a close one!

♀ (She): Who were they? What's their significance?

The Doctor: They are King David's grandparents. Without them King David cannot be born.

♀ (She): King David?

The Doctor: David and Goliath? David and Jonathan? Bathsheba of the rooftop spa??? Ooooh – better check about the Goliath situation!

Screeches to a halt. Opens door from inside.

Voice of Goliath: Hey little boy!

Voice of boy David: Catch this ya bully!

Whirring noise

Voice of Goliath: Ouch!!

Voice of by David: Timmmmberrrrrrrr!

Crash. Crowd cheers.

The Doctor: Yup – that'll do it!

♀ (She): So King David is sorted?

The Doctor: Let me just check... hmmm.... something...

Opens door

King David: *(older)* Good luck Joab.

Joab: Are you sure you don't want to come to battle, King David? You know how much you enjoy our little camp fire karaoke nights.

King David: Ah yes!

Joab: You and your lyre.

King David: Yes.

Joab: The men's camp fire favourite: "lyre, lyre; pants on fire"

King David: Oh it is tempting Joab...

The Doctor: Oh dear no! Hem – your majesty – I regret to inform you that your lyre is in for repairs.

King David: Ah then that's it Joab. Can't have a camp fire singalong without my trusty lyre. I'll stay here and see if I can find inspiration for a new chart topping psalm! Ooooh – what's that over there?

Joab: It's not a What – it's a Who, your maj.

Bathsheba's silky voice: Has anyone seen the soap?!

Joab: Shall I leave now... Sir? Your majesty? Hem... I'll just be going then... off to battle.... dicing with death.... bye!!

King David: *(distracted)* Bye Joab.... where's my telescope now....?I might just be able to see.... the .... soap!

♀ (She): So I guess a new generation is shortly on its way then?

The Doctor: I should say so – soon in the form of King Solomon!

♀ (She): Ok – so far no broken links.

The Doctor: A few tweaks here and there...

♀ (She): So when now?

The Doctor: Hmmm. Do you realise the probability of all the generations coming together over thousands of years and all the prophesises being made and coming to fruition in exactly the right timing – the probability is... almost infinitely impossible! Any minute change, thought or timing can alter the course of history and whoosh – a whole family tree disappears!

♀ (She): Frightening thought!

The Doctor: Let's see what the TARDIS suggests!

CAROL:

SCENE 5: Isaiah is bandaged up with a pot arm and on crutches, trying to write a scroll with a feather quill; the scroll keeps rolling back. The Doctor is wearing a cool leather jacket.

Isaiah: Oh hello!

The Doctor: Hello Isaiah – sorry to disturb you. I was just popping in...

Isaiah: Yes, I have been expecting you, and your young Companion *(smiles at ♀She).* Nice jacket! Jelly Babies?

(♀ She & The Doctor glance at each other guiltily)

Isaiah: Help yourselves, they're a lovely treat, especially after a hard day's prophesying!

The Doctor: Ah talking of which... have you done the one about the virgin...

Isaiah: Oh yes – about a year ago I think. Quite well received that one! A lot better than the one "Without warning, disaster will strike and your magic charms won't help at all..." Just got a bad stoning for that one.

♀ (She): Oh dear – that must have hurt.

Isaiah: Well yes really – how perceptive my dear. I was only trying to help, you see. You never know when they will hit a nerve.

The Doctor: The stones?

Isaiah: No dear fellow – the messages! Some of them seem to be quite specific for a time and place, and those people can unfortunately become quite angry; whereas other ones – like the Immanual, prince of peace, seem to be for a future time. Shame really.

♀ (She): What is?

Isaiah: The nicer messages seem more for the future whereas the tough, nerve-touching ones seem to hit straight away. *(rubbing a bruised spot)*

♀ (She): Yes, I see what you mean.

Isaiah: It's not as if I can deliver them by telephone, fax or email, is it?

♀ (She): How do you know about...?

Isaiah: Ah – Spoilers!

The Doctor: Come on – Girl with Female Symbol – there isn't a problem here – let's try Micah.

Isaiah: No, don't trouble Micah. He's just recovering from a rather nasty beating. Preaching social justice to tyrants is all very well, as long as you've a good set of lungs and can shout from out of stone's throw! If I were you I'd set your thingy for 4 BC – things seem a little hot around the Saviour's birth

♀ (She): The Lord's birth.... 4 Before Christ?? Something timey wimey definitely got muddled if he was born 4 years before his birth!

Isaiah: Timey… wimey?

The Doctor: Never mind - That's the least of our worries. Thanks Isaiah. See you around. Watch those missiles!

Isaiah: Thank You Doctor, and Woman who shall be named She! (*Eating jelly babies*)

CAROL

SCENE 6: Inside the TARDIS

♀ (She): Why does all this really matter? We can have winter concerts instead of Christmas. We can have superheroes instead of Saviours. Superman, X-Men, Time Lords. So why does it matter if we've lost Jesus?

The Doctor: Because this world is wrong! Every atom in my body is screaming at me that there's so little love, so little compassion, so little caring for one another. Can't you feel it too?

How on earth can the world survive when people only care about themselves?

♀ (She): But we're used to this. This is the world we live in.

The Doctor: Oh dear, dear child! Dear, dear, dear, dearie dear! Dear, dear...

♀ (She): Can you *get* any more sexist and patronising?

The Doctor: Well yes actually – I'd got at least another 5 minutes' worth -

♀ (She): Well save yourself the trouble. Show me.

The Doctor: You cannot be serious?! You cannot...!!

♀ (She): Stop!

The Doctor: Okay – you asked for it. A vision of the world without Jesus Christ. *(taps into the TARDIS)* Come on my girl, 2700 should do it…

Two mature women EDITH with dark glasses and cane; and MAUD who has no teeth come on.

Edith: Maud Maud where are you? I've lost you? Maud!!! MAUD!!!

Maud: *(Muffled sound)* Mphphph!

Edith: What?! Maud?! Have you forgotten to put your teeth in again?! Where are you me duckie?

Maud: (*Gargled sounds*)

Edith: I don't know what you're trying to say me love. Where did you leave your teeth?

Maud: *(gesticulating wildly to Maud's handbag)* Mmmph aaargh!!

Edith: Keep talking Maud! I'm coming!! *(she feels her way forward with the stick – whacking the Dr on the legs who nimbly jumps over it (or gets whacked) Then she talks to the Tardis.)* Now then Maud; think where you last had them.

♀ *(She) understands Maud's gesticulations and reaches into the handbag and takes the teeth out while Edith doesn't notice, then passes them to Maud*

Maud: Ooooh thank goodness for that!!

♀ (She): What happened to you?

Maud: Well it was all the fighting.

The Doctor: Fighting?! Yes, tell them about the fighting.

Edith: Oooh – a nice young man !! Where did he come from?

Maud: You heard him alright then, didn't you?!

Edith tries to find the Doctor who manages to evade her.

Maud: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth – that's what the good book says!

♀ (She): "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and the whole word will be blind and toothless" said Mahatma Gandhi.

The Doctor: Actually although that quotation is often attributed to Mr Gandhi, it was actually said in its entirety by a character from the Fiddler on the Roof! Little known fact that – OW!!!!

Edith clunks him on the side of the head with her stick.

Edith: Gotcha!!

Maud: That's how Jim copped it! Blind and toothless he was!

♀ (She): You don't mean you took it literally and everyone poked each others' eyes and teeth out do you?

Maud: Oh how the opticians and dentists became rich!

♀ (She): But that's ridiculous!

Edith: Humph! Nothing ridiculous about it at all – when someone hurts you – hurt them back !! We follow the good book!

♀ (She): Yes, I suppose so... if it really is in the Bible.

The Doctor: Ah therein lies the rub!

♀ (She): That's definitely Shakespeare!

The Doctor: Ha! I hadn't finished: " therein lies the rub a dub dub, three men in a..."

♀ (She): Shut up. You were going to tell me the difference that was made if Jesus was born.

Maud: Jesus who?

The Doctor: Jesus Christ says in the *New* Testament: "You say 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' but I tell you if someone hits you on one cheek – turn and offer them the other cheek."

♀ (She): That's ridiculous – who would do that?

The Doctor: Not Ridiculous – Radical!! You haven't got the New Testament – that's the point – don't you see? Jesus said he was the fulfilment of the law – the nasty bits are in the Old Testament – lots of beardy men waving their tablets ...

Maud: Ah that reminds me. *(takes some medicine)*

The Doctor: And horrible bits about stoning etcetera etcetera; but the good bit comes in the New Testament. Jesus the radical revolutionary brings the Love Revolution!

Edith: Love Revolution!! I'll have a bit of that!!

The Doctor: ...Forgiveness – the Grace of God that we experience through knowing Jesus in our lives.

♀ (She): Without the New Testament

The Doctor: Without the New Testament we only get half the story – it's like Hansel and Gretel stopping with him in the cage and her cleaning the oven!!

♀ (She): Ok, so how do we fix it?

The Doctor: Well, we could try reversing the polarity of the neutron flow… no, that won't do it because of the influx of the thermocouples in the flux capacitor.

♀ (She): Stop blabbering, we need to heal the rift in the time-space continuum.

The Doctor: Yes, you're right. There must be a moment where the two timelines diverged. Let's go and fix it. Allons-y!

♀ (She): Geronimo!

Edith: *(sigh)* What a nice young man!

Maud: Your poor Jim, not even cold! (*Mutters as they hobble off*) Turning in his grave!

CAROL:

Scene 7: Nazareth. Mary is sweeping. The Doctor is wearing a multi-coloured jacket.

The Doctor: Hello Mary.

Mary: Hello. Are you another Angel? You look a bit peculiar!

♀ She: Told you!

The Doctor: *(Fiddling with coat)* What? Er – no!

♀ She: He's gone all retro. Have you seen angels before, then?

Mary: Oh yes – I saw one a few years ago. Told me I was going to have a baby.

♀ (She): And did you? Have the baby?

Mary: Oh yes – he's out now. Gone to town with Joseph.

♀ (She): Is his name – Jesus Christ Immanuel El Shaddai?

Mary: Jesus. Just Jesus.

♀ (She): I don't understand. What's gone wrong?

Mary: What do you mean?

The Doctor: Christmas has got lost.

Mary: Christmas?

The Doctor: When we celebrate the birth of Jesus, born in Bethlehem.

Mary: Bethlehem? Why Bethlehem? He was born right here in our home in Nazareth!

The Doctor: It can't be! But what about the prophesies? They all point to Bethlehem, the city of David! Jesus is born in a stable in Bethlehem.

Mary: A stable? Why would I give birth in a stable? It's a bit unhygienic! And it was hard enough giving birth up here without trailing all the way down to Bethlehem.

The Doctor: But what about the census?

Mary: I think you have taken leave of your senses. Joseph will be back soon – you can talk to him. You're beginning to scare me.

The Doctor: The Roman census – where Emperor Augustus wanted to count all his belongings across the Empire –

Mary: Yes, so he could tax us more I suppose. Yes – its next month. We are just getting ready to go. That's why Joseph has gone to buy a donkey and provisions.

♀ (She): How old is Jesus?

Mary: Two years old.

The Doctor: But you're supposed to be in Egypt now.

Mary: Why on earth would we be going to Egypt?

♀ (She): I hear the snorkelling is very good!

The Doctor: *(Elbows ♀She*) To avoid Jesus being killed by King Herod with all the other two year old boys.

Mary: I think you should take your friend for some rest – the sun seems to have got to him.

♀ (She): Doesn't any of this seem familiar?

Mary: No, not really. An angel came and told me about having the baby. Joseph got upset and didn't believe me so I went and spent a few months with Aunt Elizabeth helping her with John's birth. Then Joseph had a dream and called me back and we lived happily ever after... the end! Now we have to go to Bethlehem to be counted by the Romans.

The Doctor: Aha!! So that's it! The census is late! No census, no Bethlehem crammed full of travellers; no stable birth; no shepherds, no wise men accidentally visiting Herod on the way, thus causing Herod to panic because of the prophesies and kill all the baby boys under two years old. No gold, frankincense and myrrh; no flight to Egypt.

Mary: Gold?! Shame.

The Doctor: It all hangs on a thread.

♀ (She): What does?

The Doctor: Everything!! All of this! The Universe; our very existence! Come on – I know what we have to do now!

♀ (She): You've got to love him when he gets all boyish and overexcited!

Mary: Gold, frankincense and myrrh. Hmmmm.

CAROL:

Scene 8: TARDIS landing noise.

♀ (She): Where are we?

The Doctor: Rome.

♀ (She): When are we?

The Doctor: Three years ago. *(They come on. The Doctor is now wearing a long, colourful scarf.)*

♀ (She): Ago?

The Doctor: Well ~I can hardly say "now". It's always now no matter when you are!

♀ (She): I see. Yes. So we're trying to get the census started early.

The Doctor: On time. We're trying to get it started *on time*!

Augustus walks on playing with toy gladiators.

Augustus: Take that!! Et tu Brute? Kill kill!! Die die die!!

The Doctor: Hello little boy!

Augustus: Who are you?

The Doctor: You can just call me the Doctor.

Augustus: Dr Who?

The Doctor: Precisely.

Augustus: Well Dr Precisely. Who are you and how did you get in here past my personal guards?

♀ (She): We're looking for the Emperor.

Augustus: I'm the Emperor.

The Doctor: You're a bit young, aren't you?

Augustus: Look who's talking!

♀ (She): What are you doing in here?

Augustus: I'm hiding from my tutors. I am supposed to be doing my homework. I hate maths. All those Vs and Xs and I's. I can't keep count!

♀ (She): It can't be that bad. If you're the Emperor – why can't you get someone to do it for you.

Augustus: The last time someone helped me I had to get them executed for cheating.

The Doctor: Ah. Hem.

♀ (She): I have an idea to help you.

Augustus: You do?!

♀ (She): Yes – why don't you do such a massive big project that everyone will be so impressed that they'll never ask you to do your maths homework ever again?

Augustus: That sounds a really good idea – but what could I do like that? And then I'd still have to do the counting – I just can't get my V times table.

The Doctor: *(frowning to himself)* V; X; XV; XX; VXX.... no... XXV.... ah yes – see what you mean!!

Augustus: You see!! And you can forget about the iii times table – that's just murder!!

The Doctor: Hmmm – I'm never one to forgo a challenge!! iii; vi; viiii.... no.... ix....

♀ (She): Hem!! Hello Doctor?! We're on a mission remember?! What about if you said you want to count every person in the whole of the Empire – that would be lots and lots of people.

Augustus: But it would take ages and what if they kept moving? – I'd have to start all over again.

The Doctor: Ah but you wouldn't need to do it yourself would you?

♀ (She): If it was that big a project – you could get your commanders to do it for you – each in a different province of the empire. That way it would be your project but you wouldn't have to do the actual counting.

Augustus: Oh goodie! That sounds perfect!

The Doctor: Why don't you start it straight away? Before you forget any details.

Augustus: I want to play with my gladiators first!

♀ (She): Now sounds really good! You can play with your gladiators later.

Augustus: You sound just like my mum! And you know what I did with her?

♀ (She): Use your sonic screwdriver – Jedi mind-trick setting!!

The Doctor: You want to do the census now!!

Augustus: No I don't and why are you talking in that stupid voice!

The Doctor: You really, really want to do the census now!!

Augustus: Guards! Guards! Who do you think you are to....?

Guard: Yessir.

Augustus: *(slumps)* Oh. I want to call a census; and I want it right now! (*he collapses)*

♀ (She): What was that?

The Doctor: Time delay – getting through that thick skull! Come on – let's go back and see if all the threads are back in place.

SONG: Away in a manger

SCENE 8: original scene with nativity and baby in crib.

Wise Man 1: I bring you a gift of gold.

Wise Man 2: I bring a gift of a frankincense.

Wise Man 3: I bring you myrrh.

Mary: Thank you for your kindness.

The Doctor: Ahhhh! That's more like it!

♀ (She): You've gotta feel sorry for Mary though. I'm sure she'd prefer the late census.

The Doctor: She's a good girl. She'll understand. It was all meant to be; a miracle of God's timing! Each tiny strand of history weaving it all together in a beautiful pattern – right up to now.

♀ (She): And where do we fit?

The Doctor: Where we always have. In God's perfect timing. We are woven into the fabric as much as Moses or David or Ruth or Mary. We are all part of the same cloth – interwoven with others through history. The only difference -

♀ (She): Difference?

The Doctor: Is that we have a choice. Jesus is born; did die and rise again. It all happened already as it was promised.

♀ (She): So?

The Doctor: So it's just up to us to decide what we do with that knowledge. How it affects us? Do we continue as if Jesus was never born – living in a world of greed, selfishness, hopelessness; or do we live in the light of His love, sharing His hope, generosity, love and kindness with others?

♀ (She): Ah I see. God gave us the gift. It's our choice how to use it.

The Doctor: Yes my dear. *(long pause)* Well, I'm a lot older than I look – it's been an exhausting search through history. I'm going back to watch TV. I hear I'm making a special appearance. Hope I am as handsome in my next generation as I am in this one, don't you think?!

♀ Assistant: Merry Christmas, Doctor. You did it.

The Doctor: We did it.

The Doctor puts sunglasses on and heads into the TARDIS.

Mary: Who was that?

♀ (She): The Doctor.

Mary: Dr who?

♀ (She): Precisely.

LAST CAROL

Everyone comes back on and joins in the last Carol