

A Very Druid Christmas

A Short Comedy
By
Brian Price and Jerry Stearns

Approx: 7-8 Minutes

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Description

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We all know that many traditions commonly associated with Christmas were drawn from a number of earlier cultures and religions. We decided to throw them all together for easy reference.

Cast

Cordwainer: Resident of Salisbury Plain, British Isles, British Isle accent of some sort, bit of a hot head, under the influence.

Lewellyn: Resident of Salisbury Plain, British Isles, British Isle accent of some sort, less of a hot head, under the influence

Anthony: Roman soldier, Italian accent, try the Latin for a bit of historic accuracy

Fronde: Resident of Salisbury Plain, British Isle accent of some sort, niece of Lewellyn, young, bright

Merlin: Resident of Salisbury Plain, very old wizard, not very with it, creaky British Isle accent

Hildegard: Reesident of Salisbury Plain, very old witch, not very with it, creaky sing-songy British Isle accent. "Waily, waily, waily" is a bow to Terry Pratchett's Pictsies.

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1
2 **Music** **Celtic music intro**
3
4
5 Cordwainer: Hey Lewellyn, what cha doing out on a night
6 like this? Snow and slop and all.
7
8 Lewellyn: Oh, just stepping out of the hovel for a bit of
9 air there, Cordwainer. The relations have
10 arrived, don't you know?
11
12 Cordwainer: Oh that's right. A hardy winter solstice to
13 you, Lewellyn.
14
15 Lewellyn: Aye, another harvest come and gone, I
16 suppose. And where am I supposed to find a
17 free-range, larch-roasted wild boar this time
18 of night?
19
20 Cordwainer: Beowulf's not open?
21
22 Lewellyn: Naw, he went banging over to Denmark to
23 fight a monster.
24
25 Cordwainer: Ah, it's not the monsters you've got to worry
26 about. It's their mothers.
27
28 Lewellyn: Isn't that always the way.
29
30 Cordwainer: Bit of mead?
31
32 Lewellyn: Oh, don't mind if I do. I just happen have my
33 256 oz tankard with me. Always carry it just
34 in case, you know.
35
36 SFX long long pouring of beer with a few dribbles
37
38 Lewellyn: Don't be shy. Top it off there.
39
40 Cordwainer: Uh oh, uh oh, here comes officer Centurion.
41 Evening officer.
42

1 Anthony: (PASSING BY) I came, I saw, I conquered.
2 Habeas Corpus. I have erected a monument
3 more lasting than bronze.
4 (Veni, vidi, vici. Exegi, monumentum aere perennius.)
5
6 Cordwainer: (CALLS AFTER HIM LEWDLY) Oh yeah, hey,
7 Mister Gladiator, conquer this, you Roman
8 poofta, you. I've got your monument right
9 here. Take a long look, would ya!
10
11 Frond: (COMING ON) Oh shush your face, Cordwainer.
12 They'll run you all the way to Scotland with
13 that talk.
14
15 Cordwainer: Ah, Frond, my dear. Wonderful to see ya on
16 this fine Solstice. They'll run me nowhere I
17 don't want to go. I'm a Druid. I got magical
18 powers, you know.
19
20 Frond: No doubt your magic powers happen to be
21 hanging between your legs, as well. Happy
22 Solstice, Uncle Lewellyn.
23
24 Lewellyn: Ah, Frond, my dear a shining solstice to you.
25 Now, what's this I hear that you've been
26 chasing after a Roman?
27
28 Cordwainer: I like his wee helmet, his cowardly shield and,
29 of course, his wee kinky short skirt. What a
30 fashionable little gladiator he is. Ooooh, and
31 he's got a pointy sword. (SHOUTS) I don't
32 need any sword myself. I got one right here.
33 If you know what I mean, love?
34
35 Frond: I have no idea what either of you mean. Dear
36 Anthony is a very civilized man.
37
38 Cordwainer: Ach, I got the whole birthplace of civilization
39 right here, as well.
40
41 Frond: Please.
42
43 Lewellyn: Would you like a spot of mead, dear?

1
2 Frond: Thank you, no, Uncle. Anthony has
3 introduced me to the pleasures of wine.
4
5 Cordwainer: (SHOUTS) Ah grapes. You wanna see some
6 grapes, do ya? How about these grapes you
7 Roman poofta you? Get back here. How do
8 you like the size of these?
9
10 Frond: Does he ever stop?
11
12 Lewellyn: Not as far as I know.
13
14 SFX Loud crash—all kinds of things falling
15
16 Merlin: (IN BACKGROUND UNDER THROUGHOUT) Help.
17 Help. I'm vexed.
18
19 Hildegard: (IN BACKGROUND – WAILING THROUGHOUT)
20 Wailey, wailey, wailey.
21
22 Frond: What was that?
23
24 Cordwainer: Ah no, not again.
25
26 Lewellyn: Oh dear, it appears that poor Merlin has
27 gotten himself a wee bit pissed for this
28 evening's sacred rites and knocked over the
29 standing stones. Again.
30
31 Frond: How'd he do that?
32
33 Lewellyn: I don't know, but he does it every year.
34
35 Frond: And is that Grannie Hildegard? What's she
36 wailing away about?
37
38 Lewellyn: I don't understand it. She's usually happy as
39 a clam on the solstice. Getting herself all
40 arranged for the fertility rites, don't you
41 know. A boy's got to be able to run pretty
42 fast not to get caught under the mistletoe
43 with Grannie Hildegard.