

***The Twelve Days of Christmas Cast List***  
***3 Males, 3 Females, 4-9 Extras (M/F)***

**JESTER (M)** the professional funny-man of the court

**FIONA (F)** a servant who hopes to cash in on Princess Anne's lack of love for Duke Dimm

**TOWN CRIER (M)** the announcement-maker of the court

**KING (M)** the richest man in the kingdom who's impressed with other rich men

**QUEEN (F)** married to the richest man, also impressed with other rich men

**PRINCESS ANNE (F)** daughter to the King who is not so impressed with old, rich men

**EXTRAS (M/F)** responsible for off-stage sound effects

**PARTRIDGE (M)** male singer

**3 FRENCH HENS (M/F)**

**4 CALLING BIRDS (M/F)**

**GEESE (M/F)**

**COWS (M/F)**

**9 DANCERS (F)** if done on-stage, you'll need 9 ladies; if off-stage, numbers won't matter.

**LORDS (M/F)**

**PLUMBERS (PIPERS) (M/F)**

**DRUMMERS (M/F)**

**Sample Pages**

**FANFARE AND WELCOME**

*(When the guests have been seated, a second BRASS FANFARE will signal all entertainers to clear the hall. Lights up on main stage and Royal Table. JESTER enters and greets guests from the main stage.)*

JESTER: God rest ye merry, gentlemen! Ladies here and good folk all! Welcome to our banquet hall! 'Tis the season of mirth and good cheer. *(Enter FIONA.)* And merry greetings to you, Fiona!

PARTRIDGE: *(Off-stage, sings a couple of lines of the Partridge Family theme song.)*

Hello, world, hear the song that we're singin'

C'mon get happy!

JESTER: (*Looks side-stage.*) Who's that singing?

PARTRIDGE: (*Continues off-stage.*)

A whole lot of lovin' is what we'll be bringin'  
We'll make you happy!

JESTER: That's kind of a catchy tune.

FIONA: Not if you've been listening to it for 11 days.

JESTER: 11 days? Who is he?

FIONA: It's Keith Partridge, singing in the pear tree.

JESTER: What's he doing in a pear tree?

FIONA: It's below Princess Anne's window. He is a gift to her. On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me . . . (*Looks to Table 1. See PRODUCTION NOTES.*)

TABLE 1: A Partridge in a Pear Tree.

JESTER: (*Looks at Table 1.*) I didn't know the nobles could sing.

FIONA: You can thank Oswald of Kent for that. He's started his own singing group: the Oswald of Kent Chorale. He calls it the OK Chorale for short.

JESTER: The OK Chorale?

FIONA: Their performance is . . . uneven. Sometimes their singing is good. Sometimes it's bad. Most of the time, their singing is . . . okay. They burst into song at odd times, and certain words seem to cue them. Let me show you. "On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me" – (*Looks to Table 1.*)

TABLE 1: A Partridge in a Pear Tree.

FIONA: See?

JESTER: They sound like Ragnar the cook. He bursts into song all the time. Mostly battle songs about berserker rage and lopping off heads.

FIONA: That's because he's butchering chickens.

JESTER: But he's looking at me.

FIONA: *(Sarcastically.)* I can't imagine why. *(Beat.)* Hey, Jester, would you like some candy?

JESTER: I love candy!

FIONA: You are in luck. I've got two pieces of candy *(Hands them to JESTER.)* made with chocolate, caramel, and pecans.

JESTER: Dove chocolate! I didn't know they made turtles. Where did you get them?

FIONA: Princess Anne didn't want them. They were also a gift. On the second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me . . . *(Looks to Table 2.)*

TABLE 2: Two Turtle Doves.

*(JESTER & FIONA look to Table 1.)*

TABLE 1: And a Partridge in a Pear Tree.

JESTER: You're right. The singing is very . . . uneven. *(Beat.)* So, who is sending these presents to Princess Anne?

FIONA: Duke Dimm. He is clearly not her true love, so Princess Anne has been passing his gifts on to me.

JESTER: How fortunate for you! But I'll have to pass on the turtle doves. I've got nut allergies.

FIONA: And the caramel sticks to my teeth. What should we do with them?

JESTER: I know: why don't we give them to the OK Chorale? Maybe the caramel will make their teeth stick together.

FIONA: And they won't be able to sing. Good idea. *(JESTER & FIONA cross to Table 2 and give them the two turtle doves.)* These are for you. Go ahead and divide them among yourselves. Consider them a gift.

JESTER: But try not to sing and eat at the same time.

FIONA: Yes, we don't want you gagging.

JESTER: Although that's what you sounded like, just now.

*(Enter TOWN CRIER. JESTER & FIONA return to stage.)*

FRENCH HENS: *(Off-stage three singers repeat "Bon, Bon, Bon Jour." But they are clucking like a chicken. The "Bon" is like a cluck and the "Jour" is like a cackle. We know you've got this.)*

TOWN CRIER: What is that irritating noise?

FIONA: A gift from Duke Dimm. He sent hens to Princess Anne.

FRENCH HENS: *(Off-stage "Bon, Bon, Bon Jour.")*

TOWN CRIER: *(Looks side-stage.)* Why are they dressed up in little French maid outfits?

FIONA: Because, on the third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me . . . *(JESTER & FIONA look to Table 3.)*

TABLE 3: Three French Hens.

*(JESTER & FIONA look to Table 2.)*

TABLE 2: Two Turtle Doves.

*(JESTER & FIONA look to Table 1.)*

TABLE 1: And a Partridge in a Pear Tree.

TOWN CRIER: *(Looks at the tables.)* The OK Chorale is here tonight? They sound a bit—

JESTER/FIONA: Uneven?

TOWN CRIER: Yes. That's the word.

FRENCH HENS: (*Off-stage "Bon, Bon, Bon Jour."*)

JESTER: (*Beat.*) So . . . French hens?

FIONA: A lot of good they've done for me. Even with those French maid outfits, they haven't cleaned a thing.

JESTER: I'm pretty sure that chickens are supposed to be cleaned then dressed. Those chickens have it all backwards.

FIONA: Not if Ragnar catches them.

FRENCH HENS: (*Off-stage "Bon, Bon, Bon Jour."*)

TOWN CRIER: The noise they make is pretty irritating.

FRENCH HENS: (*Off-stage "Bon, Bon, Bon Jour."*)

FIONA: (*Irritated, shouts to off-stage.*) Maybe it's time for some chicken and dumplings. (*FRENCH HENS go silent.*) I'm going to find Ragnar. (*Exits.*)

(*BRASS FANFARE.*)

JESTER: Ah, the King is arriving. I must get ready! (*Exits.*)

TOWN CRIER: (*To audience.*) It's time to begin!  
(*To the back of the hall.*) Ready the meal and heat the wassail!  
Bring forth the meat and the finest of ale!  
Blow the clarion! Singers appear!  
The King and his Court are drawing near! (*Exits.*)

***After the main course has been served . . .***

KING: Ah, there you are, Jester! What do you have for this evening's entertainment?

JESTER: Well, your majesty, I thought I'd start off with—

CALLING BIRDS: *(Off-stage. In best parrot voices, keep repeating the lines.)*

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if

#1 after all these years

#4 you'd like to meet.

QUEEN: What on earth is that racket?

ANNE: *(Sighs.)* It is a gift, mother.

CALLING BIRDS: *(Off-stage.)*

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if

#1 after all these years

#4 you'd like to meet.

QUEEN: Are you sure?

ANNE: Duke Dimm sent them.

QUEEN: Duke Dimm? How wonderful!

ANNE: Not wonderful, mother. I can't stand him.

CALLING BIRDS: *(Off-stage.)*

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if

#1 after all these years

#4 you'd like to meet.

KING: Nonsense! He would be a good match, Princess Anne. His estate is vast.

ANNE: So is his age: he's 25 years older than I am! It would be like marrying my father. *(Beat.)*  
Or Uncle Donald.

CALLING BIRDS: *(Off-stage.)*

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if

#1 after all these years

#4 you'd like to meet.

QUEEN: I still don't understand the gift.

JESTER: Those four birds? Why it is easy, my Queen. On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me . . . *(Looks to Table 4.)*

TABLE 4: Four Calling Birds. *(JESTER looks to Table 3.)*

TABLE 3: Three French Hens. *(JESTER looks to Table 2.)*

TABLE 2: Two Turtle Doves. *(JESTER looks to Table 1.)*

TABLE 1: And a Partridge in a Pear Tree.

QUEEN: What a wonderful surprise! Is that the OK Chorale?

JESTER: It is indeed, my Queen.

KING: They sound a bit . . . uneven.

CALLING BIRDS: *(Off-stage.)*

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if

#1 after all these years

#4 you'd like to meet.

KING: Why do the birds keep repeating the same words?

JESTER: They are restricted to 140 characters.

QUEEN: Whatever do you mean?

JESTER: It's a tweet.

QUEEN: Jester, I have no idea what you are talking about. Where did the Duke get those annoying birds?

JESTER: From a farmer. You know, the farmer in a dell (*Adele.*).

CALLING BIRDS: (*Off-stage.*)

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if

#1 after all these years

#4 you'd like to meet.

QUEEN: Someone make them stop!

CALLING BIRDS: (*Off-stage.*)

#1 Hello?

#2 It's me.

#3 I was wondering if—

KING: (*Looks to side-stage.*) Guards! Take them to the call center! (*BIRDS stop suddenly.*) If they are going to be calling birds, they can at least be useful.

CALLING BIRDS: (*Off-stage.*)

#1 Hello?

#2 It's the RNC. (*Or DNC. Take your pick.*)

#3 Would you take a quick survey

#1 about who you'd vote for

#4 if the election were held today?

QUEEN: That's more like it.