



The Mayor who banned Christmas



a play by Lynn Brittney

THE MAYOR WHO BANNED CHRISTMAS

CAST LIST

MR ROBINSON

MRS ROBINSON

JENNY ROBINSON (Their daughter)

LILY THE MAID

THE SHOEMAKER

THE BAKER

THE POSTMAN

THE DRESSMAKER

VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE (Speaking and non-speaking)

(Approximately 20 speaking parts (could be less) and unlimited non-speaking/crowd/singing parts)

THE MAYOR WHO BANNED CHRISTMAS

SCENE 1.

The play is set in a small town in the 1890s. The first scene is set in Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's living room. There are three comfortable chairs and a small table with an oil lamp set on it. Mrs. Robinson is sewing, Mr. Robinson is reading the newspaper and Jenny is reading a book. Lily the maid enters and curtseys.

LILY

Excuse me ma'am, but the Shoemaker is here to collect Mr. Robinson's shoes and he would like a word with you.

MRS ROBINSON

Thank you. Please send him in Lily.

LILY

Yes ma'am.

(LILY curtseys and exits and returns with the SHOEMAKER, who is holding a pair of men's shoes in his hand.)

THE SHOEMAKER

I'm sorry to bother you, Mrs. Robinson, but the note you left with these shoes said that you wanted them back by tomorrow.

MRS ROBINSON

Yes. That's correct. Is there a problem with that? Only they are Mr. Robinson's best shoes and he wanted to wear them to the Council Meeting tomorrow.

THE SHOEMAKER

We, yes, I'm afraid there is. You see tomorrow is a holiday. It's "Take Your Children to the Seaside Day" and I'm afraid I won't be working.

MR ROBINSON

"Take Your Children to the Seaside Day"?! When was this holiday decided then?

THE SHOEMAKER

Er...yesterday...by the Mayor, Mr. Robinson. He made an announcement in the Town Square. Didn't you hear it?

MR ROBINSON (angry)

No I did not! "Take Your Children to the Seaside Day" indeed!

Whatever next?

SHOEMAKER

So, I'm sorry. I won't be working tomorrow. I will have to deliver your shoes the day after, if that is alright.

MR ROBINSON

Well, it's not alright – but I suppose it will have to do.

SHOEMAKER

Thank you Mr. Robinson. Good day to you, Mrs. Robinson.

(The Shoemaker leaves)

MR ROBINSON

So, the Mayor has created yet another holiday, I see. This is getting out of hand.

JENNY

Does this mean that you will be taking me to the seaside then, father?

MR ROBINSON

No, it does not! The Mayor may have time to waste during the week, but I have work to do. I'm sorry dear.

JENNY

Never mind. It doesn't matter. At least I get a day off school.

(LILY the maid enters again and curtseys.)

LILY

Sorry to bother you again, ma'am, but The Baker is here with bread for two days. I thought you might like to speak to him.

MRS ROBINSON

Yes, I would, thank you Lily. Show him in.

(Lily exits and returns with the Baker, who is carrying a basket of loaves.)

BAKER

Good day to you, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.

MRS ROBINSON

Now what's all this about delivering two loaves of bread today? Is this because of this ridiculous holiday tomorrow?

BAKER

Well, yes, Mrs. Robinson, it is. I shan't be working tomorrow, so I'm delivering two day's worth of bread to all my customers.

MRS ROBINSON

But the bread will be stale by the day after tomorrow! I like to have fresh bread every day.

BAKER

I'm sorry Mrs. Robinson, that's the best I can do. You won't find another baker opening up tomorrow, not with it being a new holiday.

MR ROBINSON

This is ridiculous! That makes sixteen new holidays this year so far! And it's only April!

BAKER

Ah well. The Mayor likes everyone to have lots of leisure time. He's very popular with the voters. Anyway, I must be off. I'll leave your bread with your maid on my way out.

MRS ROBINSON

Thank you.

(THE BAKER leaves)

MR ROBINSON

The present Mayor is the laziest man I have ever met. Something has to be done about him or this town is going to be very poor indeed soon.

JENNY

What do you mean, Father?

MR ROBINSON

Well, people are taking so many days off work; the local businesses are falling behind with their orders. The match factory has already lost several contracts because they are no longer able to deliver on time; the jam factory has also lost orders for the same reason and, to make matters worse, are falling even further behind with their orders because the glass factory hasn't supplied them with enough jars to continue making the jam! Pretty soon, no-one outside of this town is going to want to do business with any of us because we don't work enough hours in the week.

(LILY the maid enters and curtsies)

LILY

Excuse me, sir, but the postman needs you to sign for a package.

MR ROBINSON

Very good, Lily. Send him in.

(Lily leaves and returns with the postman, who is carrying a small parcel and a book and pen)

POSTMAN

Good morning Mr. Robinson. If you would just sign here, please.

MR ROBINSON

It's about time this parcel arrived. I sent off for some books three weeks ago and I was beginning to wonder where they were.

POSTMAN

Ah well, There have been a lot of delays, you know – because of the holidays. Let me see...three weeks ago was Easter; then the week after that was Chocolate Day, when we all had a day off to finish eating our Easter eggs; then last week was Spring Chicken Day...

JENNY

...the official birthday of all Spring Chickens!

POSTMAN

Absolutely. The Post Office issued a special stamp for that day, with chickens on. Did you see it?

JENNY

No, sorry.

POSTMAN

Never mind. We're bringing out a new stamp next week for Election Day.

MR ROBINSON

Did you say Election Day?

POSTMAN

Yes, sir. Next Tuesday is Election Day, when the town gets to vote for a new Mayor.

Although I suppose everyone will vote for the current Mayor. He's very popular. Well, I must be on my way now. Good day to you all.

(Postman leaves)

MR ROBINSON

So. It's Election Day next week, is it? Just the opportunity I've been waiting for.

MRS ROBINSON

What are you going to do dear?

MR ROBINSON

I'm going to put a stop to these endless holidays!

JENNY

How are you going to do that, father?

MR ROBINSON

By standing for Mayor myself, of course! I can't sit here doing nothing. I must make plans – I must get out and talk to the people. I've got a campaign to run!

(MR ROBINSON leaves.)

MRS ROBINSON *(sighing)*

Oh dear. Why do I have the feeling that this is all going to go terribly wrong?

END OF SCENE/