

Countdown to Christmas

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This fun party game deals with Jesus' birth, about 15 minutes.

Only the story's narrator needs this script.

Narrator:

"This Christmas story is a melodrama. Hiss at the villain and cheer noble deeds. You all have a part; when I read your story name, you will shout a phrase. I will now assign your story name, and the phrase that you shout."

Story name

Dr. Vladimir

Daring Dmitri

Adorable Anna

Baron Villainov

Sturdy Steed

Bulgy Bear

Potlicker

Rusty Rifle

Huffy Puffy

Siberian Wind (*everyone else*)

Shouted response

"Something weird is going on."

"Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!"

"Oh, somebody save us!"

"I'll take care of you! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Neigh"

"Grrrrr"

"Bow-wow-wow"

"*Ker-blam!*"

"Choo-choo, wooo-wooo"

"Oooooooooo"

[If your group is small, then give some people more than one part.]

Narrator: *(As you read the following, emphasize names in bold):*

Listen! Howling as it blows through a hamlet in old Russia is the icy **Siberian Wind**. [Oooooooooo]

The good doctor, known for his medical research, tells his family, "Rejoice! Christmas is only seven days away!"

Suddenly the door flies open, banging like their old flintlock **Rusty Rifle**." [*Ker-blam!*]

Icy air snuffs out the lamp. "Aha!" exclaims **Dr. Vladimir**. [*Something weird is going on.*]

"Maybe it's the Tsar's thieving Cossacks with their curved swords," screams delicate daughter **Adorable Anna**. [*Oh, somebody save us!*]

"Stay calm," assures her brother **Daring Dmitri**. [*Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!*]

"I've shut the door. It was just the **Siberian Wind**. [Oooooooooo]

A horse neighs outside, and a reply comes from the family's **Sturdy Steed**. [*Neigh*]

Bang! Bang! "Someone's at the door, maybe Robbers!" wails **Adorable Anna**. [*Oh, somebody save us!*]

The doctor opens the door, and out rushes the little dog, **Potlicker**. [*Bow-wow-wow*]

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In rushes the stinging **Siberian Wind**. [Oooooooooo]

“It blew out the lamp! A thief has sneaked in; I hear his steps,” wails **Adorable Anna**. [*Oh, somebody save us!*]

“Where did our little dog go?” asks the doctor in the dark.

The intruder replies, “He’s biting my ankle! I am the telegraph operator. I came in this storm because this message from Siberia is urgent.”

“Stop attacking our guest,” the good doctor scolds **Potlicker**.” [Bow-wow-wow]

“I know no one in Siberia,” frets **Dr. Vladimir**. [*Something weird is going on.*]

They relight the lamp and the doctor reads the wire. “It’s from the mayor of Silver Mesa, a remote Siberian mining town. The peasants have never heard about Jesus.” They cannot hear the doctor’s words because of the fierce **Siberian Wind**. [Oooooooooo]

“An epidemic of Mad Moose disease will slay a thousand souls in seven days, unless they get my new vaccine! Seven days—that’s Christmas! We’ll make it in time if we hurry to the depot to catch **Huffy Puffy**.” [Choo-choo, wooo-wooo]

“However, the last part of the trip must be by sleigh; it will be perilous.”

They hear the assuring words of **Daring Dmitri**. [*Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!*]

The doctor reads on. “The mayor has heard that Christmas means joy and peace; he asks me to explain it to his villagers. He says they only drink vodka and fight at Christmas time. Well, let’s start. I’ll hitch the sleigh to **Sturdy Steed**.” [Neigh]

At the depot, they load the horse on a freight car. Something stirs in a dark corner; they have awakened the hibernating **Bulgy Bear**. [Grrrrr]

“Help!” screams **Adorable Anna**. [*Oh, somebody save us!*]

“Stay calm,” orders **Daring Dmitri**. [*Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!*]

He aims **Rusty Rifle**. [*Ker-blam!*]

The musket misses as usual, but there to drive the bear off is **Potlicker**. [Bow-wow-wow]

With a jerk and a clank, off chugs **Huffy Puffy**. [Choo-choo, wooo-wooo]

A trail of black smoke follows as they pass peasants’ sod huts and snow-laden trees bending in the angry **Siberian Wind**. [Oooooooooo]

They count the days left to save the villagers from the fatal disease: six, five, four. Clickety-click, go the wheels of **Huffy Puffy**. [Choo-choo, wooo-wooo]

Having climbed into an empty car, going along also, is **Bulgy Bear**. [Grrrrr]

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They plan to tell the villagers about Christmas, how God was born as a man to save us from our sins. With two days to go, they arrive at the final train depot and unload **Sturdy Steed** [*Neigh*]

Having taken a liking to the family, down climbs **Bulgy Bear**. [*Grrrrr*]

They examine a map anxiously, to find their way. “Worry not, my friends,” declares a tall man dressed in black, **Baron Villainov**. [*I’ll take care of you! Ha-ha-ha!*]

He bows, gallantly sweeping off a high silk hat, but fails to impress **Potlicker**. [*Bow-wow-wow!*]

He angrily kicks the little dog, and asks the doctor why he travels so far north.

The doctor explains the life-saving vaccine, and shows the baron his map. The pompous aristocrat sneers. “Your map is obsolete! But do not worry,” declares **Baron Villainov**. [*I’ll take care of you! Ha-ha-ha!*]

“This is the way now.” He draws a line on the map, sips from a flask, and winks at the daughter. “How lucky, my lovely lass, that I came in time!” boasts **Baron Villainov**. [*I’ll take care of you! Ha-ha-ha!*]

The doctor’s son hitches up **Sturdy Steed**. [*Neigh!*]

They glide for hours over wind-blown snow. The baron’s trail ends abruptly at a huge, dark hole in a mountainside, and a dismal dusk dampens their spirits. Two crosses by the cave’s entrance bear demoralizing epitaphs.

“Oh no! That vile baron has deceived us!” .cries **Dr. Vladimir**. [*Something weird is going on.*]

“Oh, look out!” A thousand bats come flying jerkily from the black hole, startling **Adorable Anna**. [*Oh, somebody save us!*]

“Keep calm!” assures **Daring Dmitri**. [*Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!*]

“We must go back!” moans the doctor. “Can we make it in time? We must cross the mountain and a long, high bridge. Faster, **Sturdy Steed!** [*Neigh!*”]

Meanwhile, the evil baron plots to obtain Silver Mesa’s rich mine. He lies to the villagers, “I’m the doctor with the vaccine. I’ll administer it after I dine.”

The mayor asks him why Christmas brings joy. The baron sneers. “Christmas? Oh, yes! Peasants gorge themselves, give gifts they can’t afford, hang up silly decorations and drink to excess.” He has to shout above the din of the wailing **Siberian Wind**. [*Ooooo*]

The mayor shakes his head. “We already do all that, but still find no joy.”

The condescending baron smiles a crooked grin, “My good man! You lack the flashiest celebration of all: fireworks! Bring a box of dynamite,” demands **Baron Villainov**. [*I’ll take care of you! Ha-ha-ha!*]

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Before dawn, the villain totes the dynamite to the high bridge, attaches it and waits, clutching the deadly detonator. Soon he hears **Sturdy Steed**. [*Neigh!*]

The family halts in the center of the high bridge to pray before entering Silver Mesa. They wince at the shrill whine of the **Siberian Wind**. [*Ooooo*]

“Grrrr!” Growls **Potlicker**. [*Bow-wow-wow!*]

The little dog jumps from the sleigh and tracks the evil baron’s scent across the bridge. Coming also, tracking the dog’s scent, is **Bulgy Bear**. [*Grrrrr*]

The son points. “Look! There’s the baron, aiming a gun at that bear!” The feisty little dog catches the baron’s sleeve and the shot misses. The good doctor notices wires and traces them to the villain.

“Aha!” cries **Dr. Vladimir**. [*Something weird is going on.*]

“Get off the bridge!” Screams **Adorable Anna**. [*Oh, somebody save us!*]

“Be calm everyone,” assures **Daring Dmitri**. [*Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!*]

He spies the detonator and aims the old **Rusty Rifle**. [*Ker-blam!*]

The bullet misses and the villain jeers, “You, my friends, will be blown to bits when I count to three. One! Two! Merry Christmas, you fools!” gloats **Baron Villainov**. [*I’ll take care of you! Ha-ha-ha!*]

The bear rises behind the villain as he cries “Three!” Two furry arms close around the villain’s chest; the horrified family hears ribs crack, and the victory cry of **Bulgy Bear**. [*Grrrrr*]

The bear flings him into the chasm; desperate screams echo between its walls. They finally arrive in Silver Mesa. “Oh!” warns **Dr. Vladimir**. [*Something weird is going on.*]

The villagers are mysteriously silent, and eye them warily. What is wrong?

“Here’s the vaccine!” shouts **Daring Dmitri**. [*Never fear, Daring Dmitri is here!*]

The mayor eyes them carefully, but suddenly brightens, “I see it now! The baron lied! You came in time; it is Christmas Eve. We are rescued!”

The villagers hear the great news of Christ’s birth, sacrificial death and resurrection. Upon learning that salvation in Christ is by God’s free grace for all who believe, they break out with cheers and tears.

The mayor thanks the family and adds, “Christmas is joyful now that we know that the Lord Jesus Christ was born, died and rose again to save us!” Sensing the bliss and wagging his tail is **Potlicker**. [*Bow-wow-wow!*].

A final exclamation comes from the **Siberian Wind** [*Ooooo*].

And the curtain falls.