

Inspired by:  
The Little Drummer Boy (Girl)  
or  
Angels We Have Heard on High  
or  
Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Tyrannical Angelicals  
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CAST: 5-? 1m, 1f, 3 any gender; (if using more angels they are any gender)  
Angel: any gender, any age; minimum of 2 – can use more; they sing. Loudly. Not necessarily well.

Another Angel: same as angel above.

Want more angels? Go for it?

Mary (female); 18-20; a new mother, exhausted  
Joseph (male); 18-20; a new father, pretty tired, too  
Drummer (male or female); young

Oh! And if you want someone to voice the Crying Baby instead of a recording – have at it!

SETTING: a sparse room.

TIME: Christmas; in the middle of the night.

Tyrannical Angelicals

(Lights up on JOSEPH half-asleep in a chair. Sounds of baby crying.)

JOSEPH

Mary!

MARY (offstage)

Joseph!

JOSEPH

Just put him down. He'll go to sleep. Eventually.

(The crying sounds fade away. MARY comes in – clearly dragging.)

MARY

Finally. What I wouldn't give for a hot bath. I forgot to pack my essential oils. The lavender would feel so good right now.

JOSEPH

We do have frankincense and myrrh that those strange dudes brought for the baby.

MARY

Not my favorite. I wish they had bought diapers. We're running low.

JOSEPH

We'll get some tomorrow. Remember what the doctor said, "when the baby sleeps, you sleep"

MARY

Good advice.

(MARY settles down and falls asleep.)

(And suddenly they are surrounded by angels. The lights may brighten. The angels sing sweetly at first.)

ANGEL 1

"Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plains

ANGEL 2

"And the mountains in reply, echoing their joyous 'frain.

JOSEPH

The angels are singing us to sleep.

MARY

(Snores.)

ALL ANGELS

(And now they “go for it.” Loudly.)

GLO-OR-OR-OR -OR  
 -OR-OR-OR-OR-OR  
 -OR-OR-OR-OR-OR - GLORIA  
 IN EGGSHELLS US DAY-O

(THE Angels continue the refrain during the following dialogue)

MARY

Joseph! Who are these creatures?

JOSEPH

Angels?

MARY

Make them stop!

JOSEPH

Uhh ... could you stop? Please?

(The ANGELS continue – maybe even louder.)

MARY

Tell them to shut up!

JOSEPH

I don't think you're supposed to tell angels to shut up. It seems wrong.

MARY

The baby!

JOSEPH

Could you all be quiet? Please! A little quieter? You know that “Sweetly singing” part? Sing sweetly. Please?

ANGELS (Singing ever so sweetly)

“Angels we have heard on high  
 Sweet singing o'er the plains.  
 And the mountains in reply  
 Echoing their joyous 'frain.”

(And now because they are mountains echoing and they really can't help themselves and they are so filled with joy, the singing erupts again.)

GLOR-OR-OR-OR-OR  
OR – OR-OR-OR-OR  
OR – OR-OR-OR-OR  
OR-IA

(BABY cries loudly.)

JOSEPH

Please angels – can you try “Silent Night?”

ANGEL

Sorry, don't know that one. Do you?

ANOTHER ANGEL

Sorry. But I know a better one –

“Hark the herald angels sing.  
Glory to the newborn king.

(Other ANGEL joins in.)

“Peace on earth and mercy mild.  
God and sinners reconciled.”

(And now it gets loud again.)

“JOYFUL ALL YE NATIONS RISE  
JOIN THE TRIUMPH OF THE SKIES!”

MARY

QUIET!

(BABY cries.)

Angels, I don't want you to take this personally but please leave!

ANGEL

But/

MARY

/Now!

(BABY cries. Mary exits to attend to him.)

ANOTHER ANGEL

I told you humans were cantankerous.

ANGEL

No wonder Beelzebub went to the dark side.

(ANGELS EXIT. MARY enters.)

JOSEPH

All is calm?

MARY

For now. Maybe we can finally get some sleep.

(And they settle down and sleep. Oh so briefly. And suddenly there is the sound of drumming which increases and increases until – of course, the BABY cries.)

MARY

Why is the high school band practicing in the middle of the night?

JOSEPH

It's just one member. A drummer.

(MARY goes to a window or a door.)

MARY

Drummer!

CHILD DRUMMER

Yes?

MARY

Please stop.

CHILD DRUMMER

I wanted to bring you something special. I have no gift to give. So I played my drum for him. I played my best for him. I'm sorry you didn't like it. I have nothing but my drum.

JOSEPH

No, it was good – we're just tired and drumming is best done during the day.

CHILD DRUMMER

Funny. That's what my mother says.

JOSEPH

Rest up and come back tomorrow.

MARY

JOSEPH!

JOSEPH

He/she is just a child. We can't kill his/her drumming aspirations. Now, let's all get some sleep.

(DRUMMER exits. MARY and JOSEPH falls asleep – anywhere – they're that tired.  
ROOSTER crows. BABY cries.)

MARY

This is the last time I give birth in a stable.

END OF PLAY