

Beatles, Christmas Time (Is Here Again)

(J): It's a clumsy remix, take 444!

(All): (Singing)

Christmas time is here again
Christmas time is here again
Christmas time is here again
Christmas time is here again
Ain't been round since you know when
Christmas time is here again
O-U-T spells out!

(P): The boys arrive at BBC House.

(J): What do you want?

(All): We have been granted permission, oh, wise one.

(J): Ah, pass in peace.

(All): (Singing)

Christmas time is here again
Christmas time is

(J): An audition will be held at ten am, Wednesday the first, in the fluffy rehearsal rooms. Bring your own.

(J): Thank you. Next please!

(P): Would over here be convenient for you?

(J): Carry on!

(P): Over here. Are you thirteen, eh??

(J): Next please!

(All): (Singing)

Get wonderlust for your trousers
Get wonderlust for your hair.

(P): Sitting with me in the studio tonight is a cross section of British youth. I'd like first of all to speak to you. Sir Gerald.

(J): Oh, not a bit of it. We had a job to do, Nigel (*Michael?).

(P): Ah, yes, yes quite. I don't think you're answering my question.

(J): Ohh, let me put it this way. There was a job to be done.

(All): (Singing)

Christmas time is here again
Christmas time is here again

(G): On to the next round!

(*Bingo! Bingo! Ha! Ha!?)

(G): In the recent heavy fighting near Blackpool, Mrs. G. Evans, of Solihull was gradually injured. She wants for all the people in hospital "Plenty of Jam Jars" by the Revellers.

(J): And here it is.

(All): (Singing)
Plenty of jam jars, baby,
Plenty of jam jars for you, (for you, baby)
Plenty of jam jars, baby,
Plenty of jam jars for you.
Plenty of jam jars, baby, (baby, baby)
Plenty of jam jars for you.

(J): And how old are you?

(G): Thirty-two.

(J): Ooooh! Never!

(G): I am.

(J): Get away!

(G): I am!

(J): Well, what prize have you got your eyes on?

(G): I have?

(J): Well, you've just won a trip to Denver and five others!

(G): Ooooh, thank you.

(J): And also, wait for it, you have been elected as independent candidate for Paddington ...

(G): Ooooh

(J): So look after yourself. (*Ha! Ha!?)

(All): (Singing)
Get wonderlust for your trousers,
Get wonderlust for your hair.

(R): "Theatre Hour" is brought to you tonight from the arms of someone new.

(R): Hello, I'm speaking from a call box. Hello? Hello?
Operator? Hello, operator, I've been cut off. (*I-I've been cut off!?)
It's an emergency!

(All): (Singing)
O-U-T spells OUT! (da-da-da-da-da)
Christmas time is here again,
Ain't been 'round since you know when (ee-hoo!)
Christmas time is here again, (that's right!)
O-U-T spells OUT!

(G): And how old are you? (*Christmas time is here again!?)

(J): Thirty-two. (*Ha! Ha! Ha!?)

(G): Never. (*Ha! Ha! Ha!?)

(J): Well, you've won a prize. (*Ha! Ha! Ha!?)

(P): Get off the show! (*Ha! Ha! Ha!?)

(J): They like to thank you for a wonderful year.

(G): We'd like to thank you for a wonderful year.

(All): Thank you for a wonderful year.

(G): Carry on.

(J): Look out yourself! (*Ha! Ha! Ha!?)

(J): Come in!

(J): And Christmas tames all,
And your bonnie clay as through,
Happy breastling to you, people.
All our (*the?) best from me to you.
And the beasty dragon mutton (*brangom button?),
To the heather and little inn,
I'll be struttin' oot in ma tether.
To yer arms once back again,
Och away, ye Bonnie.