

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Adapted by Matt O'Brien from the novel by Chas. Dickens
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Sample Scene

PRESENT: Now, what do you suppose Christmas is like over at Roberta Cratchit's house? Have you ever wondered what kind of Christmas they have in a poor home. A home where it's so small, they gotta go outside just to change their mind?

Cratchit's house, happy traditional music, the Cratchit family is enjoying Christmas eve, Tiny Tim enters, all six feet of him. He is limping, with a crutch.

SCROOGE: This is Cratchit's house? It's so small.

PRESENT: This is what she can afford on what you pay her.

MARTHA CRATCHIT (*ala Lisa Loopner*): Oh Mom, our house is so small.

SCROOGE: But they seem so happy.

TIM: But we're so happy!

PRESENT: They *are* happy. They got the one thing you can't even buy. They're scrapin' by this Christmas on Ho-Ho's and Hot Pockets, but they're happier than you'd be with a fistful of eviction notices.

CRATCHIT: Eat up now – your Hot Pockets are getting cold.

TINY TIM: This is the best half of a Hot Pocket ever.

MARTHA: Thank you Mother.

TIM: Mother, can I have some sugar water to go with my half a hot pocket?

CRATCHIT: But we don't have any sugar dear.

Tim frowns

MARTHA: That okay. We can pretend!

TINY TIM: Can we? Can we pretend, Mother?

CRATCHIT: (*happy*) Well just don't sit there; pour me a glass of that tasty sugar water!

MARTHA: Me too.

TINY TIM: Me three! I love you Mother. I love you Martha! This is the best Christmas ever.

SCROOGE: I can't believe they're happy living here, eating frozen food and pretending to drink sugar water.

PRESENT: Oh, I don't know. Them Hot Pockets aren't too bad, once you get past the gristle thing...

CRATCHIT: Tim, what did you ask Santa to bring you?

TINY TIM: I couldn't decide between an X-Box 360 - or a new pair of socks. So instead, I asked for Mother to get a raise!

CRATCHIT: Oh, I wouldn't hope for too much Tim. Mr Scrooge is sick, and he pays me what he can afford to pay me.

MARTHA: Scrooge is sick all right - in his head. *(she and Tim snigger)*

CRATCHIT: Yes Martha, you're right, he is sick in his head, but that doesn't mean that's it's not a sickness. The three of us are lucky, we know what it feels like to be loved, but Mr Scrooge doesn't. He's lonely, and sad, and we should all feel sorry for him, not angry at him.

TIM: You're right Mom.

MARTHA: Come on mother, I'll help you with the dish.

CRATCHIT: Thanks Martha, that's very sweet. *(they exit)*