

ADULTS

CHRISTMAS CAROL 2022 AUDITION SCRIPT

Tiny Tim: I'll get it!

Mrs. Cratchit: Who could that be on Christmas Day?

Tiny Tim: Hello.

Jane: Is this the Cratchit house?

Tiny Tim: Yes, it is.

Jane: I was told to deliver this turkey to you.

Martha: *(comes to Tim's aid)* Who is it from?

Jane: I can't tell. It's a secret! Merry Christmas! *(Jane runs off)*

Martha: Look what was just delivered!

Mrs. Cratchit: What now?

Bob Cratchit: Who did you say brought it?

Mrs. Cratchit: A young girl. And she wouldn't say a word of who it's from. Do you think maybe the Williams?

Martha: But why wouldn't she just have sent it home with me yesterday? *(loud angry knock outside)*

Mrs. Cratchit: What now?

Tiny Tim: I'll get it!

Scrooge: Is this the home of Bob Cratchit?

Tim: Yes, and who are you, sir?

Bob Cratchit: *(approaching the door)* Mr. Scrooge?!

Peter: *(jumping up on the bench)* Ah! It's the pirate!

Mary: He's come to pillage and plunder!

Peter: Hit the deck, me hearties!

Mrs. Cratchit: *(snapping her fingers and scolding them)* Peter! Mary! Get in your chairs right now!

Bob Cratchit: Is something wrong, sir?

Scrooge: Yes, something's wrong. Why else would I show up at your door like this?

Bob Cratchit: Did something happen?

Scrooge: Yes, I've changed my mind about today.

Bob Cratchit: You want me to come in to the office? Now, sir? It's already the afternoon...

Belinda: *(stomping her foot)* And it's Christmas! *(Mrs. Cratchit shushes her.)*

Scrooge: Christmas indeed. Well, I've changed my mind about Christmas.

CHARITY WORKERS

Stewart: Scrooge and Marley's offices, I believe?

Bob Cratchit: Yes, sir. But, um, maybe if you could just...

Scrooge: Marley's been dead for seven years now. What do you want?

Foster: Well, sir, we represent a local humanitarian organization called....

Scrooge: Not interested.

Stewart: Sir, it's Christmas time, and those of us who have been blessed with resources have an opportunity to help out those less fortunate.

Foster: I'm sure a smart business man like you would want to take part, so what should we put you down for?

Scrooge: Nothing.

Stewart: You want to remain anonymous?

Scrooge: I want to be left alone.

Foster: Money isn't the only need. Many have given blankets, coats, food items... Hundreds of people may starve and freeze to death if something isn't done, sir.

Scrooge: Have they run out of poor houses and prisons?

Stewart: No, but sir...

Scrooge: My tax dollars have already been allocated for me to support establishments that take care of this rubbish and they cost enough.

Foster: With all due respect, sir. They are increasingly underfunded and unsupported. Many of our poor can't make it to them and some would rather die than resort to crime in order to stay alive.

Scrooge: Well, that would certainly help with the population surplus, now wouldn't it? Good day, gentlemen. As I said, not interested.

(Bob gives the women a small amount of money and makes his apologies for his boss)

Scrooge: And I suppose you'll be wanting off all day tomorrow.

Bob Cratchit: I would like to spend Christmas with my family if it's alright with you, sir.

Scrooge: It's not alright. And I suppose you'll expect to get paid a day's wages for no work, huh? *(sigh)* Well, as the law states you are to have the whole day, but you'll come in early every day next week, you understand?

Bob Cratchit: Yes, sir. I will. Thank you, sir!

Scrooge: Don't thank me. It's a poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every 25th of December. Bah. Humbug.

FRED & CLARA

Fred: Humbug! Humbug, I say.

Clara: (*giggling*) But, seriously, Fred. Why do you let him treat you that way? I don't know how you do it. If he were my Uncle I'd most likely be afraid of him or, all too quickly, run out of patience.

Fred: Oh, he doesn't do me any harm. I guess it's hard for me to run out of patience for someone I feel sorry for.

Clara: Sorry for him?! Sitting on all that money.

Fred: Why should I care about his money, it doesn't do him any good. He never gets to enjoy it. He doesn't even make himself comfortable with it. Think about it. Who suffers the most from his demeanor?

Clara: Well, I do feel sorry for Mr. Cratchit, his clerk. Having to listen to him prattle on in his bitterness day after day.

Fred: True, but wrong answer. He does. He suffers the most, missing out on all the world has to offer. It's a different kind of poverty he suffers from.

Clara: That's his choice. Hoarding his money in isolation.

Fred: Yes, but doesn't every man deserve some pleasant moments in his life, even the mean old grumpy ones? I will keep giving him chances for those moments. Even the smallest light can push back the darkness