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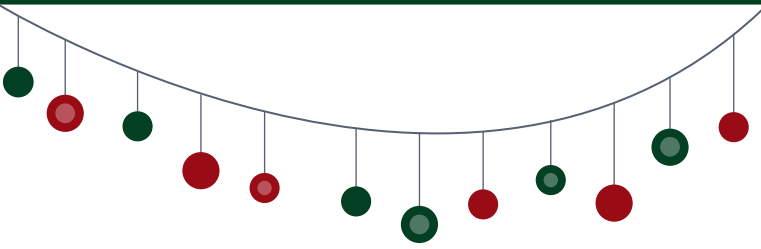
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Dramatic Publishing



Little Scrooge

Comedy by Patricia Barry Rumble

Little Scrooge

Comedy by Patricia Barry Rumble. Based on Dickens' A Christmas Carol.

Cast: 2 to 4m., 3 to 7w. Little Scrooge is an extremely creative, kid-friendly adaptation of the Charles Dickens' classic *A Christmas Carol*. When an adolescent boy, Eben Scrooge, strikes it rich and makes a million dollars by inventing a popular phone app called Where's Fluffy?, which can help a person find a lost pet, he loses sight of what really matters in life. Eben's own life is taken over by greed. Worse, he actually stole the idea from his best friend, Bobbie Cratchitt, who now works for Eben, trying to raise money to buy the medicine that will help heal her little brother Tiny Tim's crippled legs. The show is loaded with lots of Christmas songs, sung a cappella, that will put smiles on the faces of everyone in the audience and enchant them. There is even a talking mirror to jolt Eben into seeing the reflection of the way his life will be if he doesn't change. The Ghost of Christmas Past (a surfer dude), the Ghost of Christmas Present (a beautiful spirit with an attitude) and the Ghost of Christmas Future (an eerie figure in white) help Eben to discover the true meaning of Christmas. Suitable for touring and kids of all ages, *Little Scrooge* is guaranteed to delight the entire family. It's the perfect holiday outing. *Unit set. Approximate running time: 45 minutes. Code: LL4.*

Cover design: Molly Germanotta.

ISBN: 978-1-61959-073-1



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311 Washington Street
Woodstock, IL 60098
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Little Scrooge

Adapted from Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* by

PATRICIA BARRY RUMBLE



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(LITTLE SCROOGE)

ISBN: 978-1-61959-073-1

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Little Scrooge was commissioned by Express Children’s Theatre as its 2014 holiday show. The play opened on Nov. 22, 2014, in Houston and ran for 30 performances, including one tour to the Texas Children’s Hospital Oncology Centers.

CAST:

Eben ScroogeOmar Lewis
Bobbie Cratchitt, Isabella.....Edith Maldonado
Child Caroler, Tiny Tim,
Ghosts of Christmas Past and FutureSusan Ly
Freddy, the Mirror and Mr. Fuzziwig..... Anthony August
Ghost of Christmas Present..... Erica Young-Joseph

Director David LaDuca
Set Design, Sound Design..... David LaDuca
Costume Design, Stage Manager Erica Young-Joseph

Little Scrooge

CHARACTERS

EBEN SCROOGE: 12 years old and very arrogant because of his new wealth.

BOBBIE CRATCHITT: Eben's best friend. She is 11½ years old.

TINY TIM CRATCHITT: Bobbie's little brother, who is lame and uses crutches.

FREDDY JOHNSON: Eben's older cousin, about 25 years old.

THE MIRROR: a voice in the mirror.

CHILD CAROLER: a young child, the lone caroler.

MR. FUZZIWIG: Eben and Bobbie's former math teacher. He dresses in a lab coat and has, as his name indicates, really fuzzy hair.

ISABELLA: Freddy's wife. (She could be Hispanic.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: a surfer dude dressed in brightly colored, tie-dyed clothing.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: a beautiful, bountiful woman with an attitude.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE: an eerie figure dressed all in white with a white mask.

TIME AND PLACE

The present, USA.

SCENES

Scene 1: Eben Scrooge's house.

Scene 2: Ghost of Christmas Past at Eben Scrooge's house.

Scene 3: At school in the past.

Scene 4: Ghost of Christmas Present at Eben Scrooge's house.

Scene 5: The Cratchitt house.

Scene 6: Freddy and Isabella's house.

Scene 7: The Ghost of Christmas Future at Eben Scrooge's house.

Scene 8: The Cratchitt house.

SETTING

For the touring production, the many scenes were created by using one unit set with add-on pieces to make the different scenes. See the production notes and props list in the back of the book for further details.

MUSIC

All the Christmas songs in the show are in the public domain and sung a cappella with the exception of “Santa Claus Is Comin’ to Town,” music by J. Fred Coots, lyrics by Haven Gillespie. In order to use this song, the producer needs to secure the rights of the song for the production. Otherwise, the producer can substitute another song like “We Wish You a Merry Christmas,” or any other public domain Christmas song.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Little Scrooge was designed to tour with 5 actors and a simple unit set. There are very few props but quite a few costume changes.

The brilliance of the set is that it is a single unit set with simple add-on pieces that, when hooked into place, change the scene. Director David LaDuca designed this unique set.

Before Eben goes back in time, we are at his house, which is represented by a chair with a velvet throw, a grandfather clock with moveable hands to actually show the passage of time, a large Mylar mirror and a sign over the mirror that reads “Scrooge, Inc.” That same sign when turned around reads “Closed.”

To go back in time to “Christmas Past” at school in Scene 3, a chalkboard is added to cover the “Scrooge, Inc.” sign and the mirror, while a sign that reads “Computer Lab” is added over the clock face.

For “Christmas Present” at the Cratchitt house in Scene 5, a brick window is added (the chalkboard has a brick window painted on the other side). A shelf with a few meager food items glued on will cover the grandfather clock face. When Bobbie comes in, she lifts up the bottom part of the grandfather clock, which has two plywood legs. When that part of the clock is raised, it creates the kitchen table. It’s a very simple design and extremely versatile.

PROPS

Chair with a velvet coverlet that can be removed

Stuffed animal (we used a penguin)

Small package wrapped in brown paper with a red ribbon that contains a brightly colored scarf hand made by Bobbie

Chalk

Cellphone

Pair of crutches for Tiny Tim

Decorated Christmas tree (we used a floor-standing clothes rack decorated with pine garland and Christmas ornaments to give the illusion of a Christmas tree)

2 envelopes

Large gift box with a Christmas tree sweater inside for Tiny Tim

Little Scrooge

ACT I

Scene 1

AT RISE: *Christmas music is playing softly as the lights come up. Then there is a fanfare blast of “We Wish You a Merry Christmas” as a young boy enters. This is 12-year-old EBEN SCROOGE. The living room set consists of a mirror (made of silver Mylar material, which is important to give the illusion of movement and someone in the mirror). Over the mirror is a sign that reads “Scrooge, Inc.” There is a grandfather clock with moveable hands to show the passage of time, plus a chair with a velvet coverlet. There is a stuffed animal onstage near the clock. EBEN is fiddling with his cell phone. He is wearing a dress shirt, vest and khaki pants. Frantically, he looks outside as the Christmas music continues underneath.*

EBEN. Oh, it’s getting dark outside. Bobbie, cut that music off. OMG, Bobbie.

BOBBIE (*offstage*). All right, all right.

EBEN (*impatient because the music continues*). Bobbie, cut it off.

BOBBIE (*offstage*). Sorry, sorry.

(The music stops abruptly.)

EBEN. Geez. Bobbie, where’s the phone app? I need the phone app before Christmas or we’re going to lose a lot of money. Bobbie. Bobbie. BOBBIE!

(Suddenly the Mylar mirror shows movement, created by fingers running up and down behind the mirror. Eerie sounds accompany the movement.)

EBEN. What was that? Did I just see—?

(Just as 11-year-old BOBBIE CRATCHITT, EBEN's assistant and life-long friend, enters, carrying a small package wrapped in brown paper, the eerie sounds stop abruptly.)

BOBBIE *(singing while holding the package and taunting EBEN to catch it).*

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY
NEW YEAR.

GOOD TIDINGS WE BRING TO YOU AND YOUR KIN.
GOOD TIDINGS FOR CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW
YEAR.

(EBEN tries several times to get the packages but misses. He sings the last two lines as he is jumping up, but he misses. Finally with the last line, he stops abruptly, snapping out of his almost happy mood.)

EBEN. Bah humbug. You know I don't like Christmas carols,
Bobbie Cratchitt.

BOBBIE. You were singing along.

EBEN. I was not.

BOBBIE. Were too.

EBEN. Was not.

BOBBIE. Were too. And you used to love singing Christmas carols with me. What's happened to you?

EBEN. Have you installed the update on the “Where’s Fluffy?” app?

BOBBIE. Phone. *(He hands her his phone.)* Your phone app is right there on your phone. See.

EBEN. Outstanding. Just think, my phone app “Where’s Fluffy” is selling like crazy. And I get a piece of every sale. Sweet. Cha-ching. Let’s test the update.

BOBBIE. Now? But, Eben, it’s Christmas Eve.

EBEN. Hey, I told you, don’t call me Eben. From now on, my name is E.S. Just like Dad’s.

BOBBIE. E. S.? Come on, I’ve been calling you Eben Scrooge all 11 and a half years of my life. I’ll just get confused calling you something different.

EBEN. Get the stuffed animal.

BOBBIE. All right, but I want to get home to Tiny Tim. He wants to watch *Frosty*. He loves *Frosty*.

EBEN. Put the microchip patch on the fake Fluffy and hide it.

(He covers his eyes as she gets the stuffed animal and puts the patch on it.)

BOBBIE. The patch is on. *(She talks as she hides the stuffed animal.)* If I’m late getting home to Tiny Tim, he will be so disappointed. He wants to watch *Rudolph*, too. He loves, loves, loves *Rudolph*.

EBEN. Did you hide the fake Fluffy?

BOBBIE. Yes, E.T., I did.

EBEN. Not E.T., it’s E.S., E.S., E.S.

BOBBIE. All right. OK, go ahead and beep Fluffy.

(He beeps Fluffy with his phone, which makes a really strange beeping sound; at first very low, then higher and

higher and finally with a continuous sound as he nears the stuffed animal. BOBBIE could create this sound or there could be a recording of the beeping sound. Finally, EBEN locates the stuffed animal.)

EBEN. Aha. There it is. *(He picks up the stuffed animal.)* The patch with the microchip works; it really works. *(He kisses the stuffed animal and his phone.)* I'm rich.

BOBBIE *(putting away the fake Fluffy)*. Yes, you are ... and tomorrow is Christmas.

EBEN. And I guess you want the whole day off?

BOBBIE. Yes, I do.

(At that moment, EBEN's older cousin FREDDY JOHNSON, about 25, bursts into the room, wearing a funny elf hat.)

FREDDY. Ho, ho, ho, cousin Eben.

EBEN. Hi, Freddy.

FREDDY. Ho, ho, ho, Bobbie.

BOBBIE. Hi, hi, hi, Freddy.

FREDDY. How's your little brother?

BOBBIE. Tiny Tim's doing the best he can. Hey, you should come by and see us tomorrow. The door's always open.

FREDDY. Thanks Bobbie. I think I will. Hey, cuz, your mom asked me to look in on you while our moms are up in Dallas *(Or name a large city near your location.)* checking on Granny.

EBEN. I'm busy, Freddy. I have to get back to work now.

FREDDY. Work? Dude, it's Christmas Eve. Say, is your dad coming home for Christmas this year? I know he missed last year and your birthday.

EBEN. He's busy, Freddy. He's traveling all over the world, checking on his fortune. So did you come here for a reason or just to keep me from making money?

FREDDY. I came by to share my holiday cheer and to invite you to my place tomorrow for Granny's famous cherry nutty fruitcake. My wife Isabella makes Gran's recipe. It's scrump-delioso!

EBEN. I don't like fruitcake.

FREDDY. Since when? It's your favorite!

EBEN. I don't have time for fruitcake anymore, Freddy.

FREDDY. OK, fine, I'll give it to somebody who wants it. Which reminds me. I'm collecting money to buy presents for the poor kids in the hospital. So I wonder—

EBEN. That's crazy! You don't have any money yourself.

FREDDY. I may not have a lot, but I always try to give what I can during the holidays. You know helping poor people makes me feel good.

EBEN. Poor people should find a job. Why should I give money to people who don't work? Why should I give them something when they do nothing?

FREDDY. What are you talking about? You know some poor people work two and three jobs and still can't make ends meet. Everyone needs help sometimes, especially at Christmas.

EBEN. Bah humbug.

FREDDY. Excuse me.

EBEN. Christmas! It's a humbug. Bah humbug.

FREDDY (*turning to BOBBIE*). What is he talking about?

BOBBIE. It's his new phrase. A humbug, it means something that's false, something made up.

FREDDY. So you think Christmas is made up?

EBEN. Well, what's Christmas except a time for you to spend money you don't have. And pretend you're happy when you don't mean it. So I say, Christmas, bah humbug.

FREDDY. But I do mean it. This time of the year makes me happy! *(He begins to sing. He and BOBBIE join hands, with EBEN in the middle, to sing to him.)*

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY.

FA LA LA LA LA.

EBEN *(during the fa la la's)*. I'm allergic to holly.

BOBBIE.

TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY.

FA LA LA LA LA.

EBEN *(during the fa la la's)*. It's the season to be silly.

FREDDY & BOBBIE.

DON WE NOW OUR FINE APPAREL.

FA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

SING THE ANCIENT YULETIDE CAROL.

FA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA—

EBEN. Bah humbug!

(His outburst stops the song as he breaks free of FREDDY and BOBBIE.)

FREDDY. Even you can't ruin my Christmas spirit, Cousin Eben. I'm still inviting you over tomorrow for cherry nutty fruitcake with me and my wife. *(He grabs EBEN with one arm and rubs his head vigorously, giving him nuggies. Disgusted, EBEN is finally able to pull away.)* You will always be my little cousin.

EBEN. Goodbye, Freddy.

BOBBIE. Wait, Freddy, wait. Let's take a selfie. Tiny Tim's going to love that elf hat.

FREDDY. Yeah, he will, right? *(She gets her camera to snap a picture.)*

BOBBIE. OK, say cheese for Tiny Tim.

FREDDY. Cheese for Tiny Tim. *(BOBBIE snaps their picture.)* Send that to me and I'll post it on Facebook. Merry Christmas, Bobbie.

BOBBIE. Merry Christmas, Freddy.

FREDDY. Merry Christmas, cousin Eben.

EBEN. Bah—

FREDDY. Humbug. Yeah, I know.

(He winks at BOBBIE as he leaves. She laughs.)

BOBBIE. Hey listen, listen I got a great new joke. You want to hear it?

EBEN. No.

BOBBIE. All right it's a good one, here we go. What do you get when an elf takes a picture of himself? What do you call it? An elfie. *(She slaps her thigh and laughs.)* Get it? An elfie.

EBEN. That's just silly, Bobbie.

BOBBIE. Aw come on. Why don't you come by tomorrow and visit Tiny Tim. He misses you.

EBEN. I—I'm working tomorrow. Someone has to.

BOBBIE. Christmas only happens once a year. It's time to be a kid again.

EBEN. Will you just go home, Bobbie!

BOBBIE. We used to have so much fun at Christmas.

Remember how we made cookies and then we'd surprise the mailman. Remember?

EBEN. Yes, yes, Bobbie, I remember but I don't have time for that any more.

BOBBIE (*disappointed*). Oh, OK, well I hope to see you tomorrow. I know Tiny Tim does, too. (*She looks at him for a moment sadly; then she picks up her package wrapped in brown paper.*) Eben, you should get out of this house. It's not good to work where you live and never leave.

EBEN. I'll be fine.

BOBBIE. I know you said no presents. But—

CHILD CAROLER (*offstage*).

UP ON THE ROOFTOP REINDEER PAUSE—

BOBBIE. I made this just for you. (*She hands him the gift. She wants to hug him but just pats his shoulder.*)

CHILD CAROLER (*offstage*).

DOWN JUMPS GOOD OLD "SANTEE" CLAUS.

Gee thanks, mister.

BOBBIE. Merry Christmas, Eben. (*She runs off.*)

(EBEN stares at the package. The room is very quiet. He starts to open the package but thinks better of it as he listens to the CHILD CAROLER get closer.)

CHILD CAROLER (*offstage*).

DOWN THROUGH THE CHIMNEY WITH LOTS OF
TOYS

ALL FOR THE LITTLE ONES, CHRISTMAS JOYS.

HO, HO, HO! WHO WOULDN'T GO? HO, HO, HO, WHO
WOULDN'T GO?

(EBEN begins to sing along.)

UP ON THE ROOFTOP, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.
DOWN THROUGH THE CHIMNEY COMES GOOD
SAINT NICK.

EBEN *(catching himself singing)*. I'm too old to sing baby songs.

(The CHILD CAROLER enters and knocks hard on the door. EBEN doesn't respond. The CHILD CAROLER is persistent and knocks even harder a second time.)

EBEN *(cont'd)*. Go away, I'm busy. *(With one final round of knocking, he jumps up from his chair and rushes to the door.)* What do you want?

CHILD CAROLER. Good afternoon, sir or ma'am. I am singing to raise money to buy presents for homeless kids for Christmas. Can you *(Checking her arm for notes on what to say.)* help us out? *(She holds out her hand for a donation.)*

(EBEN fumbles in his pocket and pulls out a dollar. Reluctantly, he hands the dollar to the CHILD CAROLER.)

EBEN. Here's a dollar. Now go away, I'm busy.

(The CHILD CAROLER looks at the dollar, then looks around at the surroundings.)

CHILD CAROLER. Yeah, every dollar helps. But wow, it looks like you can spare a little more. You got a lot of cool stuff—

EBEN. Hey, hey, if that dollar isn't enough for you, then I'll just take it back. *(He snatches the dollar back.)*

CHILD CAROLER. You know what? The other kids are right. You are as mean as your dad. *(She gives him a raspberry, thumbing her nose.)*

EBEN (*yelling at the child*). Bah humbug. (*She screams and runs away.*) My dad is the richest man in town and I will be, too. Who needs to sing all those silly Christmas songs? Who needs presents? Who needs friends? If it's good enough for my dad, then it's good enough for me. Yeah OK, I wish Dad was here instead of traveling all over the world making money. But someday he will come home and see I'm just like him. I'm rich and I'm smart. Yeah, Dad's going to be really proud of me someday. (*In mirror.*) Mirror, mirror on the wall. Who's the richest kid of all?

THE MIRROR (*erie sounds*). You are, Ebenezer Jr.

EBEN. Huh? (*He falls on the floor in fright.*) Wait, a mirror that can talk. (*He recoils.*) Is this some kind of joke? Is Bobbie playing one of her jokes on me? Bobbie, is that you?

THE MIRROR. The mirror sees all. I am your reflection ... the reflection of things past, present and future. Ohhhh. Oh, oh, ohhhh. (*The mirror moans.*)

EBEN. What in the world?

THE MIRROR (*moans again*). Oh, something has happened to your spirit. Greed has taken over.

EBEN. I'm just good in business.

THE MIRROR. People should be your business. Love and kindness should be your business. But, there is still a chance to change the loneliness that will be your life. Tonight, you will be visited by three ghosts.

EBEN. G-g-ghosts?

THE MIRROR. Expect the first one when the bell tolls *one*.

EBEN. But what are the ghosts going to do to me—?

THE MIRROR. Expect the second ghost when the bell tolls *two*. And the third upon the stroke of *three*. There is still a chance to change your lonely fate.

(THE MIRROR's light dims, and the eerie music stops.)

EBEN. Wait a minute. *(He sputters in contempt.)* There's no such thing as ghosts. Silly mirror. Good one, Bobbie. *(Looks around several times for BOBBIE or the source of the voice.)* Three ghosts! *(Falls on his chair, laughing, then almost instantly becomes exhausted.)* Suddenly I'm so tired. So tired. *(He falls asleep, snoring.)*