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Dramatic Publishing

A One Act Christmas Comedy

the christmas corral

BY
ANDY GREGG



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(THE CHRISTMAS CORRAL)

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A CHRISTMAS CORRAL
One-Act Christmas Comedy
For Eight Men and Four Women
Or
Five Men and Seven Women

CHARACTERS

BOB CRATCHIT. *foreman of the XX Ranch*
EBENEZER SCROOGE *the miserly owner*
MARLEY'S GHOST *ghost of Scrooge's former partner*
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST
GIRL *Young Scrooge's girl friend*
YOUNG SCROOGE
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT
TINY TIM *The Cratchit's crippled son*
MRS. CRATCHIT *Bob Cratchit's wife*
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE
LIZZIE
MARY

SCENE: *The room at the XX headquarters.*

TIME: *Any time.*

A CHRISTMAS CORRAL

SCENE: A room at the XX Ranch headquarters. "Scrooge and Marley XX Ranch" sign is on rear wall. There is a table bed, and several chairs. Doors on L and R, and window in the rear. At rise, BOB CRATCHIT, the ranch foreman, is sitting at the table. SCROOGE is walking around the room. They both wear Western clothing. SCROOGE has a six-gun in his holster.

BOB: Mr. Scrooge, do you know what tomorrow is?

SCROOGE: It's a working day, just like any other day. Tomorrow you can bring some hay to the herd on the south forty.

BOB: I'll give you a hint. (Sings) Dashing through the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh. (Waits for this to have some effect)

SCROOGE: No, you can't use the one-horse open sleigh. Do you know how much oats it takes to dash that horse? You carry the hay.

BOB: I'd like to ask you something, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Go ahead, Cratchit. That won't cost anything.

BOB: Can I have tomorrow off?

SCROOGE: What? A day off? You had a day off a year ago. Imagine, wanting a day off. Say, are you a Communist or something like that? Old Jake Marley would be spinning in his grave if he heard that. When we started

the old (points to sign) Ex-ex Ranch, there was one thing we agreed on, and that was nobody would ever have a day off. And that goes for the foreman, too.

BOB: I just thought maybe I could get a little time off tomorrow.

SCROOGE: We have work to do here. You should never have started your own business on the side. I never thought my own foreman would have a chicken ranch. What do you want? Time off to brand your chickens? You can do it on your lunch time.

BOB: But sir, tomorrow is Christmas.

SCROOGE: You want a day off just because it's Christmas? Not a chance. Now, back to those accounts.
(SCROOGE sits on his bed, takes a pile of money from a box and counts it, kissing and fondling the money)

BOB: (To audience) Maybe he'll feel sorry for me if I tell him that we don't have much to eat. Our Christmas dinner will be one scrawny chicken. Let's see, I'll tell him that we'll have to eat our old dog for our Christmas dinner. (To SCROOGE) Mr. Scrooge, it's just that I'd like to have some time off to help my wife cook our Christmas dinner.

SCROOGE: (Putting the money away) It can't be much trouble to cook one scrawny chicken.

BOB: Oh no, sir, we're not going to eat one of our chickens.

SCROOGE: Good business! Never eat your breeding stock. Eat somebody else's breeding stock.

BOB: (Putting crossed fingers behind his back) We can't even do that, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Sure you can. It's easy to rustle a chicken. All you need is a short rope and a little loop.

BOB: Oh, I wouldn't do that

SCROOGE: What would you do? Put salt on its tail?

BOB: No, I mean it would be dishonest.

SCROOGE: Dishonest? Nonsense! That's just good business.

BOB: We're going to eat the family dog.

SCROOGE: What? What? Eat the family dog? You can't do that.

BOB: Well, he will be awfully difficult to clean.

SCROOGE: Eat the dog? That's terrible!

BOB: It is, sir, but poor old Rover is all we have to eat.

SCROOGE: Bad business, Cratchit, bad business. You can't eat your dog. Why, if somebody came to rustle your chickens, who'd bite him? Tiny Tim?

BOB: He couldn't do that. The poor little tyke is crippled.

SCROOGE: Oh, that's right. Some accident with the stock when he was a toddler.

BOB: That's right, sir. He was riding a rooster and got bucked off.

SCROOGE: Well, if you're going to eat your dog, I'll do you a favor.

BOB: What's that, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Out of the goodness of my heart. (Gives him a book) There you are. Good book. I stole it. Fifty ways to cook the family dog. Roast Rover, baked Bowser, poached pooch, marinated mutt, it's all in there.

BOB: Thank you, sir.

(He takes the book and starts to put it in his pocket.

SCROOGE grabs the book back)

SCROOGE: I didn't say you could have it. (Puts the book on the table) Read it on your own time. And don't stare at the words, either. I don't want you to wear out the letters.

BOB: All right, sir.

SCROOGE: Bon appetit.

BOB: Thank you, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Now, back to work. And you can't have any time off for Christmas.

BOB: You just don't have any Christmas spirit, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Christmas? Bah! Cow chips!

BOB: Then we're not going to celebrate Christmas here at the Double-cross Ranch?

SCROOGE: That's the Ex-ex Ranch, dummy. (Knock on door at R.) Who's there?

VOICE OUTSIDE: The Salvation Army.

SCROOGE: Help! I'm being invaded.

VOICE: We're collecting for the poor.
(SCROOGE shoots through the door. A scream, and then a shredded tambourine comes in the window)

SCROOGE: Give 'em that! (Blows smoke from the gun, holsters it and picks up the tambourine) Got 'em right through the jingle-jangler. (Throws it out the window)

BOB: Please, Mr. Scrooge, don't get violent. Remember, it's Christmas time. A time for peace.

SCROOGE: Then let them leave me in peace. I just want to be left alone with my money. (He picks up the cash box and strolls back and forth, singing) Me and my money. (Tune is "Me and my Shadow." He can hum the rest of the tune while hugging and dancing with the box)

BOB: Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE: (Singing) Money, won't you waltz with me, please waltz with me.

BOB: Mr. Scrooge!
