

# Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

*Dramatic Publishing*

# A CAROL FOR TINY TIM

The Sequel to Charles Dickens'  
"A Christmas Carol"

by  
JOHN R. CARROLL



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING  
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

*COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES.* This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

©MCMXCIV by  
JOHN R. CARROLL

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(A CAROL FOR TINY TIM)

*Cover design by Susan Carle*

ISBN 0-87129-479-6

# A CAROL FOR TINY TIM

A Holiday Drama in Two Acts  
For 17 Men and 6 Women, extras (doubling possible)

## CHARACTERS

JACOB MARLEY  
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST  
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT  
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE  
EBENEZER SCROOGE  
BOB CRATCHIT  
TIM CRATCHIT  
BOBBINS  
LATHROP  
MRS. CRATCHIT  
MARTHA CRATCHIT  
YOUNG TINY TIM  
CAROLER  
FARTHINGATE  
PETER CRATCHIT  
MRS. RICE  
BANKER  
MAN ONE  
MAN TWO  
CLERK  
WOMAN CLERK  
SEA CAPTAIN  
CONSTABLE  
CAROLERS, CRATCHIT CHILDREN, SHOPPERS AND  
LONDONERS

TIME AND PLACE: London. Mid-19th Century.

## SCENES

### ACT ONE

Scene One: A street in London - Christmas Eve

Scene Two: The Counting House - Immediately following

Scene Three: A street - Later that night

Scene Four: Cratchit house - Christmas Eve - 14 years earlier

Scene Five: The Counting House

### ACT TWO

Scene One: The street - Two a.m.

Scene Two: Scrooge's study - Christmas Eve

Scene Three: A street - In the future

Scene Four: Cratchit house - Christmas Day

The settings can be as extensive or as simple as the director desires. The street can be on a painted traveler and the major set changes of the Counting House and the Cratchit house made behind it since each scene is preceded by a brief street scene. Scrooge's study is done downstage (In one) and only needs a suggestion of a set.

However, the play can be performed on a multi-level set of platforms and stairs with a few doors. Simple set pieces are slid in and lighting changed to suggest the different scenes. It is very effective and keeps the pace of the play moving.

today. No use in doing work on Christmas Eve, you know. Not when the Spirits of Christmas are about. Now come along. (*Goes to door and CAROLERS go in. SCROOGE notices the sign above it that reads: SCROOGE AND MARLEY has a branch over the last part of it.*) What's this? Must have fallen from the weight of the snow.

(*He removes the branch, revealing the last part of the sign that reads "AND CRATCHIT" as BOB CRATCHIT enters.*)

BOB. Merry Christmas, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE. Merry Christmas, Bob. Just doing a little house-cleaning. Seems the snow covered up your name.

BOB. It gives me a thrill every time I see it, sir. I can't tell you how much your generosity over the years has meant to me.

SCROOGE. Now, now, don't go getting soft on me. We have an office party to plan.

BOB. Very good, sir. Oh, by the way, I was going over the Rayburn's account last night and...

SCROOGE. Cratchit! I won't hear of business on Christmas Eve. Haven't you learned anything in the past fifteen years as my partner? Christmas is a time...

BOB (*along with SCROOGE*). "...Of pleasure not work." Yes sir, I understand.

SCROOGE. And this morning we shall have a party for all our employees and their families just like every year. I am not paying you and the staff to work today, sir. I am paying you to have a jolly good time. But I warn you, I do expect you to play your fiddle with your usual flair.

BOB. Very good sir. (*Holds up fiddle.*)

SCROOGE. And I...I shall lead all in the merriest of jigs. (*He prances about the stage.*) Now come along, come along. I

want to make sure the mistletoe is hung in just the right place. *(They exit as the SPIRITS watch.)*

PRESENT. Well, it looks like we succeeded. Fifteen years ago, Scrooge was a miserable old tightwad. Now he's the most generous man in town.

PAST. So what is the problem, Jacob?

JACOB. It isn't with my old partner, Spirit. It's with his godson. You remember, Bob Cratchit's young boy, the one they called Tiny Tim.

PRESENT. Oh, yes. Wasn't he the young lad who was crippled?

JACOB. That's the boy. His life changed when Ebenezer's did, as well. I am pleased to say my partner was very generous to the entire Cratchit family and made sure Tiny Tim had the best medical attention. The boy went through a series of operations and had grown into manhood with only the slightest of limps.

PAST. Then all is well, is it not, Jacob?

JACOB. I am afraid it is not. Tim, as he is called now, had so much attention lavished upon him that it altered him.

PRESENT. Altered? In what way?

JACOB. When the boy was going through his recovery period, I am afraid Scrooge spoiled him a bit too much. He gave attention and monies to him and his entire family, showering them with gifts and his new found love. As a result, Tim has developed a rather jaded view of the world.

PAST. Jaded? In what way?

JACOB. I shall let you see. The lad comes now with several of his associates.

*(TIM, BOBBINS, and LATHROP enter laughing. TIM walks with a cane and holds a bottle.)*

BOBBINS. Here now, Tim...Give us a sip.

TIM (*loudly*). Well, God bless me, everyone! (*He laughs at this and takes a swig.*)

LATHROP. Come on, Cratchit. Share the bottle.

BOBBINS. Yes, be a bloke. Give us a chance. Come along, (*Tauntingly.*) Tiny Tim.

TIM. I told you not to call me that! Ever!

BOBBINS. Oh, sorry, your grace. Didn't mean to step on your royal toes. (*He does an elaborate bow as LATHROP grabs the bottle from TIM. They pass it back and forth laughing as they walk D.*)

LATHROP. What're we doing here? At your father's shop?

TIM (*sighing*). It's his yearly Christmas party. Families are requested to attend. I must make an appearance.

BOBBINS. Ah, can't you cut out on it, then?

TIM. As much as I would love to, we're getting towards our beam's end, lads. Time for me to do some work.

LATHROP. You ain't thinking of going to work now, are you, Cratchit?

TIM. And why not?

BOBBINS. 'Cause you ain't done a lick of work in all your born days, that's why.

TIM. Ah, there you are wrong. After all, don't I always have everything I need? Money for ale? (*They grunt agreement.*) The nicest clothes this side of Savoy Row? (*They again grunt agreement.*) Beautiful women longing for my embrace?

LATHROP (*a beat*). Well, two out of three at least. (*They laugh.*)

TIM. And how do you think I manage all that, lads? (*BOBBINS shakes his head.*) By going to dear, old Mr. Scrooge and, walking with just the slightest tremor, look forlorn at him and say "Bless you, Mr. Scrooge, for being so kind to



my family and me.” And that’s worth about five pounds right there. (*All laugh.*) Believe you me, an act like that is real work.

BOBBINS. You mean the old goat just gives you whatever you want?

TIM. I can play upon his guilt like a troubadour upon a mandolin. Ever since his “miracle” the old geezer is the most generous man in town. And he is extra generous to me, his beloved crippled godson...adopted though I may be.

LATHROP. Miracle? What miracle?

TIM. You never heard of old Scrooge’s miracle? Oh, Bobbins, you are in for a treat. About fifteen years ago, Scrooge had some sort of dream or nightmare. He claims three spirits visited him from beyond and showed him the errors of his ways. He says they told him to be generous and kind and to help the poor old Cratchit family out, especially dear little crippled Tiny Tim. Ever since then, he’s been an easy touch for me as are my parents as well. Scrooge claims he is keeping Christmas in his heart all year long and loves to shower me with gifts.. Even made my father a partner in his shop. Since then, I haven’t had to do a lick of work. I just have to develop a bit of a limp, look a little teary-eyed and, spit spot, there’s at least a fiver in my pocket when I leave. Easiest living a gentleman’s ever known. (*They laugh at this.*)

BOBBINS. Even his blooming parents give in to him. Think they can make up for all them lost years.

TIM. And everyone is an especially easy touch at Christmas. Ah, my favorite time of the year. When everyone believes that old chestnut about being better to give than receive. Well, I am here to tell you, I am ready to receive and receive and receive. (*All laugh.*) Look lively now, lads. I have to put in an appearance, play upon dear Uncle

Scrooge's heartstrings and pick up the loot. Meet me at the Bull and Finch at half past and we'll visit our own Christmas Spirits. *(Holds up the bottle. They laugh.)*

BOBBINS. What if the old goat wants you to see you tonight? It is Christmas Eve.

TIM. I'll get out of it. I always do. I tell him my leg is hurting and he buys it.

BOBBINS. See if you can get the old fool to buy you a new carriage. Me feet are bloody killing me. *(BOBBINS and LATHROP exit. TIM takes a last swig of the bottle and then, forlornly, walks towards the door, his limp much more pronounced. He opens the door and exits. The SPIRITS walk down as the lights dim behind them.)*

PAST. Why, that is outrageous. The boy is spoiled beyond belief.

JACOB. You see the problem. Due to Scrooge's good intentions, the boy has grown up...well, lazy and spiteful. He doesn't feel a need to work since all has been provided for him throughout his lifetime. He uses his past sufferings to manipulate both Scrooge and his parents in granting his every wish. And worst of all, the lad uses Christmas as a time to reap more, rather than to sow.

PRESENT. What? Using Christmas for his own gain? That is intolerable. It's worse than Scrooge. Surely the boys parents should do something...

JACOB. I'm afraid he's fooled them as well. They feel guilt for his lost years. Rather than raise him to stand on his own two good legs, they have coddled him until the child once thought of as "good as gold" has become as cold as brass. Come, let us journey within the counting house and see the lad at, as he puts it, work. *(He waves his hand and the lights come up on next scene.)*

**SCENE TWO: *The Counting House. Immediately following.***

*(There is a party that would rival Fezziwig's in progress. CRATCHIT is playing his fiddle as Scrooge's EMPLOYEES are dancing a jig. True to his word, SCROOGE is dancing along with them. MRS. CRATCHIT and her daughter MARTHA watch, clapping their hands. THE SPIRITS are once again watching the scene from above as TIM enters. His mother waves to him and he watches the dancing from the doorway.)*

SCROOGE. Whew. I am quite winded. But what a wind, eh?  
Here now, everyone, there is food and drink for all.

MARTHA. You are the generous one, Mr. Scrooge. Your  
Christmas parties are always the most lavish in London.

SCROOGE. It is a lesson well learned, Martha.

MARTHA. A toast. A toast to Mr. Scrooge, generous employer, kind-hearted man and keeper of the Christmas spirit.

SCROOGE. Oh...Humbug. *(They all laugh.)*

ALL. To Mr. Scrooge. *(They drink.)*

TIM *(from the doorway)*. God Bless us everyone.

SCROOGE. Tim...Well, bless my buttons. It's about time you arrived. *(TIM walks over with a great effort.)*

TIM. Good day, Uncle Ebenezer. I saw you out dancing with your employees. How wonderful it must be to dance. *(He hobbles over to a chair.)*

MRS. CRATCHIT. Oh, Tim. Martha, run and get your brother a plate of food.

SCROOGE. Here, Tim, a chair by the fire for you. *(He runs over with a chair.)*

BOB. And a stool for your leg. *(Puts stool down. TIM sits.)*  
Let me take your cane.

MRS. CRATCHIT. How are you feeling today?

TIM. Oh, fine, Mother. (*Winces.*) Just fine. I think the walk here did it good.

SCROOGE. You walked? Now, I will not hear of it. Didn't I give you cab fare last night?

TIM. Ah, yes...But, well, I met a...poor beggar on the street and, well, in a rush of Christmas spirit, I gave my cab fare to him.

BOB (*not believing*). Tim...

TIM. Really, Father. He was a very needy man. He runs a school for poor children who are sick and cannot afford treatment. It reminded me of myself before Uncle Ebenezer's most wonderful generosity.

SCROOGE. Oh, double humbug. (*Dropping coins into his hand.*) Here you go, Tim. Here is enough cab fare for the next week and a little something for any beggar you may come across.

TIM. Oh, Uncle Ebenezer, I couldn't...I shouldn't...But if it will make you happy. (*Quickly pockets the cash.*)

SCROOGE. Tim, tonight is Christmas Eve. I was hoping...if you didn't have any plans, perhaps you would like to have supper with me. Nothing very fancy, mind you.

TIM. Oh, Uncle Ebenezer, that would be wonderful...But... Well, sometimes the night air makes my leg a little stiff.

SCROOGE. I understand, lad. I understand. But if you are feeling well enough, it would mean so much. Here's a bit for a carriage. (*Drops coins in his hand.*)

BOB. Ebenezer, please. We've told you. You're spoiling the boy.

SCROOGE. That's what adopted uncles are for, Bob. Besides, the boy said he may come over and spend Christmas Eve with me. Won't that be wonderful?