



A SORT OF CHRISTMAS CAROL  
BY  
HEATON WILSON

Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.  
No performance of this script -IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without  
payment of the appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.  
For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at  
[info@smithscripts.co.uk](mailto:info@smithscripts.co.uk)

# A SORT OF CHRISTMAS CAROL

*With no apologies to Charles Dickens.*

*To be performed by four main characters and two or three to act as the 'chorus', (though their lines and action could be divided among a greater number of performers if desired) with just about any combination of male and female.*

*There's no set. Just a couple of chairs, or benches, and a table or three to put props and hats on – the sillier the better. Any costume changes need to be quick to ensure the frantic pace is maintained throughout.*

*The Narrator begins by reading from an old looking book containing the script, which he or she then hands over to the person playing Dickens.*

# ONE

*Stage lights fade up.*

*Chorus members (C1 and C2) enter. C2 is looking very frail and using a walking stick...*

**C1** I've got a bad feeling about this.

**C2** Me too. There's loads of singing, scene and costume changes, and really important bits

to do in the play, which is nice. But there's supposed to be 25 of us in the chorus!

**C1** 25? How many have turned up?

**C2** (*Looking round.*) Well, there's you ... and me ...

**C1** Just the two of us ...

**C2** ... (*singing*) we can make it if we try ...

**C1** ... (*joining in*) just the two of us ...

**Together** ... You and I!

*They start laughing. Then they stop as C2 looks in need of medical attention.*

**C1** Oh dear. I said I'd got a bad feeling. And you know what – I'm worried about you. You're getting a bit long in the tooth ...

**C2** I'm still in the chorus, dear.

**C1** Yes, just. But ... how can I put this nicely?

**C2** You can't.

**C1** True – ok then: you can't be in the chorus, you are totally knackered and old.

*C2 looks utterly broken and upset, and milks it for all she's worth. The audience respond by booing, hopefully.*

**C1** All right, stop it! I'm sorry. But you are! How can you possibly do all the work we have to do.

**C2** What sort of work?

**C1** Dancing, running around, singing ...Standing up straight.

**C2** Is that all?

**C1** I think that's enough, don't you?

**C2** I really don't think you should judge people by their appearance, you know.

*C2 then discards her walking stick and proceeds to do push ups, sit ups, jogging on the spot, squat thrusts, high kicks. Then casually picks up the stick and resumes her frail elderly posture to rapturous applause.*

**C1** Well, OK, I think you'll be all right.

**C2** Thank you my dear.

*A musician enters through the auditorium and yells up to the control room. 'Are they ready yet?' Receiving no answer, the musician produces a mobile phone and dials a number, waits, and speaks ...*

**Musician** Are you ready? The audience is in ... Well, I say audience. There's about five people thinking they've come to a carol concert ... Most of them are asking for their money back and we haven't even started yet ... What? Entertain them? Don't make me laugh. That's not in my contract. (*Finally acknowledges Chorus*) Oh hello. Where's the choir, then?

**C1** We're here.

**Musician** I don't know why I bother sometimes. A choir of two! They've paid good money for this –

**C2** - I know they have! I read on Facebook there were loads of forged tickets being sold at the bus station – they were changing hands for hundreds of pounds.

**Musician** How reassuring. Now come on, let's get going – I want to get home for the Blackadder meets Mrs Brown Christmas Special ...

*Musician sighs and sits disgruntled at the keyboard, and presses a few out of tune notes for 'Good King Wenceslas'. After a pause, chorus start singing 'Noel, Noel' very heartily, then stop, realising they were singing the wrong song, and anyway the music has tailed off.*

*Whispering to each other, they go off, and come back on with song sheets for 'Good King Wenceslas', while musician continues to play it excruciatingly badly.*

*Then they stand in position, and ... nothing happens.*

*They turn to look at the musician, who has stopped playing and is tucking into a chocolate bar. Musician stops, puts it away, then attempts to get the audience involved.*

**Musician** Right, are you lot ready? ... I said, are you ready?? Come on, we're all in this together so let's make the best of it, all right? That's better. The show is about to begin, so let's all sing with gusto!

**C2** Erm, excuse me ...

**Musician:** What?

**C2** Who's he?

**Musician:** Who's who?

**C1** Gusto.

**Musician:** Gusto isn't a person.

**C2** Really? What's he doing here then?

**Musician:** Gusto is an expression.

**C1** An expression of what?

**Musician:** *(losing it)* Pain! Now shut up and sing ...'

**C1/2** 'Shut up and sing, how are we supposed to do that; at the same time?? it's outrageous etc etc'

*They are drowned out by musician striking up the chords, then everyone joins in, the performers milking their moment for all they're worth. Musician can stop the singing at any point – maybe after that line 'Gathering winter fu – uuu – elll', and get them to do it again because it wasn't quite right.*

*Big round of applause for the audience at the end. Then, awkward moment. No-one knows quite what to do next.*

**Voice** *(Backstage):* Get off!

**C2** Oh that's charming, isn't it?

**C1:** Right, we'll go then. See how they manage without us.

**C2:** Exactly! They couldn't organise a p –

**Voice** (*Backstage*) Will you get off ... NOW!!!

*They bow and gratefully escape backstage.*

*Enter Narrator.*

**Narrator** I do apologise ... we couldn't afford (*loudly*) proper actors! Still, we're here to enjoy ourselves, aren't we? Aren't we?? So come on ... Can we have a round of applause for our chorus line? And one for our musician? And one for me ... why not? Thank you, thank you. You're in safe hands now. I'm a pro....  
(*Drum roll.*) Yes, thank you, that will do. Now ... Are you sitting comfortably? Well, it's all right for you. I'm standing here, doing all the work as usual. Be nice to have time off, but no ... It was just the same last year -

**Scrooge** (*off*) Oh for crying out loud, get on with it!

**Narrator** That was Mr Scrooge. (*Calling*) Sorry, Scrooge! Right, then - (*smiles with great effort*) Now, then, merry Christmas everyone! (*Mutters*) If you like that sort of thing ... (*Out loud*) Right. Well. Once upon a time ...

**Scrooge** (*off*) Have you finished yet?

**Narrator** (*To audience*) He's so rude! (*Calling out*) Just about ready now, Mr Scrooge sir!

**Scrooge** About time too. It's freezing out here.

**Narrator** Well you should put another piece of coal on. Serves you right for being so mean!

**Scrooge** (*Enters, furious*) What did you say?

**Narrator** Nothing! (*Reading*) Once upon a time, upon a Christmas Eve, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house ...

**Scrooge** What? We've started? (*Sits down and pretends to do his accounts ledger. Then to Narrator*) How do I look, by the way?

**Narrator** Old and miserable and mean.

**Scrooge** Excellent! Carry on ...

**Narrator** (*Under the breath*) And ugly. (*Aloud*) His Nephew entered ... Oh, wait - that's me!

*Scrooge sighs as Narrator puts on a hat and becomes nephew ...*

A merry Christmas, uncle!

**Scrooge** Bah humbug!

**Nephew** Christmas a humbug uncle? You don't mean it, do you? Not really?

**Scrooge** Oh yes I do!

*Narrator and Scrooge encourage audience interaction - panto style.*

Oh YES I DO! No, no, that's more than enough. (*Out of character*) This isn't a pantomime you know. If you want pantomime you should go to a (NAME OF LOCAL TOWN) council meeting. Ha ha! ... That was satire, ladies and gentlemen ... Ah, sorry, where were we? Yes! (*Back in character*) If I had my way, every idiot who goes about with Merry Christmas on his lips would be boiled in his own pudding, he would! So you keep Christmas your way, and let me keep it in mine.



**Nephew** But you don't keep it. You just sit there looking miserable, counting your money ...

**Scrooge** You young fool! *(To audience)* Young!?!? *(Back in character)* How could I be miserable when I'm counting my money. Now go and annoy someone else.

**Nephew** I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. And therefore uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

**Scrooge** Good day to you!

**Nephew** I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. And so, Merry Christmas, Uncle!

**Scrooge** Good afternoon!

**Nephew** And a Happy New Year!

**Scrooge** Take that ridiculous hat off and GET OUT!

**Nephew** Get out first, and then take the hat off? Or take the hat off now, and then get out?

**Scrooge** Just go you blithering idiot!!!

*Narrator removes hat, and rather sulkily become Narrator again, as Scrooge resumes counting the pennies.*

**Narrator** No sooner had Scrooge dismissed his good humoured and rather good looking Nephew, than a Gentleman walked in.

*Narrator studies the script, and mutters ... What? That's me? Again? Etc etc. Then puts on a different hat and becomes the Gentleman.*

**Gentleman** At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. A few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. What shall I put you down for?

**Scrooge** Twenty pounds.

**Gentleman** (*Shocked – that's not in the script.*) Oh, well, yes ... erm ... how generous of you Mr Scrooge! Twenty pounds!

**Scrooge** Generous? What are you talking about you silly p - person? I want you to give me £20 you buffoon! If you want to help people, help me. I'm always in need of funds. I am the hardest working, most needy person in this town.

**Gentleman** But you see, we are actually collecting for other people, in more need than what you are. (*Muttering*) That doesn't sound right... Oh well. (*Checking the script. Out loud.*) So what shall I put you down for?

**Scrooge** Nothing.

**Gentleman** Ah, that's more like it! I mean - I see you wish to remain unanimous?

**Scrooge** What?

**Gentleman** You wish to remain unanimous?

**Scrooge** Anonymous!!

**Gentleman** What?

**Scrooge** It's not unanimous. It's anonymous! Charles Dickens wrote this, you know - the greatest novelist this country ever produced - apart from Jeffrey Archer.

**Gentleman** Oh for goodness sake! Nobody noticed! Half of them are asleep anyway, or checking Facebook. I've had enough of this ...

**Scrooge** They're not asleep. Let's check, shall we? *(To audience)* Clap your hands if you think Scrooge should be given £20 –

**Gentleman** - don't clap your hands if you think Scrooge is a mean old buzzard!

*As the sound of clapping is heard (at least from Scrooge himself) ... Enter Charles Dickens.*

*It's your choice if you want to make this person actually look like Dickens, though an abysmal false beard and moustache would probably be alright.*

**Dickens** Oh, thank you, thank you so much for that slightly lukewarm welcome!

**Narrator** ... Excuse me! You're not in this... Are you?

**Scrooge** *(stage whisper, urgently)* Oh crikey - that's Dickens!

**Gentleman** Don't be ridicul - Oh blimey! You're right! Mr Dickens! My hero! You are a true leg end.

**Scrooge** *(Nudging him)* Legend, you idiot!

**Gentleman** *(To Dickens)* Sorry. You idiot. No! Sorry, your highness.

*They both kneel at his feet and beg and weep for forgiveness.*

**CD** Please don't ... stop. No, please, stop genuflecting. You'll go blind... I am not worthy. Actually, please carry on. After all, I am the greatest Victorian. Apart from Victoria, I suppose. She's not here is she? Can't stand the woman.

**Scrooge** Erm, Did you ... actually ... want anything? Sir?

**CD** Yes I did. Now. I heard you were performing my best loved work 'A Christmas Carol', and I very much wanted to witness your performance. May I join you?

*Narrator and Scrooge immediately go into a corner and whisper, obviously having a deep discussion ... Leaving Dickens looking a little lost. Eventually they return, nervously ...*

**Narrator** Erm, we were wondering ... Mr Legend ...

**CD** Yes?

**Scrooge** ... whether you would ...

**CD** Yes?

**Narrator** Like a part in our show.

**CD** Me?

**Scrooge** Oh yes please. We would be absolutely privileged ...stoked, even.

**Narrator** We've read all your books (*turns to audience*) - haven't we?

*Narrator and Scrooge whip up audience enthusiasm.*

**CD** All of them?

**Scrooge** Well, not absolutely every single one ....

**CD** Well, that's all right. How many have you read?

**Scrooge** Erm ...

**Narrator** You haven't read any, have you?

**Scrooge** Yes I have!

**Narrator** Go on then. Name one that you've read.

**Scrooge** Just one. (*Pause*) That I've read?

**Narrator** Yes.

**Scrooge** All right. (*He thinks furiously, over acting a lot! Eventually ... with a confident and knowing smile.*) Black Beauty!

**Narrator** (*Laughing loud and overacting even more*) Charles Dickens didn't write Black Beauty.

**Scrooge** No, I know that! I meant ... that other horsey one ... yes! My Little Pony.

**Narrator** My Little Pony? That's hilarious! He didn't write that, either!

**Scrooge** Did.

**Narrator** Didn't.

**CD** Excuse me for interrupting, but I did write Black Beauty.

**Together** What?!

**Narrator** No you didn't! Anna Sewell wrote that.

**CD** I know. But I wrote it for her.