

# Even Talking Frogs Forget Their Lines

Selected scenes from 5 plays and adaptations for age 6 to 8  
by J.R. Jaquish

[www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

for classroom, workshop, scout troop, home and drama club readings and performance



## Scenes from:

Hansel & Gretel and the Creepy Woods  
The Frog Prince and the Princess Brats, Jr.  
Snafu in Santa's Workshop  
The Wizard of Oz -3 scenes  
A Christmas Carol - 3 scenes

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**Entire scripts and royalty information at: [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com) .**

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**NOTES to TEACHERS:** These scenes have been performed by small children, but may be difficult to read at first. This is theater -- Do not bog down the "show" by having beginning readers sound out each word, syllable by syllable as if this is a reading circle. The teacher should assign parts, have each actor mark their lines, and then follow along as the teacher reads the scene aloud and expressively to the group. Then the children should spend a few minutes practicing alone or with a teacher spot checking until they can read their own lines smoothly. Then and only then, when they are ready, have the whole "cast" read it aloud together for the first glorious run-through as a group.

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Excerpt from “**Hansel & Gretel and the Creepy Woods**”

by Jeannette Jaquish © 2008

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**15 CHARACTERS:** Reader, Hansel, Gretel, Witch, 11 Elves

**SCENE 2: The Wicked Witch’s House**

**READER:** The nice old lady was really a wicked witch who liked to eat children. She took them into her house. Gretel looked around.

**GRETEL:** I thought you would have a gingerbread house.

**WITCH :** Oh, the property taxes on that thing were killing me!

**READER:** Hansel was getting hungrier so he asked again:

**HANSEL:** What’s for breakfast?

**WITCH :** Something delicious, but first you must wash up.

**READER:** The witch invited them to hop into a big pot of hot water over a fire. She said:

**WITCH :** Scrub a dub a dub, into the tub!

**GRETEL:** Why are there carrots and potatoes and celery...

**HANSEL:** floating in the bathtub?

**WITCH :** Oh, hee hee hee hee. Those are bath toys!

**HANSEL & GRETEL:** Oh!

**READER:** So Hansel and Gretel, who never were the brightest candles on the cake, hopped into the pot.

*(HANSEL & GRETEL climb in, standing and pick up a potato and carrot.)*

**HANSEL** *(rubbing a potato under his arm like soap, singing):* Rubber ducky, you're the one.

**GRETEL** *(cleaning her ears with a carrot):* Quack! Quack!

**HANSEL:** Rubber ducky, you're lots of fun!

**GRETEL :** Quack Quack!

**WITCH:** For Pete's sake! Sit down or you'll never cook -- I mean get clean. Squeaky-decky clean!

**HANSEL & GRETEL** *(plopping down)* OK! Kersplash!

**READER:** Unfortunately, this witch was not allergic to water like her 2nd cousin in the land of Oz. She began to add ingredients while Hansel & Gretel played on, in blissful ignorance of their impending doom.

**WITCH** *(looking at Reader) snort!* Hey! How’s that English Major-y-thing working for ya?  
*(she continues adding spices and stirring)*

**READER** You can't see me. (*ahem!*) As I was saying, Hansel & Gretel played and played and did not notice the water getting hotter and hotter.

**HANSEL:** Look Gretel, my potato is a submarine. Ping ping ping.

**GRETEL:** Look Hansel, my carrot is a torpedo! Ka-bloosh!

**READER:** The witch added some salt and spices.

**GRETEL:** What are you sprinkling on us?

**WITCH :** Just some bath salts. Hee hee hee...

**GRETEL:** OK! (*Splash splash splash*)

**READER:** There was a knock at the door.

**WITCH :** Who's there?

*(Elves march in singing a marching chant.)*

**ELF 1:** I don't know but I've been told!

**ELVES:** Leprechauns got pots of gold.

**ELF 1:** But do not grab one by the leg.

**ELVES:** Their feet smell like rotten egg!

**ELF 1:** One, two and three, four!

**ELVES:** Guess who's knocking at the door!

**ELF 1:** Five, six and seven, eight!

**ELVES:** Dwarves don't like their supper late!

**ELF 1:** Nine, Ten, Eleven STOP! (*all stop*)

**ELVES:** We are just about to drop.

**ELF 1:** Sound off (*Elves march around Elf 1 once then march straight again.*)

**ELVES:** One two!

**ELF 1:** Sound off

**ELVES:** Three Four

**ELF 1:** Sound off

**ELVES:** Five Six

**ELF 1:** Sound off

**ELVES:** Seven!

**ELF 1:** Sound off

**ELVES:** Eight Nine Ten Eleven!

*(Elf 1 stops, 2 & 3 stops, 4 crashes into them, rebounds back and all fall. Elf 1 jumps up.)*

**WITCH:** Who are you rude little people?

**ELF 1:** We're the Eleven Dwarves! *(Elves jump to attention.)*

Pleased to meet you! Attention! I'm Bossy!

*(Each Elf steps forward from line, says name, then steps back into line.)*

**ELF 2:** I'm Smelly. *(flaps arms and elves wave stink away)*

**ELF 3:** I'm Silly. *(smirks and curtsies until other Elves pull him/her back)*

**ELF 4:** I'm Clumsy. *(trips on own feet, crawls back to line and stands)*

**ELF 5:** I'm Sleeeee ... *(falls asleep)....py. (snore)*

**ELF 6:** I'm Whiiiiiny.

**ELF 7:** I'm Groovy. *(dance step)*

**ELF 8:** I'm Pesky. *(mischievous) heh heh heh...*

**ELF 9:** I'm Jumpy. *(nervous)*

**ELF 8: Boo!**

**ELF 9: Eeeek!** You scared me!!!

**ELF 8:** And those two are ...

**ELF 10: & 11: AAAACHOO!**

*(Sneezes on other dwarves who fall.)*

**ELVES:** The SNEEZY TWINS!!!

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

Excerpt from *"The Frog Prince and the Princess Brats, Jr."*

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**6 CHARACTERS:** Princesses: Poutella, Conceita, Sarcastica & Frog, Mudbrain & Flybreath

**SCENE 3: GREEN SLIME AT BEDTIME**

**(OPEN CURTAIN)** (FROGS are bouncing on the "bed" croaking happily.)

FROG: Come on Princesses! Let's jump on the bed! Jump on the bed! Jump on the bed! (on and on)

(PRINCESSES ENTER sleepily yawning, wear big nightgowns over their dresses. Get into "bed".)

POUTELLA: Stop jumping! Be quiet!

CONCEITA: We're tired as the dead.

SARCASTICA: Just. Let. Us.. Sleeeeeep. (Princesses are asleep.)

FROG: Sleep? (jumping) No we want toooo ... Play...(fall asleep on Princesses' heads.) Snore!!!!

PRINCESSES: (waking up) Aaaah!

POUTELLA: (grabs FROG) I just got to sleep. And your snoring woke me up.  
Shut your noisy yap or I'll stuff you in a cup!

FROG: The witch's spell said "pillow"! Must your promise I repeat?  
Besides I haven't complained about SOMEONE'S stinky feet.

MUDBRAIN & FLYBREATH: Croak! Croak! Stinky! Croak! Croak! Feet! Croak! Croak! Pee-yoo!

CONCEITA: So there really was a witch?  
Who put a spell on you?  
Tell us all about it, and don't stop until you're through.

FROG: ... Oh..... all right..... It happened like this:  
I teased a frail old woman, begging on the road,  
I kicked her cane to make her fall and Poof! I was a toad!  
She said to break the spell that I must learn to help and care,  
And make a friend who'd want to take me with them everywhere.

SARCASTICA: Hmmm. Good story, little frog. But even if it's real,  
You share our pillows not because we're friends,  
But because we made a deal.

FROG: A deal.... That's true. (suddenly realizing the truth!) It's true! It's the truth that you do tell!  
(crying) I haven't been, or made a friend, and I'll never break the spell!

POUTELLA: And maybe your story is full of rocks... (yawn)

CONCEITA: I think you're just... (yawn)

SARCASTICA: a frog that talks. (PRINCESSES fall asleep.)

FROG: Hey, Princesses. Do you know what your toes look like?

PRINCESSES (sleepy) What???

FROG: Kernels of corn! Yum yum! (FROGS gobble squealing Princesses feet.)

(Either **CURTAIN CLOSES**, or **PRINCESSES EXIT** chased by FROGS.)

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

# Excerpt from **SNAFU in SANTA'S WORKSHOP**

*or The Almost Awful Terrible Toy Disaster in Santa's Workshop*

by Jeannette Jaquish © 2008, 2010

Script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

**6 CHARACTERS:** Scooter, Twinkle, Quigley, Snicker, Santa, Reader

## ***Excerpt from SCENE 1: Santa's Workshop:***

*(SCOOTER, TWINKLE & SNICKER stand at table using tools on toys. Quigley sits on stool calculating.)*

READER It was one day before Christmas, and in Santa's Shop,  
The elves were exhausted, They were ready to drop.  
All year they'd been working, using every tool,  
They'd been

SCOOTER- Hammering!

READER- And

TWINKLE- Painting!

READER- And

QUIGLEY- Sitting on my Stool!

SNICKER- A stool is not a tool!

SCOOTER, TWINKLE & SNICKER *(yelling)* - FOOL!

READER- So even though their responsibilities they never had shirked,  
The Boss of the Elves yelled:

SCOOTER- Get back to work!

TWINKLE- But we're done! Here it is: The last present! *(holds up toy)*

ALL ELVES - The LAST present!

QUIGLEY- *(reading from notepad)*

364 days, 14 hours and 24 seconds!

A new record!

SNICKER- We're done! We're done! It's time to have fun!

SCOOTER, TWINKLE & SNICKER - *(dance and sing to tune of The Beachboys' "Fun Fun Fun")*

And we'll have fun fun fun

When Santa takes the presents away...!

And we'll have fun fun fun

When Santa takes the presents away...!

Woo-Woooo Woooo-ooo-ooo-oo-oo!

SANTA-(*ENTERS dancing*) Ho ho ho!  
Good work elves! (*pats their heads*)  
You have every reason  
to be proud of yourselves.

(*Elves skip back to work.*)

(*reads from checklist*) Scooter!

SCOOTER (*runs to stand at attention*) - Yes sir!

SANTA- Have you wrapped all the presents?

SCOOTER- All except for these, and I'll wrap them right now!

SANTA- Good work! (*Scooter goes back*) Twinkle!

TWINKLE (*at attention*) - Yes sir!

SANTA- Did you carry all the presents to the loading dock?

TWINKLE- I sure did! I put them in plastic garbage bags so they wouldn't get wet!

SANTA- Plastic garbage bags! Very smart! Good work! (*Twinkle goes back.*) Quigley!

(*Quigley does not answer, is doing math on a notepad.*)

EVERYONE (*yelling*)- QUIGLEY!

QUIGLEY- (*falls off stool*) Eeek! Where's Quigley? Oh! I'm Quigley. Yes, Santa?

SANTA- Did you hitch up the reindeer and park the sleigh at the loading dock?

QUIGLEY- (*squirms embarrassed*) Umm, .... not yet....

SANTA- Why not?

QUIGLEY- I was working on my invention! (*Proudly pulls cloth off Dooplicator*)  
This is the Amazing Dooplicato-matic!

SANTA - What does it do?

QUIGLEY- It analyzes the molecular composition....

SANTA - Huh?

QUIGLEY - It makes duplicates.

SANTA- Quigley, it's Christmas Eve! You can work on your invention tomorrow!

QUIGLEY- I'm sorry, Santa. Ummm.. (*scratches head*) What am I supposed to do?



SANTA Go hitch up the reindeer and park the sleigh at the loading dock!

QUIGLEY- Yes, sir! (*Quigley EXITS.*)

SANTA- That's a good elf. Snicker!

SNICKER- Yes, Sir!

SANTA- Did you take out the recyclables? The recycle truck comes today.

SNICKER- I couldn't! The loading dock was full of presents.

SANTA- ... The loading dock...

EVERYONE- The loading dock. Uh-oh.

READER- Then Quigley came back.

QUIGLEY- (*ENTERING*) I parked the sleigh at the loading dock. You can bring out the presents now!

READER- The elves and Santa did NOT line up in an orderly fashion.

*(Screaming and pandemonium as they all try to get out the door at the same time- SANTA gets stuck and ELVES push him out with a POP! - EXIT.)*

READER (*looking at his/her watch*) Well, just about now they are reaching the loading dock where they are finding NO bags of presents.

OFFSTAGE VOICES- (*wailing*) Oh, no, they're gone, they're gone!!!

*(ELVES & SANTA slowly, sadly, come back in.)*

READER (*being overly dramatic*)

Yes, the recycle truck took those bags for a ride,  
How could anyone tell there were presents inside?  
Oh, those presents that took a whole year to make,  
The recycle truck took just 2 minutes to take,  
So much work, day after day,  
And the recycle truck came and took them away!  
What a disaster- a logistical trap--

SANTA- ALL RIGHT!

ELVES- ENOUGH!

SCOOTER- Shut your big yap!

TWINKLE- You don't need to rub it in.

QUIGLEY- Eureka! I think I have a solution!

SNICKER (*holding head*) - Oh, no.

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

1<sup>st</sup> Excerpt from “The Wizard of Oz”

by Frank L. Baum, adapted for stage by Jeannette Jaquish ©2011

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**10 Characters: Witch, Glinda, Dorothy, 7 Munchkins**

**END OF MUNCHKINLAND SCENE:**

*(The Witch and Glinda have just finished a battle in Munchkinland where Dorothy's house has fallen on the Witch's sister.)*

GLINDA Be off, Evil Witch! Before the sky drops a rain of houses upon YOUR head!

WITCH Ha! I'm not the one afraid of houses.

Very well -- I'll bide my time. I have plenty of that! *(strides to Dorothy)*

And as for you, Dorothy, enjoy your stay in Oz because it will be cut short.

I'll get you, my pretty, but I'll get your little dog first!

DOROTHY No!

WITCH *(EXITS)* Ha ha ha ha!!!

***(FLASHING LIGHTS)***

GLINDA It's safe, Munchkins! You can come out! She's gone.

*(MUNCHKINS COME OUT scared out of their wits.)*

What a drama queen that one is! Oh, dear, Dorothy, I'm afraid the Wicked Witch of the West has put you at the top of her To Do-In List.

M1 & 2 She will NEVER give up!

DOROTHY Then I must get back home! To Kansas! But how? I can't go back the way I came.

M3 That's for sure! *(Goes over and kicks house.)* This ain't never gonna fly again.

M4 And **who knows** when the next tornado will come?

GLINDA All true. The only person powerful enough to help you is the great and wonderful Wizard of Oz!

MUNCHKINS Hooray!

DOROTHY The Wizard of Oz? Is he mean like the Witch?

GLINDA No! The Wizard is very good, but very mysterious. He lives in the Emerald City, far, far from here. Do you have a broom in your wreck of a home, to fly on?

DOROTHY No. We use our brooms to sweep dirt.

MUNCHKINS Ha ha ha ha ha ha! To sweep dirt! Ha ha ha ha!

GLINDA It's just as well, the Witch would knock you out of the air.

MUNCHKINS Kersplatt! (*slap the ground*)

GLINDA It will be a long but lovely walk through the land of Oz to get there.

DOROTHY Oh, must I go alone?

M5 We'll go with you!

MUNCHKINS Uh-oh... bad idea!

M5 Well, to the edge of town!

DOROTHY And then I'm on my own?

MUNCHKINS Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear...

GLINDA If the Munchkins leave Munchkinland, the Witch will snatch them up.

M6 And toast us to make S'mores!

GLINDA But you have the protection of the ruby slippers.

DOROTHY Well, that's good, but won't I get lost?

M7 Just follow the Yellow Brick Road!

M1 It leads to the Emerald City.

M2 Where the Wizard of Oz rules!

M3 Let me show you the way! (*takes her hand*)

M4 Duh! It's not that complicated! (*takes her hand*)

### **Follow the Yellow Brick Road**

*to the tune of "Hail Hail the Gang's All Here" - public domain .*

Follow the Yellow Brick Road  
On a day so pretty  
to the Emerald City,  
Follow the Yellow Brick Road  
Nothing's gonna stop you now!

Go. See. The Wizard of Oz!  
He is great and wise, No one has  
Seen him with their eyes.  
Go. See. The Wizard of Oz.  
Bring us back some merchandise!

-  
*(DOROTHY waves "Goodbye" and EXITS.*

*MUNCHKINS walk towards Munchkinland, Munchkin#7 leading.  
M 7 stops suddenly and the others crash into him/her.)*

M7 *(stops suddenly)* Uh oh.

MUNCHKINS What?

M7 Did anyone tell Dorothy to go AROUND the Dark Forest?

MUNCHKINS Oopsie.

M7 And to watch the skies for Flying Monkey attacks?

MUNCHKINS Oh dear.

M7 And did anyone warn her that the Witch puts deadly spells on flowers? So Dorothy should NEVER NEVER EVER smell one???

MUNCHKINS Oh NO! We blew it! Poor Dorothy!

*(MUNCHKINS EXIT crying.)*

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2<sup>nd</sup> Excerpt from “The Wizard of Oz”

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**2 Characters: Monkey #2, Monkey #3**

**SLEEPY MONKEYS SCENE**

*(After Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tin Man & Lion escape from the Poppy Field)*

*(Monkey #2 ENTERS putting on helmet or weapons belt.)*

MONKEY #3 *(enters yawning)* I overslept! What's going on???

MONKEY #2 The witch is mad! She sent Monkey Squad #1 to the Poppy Field, but instead they went to the Puppy Field!

MONKEY #3 Oh, the puppies! I love the puppies!

MONKEY # 2 You wouldn't say that if the Witch turned YOU into a chew toy.

MONKEY #3 Eeeek!! Is that what she did to Monkey Squad #1 ???

MONKEY #2 Yes! And now she said to attack Emerald City. Come on. *(heads right)*

MONKEY #3 Emerald City?

MONKEY #2 Well, maybe she said Mud Puddle City!

MONKEY #3 Oh! I love Mud Puddle City!

MONKEY #2 Me too! Let's go! *(THEY EXIT Left.)* See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

3<sup>rd</sup> Excerpt from “The Wizard of Oz”

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**3-8 Characters:** Witch, Monkey #4, Monkey #1, Other Monkeys

**In the WITCH’S CASTLE:**

MONKEY # 4 (*entering*) Wicked Witch! Wicked Witch! I have news!

WITCH (*running to it*) What is it ?

MONKEY # 4 (*sassy*) Three guesses!

WITCH Three guesses how I’ll cook your carcass if you don’t tell me!

MONKEY #4 Eeek! Dorothy and her friends are climbing the mountain!

WITCH What!? They are coming here!

MONKEY #4 Yes! Yes! Yes! Do I get a cookie?

OTHER MONKEYS (*terrified*) Oooooooh.....

WITCH Yes. You do get a cookie. (*Gives cookie*)

MONKEY # 4 Eee eee eee ee ! (*gobbles it*)

OTHER MONKEYS (*screeching & jumping*) I wanna cookie!

WITCH SHUT UP!!!! (*Monkeys roll backwards.*)

If you want a cookie, instead of BEING TURNED INTO MONKEY-SHAPED cookies, you will listen to these instructions:

*(Monkeys gather attentively)*

Spread your moth-eaten wings and fly (*blasts them with her bad breath*) into the Haunted Forest and snatch up that girl and her dog.

Do what you like with the others, but I want her alive and unharmed!

Take special care of those ruby slippers. I want those most of all. Now, fly! Fly! Bring me that girl and her slippers! Fly! Fly! Fly!

*(MONKEYS Exit excitedly as Witch cackles. She stops, , turns around to find MONKEY #1 looking hopeful.)*

WITCH What??

MONKEY #1 If you turn the other monkeys into cookies, can I have one?

WITCH Get out of here!!!!

MONKEY # 1 Eeee eee eee eee! (*EXITS*)

WITCH Closer, my Dear, Come closer..

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# 1<sup>st</sup> Excerpt from *“A Christmas Carol”*

by Charles Dickens, adapted for stage by Jeannette Jaquish © 2011

[www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

5 Characters: 7

## TELLING THE STORY

OLIVER I found the book, Uncle! A Christmas Carol! By Charles Dickens! I read the title myself!

*(A cheerily-lit sitting-room in London one Christmas Eve in the 1860s. The UNCLE sits on an armchair or loveseat surrounded by a noisy circle of children and young adults. They are pestering him for a story. OLIVER hands him the book and sits next to him.)*

UNCLE Good for you, Oliver! *(takes book)* Oh, do all of you really want to hear this story again? You must have heard it a dozen times.

SKEPTICAL ADOLESCENT A hundred.  
But it's good for a laugh.

POLITE CHILD: But we love it! Tell it again!  
Please, Uncle?

BIG SISTER And it's your story as much as it is anyone's. Isn't it, Uncle?

UNCLE *(genuine modesty)* Maybe it is. But I'm not sure I'm the right one to tell it.

SKEPTICAL ADOLESCENT Aw, that's not true. Grandmother says you're the only one who knows how to tell it right.

POLITE CHILD That's true. No one does the voices and noises like you.

BIG SISTER: Or makes the faces.

POLITE *(Tiny Timmish)*: God bless us, Everyone!

OLIVER *(Scroogy)*: Humbug!

BIG SISTER *(ghostly)* Ebeneeeezer!

SKEPTICAL: Please sir, may I have some more?

ALL: Wrong story! *(to Narrator)*

BIG SISTER: We want to hear it from you. Just you, Uncle. Please?

OLIVER Please, Uncle? I've only heard it this many times because I'm only this many years old. *(holds up 5 fingers, then 6)*

UNCLE *(opens, then closes the book)* Oh, now, you know, I don't really need this. I've been telling this story every Christmas now for oh, I don't know how many years. Since I was a boy. And I know it by heart. *(Pause.)*

BIG SISTER: Tell it, Uncle.

*(Everyone is quiet. They stare at him expectantly. And without any warning, he begins.)*

UNCLE *(seriously)* Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. So, remember, Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

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1<sup>st</sup> Excerpt from *“A Christmas Carol”*

by Charles Dickens, adapted for stage by Jeannette Jaquish © 2011

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**8 Characters:** 7 Street Urchins, Scrooge

**STREET URCHINS SINGING CAROLS FOR COINS**

*(STREET URCHINS ENTER running each sniffing and eating a cookie with tiny nibbles.)*

LEADER *(holds them up)* 2 shillings!

SNIFFLY And a ginger snap each!

SMALLEST I got two! *(Others glance jealously)*

BANDAGE The baker lady is a jolly good woman!

ORPHAN *(wistfully)* I wish she was my mother.

ITCHY Your mother! Ha-ha. *(pause)*

ALL Ha ha!..... *(wistfully)* Me too.

CURIOUS I'm still hungry. Where can we get more food?

SNIFFLY *(pocketing half-eaten cookie and wiping nose)* Yes! Where should we sing next?

BANDAGE We haven't done the candle maker lady.

ITCHY We sang for her yesterday.

BANDAGE I meant today.

LEADER She won't pay us two days in a row. Best to leave her for another day.

BANDAGE The butcher?

LEADER He spends afternoons cuttin' carcasses, and his clerk up front won't tip.

SMALLEST Once he gave us each a knuckle bone.

ALL *(dreamy)* A knuckle bone.....

LEADER OK, the butcher if we get desperate.

SNIFFLY The undertaker?  
*(All shiver.)*

ORPHAN I don't like singing for him. He just stands there. Staring.

SMALLEST And rubbin' his hands.



LEADER That's because the city pays him 2 quid for each pauper he buries.

ITCHY Yeah, we's just a pot o' gold he's waiting to lay hands on.

CURIOUS We've sung everyone! What are we to do? What are we to do????

SNIFFLY We haven't done Mr. Scrooge. He's got plenty of money. *(they all turn to look at Scrooge.)*

CURIOUS Yeah.... He's rich!

SMALLEST: Stinkin' rich!

LEADER Scrooge? He's a skinflint!

SNIFFLY We gotta sing to someone. My papa said, "Don't come home until you've got 5 pence."

LEADER So sing him on your own. I dare you!

ALL *(shove Sniffly forward)* Yeah go sing Mr. Scrooge!

SNIFFLY *(shaking them off)* I will! Stop pushing! What should I sing? God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen?

ORPHAN No, that's too happy. Mr. Scrooge doesn't like to be cheered up.

ITCHY Good King Wence-a-slop?

LEADER We never get money for Good King Wence-a-slop.

CURIOUS Yeah, why is that?

SMALLEST I know! I know! Little Town of Beetle Ham!

LEADER No wonder you get the most tips. Yeah, do Little Town of Bethlehem. And leave your jacket so he can see you shiver.

SNIFFLY *(hands over jacket)* Don't eat my ginger snap.

*(SNIFFLY nervously goes up stage steps to side. One urchin tries slyly to pull out his cookie.)*

SNIFFLY *(sings)* Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie,  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
the silent stars go by,  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light,  
The hopes and fears of all the years,  
Are met in thee tonight.

*(During song, SCROOGE works for a moment, looks up, casually walks toward the "door" picking up his cane on the way, and gazes pleasantly at the singer. As he reaches toward his side pocket, Sniffly's friends give happy hopeful gasps. )*

SMALLEST Scrooge is gonner pay!

SCROOGE Roarrrr!

*(Waving his cane, Scrooge runs after them - Terrifying!)*

*(SNIFFLY screams and ALL CAROLERS EXIT terrified, SMALLEST dropping his cookie as he runs.)*

SMALLEST *(crying)* I dropped my ginger snap!

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## 3rd Excerpt from *“A Christmas Carol”*

by Charles Dickens, adapted for stage by Jeannette Jaquish © 2011

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**10 Characters:** Bob Cratchit, Mrs. Cratchit, Ghost, Billy, Isabelle, Belinda, Peter, Martha, Tiny Tim

### THE CRATCHIT’S CHRISTMAS MORNING

*MRS CRATCHIT, Bob Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence and her daughter BELINDA, both singing Jingle Bells lay the tablecloth. The adolescent Master PETER stirs a saucepan of potatoes on the fire, tastes it and blows on the fire. Two smaller Cratchits, ISABELLE & BILLY come tearing in.)*

ISABELLE Mother, Mother! We stood in front of the baker’s and

BILLY We could smell our goose cooking! It’s done! It’s done! It’s done!

ISABELLE We knew it was ours because it smelled of

ISABELLE & BILLY Sage and onions! Sage and onions! Sage and onions! Hurrah!

MRS CRATCHIT The goose is done! Goodness! We’d better set the table so we can eat it!

BILLY I get the rose plate!

ISABELLE If you get the rose plate, I get the jam jar!

*(BILLY & ISABELLE run to get dishes & set the table.)*

MRS. CRATCHIT What has ever got your precious father then. And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!

*(As if on cue, MARTHA, the eldest daughter, ENTERS. )*

MARTHA Here's Martha, mother!

ISABELLE & BILLY *(grab each hand and run her in a circle)* Here's Martha, Mother! Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!

BELINDA Isabelle! Billy! Let her get in the door! Dinner is almost ready Martha! *(Stirs a bowl.)*

MRS. CRATCHIT Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

*(Mrs Cratchit, kisses Martha, and takes off her shawl and bonnet for her and hangs them up. )*

MARTHA We had so much work to finish up last night. I slept on the bench and then helped clean up in the morning, Mother!

SCROOGE Now, that’s a good worker!

GHOST She has to be. The family needs her 3 shillings a week.

MRS. CRATCHIT Well! Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear!  
*(hangs up her things)*

ISABELLE & BILLY No, no! There's father footsteps coming. Hide, Martha, hide!

BILLY Hide under here, Martha!

MARTHA I'm too big!

ISABELLE Hide under here!

MARTHA He'll see me!

PETER Hide under the table!

*(Martha hides. Billy & Isabelle go back to setting the table trying not to giggle.  
BOB CRATCHIT ENTERS with TINY TIM on his shoulder.)*

SCROOGE Bob Cratchit! So this is his house and family!

*(Bob sets Tim down gently. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bears a little crutch, and has his limbs supported by an iron frame. He limps badly, favoring his right leg. BOB looks around.)*

BOB CRATCHIT Why, where's our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT *(hanging scarves)* Not coming.

BOB CRATCHIT *(heartbroken)* Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT Not coming.

BILLY Father! I think the table is moving!

ISABELLE I think something is under it. Something alive!!!

*(Under the table, MARTHA scraaaatches. BOB hides behind Tiny Tim.)  
(ISABELLE lifts the tablecloth)*

MARTHA *(popping out)* Boo!

BOB CRATCHIT Eeeek! Martha! My sweet child! What a terrible trick for your poor father! - And how I love you for it!

*(MARTHA runs to BOB for a hug, then hugs Tiny Tim and carries him to his seat, then helps Belinda.)*

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