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**A FAIRY TALE CHRISTMAS CAROL**  
By FLIP KOBLER and CINDY MARCUS

CAST OF CHARACTERS  
(In Order of Appearance)

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<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th># of Lines</th>
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<td>kind, cuddly narrator with a sharp tongue</td>
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<td>Scrooge; mean, old, greedy and just plain humbuggy</td>
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<td>PHILIP CHARMING</td>
<td>our Bob Cratchit; all around good guy and former prince who lost his kingdom and now works for Scrooge</td>
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<td>BALE</td>
<td>charity rep; little pig who thought straw was darn good building material</td>
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<td>another charity rep; little pig who build his house out of sticks</td>
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<td>BRICK</td>
<td>another charity rep; smartest of the three little pigs</td>
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<td>JACK</td>
<td>Scrooge's nephew; former beanstalk owner and giant slayer who's fallen on hard times, but loves his uncle</td>
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<td>CINDERELLA CHARMING</td>
<td>as Mrs. Cratchit; spunky heroine who loves her husband and children</td>
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<td>a Crachit child; her brother's keeper</td>
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<td>HANSEL CHARMING</td>
<td>a Crachit child; has serious directional issues</td>
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<td>reminds us of Tiny Tim; poor little match girl with sunny optimism</td>
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<tr>
<td>JACOB MIDAS</td>
<td>Marley's ghost; loves his bling; had the golden touch as Scrooge's business partner</td>
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<tr>
<td>MERIWETHER</td>
<td>the Ghost of Christmas Past; she's Cinderella's bibbity-bobbity fairy godmother</td>
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<td>LITTLE BO PEEP</td>
<td>Scrooge's schoolmate in the past</td>
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<td>another past schoolmate</td>
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For preview only
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LITTLE WOLF</td>
<td>young Scrooge; think of him as a ten year old cub</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAN</td>
<td>Scrooge's sister; kind duckling who's sensitive about her looks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEZZIWIG</td>
<td>young Scrooge's boss; happy, kind, charitable shoemaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELF</td>
<td>employee of Fezziwig's; works nights a lot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MEDIUM WOLF</td>
<td>young adult Scrooge, twenty or so; a dashing young cub before he morphed into the mangy old dog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GOLDILOCKS</td>
<td>Medium Wolf's true love and a girl who likes things just right</td>
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<tr>
<td>OLD KING COLE</td>
<td>the Ghost of Christmas Present; a merry old soul and a merry old soul is he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SNOW WHITE</td>
<td>party guest; friend of Jack and Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUMPELSTILTSKIN</td>
<td>another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISS MUFFET</td>
<td>another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PETER PIPER</td>
<td>another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARY</td>
<td>Jack's wife; the contrary one who loves Scrooge… not!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUEEN OF HEARTS</td>
<td>the Ghost of Christmas Future; shrill and mean; don't cross her or it's off with your head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BLACK SHEEP</td>
<td>passerby on Christmas morning; recently shorn and freezing in the cold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EXTRAS</td>
<td>as Londoners, students, elves, Cat, Little Boy Blue, other partiers</td>
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**NOTE:** See PRODUCTION NOTES about flexible casting options.
SETTING

TIME: Christmas Eve.
PLACE: Fairy tale, Dickensian London.

The set is a bare stage with the exception of a stool for MOTHER GOOSE which remains in place for the entire play off to one side near the edge of the stage. To create the scenes, the CREW will bring on the few required tables, chairs, etc. as specified in the script. The CREW works in full view of the audience, so it might be fun to have them dressed as fairy tale characters, Dickens’s characters or a combination of the two. (See PRODUCTION NOTES.)

Scene breaks are designated for rehearsal purposes only. The goal is to move smoothly between scenes with continuous action.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene One: Day of Christmas Eve.
Scene Two: Night of Christmas Eve.
Scene Three: Christmas past.
Scene Four: Christmas present.
Scene Five: Christmas future.
Scene Six: Christmas Day.
Scene One

AT RISE: A stool sits near the edge of the stage. Apart from that, the stage is bare. MOTHER GOOSE ENTERS and steps forward to talk to the AUDIENCE.

MOTHER GOOSE: Gooooood evening, me lovelies! I am Mother Goose. And I am here to tell you a tale, a wonderful, glorious tale of Christmastime. Now, you may have heard the story before, but I promise you, you’ve never heard it like this. For this is a fairy tale. Are you ready? Once upon a time—

BIG BAD WOLF: (ENTERS. He is in fact a big bad wolf, but dressed like Dickens’s Scrooge.) Humbug!

MOTHER GOOSE: Excuse me.

BIG BAD WOLF: Once upon a time? Is that all you’ve got?

MOTHER GOOSE: That’s how the story begins.

BIG BAD WOLF: That’s how every story begins. You haven’t got something better?

MOTHER GOOSE: My, what a foul temper you have!

BIG BAD WOLF: The better to do business with.

MOTHER GOOSE: And my, what a small heart you have!

BIG BAD WOLF: The better to make money with.

MOTHER GOOSE: And my, what bad breath you have!

BIG BAD WOLF: The better to— Oh, that was the baba ganoush I had for lunch. And it was overpriced!

MOTHER GOOSE: (To the AUDIENCE.) As you can see, Ebenezer Scrooge is nothing but a big bad wolf. This is his story.

BIG BAD WOLF: Humbug, I don’t want you telling my story. (To the AUDIENCE.) No story. Go home. (Looks at his pocket watch. To MOTHER GOOSE.) Ah, now you’ve made me late. Don’t tell my story. (CREW brings on two tables with stools, ledgers and quills to set up Scrooge’s office. BIG BAD WOLF sits at one of the tables.)

MOTHER GOOSE: (To the AUDIENCE.) Now, Scrooge’s business partner Midas was dead at the beginning of our tale. Dead as a doornail. That point must be made very, very clear or else nothing that follows will be wondrous. (Sits on the stool.)

PHILIP: (ENTERS and sits at the other table and scribbles furiously with a quill.) Good afternoon, Mr. Scrooge.

BIG BAD WOLF: Humbug, Bob!

PHILIP: Excuse me sir, but my name is Philip, sir. As you well know
BIG BAD WOLF: My first accountant’s name was Bob, Bob. I don’t have time to learn every new kid’s name.

PHILIP: I’ve worked for you for twelve years.

BIG BAD WOLF: If you want to keep your job, Bob, you’ll be Bob. So what is it...?

PHILIP: (Sigh.) Bob. It’s very cold in here. The ink is freezing in the wells.

BIG BAD WOLF: Feels warm to me.

PHILIP: You’re a wolf, you’re covered in fur. Can I throw more coal on the fire?

BIG BAD WOLF: You know where it’s warm? The unemployment office.

PHILIP: (Sigh.) Yes, sir.

BIG BAD WOLF: Is that all, Bob? (The THREE LITTLE PIGS poke their heads ON from OFFSTAGE. PHILIP notices them.)

PHILIP: No, sir. There are some people here to see you. (BIG BAD WOLF grunts. PHILIP takes that for a yes. To PIGS.) He’ll see you now. (The PIGS APPEAR in full, but remain outside Scrooge’s office area. They are a little nervous around BIG BAD WOLF, who works on his books while he talks, a very busy man. PHILIP also works diligently through the following exchange, not daring to look up.)

BALE: (To TWIG.) You go first.

TWIG: I’m not going in. Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

BRICK: What does that even mean?

TWIG: It’s an expression.

BALE: It’s stupid.

TWIG: Oh, did I build a house out of straw?

BALE: Don’t start.

BIG BAD WOLF: I am a busy man. State your business or get out.

BRICK: (Steps forward into Scrooge’s office, hat in hand.) Good morning, Mr. Scrooge.

BIG BAD WOLF: How did you know I wasn’t Mr. Midas? His name is still on the door.

TWIG: (To the OTHER PIGS.) He doesn’t recognize us. (BALE and TWIG cross to BRICK. BALE carries a donation bucket with the words “Order of Victoria” on it.)

BRICK: I told you he wouldn’t.

BALE: How can he not recognize us?

TWIG: After what he did?

BIG BAD WOLF: And what did I do?

BALE: You blew down my house.
BIG BAD WOLF: Did I?

BALE: Yes! You destroyed my life. (BIG BAD WOLF ignores BALE which just infuriates the little pig.) Well, it was a beautiful little house. I made it myself out of straw, which isn’t easy when you don’t have opposable thumbs. You huffed and you puffed, and you blew my house down.

BIG BAD WOLF: Ah, yes. Now, I remember. It was an insurance nightmare, house made of straw, could’ve gone up in flames. I did the city of London a favor.

TWIG: My house wasn’t an insurance risk. Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

BIG BAD WOLF: What?

TWIG: It’s an expression.

BRICK: We don’t get it either.

BIG BAD WOLF: (To TWIG.) Ah, yes. Made of sticks, wasn’t it?

TWIG: Yes.

BIG BAD WOLF: You were behind on your mortgage.

TWIG: So you just blew down my house?

BIG BAD WOLF: Pay your bills, slacker. (To BRICK.) And what about you? Did I blow down your house, too?

BRICK: No. My house was made of bricks like all houses should be.

BALE: Oh, not again.

TWIG: Don’t start. Seriously.

BRICK: He can’t blow down bricks.

BALE: Mom said to stop rubbing it in. He got your house, too.

BRICK: (To BIG BAD WOLF.) You bullied and oppressed me and just repossessed me.

BIG BAD WOLF: Ah, yes. Brick house. It was in the way of a new shopping development. I wanted to put up a pumpkin shell.

BRICK: And now all of us are homeless.

BALE: But that’s not why we’re here.

TWIG: We are from the Order of Victoria charity foundation.

BALE: And we’d like to speak to you about a donation.

BIG BAD WOLF: Donation?

BRICK: At this festive season of the year, many of us feel moved to take care of the needy.

BALE: And homeless!

TWIG: Especially the homeless!

BRICK: What can we put you down for?
BIG BAD WOLF: Nothing.

TWIG: You wish to remain anonymous?

BIG BAD WOLF: I wish to be left alone. I do not make merry myself at Christmas, nor can I afford to make some useless slackers merry.

BALE: But sir, it’s Christmas. A little charity?

BIG BAD WOLF: Are there no orphanages for the children? No old shoes?

TWIG: Yes, sir. But the old woman there already has so many children she doesn’t know what to do.

BIG BAD WOLF: Are there no chain gangs? Railroads where the inmates can work all the live long day?

BRICK: Plenty, sir.

BIG BAD WOLF: Then, the poor and homeless should go there.

BALE: Many would rather die.

BIG BAD WOLF: Then they’d better get on with it and decrease the surplus population!

TWIG: But—

BALE: But—

BIG BAD WOLF: Get out or I’ll huff and I’ll puff, and I’ll scream and I’ll shout! (The PIGS squeal in terror and start for the door. They run into JACK as he ENTERS.)

JACK: Ah, good day to you, gentlepigs.

BALE: Good day, sir.

JACK: (Notices the charity bucket.) The Order of Victoria. Well, here is my holiday donation. (Hands over some coins.) A very merry Christmas to you all!

BALE: Bless you, sir!

TWIG: Merry Christmas, sir!

BRICK: Good day. (The PIGS EXIT. JACK tips his hat to PHILIP, still scribbling away at his table.)

JACK: Good morning, Philip.

PHILIP: (Looks up briefly.) Good morning, Mr. Jack.

JACK: Uncle! (Walks over to BIG BAD WOLF’S desk.) Merry Christmas!

BIG BAD WOLF: Humbug.

JACK: Christmas a humbug, Uncle? You don’t mean that.

BIG BAD WOLF: What right have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.

JACK: What right have you to be miserable? You’re rich enough.

BIG BAD WOLF: Of course you wouldn’t understand. You have no head for business, Jack.
JACK: Now, Uncle.

BIG BAD WOLF: You traded your cow. That’s nearly a quarter ton of prime cut steaks for three lousy beans.

JACK: They were magic.

BIG BAD WOLF: Yes. A beanstalk which you climbed and got a goose that laid golden eggs.

JACK: Which wasn’t easy.

BIG BAD WOLF: But then you chopped down the beanstalk.

JACK: I had to.

BIG BAD WOLF: You could’ve turned it into a tourist attraction, sold tickets, made a fortune! But you chopped it down.

JACK: I saved the village from a giant.

BIG BAD WOLF: And then what? You let the goose that laid golden eggs roam free.

JACK: Mary was very adamant about free range poultry.

BIG BAD WOLF: But you lost the goose. Now, you have nothing.

JACK: Money isn’t everything.

BIG BAD WOLF: Liar! That is a lie.

JACK: Money hasn’t made you merry.

BIG BAD WOLF: Humbug. If it were up to me, every idiot that went around with “Merry Christmas” on his lips would be baked in a pie.

JACK: Oh, Uncle.

BIG BAD WOLF: You keep Christmas your way. Let me keep it mine.

JACK: But you don’t keep it.

BIG BAD WOLF: Let me leave it alone then.

JACK: Christmas is a wondrous, generous, loving time of year. And while it’s never put a scrap of food on my table or a coin in my pocket, I believe it’s done me good and will continue to do so. So I say “God Bless it” and I shall keep the spirit all year.

PHILIP: Here-here.

BIG BAD WOLF: And how do you plan to keep Christmas on the unemployment line, Bob?

JACK: Uncle, please. Come have Christmas dinner with Mary and me.

BIG BAD WOLF: What are you having?

JACK: Beans. *(BIG BAD WOLF snarls.)* Mary canned enough beans to last a lifetime.

BIG BAD WOLF: Why did you ever marry that Mary girl? She can be so contrary!

JACK: No, she’s a real lamb. I fell in love.
BIG BAD WOLF: Love? Humbug. Love is the only thing worse than a merry Christmas.

JACK: It's no use, Uncle. I shall keep my Christmas spirit to the end. We'll save you some beans. Merry Christmas, Philip!

PHILIP: Merry Christmas, Mr. Jack!

JACK: My best to your lovely wife and family.

PHILIP: Bless you, sir.

JACK: Good bye, Uncle. (EXITS. BIG BAD WOLF snarls and returns to his work. PHILIP stands and crosses meekly to BIG BAD WOLF.)

PHILIP: Excuse me, Mr. Scrooge.

BIG BAD WOLF: Now what?

PHILIP: It's closing time. Sir.

BIG BAD WOLF: So it is. I'll see you in the morning.

PHILIP: Tomorrow is Christmas, sir. (BIG BAD WOLF stares at PHILIP)

And I was hoping to have the day off, sir.

BIG BAD WOLF: You want the entire day?

PHILIP: It's only one day a year, sir.

BIG BAD WOLF: Poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every December the 25th. Fine. Take the day, but be here all the earlier the next day.

PHILIP: Thank you, sir. Bless you, sir. (RUNS OFF.)

BIG BAD WOLF: I'm too soft. That's what it is. (STANDS AND CROSSES THE STAGE AS THE CREW STRIKES SCROOGE'S OFFICE.)

MOTHER GOOSE: (TO THE AUDIENCE.) And so Bob Cratchit—

PHILIP: (STEPS ON.) My name is Philip. (HE'S OFF AGAIN.)

MOTHER GOOSE: Philip stepped outside into the brisk London air. (PHILIP AND EXTRAS ENTER AND CROSS TO AND FRO, CREATING THE LOOK OF A BUSY LONDON STREET. AFTER THE SCENE IS ESTABLISHED, CINDERELLA ENTERS.) Where he met his wife.

CINDERELLA: Philip!

PHILIP: Cindy! (CINDERELLA RUNS INTO HIS ARMS, AND HE SPINS HER AROUND.)

CINDERELLA: Good evening, Mr. Charming.

PHILIP: Good evening, Mrs. Charming.

CINDERELLA: And how was your day?

PHILIP: My day was wondrous, and— (NOTICES HER HANDS.) Look at your hands! They're covered in blisters.

CINDERELLA: I had to sweep the stairs in Rapunzel's tower today. That girl sheds like a Labrador!
PHILIP: I hate that you have to work.
CINDERELLA: It’s okay. I’m used to it. I did it for my stepmother and stepsisters before I met you, remember?
PHILIP: Yes. But this isn’t the life I promised you.
CINDERELLA: Don’t torture yourself.
PHILIP: I should never have—
CINDERELLA: Philip. It’s Christmas Eve. Let’s count our blessings.
PHILIP: (Looks around.) So far I count zero. Where are they?
CINDERELLA: (Calls OFF.) Hansel! Gretel!
HANSEL: (Rushes ON with GRETEL.) Here we are, Mother.
GRETEL: Wrong Way Hans here got lost again.
HANSEL: Oh, like every street in London doesn’t look the same.
GRETEL: I told him to drop bread crumbs.
HANSEL: I got hungry.
PHILIP: And where is your sister?
HANSEL: I’ll go find her.
GRETEL: No. You’ll never make it back.
TABITHA: Here I am, Daddy. (Hobbles in on two crutches. She is, of course, our Tiny Tim character, although she’s an awful lot like a Little Match Girl.)
PHILIP: There she is. (Runs to her and picks her up.) Who’s my little match girl?
TABITHA: I am.
PHILIP: And did we sell any matches today?
TABITHA: I sold every one we had.
PHILIP: Every one?
TABITHA: Every one. (Hands over a few coins.)
PHILIP: We’re rich.
CINDERELLA: Maybe we have just enough for plum pudding after all.
KIDS: Yay!
CINDERELLA: Who’s ready to go home and make a Christmas feast?
KIDS: I am.
PHILIP: (Puts TABITHA up on his shoulders.) Shall we make it a race?
GRETEL: On your mark.
HANSEL: Get set.
TABITHA: Go! (The happy FAMILY races OFF, laughing. HANSEL, of course, runs OFF in the opposite direction of everyone else.)
GRETEL: (From OFF.) Hansel! (HANSEL RE-ENTERS and runs OFF again in the direction of his family. BIG BAD WOLF ENTERS, stomping through the streets.)

MOTHER GOOSE: And while the Cratchits went home—

PHILIP: (Steps ON.) It’s Charming. Our name is Charming. (He’s OFF again.)

MOTHER GOOSE: Right. Sorry. (To the AUDIENCE.) Ebenezer Scrooge walked through the streets of London.

BIG BAD WOLF: What did I tell you about narrating?

MOTHER GOOSE: I’m telling them the story.

BIG BAD WOLF: My personal story. This is copyright infringement.

MOTHER GOOSE: It’s public domain.

BIG BAD WOLF: We’ll see about that.

MOTHER GOOSE: Scrooge went home to his lonely, cold house. (EXTRAS EXIT.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

The CREW brings on a bed made up with sheets and a blanket, a chair and a small night table to create Scrooge’s bedroom. A nightshirt lies on the chair; a bowl, spoon and candle are on the nightstand. BIG BAD WOLF sits on the bed and eats from the bowl.

MOTHER GOOSE: He sat in a corner, eating his curds and whey. When along came a spider and sat down beside—

BIG BAD WOLF: (Stomps his foot, squashing that spider flat. He looks at the bottom of his shoe.) You don’t pay rent. You can’t stay.

MOTHER GOOSE: The night was cold and dark. But darkness was cheap, and Scrooge liked it.

BIG BAD WOLF: (To MOTHER GOOSE.) Biographies are supposed to be flattering.

MOTHER GOOSE: It’s unauthorized.

BIG BAD WOLF: You’ll be hearing from my lawyer.

MOTHER GOOSE: (Ignores him.) The wind howled. (SOUND EFFECT: HOWLING WIND.) The old house creaked. (SOUND EFFECT: CREAKY BOARDS.) And for some reason, Scrooge was very, very afraid.

BIG BAD WOLF: (Scared.) I’m not afraid.

MOTHER GOOSE: Candles flickered. (LIGHTS FLICKER.) Bells rang for the dead. (SOUND EFFECT: RINGING BELLS.) A draft blew as cold as the grave. (SOUND EFFECT: HOWLING WIND.) And then Scrooge had a visitor. (SOUND EFFECT: SCARY MUSIC. Suddenly, JACOB
MIDAS ENTERS. He’s covered in bling. Gold chains everywhere. And some very real chains, too. Everything about him is gold and spooky.)

JACOB MIDAS: Boom, baby!
BIG BAD WOLF: Ahhhh!

JACOB MIDAS: Oh, snap! I am back, baby. Who da’ man?
BIG BAD WOLF: How did you get in here?
JACOB MIDAS: Came in through the wall. (Looks at the room.) Oh, snap, dawg. What a dump!
BIG BAD WOLF: Who are you?

JACOB MIDAS: In life, I was your partner, Jacob Midas.
BIG BAD WOLF: Jacob Midas?
JACOB MIDAS: In the flesh baby.
BIG BAD WOLF: Really?
JACOB MIDAS: Nah, dawg, I’m dead. Baa-zing!
BIG BAD WOLF: Yeah. Right.

JACOB MIDAS: You don’t believe me.
BIG BAD WOLF: No. You died seven years ago this very night. You can’t be here.

JACOB MIDAS: You don’t believe your own eyes. Why?
BIG BAD WOLF: Because anything can affect them. I could’ve eaten something rotten. You could be a crumb of cheese or some nasty French fries. There’s more gravy than grave about you.

JACOB MIDAS: Dude, seriously. Don’t do comedy. Oh, and by the way, ahhhhhh! (Screams, ghostly and scary.)

BIG BAD WOLF: (Cowers.) All right. Okay. I believe. I believe in you. Why do you wear those chains?

JACOB MIDAS: Oh, dawg, chicks dig a little bling. (Catches himself.) Oh, you mean these chains. I wear the chains I forged in life. I made them link by link and yard by yard.

BIG BAD WOLF: You made them? Did you take a class or something?

JACOB MIDAS: Every cruel deed forged a new link. Every missed chance to help my fellow man added another pound of cold iron. You are making one just like it. Yours was as heavy and long as this seven years ago. And, dawg, you been adding a little sumthin’ to it every day.

BIG BAD WOLF: No, I’m not very crafty. I tried scrapbooking once and—

JACOB MIDAS: Every time you do something nasty, you add another link.
BIG BAD WOLF: Oh, like it's my fault. They call me Big Bad Wolf. I have a brand to uphold.

JACOB MIDAS: Ahhhhhh!

BIG BAD WOLF: Oh, Jacob, relax. You're freaking me out. Say something nice.

JACOB MIDAS: I got nothin', bro. Truth is hard. When I was alive, all I cared about was the bling.

BIG BAD WOLF: You did have the golden touch.

JACOB MIDAS: I know. Everything I touched... Boom! Gold. Blazing gold. And what good did it do me?

BIG BAD WOLF: You were a good man of business.

JACOB MIDAS: Business?! Mankind should've been my business. Charity. Tolerance.

BIG BAD WOLF: What do you want?

JACOB MIDAS: I came to warn you Your fate is worse than mine if you don't change your ways.

BIG BAD WOLF: I don't understand.

JACOB MIDAS: You need compassion, love and kindness.

BIG BAD WOLF: Yeah. Right. But you know, they're not really me.

JACOB MIDAS: That is why you need help. You're gonna be visited by three spirits.

BIG BAD WOLF: Pass.

JACOB MIDAS: Expect the first tonight when the clock strikes one.

BIG BAD WOLF: Hey, just spit-balling here. What if they all came at once and got it over with?

JACOB MIDAS: The second will show up when the clock strikes two. The third—

BIG BAD WOLF: —when the clock strikes three. I get it.

JACOB MIDAS: No, dawg. Don't mess with the third. She's wicked cruel. She'll show up when she feels like it.

BIG BAD WOLF: I don't think I want this.

JACOB MIDAS: I am doin' you a favor, dawg. Don't screw this up.

BIG BAD WOLF: Will I see you again?

JACOB MIDAS: Not in this life. Make it a good one. Oh, and Ebenezer?

BIG BAD WOLF: Yes, Jacob?

JACOB MIDAS: Boom, baby! (Claps. BLACKOUT. LIGHTS UP. JACOB MIDAS is gone, and the room is just like it was.)

BIG BAD WOLF: (Looks around. Sees nothing.) Hah. Ghosts. Humbug. (Takes off his jacket and puts on the nightshirt. Blows out the candle.)
MOTHER GOOSE: And so Ebenezer Scrooge blew out his candle to save the wax.
BIG BAD WOLF: Stop telling my story.
MOTHER GOOSE: And got into bed.

BIG BAD WOLF: This is my private room. You can’t be telling what happens in here. (Climbs into bed.)

MOTHER GOOSE: He pulled the sheets over his head.
BIG BAD WOLF: You’re fired! (Pulls the sheets over his head.)
MOTHER GOOSE: I don’t work for you.
BIG BAD WOLF: Dang.

MOTHER GOOSE: Convinced that Jacob Midas was just a figment of his imagination, Scrooge fell into a cold and dreamless sleep. Until...

End of Scene Two

End of script preview.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES ONSTAGE

Scene One: Stool, Scrooge’s office consisting of two tables, two stools, ledgers, quills

Scene Two: Stool, Scrooge’s bedroom consisting of bed with sheets and blanket, chair, nightstand table. There’s a nightshirt on the chair and a bowl, spoon and candle on the table

Scene Three: Stool, Scrooge’s bedroom, classroom consisting of a freestanding blackboard and a few chairs, Fezziwig’s shoe shop consisting of a podium and two worktables, and a park denoted by a park bench

Scene Four: Stool, Scrooge’s bedroom, Jack and Mary’s house consisting of some chairs, the Charming house consisting of a table set with a meager meal, five chairs

Scene Five: Stool, Scrooge’s bedroom, gravestone

Scene Six: Stool, Scrooge’s bedroom

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

Scene One:  Donation bucket with the words “Order of Victoria” (PIGS)  
                      Coins (JACK)  
                      Pair of crutches, coins (TABITHA)

Scene Three:  Star-tipped wand, clipboard with several pages (MERIWETHER)  
                      Bags (LITTLE BO PEEP, HUMPTY DUMPTY, EXTRA STUDENTS)  
                      Book (LITTLE WOLF)  
                      Hand fan (FAN)  
                      Shoeboxes (ELVES)  
                      Horn (LITTLE BOY BLUE)  
                      Fiddle (CAT)  
                      Ring (GOLDILOCKS)

Scene Four:  Donation bucket with the words “Order of Victoria” (PIGS)  
                      Coins (EXTRA LONDONERS)  
                      One crutch (TABITHA)

Scene Five:  Scythe (QUEEN OF HEARTS)  
                      Blanket, sheets, bucket with jewelry including pocket watch (PIGS)  
                      Broom (CINDERELLA)  
                      Bag of marbles (HANSEL)
Scene Six:
Donation bucket (PIGS)
Pocket watch, large bag of coins, slip of paper, golden egg, envelope
with train ticket (BIG BAD WOLF)
Wagon with turkey shaped bag (BLACK SHEEP)
Baskets, food (EXTRA LONDONERS)

SOUND EFFECTS
Howling wind, creaking boards, ringing bells, scary music, clock chimes,
fast dance music, slow dance music, thunder, cheerful music.

FLEXIBLE CASTING
For a cast as large as 30 or more, include all 29 speaking parts plus
several extras as indicated. Actors with very few lines can fill out other
scenes as extras.

For a smaller cast, significant doubling and even tripling is possible.
The cast can be as small as 16, though this would require several
significant costume changes.

Many of the fairy tale characters who only appear in one scene, such
as Little Bo Peep and Humpty Dumpty, can easily be changed to
another character, if desired. Figure out what works for you in terms of
costumes and have fun!

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS
Have a ball with this! Since this is a blending of the fairy tale world
and 19th century Victorian London, let’s blend the costumes as well.
The fun here is to mash-up the worlds. Again, it’s all representative, so
it’s whatever your budget will allow. Think big, bright colors for the fairy
tale clothes; earth tones for the Victorian clothing.

For instance, BIG BAD WOLF can be dressed in full Scrooge wear, but
with wolf ears poking out of his top hat and a tail from his pants. He
can have furry gloves for his hands and a wolf’s nose with whiskers.

The THREE LITTLE PIGS can be costumed in baggy wool trousers, white
shirts with rolled-up sleeves and newsboy caps. They have pig ears,
noses and curly tails, too.

There are many characters that don’t need to blend into Dickens’
world. MERIWETHER, OLD KING COLE and QUEEN OF HEARTS can
be standard fairy tale costumes. There are no rules and this is your
playground, so go have fun!
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

You may order a paper preview copy or gain instant access to the complete script online through our E-view program. We invite you to learn more and create an account at www.pioneerdrama.com/E-view.

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