

# THE CAROL OF TINY TIM

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A one-act comedy by  
Laura King

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARTHA CRATCHIT, female, oldest Cratchit child.

PETER CRATCHIT, male, second oldest Cratchit child.

BELINDA CRATCHIT, female, third oldest Cratchit child.

TIM CRATCHIT, male, fourth oldest Cratchit child.

REMY CRATCHIT, twin, male or female, youngest child.

RORY CRATCHIT, twin, male or female, youngest child.

CAROLERS, male or female, as many as you want.

The children can be any age as long as they are approximately one to two years apart and are older than the characters in the original *A Christmas Carol*.

## SETTING

The living room of the Cratchit family on Christmas Eve, five years after the original story of *A Christmas Carol*.

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*(Lights up on a group of Christmas CAROLERS standing in front of the Cratchit family living room.)*

**CAROLERS:** I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY  
THEIR OLD FAMILIAR CAROLS PLAY  
AND MILD AND SWEET THEIR SONGS REPEAT  
OF PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN  
AND THE BELLS ARE RINGING (PEACE ON EARTH)  
LIKE A CHOIR THEY'RE SINGING (PEACE ON EARTH)  
IN MY HEART I HEAR THEM  
PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN

*(Carolers exit. Lights shift to a cozy family room, where MARTHA is reciting Charles Dickens' A Christmas Carol to TIM, PETER, BELINDA, REMY and RORY.)*

**MARTHA:** "And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that truly be said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!"

*(All the children applaud except for Tim.)*

**TIM:** What a bunch of saps.

**MARTHA:** Excuse me?

**TIM:** Saps, suckers, simpletons.

**PETER:** Ignore him, Martha.

**BELINDA:** You know how he is.

**TIM:** Realistic?

**BELINDA:** Pessimistic.

**REMY:** Yeah, Tim. You're messapistic.

**TIM:** It's not *pessimistic* to know that story is a load of crap.

**REMY:** I like that story.

**BELINDA:** We all like that story.

**RORY:** Because it's about us!

**REMY:** It's autographibical.

**MARTHA:** I don't want us to ever forget that special Christmas.

**PETER:** It changed our lives.

**TIM:** Yeah, yeah. Mr. Scrooge got soft one Christmas and gave Dad a raise. Big whoop!

**REMY:** It was a big whoop.

**RORY:** The biggest whoop.

**TIM:** (*Sarcastically:*) Because things are sooooo much better now.

**MARTHA:** They are, Tim. You've forgotten how bad things were.

**BELINDA:** Do you remember going to bed hungry?

**RORY:** And not having any Christmas presents?

**PETER:** And not having any heat?

**RORY:** And not having any Christmas presents?

**REMY:** And Father working all the time?

**RORY:** And not having any Christmas presents?

**TIM:** Who needs Christmas presents?

**RORY:** Me!

**TIM:** I can get anything I want for myself. That's what Mr. Scrooge taught me. Not how to beg for scraps from people more important than me.

**MARTHA:** It's not about getting, it's about giving.

**RORY:** That's what the ghosts taught Mr. Scrooge.

**TIM:** Scrooge was a stooge to start giving away his hard-earned money because some figment of his imagination told

him to.

**REMY:** It wasn't a frigment of his imagination, was it, Martha?

**MARTHA:** Not according to Mr. Scrooge.

**TIM:** Bah.

**REMY:** You sound just like him!

**RORY:** (*Imitating old Scrooge:*) Bah humbug, bah humbug.

**TIM:** I've never said humbug in my life.

**MARTHA:** Nevertheless, you sound just like the old Scrooge.

**BELINDA:** But not the new Scrooge.

**PETER:** The new Scrooge learned his lesson. He found the spirit of Christmas.

**BELINDA:** Nobody celebrates Christmas better than Mr. Scrooge.

**PETER:** Turkeys!

**REMY:** And pudding!

**RORY:** And presents!

**MARTHA:** All right, everybody. There will be plenty of time for turkeys and pudding and presents tomorrow. Now, it's time for bed. Mother and Father will be home soon, and I promised we'd all be tucked in by then.

**BELINDA:** Come on! The sooner we get to sleep, the sooner Christmas will be here.

**RORY:** And the sooner we'll get to open presents!

*(Peter, Belinda, Remy and Rory exit. Martha starts to follow but turns back to Tim.)*

**MARTHA:** You coming, Tim?

**TIM:** I have to get to work.

**MARTHA:** But it's so late.

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**TIM:** Graveyard shift.

**MARTHA:** On Christmas Eve?

**TIM:** Old Fezziwig is paying time and a half.

**MARTHA:** There are more important things than money.

**TIM:** If there are, I'll be able to buy them soon enough.

**MARTHA:** Suit yourself.

*(Martha exits. Tim retrieves his overcoat and scarf, puts them on, and opens the front door, where he is startled by the Carolers. The Carolers sing loudly and back Tim into the room. He can't escape them no matter how hard he tries.)*

**CAROLERS:** ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH  
SWEETLY SINGING O'ER THE PLAINS  
AND THE MOUNTAINS IN REPLY  
ECHOING THEIR JOYOUS STRAINS  
ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH  
SWEETLY SINGING THROUGH THE NIGHT  
AND THE MOUNTAINS IN REPLY  
ECHOING THEIR BRAVE DELIGHT  
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO  
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DE —

*(Tim picks up a Christmas decoration and hurls it at the Carolers.)*

-Ow.

*(Tim makes a dash for the door. As he opens the door, Belinda appears dressed in a white nightgown with flowers on it. She is ringing a bell and speaks in a ghostly voice.)*

**TIM:** Belinda, you almost scared me to death.

**BELINDA:** Who's Belinda?

**TIM:** Very funny.

**BELINDA:** You must be addled, my good man. There is no



Belinda here. Just you and I.

*(Belinda sweeps into the room.)*

**TIM:** Why are you talking so weird?

**BELINDA:** You are the purveyor of peculiar language, my dear boy. Not I.

**TIM:** Have you been sampling Father's Christmas punch? It's fifty proof, you know.

**BELINDA:** I haven't time for wassail. It's Christmas Eve. I have much to do.

**TIM:** You and me both. I'm off to work.

**BELINDA:** That's not to be. You are the reason I'm here.

**TIM:** You live here!

**BELINDA:** What prattle is this?

**TIM:** Your bedroom's right upstairs. Go look.

**BELINDA:** You're the one who needs to look. I'm here to show you what once was.

**TIM:** I know what once was. You once was my sister and now you is nuts.

**BELINDA:** *(Stamping her foot and losing her ghostly voice:)* I'm the Ghost of Christmas Past!

**TIM:** You're kidding.

**BELINDA:** *(Back to her ghostly voice:)* I kid you not, young Master Cratchit.

**TIM:** Let me guess. You're here to show me the error of my ways. You could at least come up with something original.

**BELINDA:** Rise and walk with me.

**TIM:** *(Looking at himself in the standing position:)* I'm risen.

**BELINDA:** Then walk.

**TIM:** Oh, I'm walking. Straight to Fezziwig's Farm and Feed, where I'll be loading bales of hay all night.

**BELINDA:** That's not to be.

**TIM:** Oh, it be.

**BELINDA:** (*Grabbing a fireplace poker, pointing it at Tim, and losing her ghostly voice again:*) Walk!

**TIM:** (*Putting his hands in the air:*) Take it easy!

**BELINDA:** (*With clenched teeth:*) Rise and walk with me!

**TIM:** Will you leave me alone after this?

**BELINDA:** (*Back to her ghostly voice:*) Unless your fortune changes, you will always be alone.

**TIM:** Fine with me.

**BELINDA:** Follow me.

*(Belinda crosses to the main door. Tim follows. Belinda exits. Tim slams and locks the door after her.)*

**TIM:** (*Laughing:*) Now you're the Ghost of Celebrating Christmas in the Cold Streets of London, you Victorian cuckoo clock. And it serves you right, trying to play tricks on me.

*(Tim does a dance of celebration as Belinda enters from the bedroom door.)*

**BELINDA:** This is no trick, Tim.

**TIM:** How did you –

**BELINDA:** You won't get rid of me until you see what I've come to show you.

*(Belinda ushers in Martha, Peter, Remy and Rory.)*

**TIM:** Good. Reinforcements. Maybe you can all talk some sense into Belinda. She's either playing tricks on me or she's been wading knee deep in the holiday eggnog.

**MARTHA:** Come, Rory and Remy. It's time to hang your stockings.

**TIM:** She's pretending to be a ghost, and she won't leave me alone.

**MARTHA:** Here, Remy. Hang my stocking too.

**TIM:** Martha?

**BELINDA:** She can't hear you. None of them can.

**TIM:** Peter?

**PETER:** Rory, you can hang mine.

**BELINDA:** It's no use.

**TIM:** I don't know what you're all doing but—

**BELINDA:** Just watch.

**RORY:** Should I hang a stocking for Tim?

**PETER:** You'd do better to hang a feed sack. A stocking would never hold everything that Tim wants.

**REMY:** Last year Tim told me by this Christmas he would be rich.

**MARTHA:** Don't believe everything that Tim says.

**RORY:** But Tim is rich.

**PETER:** What are you talking about?

*(Rory retrieves a cigar box from under the sofa and opens it, revealing wads of cash.)*

**RORY:** This!

**TIM:** Hey! That's mine!

*(Tim tries to retrieve the money, but Belinda stops him with a touch of her hand.)*

**REMY:** Whoa. Where did that come from?

**RORY:** I saw Tim hiding it the other night.

**PETER:** What's he doing with all this?

**MARTHA:** I have no idea, but it's not ours, so we shouldn't touch it.

**TIM:** You tell 'em, Martha.

**MARTHA:** Besides, we don't need money to have a merry Christmas.

**TIM:** It doesn't hurt.

**MARTHA:** We have each other.

**PETER:** And Belinda will be home soon, and we'll all be together.

**RORY:** Except for Tim.

**PETER:** Even more reason to celebrate.

**TIM:** Hey!

**REMY:** It'll be the most perfectal Christmas ever.

*(Martha, Peter, Rory and Remy laugh and hug. Carolers appear from every door and window and start to sing.)*

**CAROLERS:** DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY  
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!

*(Martha, Peter, Rory and Remy start to decorate the room.)*

**TIM:** What? Again?

**CAROLERS:** 'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY  
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!

**TIM:** So, if I'm not here, where am I, Belinda?

*(Belinda won't answer to this name.)*

**CAROLERS:** DON WE NOW OUR GAY APPAREL  
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!

**TIM:** *(Shouting over the Carolers:)* Belinda?

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**CAROLERS:** TROLL THE ANCIENT YULETIDE CAROL  
FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!

**TIM:** Belinda? Oh, fine. Where am I, Ghost of Christmas Past?

*(Belinda waves her hands and the Carolers, Martha, Peter, Rory and Remy go silent and exit.)*

**BELINDA:** There's no need to shout.

**TIM:** Where am I? Why aren't I here with all of you?

**BELINDA:** Don't you remember? For the past five Christmases, you've been at work.

**TIM:** Oh, yeah.

**BELINDA:** You decided that working overtime at Fezziwig Farm and Feed was more important than being here.

**TIM:** A sensible choice.

**BELINDA:** Tempus fugit, Tim.

**TIM:** What?

**BELINDA:** Soon this will all be just a memory.

**TIM:** I wish you were just a memory.

**BELINDA:** That too shall come to pass.

**TIM:** Not soon enough.

**BELINDA:** Fret not. My time is drawing nigh. I must leave you now.

**TIM:** What's nigh? Where are you going?

**BELINDA:** Farewell, Tim.

*(Belinda starts to exit.)*

**TIM:** Wait! Are you coming back?

**BELINDA:** Farewell.

**TIM:** Let's talk about this.

*(Belinda exits through the front door as the Carolers enter with a large punch bowl.)*

**CAROLERS:** HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING  
AMONG THE LEAVES SO GREEN

**TIM:** *(Shouting after Belinda:)* Belinda, come back!

**CAROLERS:** HERE WE COME A-WAND'RING  
SO FAIR TO BE SEEN

**TIM:** *(Shouting after Belinda:)* What did you mean about a memory?!

*(The Carolers sweep Tim up in their celebration.)*

**CAROLERS:** LOVE AND JOY COME TO YOU  
AND TO YOU YOUR WASSAIL TOO  
AND GOD BLESS YOU AND SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW  
YEAR

*(Tim grabs a cup of punch from the Carolers.)*

**TIM:** Give me some of that.

**CAROLERS:** AND GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR

**TIM:** Yeah, yeah. Happy New Year. Now hit the bricks.

*(The Carolers stare at Tim as he gulps down the punch.)*

You heard me. Am-scray!

*(The Carolers start to exit.)*

But leave the punch.

*(One of the Carolers gives the punch bowl to Tim. The Carolers exit. Tim drinks from his cup. Sound of a bell. Tim looks around nervously. Peter enters dressed in a green bathrobe, wearing a Christmas wreath on his head and ringing the same bell that Belinda had. Tim sees him, then takes a big drink of punch directly from the bowl.)*

**PETER:** Drink hearty, me lad, for it is the season of

celebration.

**TIM:** It's the season of hallucination.

*(Peter laughs heartily.)*

**PETER:** I see you are filled with good spirits.

*(Tim burps.)*

Or at least spirits.

**TIM:** What's on your head, man?

**PETER:** I am adorned in the garments of the holiday for I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

**TIM:** Of course you are.

*(Tim takes another drink.)*

**PETER:** Yes, drink. Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we—

**TIM:** Don't finish that sentence! I don't need this right now.

**PETER:** You speak of need. Look no further.

*(Peter points in the direction where Rory and Remy enter dressed in torn nightclothes with dirty faces.)*

**TIM:** What happened to them? Did Martha forget to bathe them or have they contracted the plague?

**PETER:** Their names are Ignorance and Want.

**TIM:** Their names are Rory and Remy. Go upstairs and get cleaned up.

*(Rory and Remy crawl to Tim and cling to him.)*

Get off me.

**PETER:** Without your help, their fate is sealed.

**TIM:** I know what this is. You all just want my cigar box full of money.

**RORY:** Alms.

**REMY:** Alms.

**RORY & REMY:** Alms for the poor.

*(Tim grabs his cigar box full of money and holds it close.)*

**TIM:** Get your own alms. These are mine.

**PETER:** Come, children. Our fate is sealed. We are doomed.

**RORY & REMY:** Doomed, doomed, doomed.

*(Rory and Remy exit.)*

**PETER:** Mark my words, Tim. Tonight may be long but the days are short. Turn not your back on those who need you.

*(Peter starts to exit.)*

**TIM:** A little excessive, don't you think?

*(Peter turns dramatically to Tim and points at him.)*

**PETER:** Deny it! Slander those who tell it ye! And bide the end!

*(Peter exits with a flourish.)*

**TIM:** I don't even know what that means.

*(Peter pops his head back in.)*

**PETER:** *(Spookily:)* Bide the ennnnnndddddd.

*(Peter exits.)*

**TIM:** That does it. I'm outta here. No ghosts, urchins or carolers are going to stop me.

*(Tim buttons up his coat and heads for the front door but before he can open it, a gust of wind blows the door open.)*

*(Nervously:)* What was that? Who's there?

*(Tim crosses cautiously to the open door and looks out. He sees something and is frightened. Bell sounds.)*



Who are you? What do you want?

*(Tim backs away from the door as Martha, dressed in black pajamas and wearing a large black hoodie, enters. She is now ringing the bell.)*

Martha?

*(Martha holds out her hand in a stop motion.)*

*(Resigned:)* All right. I know. You're the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come.

*(Martha lowers her hand.)*

Do what you have to do.

*(Martha points toward the bedroom. Peter, Belinda, Remy and Rory enter in their original clothes but now each wearing a black hat. They carry headstones behind their backs.)*

Who dresses this family?

*(Martha motions for Tim to be quiet.)*

Go on then. Do your worst.

*(Peter, Belinda, Remy and Rory move toward Tim. They reveal the headstones but do not reveal the names on them.)*

Let's have it then. Who's the lucky one? Who has the headstone with my name on it? Peter, is it you?

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