

A Dickens of A Christmas Character Description & Audition Lines

NARRATORS (Male or Female): Tell the story between scenes, large speaking part and vocal singing feature, duet, quartet, or possibly solo.

EBENEZER SCROOGE: A crotchety, stingy, old businessman. Large speaking part and vocal solo. Will be an older student.

JACOB MARLEY (may be male or female): Business partner of Scrooge who appears as a ghost.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST (male or female): No vocal solo

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT (male or female): No vocal solo

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE (male or female): Tall, scary, hooded figure, mostly sound effects not actual lines

FRED: A generous man, the nephew and only relative to Scrooge. Singing solo.

SARAH: Fred's Wife. She's happy person but is fed up with the way Fred is treated by Scrooge. No vocal solo

BOB CRATCHIT: Assistant to Scrooge, nice and humble. Sings a vocal duet

MRS. CRATCHIT: Wife of Bob Cratchit, Mother of Tiny Tim. A gentle woman that dislikes Scrooge. Sings a duet with Bob.

MARTHA CRATCHIT: Daughter of Bob Cratchit

BELINDA CRATCHIT: Daughter of Bob Cratchit

TINY TIM: Young, crippled child of Bob Cratchit. Vocal Solo.

MR. FEZZIWIG: Jolly past employer of Scrooge, throws a Christmas Party. No Vocal Solo.

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Wife of Mr. Fezziwig, also jolly. No Vocal Solo

CHARITY VOLUNTEERS 1, 2 & 3: They try to get Scrooge to donate to the poor. No Vocal Solo

CHILDREN WHO GET THE TURKEY: Boys or girls No Vocal Solo

SHOEMAKER, SEAMSTRESS, BAKER, and MERCHANT: Speak about taking and selling property that belongs to Scrooge and how nobody will miss him. No Vocal Solo

ENSEMBLE ROLES with small or group lines

CRATCHIT FAMILY CHILDREN: Poor but happy!

FEZZIWIG DAUGHTERS: All dressed for a party.

PARTY GOERS (FIDDLER, MAID and more) Attend Fezziwig Christmas Party in the Past

DINNER PARTY GUESTS Attend Fred and Sarah Christmas Party in the Present

SCRIPT SELECTIONS

All students will need to sing by themselves if they want a part with a solo.

Boys interested in the part of Scrooge should read both the mean and nice lines.

Please use as much expression and movement as possible. Memorizing the selection always shows hard work but is not required.

SCROOGE

Scrooge: What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money.... A time for finding yourself a year older and not a day richer!! If I had my way, every idiot who goes around with "Merry Christmas" on his lips would be boiled in his own pudding!

Scrooge (Nice): (should appear giddy and childlike) I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future! I don't know what to do first. I am as merry as a schoolboy! (yelling out the window) Hello there, hello! Can you tell me what today is?

GHOST OF MARLEY: (In a ghostly voice) Here me! My time is nearly gone! I am here tonight to warn you, Ebenezer, that you have a chance, a hope of escaping my fate. You will be haunted by three spirits. Expect the first one tomorrow when the bell tolls one.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: The things you are seeing are but shadows of the things that have been. See the school over there? A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is still there. Let us see another Christmas. (*Magically changes the scene*) Look out here. A frail creature, but she had a large heart.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: (Very Jolly) I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me. (Scrooge Looks) You have never seen the likes of me before? Touch my robe and hold on! We are going on a journey.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE: Slowly nods head. Slowly lifts arm to point. Grunts. Slowly walks almost as if floating. Groans and points again for Scrooge to walk.

NARRATORS

NARRATOR 1: Marley was dead.

NARRATOR 2: Dead as a doornail.

NARRATOR 1: Of that there is no doubt. This fact must be distinctly understood -

NARRATOR 2: - or nothing wonderful can come of this story.

NARRATOR 1: Now Scrooge was a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old man.

NARRATOR 2: Hard and sharp as flint, and self-contained and solitary as an oyster.

MR & MRS FEZZIWIG

Mr. Fezziwig: Yo, ho! No more work tonight. It's Christmas Eve. Clear everything away, my friends. It's time for celebration!

Mrs. Fezziwig: Oh my, you really have outdone yourself this year my dear!

Mr. Fezziwig: Nothing's too good for our dedicated friends and employees!

SCRIPT SELECTIONS Continued

SARAH and FRED

Sarah: I have no patience with him. I suppose his offences carry their own punishment. His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it.

Fred: I am sorry for him. I couldn't be angry with him if I tried.

Sarah: Who suffers from his ill whims? Only himself.

Fred: If he has decided to dislike us and he won't come and dine with us, what's the consequence? (*teasing*) He doesn't miss out on much of a dinner.

Sarah: (*slightly offended*) Indeed, I think he loses out on a very good dinner!

CRATCHIT FAMILY

Belinda Cratchit: Here's Martha now Mother. (to Martha) Oh Martha, there's such a goose!

Mrs. Cratchit: (*to Martha*) Well bless your heart, how late you are!

Martha Cratchit: We had a great deal of work to finish up last night, and then we had to clean up this morning.

Cratchit Child 1: Look, Father's coming.

Cratchit Child 2: Hide Martha, hide!

Tiny Tim: Here we come, Mama! (*Bob and Tiny Tim enter.*)

Mrs. Cratchit: And how did our little Tim behave in church today?

Bob Cratchit: As good as gold. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant on Christmas Day for them to remember who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

Mrs. Cratchit: Come everyone; let's sit down for dinner. The goose is cooked, the applesauce and potatoes are ready, and the pudding is in the copper! (*Cratchit family sits for their small feast.*)

Bob Cratchit: (*raising a glass*) Let's toast to Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!

Mrs. Cratchit: Indeed! I WISH I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon!

Bob: Now Martha

Tiny Tim: God Bless us everyone!

TOWN FOLK

Baker: No, I don't know much about it. I only know he's dead.

Seamstress: When did he die?

Merchant: Last night, I believe.

Shoemaker: I thought he'd never die.

Baker: What has he done with all of his money?

Seamstress: I haven't heard.

Merchant: He hasn't left it to ME. That's all I know. (*They laugh.*)

Shoemaker: It's probably going to be a very cheap funeral.

Merchant: I wonder if anyone will go?

Baker: I'll go, if lunch is provided! (*laughing as they exit stage L*)