



SAMPLE SCRIPT

Hello! & Welcome to A Twisted Plays/Junior Drama Sample Script!

On the following pages you will find a sample of the script that is available for

a Kids Christmas Carol

Enjoy Reading it!



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SUMMARY

This retelling of the Charles Dickens classic features all of the moments that you expect, but there's no death, no spirits, just kid fun. Ebby Scrooge hasn't been behaving in school. No one wants to sit by Ebby at lunch and Ebby won't let anyone borrow anything! Join Jacob, Ebby's only friend on the story of how Ebby goes from naughty to nice. Ebby is visited by 3 kids who show the past, present and future is Ebby continues on this path. With a large cast and the possibility of a musical component, this is the PERFECT show for any school or theatre.

Jacob, Bob, and Tiny Tim are typically portrayed by boys, however can easily be changed to female. All other characters are written to be either male or female including Ebby.

This show is extremely simple to stage with very little props, sets and costuming needed.



CHARACTER LIST

- Jacob: Ebby's only friend [M]
- Ebby Scrooge: not a very nice kid [E]
- Bob: A boy in their class [M]
- Baily: a student [E]
- Alex: another student [E]
- Riley: Ebby's brother [M/E]
- Kid of Christmas Past [E]
- Young Ebby [E]
- Teacher [E]
- Fanny: Ebby's friend [E]
- Devon: another student [E]
- Kid of Christmas Present [E]
- Tiny Tim: a kindergarten student [E]
- Florian: another student [E]
- Kid of Christmas Yet To Come [E]
- Mom or Dad: Ebby's Mom or Dad [E]
- Jordan: a child passing by [E]
- Ensemble of additional students



PROLOGUE – A Street : Christmas Week

A group of carolers enter singing Deck the Halls or any familiar Christmas carol. Jacob enters with a box as the carolers begin to exit.

JACOB: (speaking to the audience) Hmm... very nice. I always love to hear Christmas carols. Not that I would ever admitted it. It's not always cool to like Christmas music. (puts the box on the ground) Allow me to introduce myself. (Bows.) Jacob's the name. I'm here to tell you a story. A Christmas story, actually, about a friend of mine named Ebby Scrooge. S/He's was in my class at school. Ebby was my best friend. Over the past year Ebby has become mean, yelling at other kids or throwing things at them. Until, that is, one Christmas Eve...

We fade to...

SCENE ONE : An Art Classroom

It's the last day of school before Christmas Break. The students are working on their art projects. Ebby is seated at a desk in the back of the room writing.

BOB: Excuse me, Ebby.

EBBY: (not looking up.) What is it, Bob?

BOB: I was wondering, that is, if it's all right with you, if I could borrow your red pencil?

EBBY: (Looks up.) What?! Do you know how important my colored pencils are? Next thing you'll be asking to borrow my blue one or the green one! Where will it end, Bob? Where will it end?! Leave me alone.

BOB: Sorry to bother you.

Baily and Alex cross to Bob.

BAILY: Hey Bob.

ALEX: Merry Christmas!

BOB: Hello Baily. And a Merry Christmas to you, too Alex!

EBBY: (To himself.) Bah, humbug!

BAILY: We're working on our Christmas cards and wanted to see if you had a glue stick we could borrow.

BOB: No, I used mine up last week.

ALEX: Maybe Ebby has one we can borrow.

EBBY: (Stands. Angry.) No way. I do not loan my items out to people like you.

ALEX: Sorry, Ebby. We only thought ...

EBBY: You only thought! That's unlikely!

ALEX: (insulted.) Well!

EBBY: I will not give you a glue stick, I wouldn't even give you the scraps of paper that I will throw away.

BAILY: But, Ebby, we just needed to borrow it for a minute.

ALEX: We will give it right back.

EBBY: Not a scrap of paper!

BOB: (Timid.) But, Ebby, if I may say--

EBBY: No, you can't say, Bob.

(BOB bows and scurries back to his desk.)

BAILY: I would think you could find it heart to share. After all, it is Christmas.

ALEX: Yes, Christmas.

EBBY: Christmas? Humbug on Christmas! Now stop begging for supplies!

BAILY/ALEX: Gosh!

EBBY: Now leave me alone.

RILEY: (approaches Ebby) My, those two seem in an awfully big hurry.

EBBY: Not fast enough for my liking.

RILEY: Let me guess, you were rude to them?

EBBY: Nothing they didn't deserve.

RILEY: You could have a little compassion. After all, it is Christmas.

EBBY: Humbug on Christmas! I despise it all. (Mocking) "Merry Christmas!" "Happy holidays!" Makes me sick!

RILEY: I'm sorry to hear it. I was hoping that you would sit with me at lunch.

EBBY: Hah! I would sooner starve! Silly.

RILEY: What's so silly about it? You are my brother/sister, after all. And that's what Christmas is about ... family.

EBBY: You can leave now, I'm busy.

RILEY: Good thing I'm not afraid of you. The offer still stands if you change your mind. Merry Christmas Bob!

BOB: (Calls after him.) Merry Christmas!

EBBY: Bob!

BOB: Sorry.

EBBY: (Grumbles to himself.) Christmas... humbug on Christmas. And look at the time. Almost the end of art class. These interruptions have wasted the whole class.

BOB: Yes. Umm, Ebby?

EBBY: What is it now, Bob?

BOB: Well, you're really good at drawing Christmas trees.

EBBY: I know I am.

BOB: Well if it's not too inconvenient...

EBBY: You want me to draw one for you?

BOB: If possible.

EBBY: No.

(Ebby continues to work on his own drawing)

BOB: Thanks anyway.

EBBY: Bah! (BLACKOUT)

SCENE TWO : Ebby's Bedroom

Ebby enters and sits on his bed. Opens his school bag and takes out his drawing.

EBBY: What a day! All this Christmas stuff is making me sick.

JACOB'S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE, ghostly voice.) Scrooge...

EBBY: What's that? I thought I heard something...

JACOB'S VOICE: Scrooge...

EBBY: There it is again!

JACOB'S VOICE: Ebby Scrooge.

EBBY: (Jumps up from bed, looks around in fear.) Who's there? Who is calling me?

JACOB: (enters with a box.) Ebby Scrooge. It's me, Jacob.

EBBY: What? Who— who are you?

JACOB: You hard of hearing or what? It's me! Jacob!

SCROOGE: Jacob?

JACOB: In the flesh!

EBBY: But... but... you moved to London! How can you be here?

JACOB: I'm not really here.

EBBY: What do you mean?

JACOB: Scrooge! I'm here to warn you!

EBBY: Warn me? About what?

JACOB: You haven't been yourself lately.

EBBY: What do you mean?

JACOB: You've been mean, nasty and not nice at all.

EBBY: Humbug!

JACOB: You can change!

EBBY: Change? Why would I? I like things just as they are.

JACOB: Tonight you will be visited by three kids. Listen closely to the lessons they come to teach you.

EBBY: Three kids? Ridiculous! Why didn't you tell me you were coming for a visit?

JACOB: I'm not here. I'm in your head.

EBBY: Right! (exits to change)

JACOB: (Backs OUT.) Scrooge! Listen to the lessons of the kids! (exits)

EBBY: (enters in a robe) Imagine! Jacob? I wonder what made me think of him. I used to catch him humming Christmas carols at this time of year. Humbug! (As he drifts off to sleep.) I need a good night's sleep ... (KID OF CHRISTMAS PAST ENTERS, skips to EBBY'S bed and shakes him.)

EBBY: (Wakes with a start.) Wha—what? Who are you?!

CHRISTMAS PAST: I'm the kid of Christmas past.

EBBY: (Rubs his eyes.) The kid of Christmas past? (Mocking.) Oh, right, like Jacob said.

CHRISTMAS PAST: That's right.

EBBY: (Sarcastic.) Yeah. Actually, you're just some bad tuna that I ate before bed, so if you don't mind, I'm just going to go back to sleep.

CHRISTMAS PAST: (offended) You doubt me?

EBBY: Well, really. You don't expect me to believe that you're actually some kid sent here to teach me a lesson?

CHRISTMAS PAST: (To self.) Jacob warned me he was a tough customer.

EBBY: Jacob? Him again?

CHRISTMAS PAST: Listen. I have a job to do, and I'm not leaving until I do it.

EBBY: And then will you leave me alone?

CHRISTMAS PAST: Promise.

EBBY: I can't believe I'm negotiating with a figment of my imagination. All right, then. Do whatever it is you came to do.

CHRISTMAS PAST: I'm supposed to take you on a journey.

EBBY: A journey? To where?

CHRISTMAS PAST: I'm the kid of Christmas past, remember? We're going back in time.

EBBY: Whatever you say.

CHRISTMAS PAST: Okay—hang on! (Takes EBBY by the hand and leads him OFF)



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