

Suzie Scrooge

by Don Zolidis

(SUZIE SCROOGE is decorating her Christmas tree. She is humming along to “We Wish you a Merry Christmas”)

SUZIE

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a happy new year.

(Mr. SCROOGE enters.)

MR. SCROOGE

Come along Suzie, we'll be late.

SUZIE

I'm almost done.

(She puts the finishing touch on her tree.)

There. Our Christmas tree. What do you think?

MR. SCROOGE

It's... special. Just like you.

SUZIE

Thanks Uncle Ebenezer.
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas...

MR. SCROOGE

Do you have to sing that song?

SUZIE

Sorry. O come all ye faithful—

MR. SCROOGE

Suzie. Come here. What would you say if I told you that I was going to get you singing lessons?

SUZIE

Really!?! That's great.

MR. SCROOGE

And then what if I said not to sing until you got those lessons?

SUZIE

Oh... I guess.

MR. SCROOGE

We wouldn't want to squander our voice, now would we?

SUZIE

I guess not.

MR. SCROOGE

That's a good girl. Because if you sing badly, do you know what happens?

SUZIE

No.

MR. SCROOGE

Your Mommy and Daddy up in heaven, well, they look down... and they cry. And we wouldn't want that, now would we?

SUZIE

No.

MR. SCROOGE

Good. Let's get in the limo. We have a very special stop this evening.

(SUZIE exits. Mr. SCROOGE looks around and takes a few things off the tree.)

(Lights change.)

(The Cratchit House. Loud music. Mr. CRATCHIT comes out dancing.)

MR. CRATCHIT

Everybody in tha house! Everybody in tha house!

TINY TIM *(off-stage)*

Dad stop it!

MR. CRATCHIT

I'm just getting my groove on. Everybody say yeah. Everybody say yeah.

(MRS. CRATCHIT enters carrying food.)

MRS. CRATCHIT

Bob, would you stop getting down and start helping us set up for dinner? Your boss will be here any minute.

MR. CRATCHIT

I don't understand why we invited that old geezer over here anyway.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Do you want a raise or not?

MR. CRATCHIT

Well I—

MRS. CRATCHIT

You're going to get a raise and you're going to like it. Tim get out here!

TINY TIM (*off-stage*)

Leave me alone!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Stop playing Halo 3 and get out here right now!

TINY TIM (*off-stage*)

Try and make me!

MRS. CRATCHIT

What was that?

TINY TIM (*off-stage*)

You're not my real Mom!

MR. CRATCHIT

Barb, remember your blood pressure—

(*MRS. CRATCHIT storms off-stage.*)

TINY TIM (*off-stage*)

What are you gonna do?! Ah! You can't do that! I needed to save my game! Ah! Aah!
Let go! Don't touch my X-box! Nooooo! You're evil!

(*MRS. CRATCHIT drags TINY TIM out by the ear. She hurls him to the ground.*)

MRS. CRATCHIT

Listen you little hellion, I don't like you and you don't like me, but we are going to be a happy family tonight—

MR. CRATCHIT

Barb—

MRS. CRATCHIT

Stuff it, Bob.

TINY TIM

This is why I'm in therapy, Dad. She's always telling me what to do.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Bob, get Tiny Tim's cane.

TINY TIM

I'm not using the cane anymore and I don't like the name Tiny Tim. I prefer Small Tim.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Get the cane, Bob.

MR. CRATCHIT

Yes, dear.

(MR. CRATCHIT exits.)

TINY TIM

If my real Mom was alive she'd beat you with a baseball bat you evil harpy. You're lucky I don't have a rocket launcher.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Do you understand who's coming over here tonight?

TINY TIM

Dad's boss.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Ebenezer Scrooge. He used to be the most miserly, most despicable rich man in town. Until last year at Christmas. Now he's giving everything away. He's given your father five raises in the past year—we're swimming in cash.

TINY TIM

Great, so why do I—

MRS. CRATCHIT

Because, Tiny Tim, if you have a cane and you act like you're sick, and we pretend to be a poor sad little family, he's going to open that big fat wallet of his and give us everything we want.

TINY TIM

What do I get?

MRS. CRATCHIT

Haven't you always wanted a sixty inch flat screen TV?

TINY TIM

How do you know that? Have you been reading my diary?

MRS. CRATCHIT

Yes. And we need to talk later about the way you think about girls, but right now, think about that giant television, because we could get. And lots more than that. If you play along.

(MR. CRATCHIT returns with the cane.)

MR. CRATCHIT

Here we are dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT *(to TINY TIM)*

Well?

TINY TIM

I'm not feeling so well. I think I have leg cancer.

MR. CRATCHIT

I'm not sure I like fooling Mr. Scrooge like this. I feel sorta bad for him. Everybody's taking advantage of him. Pretty soon he won't have any money left.

MRS. CRATCHIT

That's why we need to get the money now you wimp. Do you remember your story?

MR. CRATCHIT

Yeah.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Good. And don't screw it up or you'll be sorry.

MR. CRATCHIT

Yes dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Tell me you love me.

MR. CRATCHIT

I love you.

TINY TIM

God bless us, every one!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Save it for the geezer, Tim. Just sit by the fire and look sad.

TINY TIM

Okay.

(There's a knock at the door.)

MRS. CRATCHIT

They're here! Look alive!

(MR. CRATCHIT sits. TINY TIM sighs. MRS. CRATCHIT runs to get the door and starts coughing. MR. SCROOGE and SUZIE are there.)

MRS. CRATCHIT

Why Mr. Scrooge, we didn't expect you for Christmas!

MR. SCROOGE

Call me Ebenezer. And how is my favorite employee today?

MR. CRATCHIT

I believe I'm your only employee sir.

MR. SCROOGE

Right.

MR. CRATCHIT

Well uh... we're doing well.

(MRS. CRATCHIT coughs.)

Well not really well, more like okay.

(MRS. CRATCHIT coughs again.)

A little bit less than okay. Awful really. Downright awful.

MR. SCROOGE

Sorry to hear that.

MR. CRATCHIT

It's okay. We manage.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Although it is difficult. What with the uh...

MR. CRATCHIT

Rats.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Yes the rats. They're horrible, they are.

MR. CRATCHIT

They ate one of our children. I woke up one morning and came into the living room and there was only a leg of dear Maggie left. I blame myself. We should have seen it coming. She was also so plump and inviting.

SUZIE

You're kidding right?

MRS. CRATCHIT

Now who's this little darling?

MR. SCOUGE

This is my niece Suzie.

SUZIE

I love Christmas.

MR. CRATCHIT

Oh we love Christmas here too. Every year we have a turkey and a giant feast and...

(MRS. CRATCHIT coughs.)

Except this year. We're having... fish... the kind no one wants... Tiny Tim goes down to the docks and steals it when no one is looking.

TINY TIM

No one can see me because I'm tiny.

MR. SCROOGE

Are you saying that after all those raises you still can't afford a proper turkey?

MR. CRATCHIT

Um...

MRS. CRATCHIT

Medical bills. For poor Tiny Tim.

(TINY TIM looks sad and hobbles about on his crutch.)

SUZIE

Don't I go to school with you?

TINY TIM

Must be someone else. I'm too weak to go to school.

SUZIE

Aren't you on the football team?

TINY TIM

Oh no. Not me. Not with my... leg cancer.

MR. CRATCHIT

Don't talk about it Tiny Tim.

TINY TIM

I have to be strong, Papa.

MR. CRATCHIT

Oh my boy. My poor poor boy.

TINY TIM

Will you carry me on your shoulders Papa? I'm too weak to stand right now.

MR. CRATCHIT

On my shoulders?

TINY TIM

Oh yes. I only weigh as much as a feather. Please. I do so love being able to look down on people.

MR. CRATCHIT

Maybe later.

TINY TIM

It's a shame I won't live to be full grown. Or to find love. Please papa?

MR. CRATCHIT

Okay.

(TINY TIM climbs onto MR. CRATCHIT's shoulders. He nearly buckles under the weight.)

TINY TIM

Oh it's so glorious up here!

MR. CRATCHIT

Ow.

TINY TIM

Run, papa, run! Let me feel what it's like to run! Come on!

(TINY TIM tries to spur MR. CRATCHIT on to run. He manages a few steps.)

MR. SCROOGE

That brings a tear to my eye.

MR. CRATCHIT

Mine too. Ow.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Now boys. Stop horsing around. Someone will get hurt and then... then we'll lose the house.

MR. CRATCHIT

We won't lose the house!

MRS. CRATCHIT

You don't know the truth, Bob. Our situation is worse than you thought.

TINY TIM

If only someone would save us. And save my heart. If only there was an attractive girl nearby who would take pity on a poor soul like me and grant me my heart's desire before I die of leg cancer.

MR. SCROOGE

Wait a minute!

SUZIE

Uncle Ebenezer—

MR. SCROOGE

Suzie here doesn't have a boyfriend!

TINY TIM

Really?

MR. SCROOGE

And she's very attractive if she just puts some effort into it.

SUZIE

What?

MR. SCROOGE

It's true! Go on, go out with the boy, it would make his Christmas wish come true!

SUZIE

I'm not going out with him.

TINY TIM

I feel weak.

MR. SCROOGE

Come on Suzie, have some Christmas spirit.

SUZIE

I've got plenty of Christmas spirit.

MR. CRATCHIT

Not to interrupt this touching moment, Mr. Scrooge, but let's put aside Tiny Tim's love life for a minute and focus on the real problem here.

TINY TIM

I need mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Shut it, Tim.

TINY TIM

It's going dark.

MR. CRATCHIT

We don't have a turkey this year, Mr. Scrooge, and—

MR. SCROOGE

Say no more. Let me get my checkbook.

(MR. SCROOGE takes out a checkbook.)

SUZIE

They don't need any money, uncle Scrooge!

MRS. CRATCHIT

You just don't understand poverty, do you little girl?

MR. SCROOGE

Would this be enough?

(He hands a check to MR. CRATCHIT.)

MR. CRATCHIT

Oh that's very generous sir.

MRS. CRATCHIT

But unfortunately Tiny Tim requires a very exclusive and expensive doctor from Austria.

MR. CRATCHIT

Oh yes, Dr.—

MRS. CRATCHIT

Fugenbarkenstein.

MR. CRATCHIT

He's very expensive.

MRS. CRATCHIT

But very good.

(MR. SCROOGE writes another check.)

MR. SCROOGE

Here.

MR. CRATCHIT

Thank you so much sir!

MRS. CRATCHIT

It's just too bad there's no money in Tiny Tim's college fund.

MR. CRATCHIT

Oh yes that is sad.

SUZIE

I thought he was going to die before college.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Young lady, perhaps if you were kinder to people in general, you would understand the true meaning of Christmas. You have no heart.

TINY TIM

Please.... Someone... would someone please love me. How about you?

SUZIE

No!

MR. SCROOGE

Here's another check.

MR. CRATCHIT

That's most generous sir! Most generous indeed!

MRS. CRATCHIT

You've saved this young boy's life!

TINY TIM

I feel better already, Papa. God bless us, every one.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Although the leg cancer could come back at any time.

TINY TIM

Don't say that!

MRS. CRATCHIT

We'll call you if it does.

MR. SCROOGE

Well... I'm glad to be of help. If there's anything else you need—

MRS. CRATCHIT

Now that you mention it—

SUZIE

Let's go uncle!

(SUZIE drags MR. SCROOGE out the door. TINY TIM and MRS. CRATCHIT look at the checks.)

TINY TIM

Sweet!

(If you would like to read the rest of this play, please email me at don@donzolidis.com This play is currently unpublished, so scripts are free; performances are \$40 each.)