

Useful for Christmas, or other time of year.

**Puppet speaking cast:**

Chris  
Patti

**Puppet non-speaking cast:** (may be reduced or eliminated)

Oleander P. Q. R. Scrooge  
Macob Jarley  
Bob Scratchit  
Mrs. Scratchit  
Belinda Scratchit  
Peter Scratchit  
Martha Scratchit  
Tony Tom Scratchit

**Script**

Patti: Now, then, here we are, ready for our story time.

Chris: Don't look now, but we are not alone!

Patti: We aren't? Who's here? I don't see anyone.

Chris: Look, over there, over my shoulder. (others look around) Not now! Don't make it look so obvious that you are staring at, at, at THEM!

Patti: THEM? Who is THEM?

Chris: The people right out there, . . . , and they are . . . . watching us! Man! This is . . . scary!

Patti: You mean those people out there in the congregation?

Chris: Ix-nay! I said, don't make it obvious that you are looking at them! Sheeesh!

Patti: Obvious? What's wrong with obvious? Obvious should be, well, . . . obvious, I suppose.

Chris: What should be obvious is, what if we have to talk to those people?

Patti: That would be nice! (*waves to the congregation*) Hi, guys! Good to see you!

Chris: Well I hope you are now happy! You just had to go and do it, didn't you?

Patti: Do . . . . it? Do, . . . what? I guess I don't quite, just, exactly, quite, understand.

Chris: Next thing you know, we'll have to . . . . you know . . .

Patti: Have to . . . . ? Have to, what?

Chris: Tell them an s-t-o-r-y!

Patti: An s-t-o-r . . . . I don't get it Chris, what's an s-t-o- . . . . .

Chris: A story! A story, that's what!

Patti: A story? Really? Hey, that's great! Did you hear that people? Chris is going to tell us a story! Hey, Chris, now that is neat. Real neat! Don't you agree, people? Chris wants to tell us a story! Wow, I can hardly . . .

Chris: Will you keep it down! No, Chris does not, may I repeat, does not wish to tell these people a story!

Patti: But, then, why did you tell these people that you were going to tell them a story, if you didn't want to . . .

Chris: I did not, again, I did not, at any time, say anything about a story.

Patti: Look. Somebody's got to tell them a story, I mean, after all . . . . .

Chris: Fine then, you tell the story.

Patti: Me, me tell the story? But what do I know about telling stories?

Chris: Absolutely nothing, but that's never stopped you before.

Patti: You know, maybe you're right! I could tell a story, like I could tell the story about, about . . . . about . . . . about Thanksgiving. Yeh, that's it, Thanksgiving, that will be great, so, people, ready for a story about Thanksgiving? Here goes then, . . . . .

Chris: Hello! What season is it?

Patti: Season? You mean, now, what season is it right now?

Chris: Right now! Is it Thanksgiving, by any chance?

Patti: Thanksgiving? No, no, actually Thanksgiving is over. It's almost Christmas. You know, Chris, that was kind of a silly question!

Chris: Look, if it is Christmas, why not tell a Christmas story? Ever think of that, Patti?

Patti: A Christmas story? At Christmas? Like, now, you mean? You know, that just might work! Yup, real possibilities! I can see it right now! Ah, yes, a Christmas story, perhaps A Puppet Christmas Carol.

Chris: A Puppet Christmas Carol?

Patti: The old, old story, old, yet ever new, now once again retold, of Oleander P. Q. R. Scrooge,

Chris: Oleander Scrooge?

Patti: Oleander P. Q. R. Scrooge. Yes, and there was Macob Jarley

Chris: The guy's name was . . .

Patti: Macob Jarley. And, there was Bob Scratchit and his family

Chris: Bob . . . . . Scratchit . . .

Patti: . . and his family, and then there was little Tony Tom,

Chris: Tony Tom?

Patti: Yep, . . . God bless us, every one! Now, Bob Scratchit worked as an anesthetist and part-time lumber jack at City Hospital . . .

Chris: . . . an anesthetist . . . and part-time lumber jack . . . . . at City Hospital?

Patti: Right y'are pardner! His boss was a tough doctor name'a Oleander P. Q. R. Scrooge, why he was just mean, through and through. Bob Scratchit, why he and his wife, Mrs. Scratchit, they had a tough life, what with the fact that old Oleander P. Q. R. Scrooge didn't pay Bob all that well. Besides, the Scratchits had a big family to support. Let's see if I can remember all the kid's names, there was Bennda Scratchit, and Peter Scratchit, and Martha Scratchit, and, of course there was little Tony Tom Scratchit

Chris: Tony Tom Scratchit?

Patti: Yep, and poor little Tony Tom, him bein' sickly and all!

Chris: Do tell!

Patti: Yep, Yep, anyways, along comes Christmas Eve, why, Bob Scratchit, he walks into ol' Oleander's office, throws his stethoscope and his chainsaw on the counter, sez,, 'O. P. Q. R. S.', that's what Bob Scratchit called Oleander P. Q. R. Scrooge, on account'a that was his . . . . .

Chris: . . . . his initials! I got it, go on! Go on!

Patti: Right ya are! So Scratchit, he sez,, 'O. P. Q. R. S., figger I'll mosey on home, this bein' Christmas Eve, 'n all. And, bye the bye, I was wonderin' if maybe I could have the day off tomorrow, it bein' Christmas day.'

Chris: Makes sense, makes sense!

Patti: Ta you 'n me, maybe, but old Oleander, he just said, 'hey, hold on a minute there, Scratchit! There's a few things needin' done around the hospital before anyone goes home tonight. And as for tomorrow, why you can just forget it!' Scratchit he was some upset, sez to Oleander Scrooge, he sez, 'but it's Christmas Eve, O.P.Q.R.S!' But nothin' doin', Scrooge sez, it has ta be done, 'n it has ta be done now!


Chris: Pity, it bein' Christmas Eve 'n all!

Patti: Do tell! Not only does Scratchit have ta make his rounds in the hospital, Ol' Oleander makes him cut down two trees in the hospital parking lot!

Chris: Two trees in the parking lot? On Christmas Eve?

Patti: 'Xactly that! But finally Bob Scratchit finishes his rounds of the wards, and the trees, and goes home. Poor ol' Bob! Not so much as a penny in his pocket. And it bein' Christmas Eve! No gifts, no food in the house.

Chris: Why I, I, I just don't know what to say, I mean with it bein' Christmas Eve and all. This story makes me real, real sad. I could just, well, . . . . . *(starts crying loudly)*

Patti: I can't but agree with you old friend.  Brings a lump to my throat too! *(gulps)* Anyways, back to Scratchit. Bob, he walks into the house, sez, 'hiya, anybody home?' To which came a thunderin' of feet as Belinda Scratchit, and Peter Scratchit, and Martha Scratchit, and, of course little Tony Tom Scratchit, came runnin' to see their daddy, home from work.

Chris: Kinda sad, yet helpless, isn't it?

Patti: 'Tis. Then along comes Bob's wife, Mrs. Scratchit, sez, 'so, I see ol' Skinflint Oleander made you work right up to the last minute again on Christmas Eve! Well, at least we'll have Christmas day together'.