

The Farndale Avenue Housing Estate
Townswomen's Guild Dramatic Society production
of
A Christmas Carol

by David Mc Gillivray and Walter Zerlin Jr

directed by Anne Clutterbuck

Season dates: 26, 27, 28, 29 November & 3, 4, 5
December 2026

KUCOM THEATRE AUDITIONS - A CHRISTMAS COMEDY

The Farndale Avenue Housing Estate Townswomen's Guild Dramatic Society's Production of "A Christmas Carol" is an hilarious British comedy, one in a series of comedies written by David McGillivray and Walter Zerlin Jnr.

In these comedies whatever can go wrong does go wrong. Sets fall over, the actors (who play several roles each) forget lines and get stuck in sets. It is an amateur dramatic society's version of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.

The play opens at Kucom in late November with auditions happening at 2pm on 23rd August. There are also lots of props and costume changes, so if acting is not your thing but you'd like to be involved, please come along.

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FARNDAL ... A CHRISTMAS CAROL**AUDITION SHEET**

Auditions for this production have been scheduled for 2pm on Sunday 23 August 2026.
 If you wish to audition but are unable to attend on this date, please phone the Director, Anne Clutterbuck, to make alternative arrangements: 0407 635 612.

Name			
Address			
Postal address (if different from above)			
Phone			
Email			
Age range (please circle)	Under 18	18 – 30 45 – 60	30 – 45 60 and over
What role/s are you auditioning for? (please circle)	Mrs Reece Gordon	Thelma Felicity	Mercedes
What other stage productions have you been in?	See next page		
If you are not cast in this production, would you be available to help with any of the following? (please circle)	Producer Stage Manager Set construction Set painting Backstage crew Sound Lighting Props Makeup Costumes Hair styling Publicity Photograph/videos Front of House Bar (members serving alcoholic beverages at the bar are required to have RSA certification)		

Important information:

A Christmas Carol will be performed at Kucom Theatre, 1 Snow Wright Court, Andergrove, on:
 Thu. 26, Fri. 27, Sat. 28 November and Thu. 3, Fri. 4, Sat. 5 December 2026
 at 7.30pm
 and a matinee on Sun. 29 Nov. at 2pm

**IF YOU KNOW YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BE AVAILABLE FOR ANY OF THESE
 PERFORMANCE TIMES, PLEASE DO NOT AUDITION**

All cast and production team members are required to be financial members of Kucom Theatre.
[Follow this link to apply online.](#)

Director's use only:

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What other stage productions have you been in?

Year	Role	Production	Theatre Company
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MRS PHOEBE REES	Elegant, bossy, enterprising. She's run this company for many years and knows her way around the whole production. Plays Tiny Tim, Fred's wife, A gentleman, Mrs Dilber, the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come.
THELMA	Quick-tempered prima donna. She's been around too and would also like to run the show. Plays Ebenezer Scrooge.
GORDON	Long-suffering stage manager, frozen-faced and monotonous when acting. He mostly does as he's told, though will improvise when he thinks it's needed. Plays Mrs Cratchit, Jacob Marley, Half of the Ghost of Christmas Past, Mr Fezziwig.
FELICITY	Nervous, well-meaning but incompetent. She's not been around that long but really tries to please. She's younger. Plays Half of the Ghost of Christmas Past, Fred, Little Fan, Old Joe.
MERCEDES	Phlegmatic yet dogged. Plays Bob Cratchit, Belle and a boy

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PAGE 71	GORDON, FELICITY, MRS REECE

ACT I

A merry peal of church bells leads abruptly into "THE TROIKA" from Prokofiev's Lieutenant Kije.

The lights come up below the gauze revealing FELICITY dressed as a snowman, centre.

MRS REECE enters in bobble hat and long, woollen scarf, carrying an armful of snowballs.

MRS REECE Come, Betsy. As it is Christmas eve, let us have fun in the snow. Ha-ha-ha-ha! *(She throws snowballs)*

MERCEDES enters, similarly dressed, at snail's pace. She tries to throw a snowball at MRS REECE, but cannot lift her arm. She eventually lobes the ball about six inches.

MERCEDES That will teach you.

MRS REECE Oh, you rotter. That went right down my neck. But I know it was meant only in fun. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

GORDON is seen in the wings.

MERCEDES Ha-ha-ha-ha!

MRS REECE Hist, Betsy! Here comes our friend, Albert. Let us give him a surprise.

MERCEDES Yes, let us.

GORDON enters also in winter clothes, carrying gift-wrapped parcels. MRS REECE throws snowballs at him.

MRS REECE Take that, Albert!

MERCEDES makes another pathetic attempt at throwing.

MERCEDES And that.

GORDON Well, you two certainly gave me a surprise. But now I have one for you.

MRS REECE Look out. Betsy. Albert has got a huge one

GORDON realizes he has forgotten to bring on snowballs.

GORDON I've come on without my balls.

FELICITY, hitherto immobile, turns and looks at him. In desperation GORDON throws one of his parcels and knocks FELICITY over. MRS REECE tries to help her up. MERCEDES is no help at all.

MERCEDES Well, I have never seen one quite like that.

GORDON And now who is this coming along? Why, it is our old friend, Santa.

THELMA enters as Santa Claus, carrying a sack of parcels.

THELMA Ho-ho-ho-ho! Have you been a good little girl this year? Did you hear what I said?

MRS REECE Yes perfectly, Santa, but I'm trying to re-build the snowman so don't get uppity with me, thank you very much.

FELICITY My pipe, get my pipe!

THELMA And what about you children? Have you been causing any mischief?

MERCEDES No.

GORDON Yes.

MERCEDES nudges GORDON.

No.

THELMA Then here are some presents for you.

MRS REECE is prodding the pipe into FELICITY's face.

FELICITY No, that's my nose, Mrs Reece!

THELMA Well, merry Christmas, everyone!

In swinging her sack on to her shoulder, she knocks FELICITY over again.

Quick cross-fade to below gauze.

The Ghost Of Christmas Past enters. FELICITY exits.

Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?

GHOST/PAST I am.

SCROOGE Who, and what are you?

GHOST/PAST I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE Long past?

GHOST/PAST No. Your past. Hold on to this... *(He raises an arm beneath the sheet)* And I will show you something interesting.

Struck by the ambiguity of this remark, SCROOGE is gingerly reaching for the GHOST's hand when there is a blackout.

Everyone exits.

The bed flat is struck and music: "COME FLY WITH ME" (Frank Sinatra), is heard.

Two people cross the stage, one holding dolls in the likenesses of SCROOGE and the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, the other a torch with which they are illuminated.

MRS REECE *(offstage, through the PA)* Scrooge travelled back in time with the Spirit, back to the little market town where he was raised, and suddenly he saw before him the little children he grew up with.

The lights come up below the gauze.

FELICITY and MERCEDES stand waiting for their cue.

FELICITY suddenly grabs hold of MERCEDES and leaps into action, which is all too much for MERCEDES.

FELICITY

RING-A-RING O' ROSES,

A POCKET FULL OF POSIES,
ATISHOO! ATISHOO!
WE ALL FALL DOWN.

Only FELICITY falls down. MERCEDES stands paralysed by one of her spasms.

MERCEDES Aaarrgghh!

FELICITY What shall we play next, Ethel? I know! Leapfrog!

She bends MERCEDES forwards and attempts to leap over her.

MERCEDES No! No! Please!

FELICITY All right then. Hopscotch! *(She hops away and back at breakneck speed)* Your turn!

MERCEDES laboriously lifts one leg, seems about to hop, but instead overbalances on top of FELICITY.

SCROOGE enters.

SCROOGE Hello, Ethel! Hello, Jane! Can I play with you, please?

FELICITY Look out, Ethel. It's horrid old smelly Ebenezer Scrooge. We don't want to play with him, do we?

MERCEDES *(pulling out a paper)* This...is my...osteopath's number...phone him...please...

FELICITY Can you just say, "No, Ebenezer's a fish-face. Na-na-na-na-na-na"?

MERCEDES Fish...face...na...na-na...phone that number...please...

SCROOGE That looks like a smashing game. What is it?

FELICITY Hopscotch. But you can't join in.

SCROOGE Oh, please. I want to be your friend.

FELICITY Well, we don't want to be yours because we hate you.
(Thumb to nose) Ya-boo, sucks to you.

Flashing coloured lights then blackout. Music: "UP, UP AND AWAY" (the Johnny Mann Singers).

Everyone exits. A follow-spot comes up on SCROOGE and FELICITY who enter holding below them a hardboard cut-out with, painted on it, a picture of SCROOGE holding on to the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT's robe as they fly through the air. SCROOGE and FELICITY have their heads on top of the cut-out in appropriate positions. They cross the stage and exit.

The follow-spot goes out, the music stops. The lights come up above the gauze on the table and chair. The table is set with a few silly odds and ends for Christmas dinner.

BOB CRATCHIT enters.

CRATCHIT A merry Christmas to one and all. Just because we are at death's door from starvation doesn't mean we can't have a rollicking good time. Mrs Cratchit! Bring in our Christmas dinner.

GORDON, as MRS CRATCHIT, brings in a rubber chicken on a plate.

MRS CRATCHIT Here it is, Bob, done to a turn.

CRATCHIT You are a fine, upstanding woman, Mrs Cratchit.

Supposed to kiss MRS CRATCHIT, BOB CRATCHIT motions to her to bend nearer to his face. She bends successively nearer and after about three attempts is close enough for him to give her a peck on the cheek.

MRS CRATCHIT Not in front of the children, dear.

CRATCHIT Talking of children, where is our crippled, but ever-cheerful son, Tiny Tom?

MERCEDES (offstage) Tiny Tim!

CRATCHIT Timmy Time... Timey Tomb... Tony... Tommy Tune... sorry.

MRS CRATCHIT I think I can hear his crutch upon the stair.

MRS REECE enters as TINY TIM.

TINY TIM Hello, Mother. Hello, Father.

CRATCHIT Let me give you a warm embrace, my boy.

TINY TIM Don't smudge my lipstick.

CRATCHIT What have you been up to this Christmas morn?

TINY TIM I have been to church, Father, to pray for those less fortunate than myself. I hope that people saw me, because I am a cripple, and it may have been pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars blind and blind buggers walk.

CRATCHIT cries, MRS CRATCHIT laughs, then switches to crying when TINY TIM digs her with his crutch.

Do not cry, dear parents.

MRS CRATCHIT It's time to eat so let's sit down. Bob, you go to the head of the table, if you please. Peter, Belinda, Martha, there's room for you over there. Tim, you sit by me. And I'll sit here.

She sits on the only available chair. CRATCHIT and TINY TIM look in vain for more chairs. CRATCHIT sits on MRS CRATCHIT's knee, and TINY TIM sits on his. CRATCHIT and TINY TIM mime eating. MRS CRATCHIT finds Adrian's magazine on the table and opens the centrefold. TINY TIM takes it out of her hands.

SCROOGE enters.

SCROOGE What a close family.

TINY TIM God bless us, every one!

FRED and THELMA enter.

FRED We've got the words on a sheet.

FRED'S WIFE Yes, that's right. So there can be no excuses. And Gwynneth has recorded the accompaniment as well.

The song sheet lowered (with Adrian's magazine folded across the top of it) features the words of "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY".

MERCEDES Fill those lungs!

FRED'S WIFE And let's really raise the roof, shall we?

THELMA Excuse me.

FRED'S WIFE All right, thank you, Joyce. One—

THELMA Excuse me.

FRED'S WIFE Yes?

THELMA (*referring to the song sheet*) Have you seen this?

FRED'S WIFE (*seeing the magazine*) Adrian! Will you take yourself in hand?

THELMA I meant these are the wrong words.

FRED'S WIFE They're the ones I always sing, Thelma.

THELMA You said we were singing "Away in a Manger".

FRED'S WIFE I didn't.

THELMA You did.

FRED'S WIFE Oh, no, I didn't.

THELMA Oh, yes, you did.

FRED'S WIFE Oh, no, I didn't.

THELMA Oh, yes, you did.

FRED'S WIFE All right, I did. But it's the first mistake I've made since twelfth of April, nineteen sixty-four, so let's hear no

more about it. Joyce! Is Gwynneth primed over there? Good! Then – one, two, three.

"THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" is played on the piano and everyone sings the first verse, during which, GORDON moves into the audience.

(*speaking*) What can I say? Could do better, I think.

THELMA That fool out there isn't helping, is he?

FRED'S WIFE Gordon, will you take your hand off that man's knee?

GORDON I'm getting your rug back.

FRED'S WIFE Well, it didn't look like that to me. I'm sorry, he won't be trusted again.

GORDON *exits with the rug.*

FRED I've got a good idea, dearest. Why don't all these guests sing the verse on their own, and then those guests over there can sing it, and we'll judge which is the better?

THELMA I wouldn't mind getting to bed at some time tonight if that's at all possible.

FRED'S WIFE What a marvellous idea, Fred. All right, everyone: plan B. Fred and I are going to conduct this side. And Phyllis: will you and your friend do the honours with your side, please? And we'll have our side first. So everyone over there: tight lips, please. Your time will come. And come on now, our side! Let's show them! One, two, three.

FRED and FRED'S WIFE *lead their side of the audience in singing the first verse of "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY".*

That was lovely. It made me feel quite Christmassy. Well, ten out of ten, and I hereby declare our side the winner.

THELMA We haven't had our side singing yet.

FRED'S WIFE No time, dear. Gordon's got the results of the charades.

GORDON enters with the results, which he gives to FRED'S WIFE. He exits.

MERCEDES (to her side of the audience) Shall we have a sing afterwards? Do you want to come back to my place?

FRED'S WIFE Quiet now, please, Phyllis. The answers were as follows: our first charade was *A Christmas Carol*. I expect quite a few people got that. The next charade was *Noddy and Big Ears*. And finally that much-loved film, which was on the tip of my tongue, was in fact [whatever]. And the first person to get all three correct answers was [whoever]. Give him/her a big round of applause as he/she comes up on the stage to collect his/her Christmas present!

The audience member (hereafter referred to as 4TH PERSON) comes onstage and is congratulated by FRED'S WIFE.

GORDON enters as Santa Claus with a sack of parcels.

GORDON Ho-ho-ho-ho!

FRED'S WIFE Hello, Santa. Have you got a nice present for [name]?

GORDON Yes, it's a knockout.

Swinging the sack off his shoulder, he clubs MERCEDES to the ground.

FRED'S WIFE This is a lethal weapon, Santa. (To MERCEDES) You haven't sustained anything irrevocable, have you, dear?

MERCEDES I'm not sure, Mrs Reece. Just let me lie here for a minute or two.

FRED'S WIFE But we've got to finish the play.

MERCEDES There isn't much. Someone else can say my lines.

FRED'S WIFE There's no one available, dear.

Pause. She does a double-take at 4TH PERSON, then looks for confirmation at others. All look at 4TH PERSON. An alternative ending is provided on page 77 in the (unlikely) event of 4TH PERSON refusing to cooperate.

Are you about a size ten? Well, we'll go and get you something off the rail then. Come with me. This won't take a moment. Carry on, Fred. The party's not over yet.

FRED I don't know what to do.

FRED'S WIFE Play another game.

FRED'S WIFE and THELMA exit with 4TH PERSON, who is dressed and primed in the wings.

FRED I am sure you all enjoyed playing charades.

GORDON Yes.

FRED And now Santa's going to suggest another game.

GORDON Yes. Ho-ho-ho. Let us play sardines.

FRED How?

GORDON Easy. We all do something or other and when the music stops whoever has been killed with the lead piping in the kitchen has to pin a sardine on the postman.

FRED Pardon?

GORDON Then sardines it is. Come in here, everyone!

FRED'S WIFE enters with 4TH PERSON, now dressed in a party frock and carrying a matching bag and glass of wine.

FRED'S WIFE Just stand there, [name].

She nearly trips over MERCEDES, who gasps.