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## Cast of Characters

NARRATOR #1	RINGO, Cratchit child
NARRATOR #2	SALLY, Cratchit child
JAKE MARLEY	TIMMY LOO HOO
THE SCROOGE	LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER #1
BOB CRATCHIT	LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER #2
BED-HEADED FRED	SAILOR #1
SOLICITOR #1	SAILOR #2
SOLICITOR #2	SAILOR #3
THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST	SAILOR #4
BOY SCROOGE (*Non-Speaking)	(BED-HEADED) FRED'S WIFE
YOUNGER SCROOGE	VOICE AT PARTY #1
LITTLE FAN	VOICE AT PARTY #2
SCHOOLMASTER	VOICE AT PARTY #3
SCHOOLMASTER'S SERVANT (*Non-Speaking)	VOICE AT PARTY #4
YOUNG SCROOGE	SVEN, The Ghost of Christmas Future (*Non-Speaking)
BELLE	BYSTANDER #1
BELLE'S HUSBAND	BYSTANDER #2
THE GHOST OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT	BYSTANDER #3
MRS. CRATCHIT	A BOY
	A MAID

## **Character Notes**

There are also many other group roles like: Street people, The Ghost Skateboard Posse, Rock Band Members, Swooning Girls, Dancers, The Neds, The Cratchit Children, Lighthouse Keepers, Sailors, Party People, and others.

It is expected in this play that actors may take on multiple roles. The roles of Narrator #1, Narrator #2, and The Scrooge would be very difficult to double. Actors can be doubled, tripled, (or even quadrupled) into most all of the other roles as the needs of any given production warrant. It is possible to perform this show with as few as 12 actors and perhaps fewer. Quick costume and character changes add to the whimsy of the show.

The characters of The Ghost of Christmas Past and The Ghost of Christmas Present (and perhaps even Sven) are written in male gender, however these roles could certainly be played female and it is permissible to change those parts of dialogue that will allow changes like this to make sense.

Other roles like: Bystanders, Sailors, Voices at Party, Solicitors, Lighthouse Keepers, Schoolmaster, and Schoolmaster's Servant are genderless and can be cast in any way that a given production may warrant.

It is also permissible to consolidate group characters like Voice #1, #2, #3, #4 into just two actors if needed. The same applies to Bystanders and Sailors, etc.

## **Disclaimer**

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# A SEUSSIFIED CHRISTMAS CAROL (FULL-LENGTH)

by Peter Bloedel

## ACT I

**NARRATOR #1.** Ladies and Gentlemen!

**NARRATOR #2.** Smart lads and lasses!

**NARRATOR #1.** It's time to wake up now and put on your glasses.

**NARRATOR #2.** Open your ears too, 'cause we've got a play.

**BOTH.** You've got things to see, and we've got things to say.

**NARRATOR #1.** We're happy you made it.

**NARRATOR #2.** We're so glad you're here.

**NARRATOR #1.** So join with us now in some good Christmas cheer.

**NARRATOR #2.** Ah. Christmas cheer.

**NARRATOR #1.** That's right.

**NARRATOR #2.** Think of it all.

**NARRATOR #1.** Egg nog,

**NARRATOR #2.** ...And Ham.

**NARRATOR #1.** Christmas cookies.

**BOTH.** The mall.

**NARRATOR #1.** Baggages.

**NARRATOR #2.** Packages.

**NARRATOR #1.** Boxes...

**NARRATOR #2.** ...and bows.

**NARRATOR #1.** A tinsely reindeer knit sweater?

**BOTH.** Who knows?

**NARRATOR #2.** What about fruitcake, or stuffing stuffed chickens?

**NARRATOR #1.** What about Sant-y, or old Charles Dickens?

**NARRATOR #2.** Ah Yes! Charles Dickens! Why after the first, He's the second most Christmas-y writer on Earth.

**NARRATOR #1.** *A Christmas Carol.*

**NARRATOR #2.** Now there's a good story,

**NARRATOR #1.** ...And, happens to be in our play inventory.

**NARRATOR #2.** That's the play that we're doing.

**NARRATOR #1.** With just a few edits.

**NARRATOR #2.** But we'll make sure Charlie D. still gets the credit.

**NARRATOR #1.** The language is more than a century old,  
And might need some sprucing before it is told.

**NARRATOR #2.** It's not that Old Dickens can't be understood,  
But we think some rhyming might make him more good.

**NARRATOR #1.** We've trimmed the plot down.

**NARRATOR #2.** A few words got a tweak.

**NARRATOR #1.** It might sound a little like Dr. Seuss speak.

**NARRATOR #2.** But listen.

**NARRATOR #1.** Come on.

**BOTH.** Is that really offbeat?

**NARRATOR #2.** A Seussified Dickens play.

**NARRATOR #1.** That could be sweet!

**NARRATOR #2.** Seuss was a genius just like Dickens was.

**NARRATOR #1.** His style could get this play a few more guffaws.

**NARRATOR #2.** Not that we're planning to do that.

**NARRATOR #1.** I'll say!

**BOTH.** This is a Dickens-y show all the way.

**NARRATOR #1.** We'll hold our breath blue,

**NARRATOR #2.** Stick to the text closely.

**NARRATOR #1.** Narrators are faithful.

**BOTH.** (*Crossing their fingers and winking:*) At least they are mostly.

**NARRATOR #1.** With all of that said...

**NARRATOR #2.** After all of that yackin'...

**NARRATOR #1.** Let's start the story.

**BOTH.** It's time to get crackin'.

(THE SCROOGE and JAKE MARLEY enter.)

**NARRATOR #2.** Here come the two business partners of old.  
The Scrooge and Jake Marley. Both were plain cold.

**NARRATOR #1.** Now when we say cold we're not talking the weather. The cold came from inside of them both together.

**NARRATOR #2.** Marley's cold heart finally went to his head. And then in an instant...

**BOTH.** ...he ended up dead.

*(JAKE MARLEY falls backward and dies. Two UNDERTAKERS are there to catch his fall. They wrap him in a cloth or put him in a box and take him off stage.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** Dead as a doornail. With only one mourner. He breathed his last breath...

**NARRATOR #2.** ...and turned life's last corner.

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge was the only friend that Marley had, but even The Scrooge didn't think it that bad.

**NARRATOR #2.** He struck a bargain.

**NARRATOR #1.** Why should he weep?

**THE SCROOGE.** I got Marley buried and got it done cheap. Too bad for him. I guess he got unlucky.

**NARRATOR #1.** Seven years passed as The Scrooge got more yucky,

*(Carolers, people carrying presents and trees, and others celebrating with Seussified, Dickens-y Christmas cheer enter the stage. THE SCROOGE sneers at them.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge was a bona fide all-people-hater. A classic begrudger, and good-news-deflator.

**NARRATOR #1.** And if there was ever a time of the year That made The Scrooge crabby and more crankier, Then it was Christmas.

**THE SCROOGE.** The cheer and the fun. All of the parties. There's work to be done! There's no time for playing, and singing those songs. The trimmings the trappings, it goes on so long. And all the children, with all of their toys. And Oh, the noise! The Noise, Noise, Noise, Noise!!!!

*(A small office appears. The Scrooge's clerk is sitting at a small desk trying to warm himself with a candle. THE SCROOGE enters the area and sits at a desk where he can keep an eye on his clerk.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** Now people don't know why The Scrooge was so icky,

**NARRATOR #1.** So mean and so coarse,

**NARRATOR #2.** So prickly, so sticky.

**NARRATOR #1.** It could be his heart was two sizes too small.

**NARRATOR #2.** Or maybe it just wasn't installed at all.

**NARRATOR #1.** (*Indicating BOB CRATCHIT sitting in the office:*)  
This is Bob Cratchit The Scrooge's poor clerk.

**THE SCROOGE.** Get busy Cratchit I pay you to *work*.  
I don't pay people to sit there and fidget.

**CRATCHIT.** I'm sorry, Sir. I was just warming my digits.

**THE SCROOGE.** Not with my candle! That cost a buck fifty.  
I got the slow burning kind, 'cuz I'm thrifty.

**CRATCHIT.** Well, Sir perhaps with some coal for the fire...

**THE SCROOGE.** What! So that you can just sit and perspire?  
Can't stand the cold? Well then "look" there's the door!  
Besides too much heat in here ruins the decor.

*(BED-HEADED FRED enters. His hair is mashed on one side  
and sticking out on the other.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** In for a visit is Bed-Headed Fred.

**NARRATOR #1.** He had the day off and just got out of bed.

**NARRATOR #2.** Fred is a cheerful, and well rested chap.

**NARRATOR #1.** It's Christmas time. Plus he just had a good nap.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Good Uncle "The Scrooge," Merry Christmas  
to you.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*Handing BED-HEADED FRED a comb:*) Bah! Hum-  
bug! Now Nephew, try combing that "doo."

*(BED-HEADED FRED takes the comb and puts it in his hair and  
leaves it there.)*

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Christmas a humbug? You can't be that gruff.

**THE SCROOGE.** How are you merry? You're still poor enough.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** A good Christmas nap gives my hair staying  
power.

But what about you? You're quite rich and still sour.

**THE SCROOGE.** What else can I be in this world? It's not funny.  
People at Christmas pay bills without money.  
If I had my way, every Christmas buffoon,  
Should boil in their own figgy pudding—and soon!

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Uncle!

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh sorry. Was that a bit harsh?  
I meant that they all should be chased through a marsh,  
By packs of alpaca wolf debt-smelling bunnies,  
And swung by their toes 'til they pay me my money.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Uncle!

**THE SCROOGE.** Now, Nephew, don't waste my time.  
Keep Christmas your way, and I'll keep it mine.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** But, Uncle. You don't keep it. Come, let's be real.

**THE SCROOGE.** What good has it done you? I mean what's the deal?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Uncle, I know that I don't make much money.  
I like a good nap, and my hairdo is funny.  
But Christmas. It's like we're all on the same train,  
Of goodwill, and joy, and hair unrestrained.  
Christmas has not put a dime in my pocket,  
But has done me good and so I say, God bless it!

(CRATCHIT *starts to applaud* BED-HEADED FRED.)

**THE SCROOGE.** Hey-ma-na! Whoa! Zip, zip! Watch it there, Bob!  
One more peep from you and bye-bye to your job.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Come, Uncle Scrooge.

**THE SCROOGE.** Uncle *The* Scrooge to you.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Join us for dinner tomorrow. Please do.

**THE SCROOGE.** No.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Come on.

**THE SCROOGE.** Nuh-uh.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Please?

**THE SCROOGE.** Nein.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** There's a feast.

**THE SCROOGE.** Not a chance.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** We'll let you carve the roast beast.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*Pauses to think.*) Not that I wouldn't love that, yes  
indeed.

(*Back to his normal rotten self:*)

Nice try. I wouldn't love that. Now please leave.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Well, it seems, Uncle, you've made your decision.  
Just thought you'd want time off from your long division.

**THE SCROOGE.** Good afternoon.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Merry Christmas and cheer!

**THE SCROOGE.** Good afternoon.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** (*To CRATCHIT:*) And a Happy New Year!

**CRATCHIT.** (*To FRED:*) Merry Christmas and a Happy...

**THE SCROOGE.** Cratchit!

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge had a head and he needed to scratch it.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*Aside:*) The wages I pay my clerk ought to be painful, And yet he is cheerful. I'm going insane-ful.

**NARRATOR #2.** Just a reminder to let you all know.  
This is by no means a Dr. Seuss show.

**NARRATOR #1.** We said it before, we'll say it again,  
This is a Dickens-y show to the end.

*(Enter the two charity SOLICITORS.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** These two are from Frum-ditty-frum-dum-berg.

**NARRATOR #1.** It's one of the subiest sub most sub suburbs.  
They came to The Scrooge's firm, right through his door,

**NARRATOR #2.** Looking for stuff to collect for the poor.

**SOLICITOR #1.** Mister The Scrooge in this festivous season,  
Many are hungry...

**SOLICITOR #2.** In need without reason.

**SOLICITOR #1.** They have no presents.

**SOLICITOR #2.** No Christmas tree stars.

**BOTH.** Their poor Christmas trees have no stars upon thars.

**SOLICITOR #1.** Hundreds of thousands want common provisions.

**THE SCROOGE.** What of the workhouses? Are there no prisons?

**SOLICITOR #2.** Plenty of prisons.

**SOLICITOR #1.** There are. Yes indeedy.

**THE SCROOGE.** Then send them all there! Can't you see that I'm  
greedy?

**SOLICITOR #2.** Those places furnish no good Christian cheer.

**SOLICITOR #1.** And that's why we're asking for donations here.

**SOLICITOR #2.** We come here because your abundance rejoices.

**SOLICITOR #1.** *(Using a smooth radio announcer-type voice:)* And to seduce you with our bassy voices.

**SOLICITOR #2.** From you what small offering might we entice?

**THE SCROOGE.** *(A bit seduced:)* I won't give a dime. But your voices are nice.

*(Snapping out of it—back to his normal rotten self:)*

I don't make merry when Christmas comes 'round.  
And I won't fund slackers to go party down!  
Prisons and work houses. Those I supply.

**SOLICITOR #1.** But many can't go there...

**SOLICITOR #2.** And would rather die.

**THE SCROOGE.** Then they'd better do it, and spare our whole nation,  
From the weak and the surplus population.

*(The two SOLICITORS look at each other, shrug and leave. A young CAROLER pops his/her head into the office and begins singing a Christmas Carol. THE SCROOGE pulls out a fantastical mechanized racquet-shaped gizmo.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** If you don't stop all of that Christmasy racket,  
I'll be forced to use my racket whack racquet.  
I've got it programmed to whack and attack  
Any rackety noise I'm too cranky to hack.  
So if you want to test me and see what's the matter,  
Just keep up that caroling, clamorous, clatter.

*(The young CAROLER shakes in his/her boots and runs off. Bells toll the hour [or better yet some zany bell sound or whistle effect more befitting the play]. It is time to close the shop.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Tomorrow I suppose you'll want off of work.

**CRATCHIT.** If it's convenient.

**THE SCROOGE.** Just me and no clerk?  
Not very convenient, or fair I must say.  
A wage for no work, for an entire day?

**CRATCHIT.** It's just once a year, Sir.

**THE SCROOGE.** Shoosh! I know the docket.  
A poor excuse...annually picking my pocket.

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge, although crabby, gave in to some weakness.

**NARRATOR #2.** And let Cratchit have his full day off for Christmas.

**NARRATOR #1.** He gave Bob Cratchit a crabby pants warning.

**THE SCROOGE.** Be here all the earlier post-Christmas morning.

**CRATCHIT.** I'll try hard not to forget to remember,  
To come early the twenty-sixth of December.

*(People appear outside of the office in the street. They are jolly despite the cold and again doing things that are in preparation for Christmas.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** Then just out the door, Cratchit found an air pocket, and flew down the street like a heat seeking rocket.

*(CRATCHIT dances with people in the street and plays with children as he makes his way off-stage.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** He had been freezing cold all the day long.  
But he danced as he ran home and sang Christmas songs.

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge wasn't bothered by icy cold breezes.  
He kept his core body temp 30 degreeses.

**NARRATOR #1.** One degree more he'd consider a waste  
Of valuable resources...and in poor taste.

**NARRATOR #2.** He made his way through the populous bramble.

**THE SCROOGE.** All of this cheer is much too much to handle.  
Perhaps if I scowl enough and show distaste,  
These goody good fools will get out of my face.

*(THE SCROOGE wanders through the merry people on the streets, scowling and snapping at them. The people are obviously scared of him and keep their distance. Some mock him, but none of this bothers THE SCROOGE. The firm office disappears and the door to The Scrooge's house appears.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge ate his regular meals at a pub.

**NARRATOR #2.** The workers were used to his regular snubs.

**NARRATOR #1.** He'd never leave tips at that establishment.

**THE SCROOGE.** A tip? What's a tip?

**NARRATOR #2.** But he knew what that meant.

**NARRATOR #1.** To cut through the crowds full of mirth was a chore,  
But before long The Scrooge faced his own door.

*(JAKE MARLEY's face is where the doorknocker should be.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** At last it's my door. It's the door that I own.  
The one with the knocker that hangs on my home,  
The portal I pass through to enter my place,  
But this time the knocker looks like it's...

**JAKE MARLEY.** A face?

*(THE SCROOGE jumps back and is absolutely startled.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** YOW!

A talking doorknocker. What are the chances?

It gave me a scare. Now I need to change pantses.

*(The door knocker turns back to normal. JAKE MARLEY's face is gone.)*

What? Now it's gone. My doorknocker stalker.

The face was Jake Marley's and his mouth the talker.

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge was now tired and went up to sleep.  
He liked the darkness because it was cheap.

**NARRATOR #1.** He walked in the dark to his chamber like normal,  
But something was different, a bit paranormal.

**NARRATOR #2.** So this time he gave a concerned look around,  
And took little peeks as he donned his night gown.

**THE SCROOGE.** No one's by my table or under my bed,  
Those boingo beans I ate have gone to my head.

**NARRATOR #1.** Then there was a noise from the bowels...

*(THE SCROOGE grabs his stomach as if it might be upset, not sure if the noise is supposed to be coming from inside himself. He's a little confused.)*

...of his house.

*(He's not confused anymore.)*

*A ghostly noise is heard.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Some creature is here. Something big. Not a mouse.

**NARRATOR #2.** A scraping-like drag, and a grunting of pain.

**THE SCROOGE.** I sure hope it's something low on the food chain.  
That dragging. That groaning makes me most unsteady.  
And I had to change my pants one time already.

*(The ghost of JAKE MARLEY walks in while THE SCROOGE is distracted explaining his apparel to the audience. He is wearing a particularly gaudy outfit. Dragging behind him from his waist are a train of big bean bag chairs, and a bird cage at the end. He's not particularly scary. He has a "street smart," east coast accent.)*

Well technically speaking I now have a gown on.

And I'm not ashamed, it's no thing to get down on.

A man, to his bed, can wear what he wants to.  
Comfortability is what I...

**JAKE MARLEY.** ...BOO!

*(THE SCROOGE takes a big jump back and is startled.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Ahhhh! Please don't... Wait a sec. Whoa. Who are you?

**JAKE MARLEY.** Ask me who I was. You'll never guess, dude.

**THE SCROOGE.** Jake Marley.

**JAKE MARLEY.** *(Bugged:)* You guessed it. That stinks. What a rip!

**THE SCROOGE.** Jake, you seem eighty-five percent more "hip."

**JAKE MARLEY.** Try eighty-five point six repeating instead.  
That's how much more "hip" I am now that I'm dead.

**THE SCROOGE.** You mean in death you're more stylish? I doubt it.

**JAKE MARLEY.** It's the truth.

**THE SCROOGE.** Horrors!

**JAKE MARLEY.** Yeah. Tell me about it.  
What? What's the problem? Are you misbelieving?

**THE SCROOGE.** Yes. It's true. I don't believe what I'm seeing.  
I just had a supper and it was quite foul,  
It sits there between the two floors of my bowels.  
That's why I never eat while I'm investing.  
The bowels can play tricks on the brains while digesting.  
I'd like to believe in you, Jake, but I can't.  
My bowels and my brains are ghost intoler-ant.  
The best explanation that I can surmise,  
Is that you, Jake Marley, must still be alive.

**JAKE MARLEY.** What can I do then to prove that I've passed.  
How 'bout I give you this buck?

*(JAKE MARLEY hands THE SCROOGE a dollar.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge gasped.

**THE SCROOGE.** Jake wouldn't give me a buck.

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge choked.

**THE SCROOGE.** Okay, I believe you. I now know you're croaked.

**JAKE MARLEY.** When I was alive I shared in your greed.  
I pinched all my pennies and never gave heed  
To one single person, or one single cause.

They were all hoodwinked who weren't who I was.  
When my death certificate got its last stamp,  
I was sent straight off to ghost haunting camp.  
That's where they told me that I would be bearing  
Clothes, that in life, I would not be caught wearing.  
I mean look at this get-up—the feathers and bows,  
I even have flashing light socks on each toe.  
Ruffles and sparklies, this Elvis cape collar,  
It's crazy what you can get for a ghost dollar.  
Check out the bean bag train with the bird cage.  
In ghost land bean baggy trains are all the rage.  
Especially bean bag trains followed by cages.  
The height of ghost fashion.

**THE SCROOGE.** How wretched! Outrageous!

**JAKE MARLEY.** In life, my greed bought me this yuck-tastic outfit.  
In death it went on.

**THE SCROOGE.** And you won't take it off yet?

**JAKE MARLEY.** Dude, it don't come off! And you're in big trouble,  
'Cuz the suit that you're buying is worser by double.  
The hat that you'll wear is three stories tall,  
But the brim will be tight 'cuz they're making it small.

**THE SCROOGE.** Will it be heavy?

**JAKE MARLEY.** Yes.

**THE SCROOGE.** What holds it up?

**JAKE MARLEY.** Four marble columns that go to the top.  
A small roller coaster will weave in between 'em.  
As rock pecking woodpeckers peck just to clean 'em.  
You'll wear glasses with fish tanks in place of each lens.  
Each fish trained to jump and flip end over ends.

**THE SCROOGE.** How will I see?

**JAKE MARLEY.** That's the least of your worries.  
The whole suit is made from blue sneezy fuzz furries.

**THE SCROOGE.** I can't wear that, I am allergic to those.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Everyone is...but there's more to your clothes.  
Ghost fashion experts have found what is trendy.  
The thing that is in are pants that are bendy.  
Ghost bendy pants are so bendy it's nutty.  
They'll bend both your legs into pretzel-shaped putty.  
You'll roll like a ball with each step and then stall,  
Because, you'll recall, your hat's tight...and too tall.

**THE SCROOGE.** Stop now! How calmly you sit there and tell this.  
You've made my heart sink all the way to my pelvis.  
If I loosen my gown it might fall all the more.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Your heart's made of ice, it might shatter the floor.

**THE SCROOGE.** Is that why you came, interrupting my peace,  
To say what a nerd I'll be when I'm deceased?  
Because of the things here on earth I transgress,  
I'll be forced into after-death fashion excess?

**JAKE MARLEY.** Right on the money. Oh, pardon the pun.  
The things you hate most are the things you'll become.  
That was part one, dude. Now here comes part two.

**THE SCROOGE.** Stop calling me dude. It's the least you could do.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Scrooge.

**THE SCROOGE.** No. It's *The Scrooge*.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Big deal. It's the same.

**THE SCROOGE.** *The Scrooge* is much cooler. My Rock and Roll name.  
I've had it since I was a teen in a band.

**JAKE MARLEY.** I think that we're getting ahead of the plan.  
I know full well of your rock band affair.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*Thinking back:*) I sang like a bird, with a full head  
of hair?

**JAKE MARLEY.** We'll deal with your past in this play, Ebenezer.  
And see how you went from rock idol to geezer.  
But first, like I said, there is a part two.  
Three other spirits are gonna haunt you.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*Trying to show JAKE MARLEY the door:*) Oh, that's  
okay. I pass. Well...thanks for coming.  
Take care of that suit now. It really is stunning.

**JAKE MARLEY.** You have yet a chance of escaping my fate,  
Of wearing a suit that you'll forever hate.

**THE SCROOGE.** I have a chance? Tell me how so I know.

**JAKE MARLEY.** You gotta get haunted three times in a row.  
I thought I just said that. What, did I whisper?

**THE SCROOGE.** No, I heard you. I'm just not a good listener.  
Couldn't they all haunt me now and be done?  
A ghost at a time might not be that much fun.  
One by one also could take too much time,  
Especially since this whole play's done in rhyme.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Scrooge, you old pansy, man up, and take warning.  
The first ghost is coming at one in the morning.

**THE SCROOGE.** One in the morning! That's a disappointment.

**JAKE MARLEY.** They're haunting you, Scrooge. You don't get an appointment.

Ghost number two will be here the next night,  
At the same time...so you won't get uptight.  
The following midnight the last ghost will be here,  
And hopefully then you'll be seeing more clear.

*(JAKE MARLEY checks his watch.)*

Oh, look at the time! I'll be seein' you, Scout.  
I've got some more people to haunt and freak-out.  
Some people don't like that. They try to accost me.  
And that's why I'm in with this skateboard ghost posse.

*(A group of SKATEBOARDING GHOSTS enters making ghostly sounds and dressed gaudily. One of them hands JAKE MARLEY a skateboard.)*

A skateboard does wonders to boost your street cred.  
Voted best transport device for the dead.

**THE SCROOGE.** Jake...

**JAKE MARLEY.** So long, Scrooge. I can't hang out and rap.  
Just wait for your next ghost. Or just take a nap.

*(JAKE MARLEY skates off with the rest of the ghost posse. THE SCROOGE is left alone. He lays down on his bed.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge was now tired and went to lay down.

**NARRATOR #2.** But then in his bed he just flip-flopped around.

**NARRATOR #1.** He could be snoozin' there flat on his back  
If he drank some milk from the Yaks of Pekack.

**NARRATOR #2.** Pekack Yaks have milk that will put you to sleep.  
Just drink a glass down and then start counting sheep.

**NARRATOR #1.** Those Yaks themselves count Pekack sheep profusely,  
And mustn't be mixed-up with things Dr. Seussly.

**NARRATOR #2.** Seuss stuff is nothing like this.

**NARRATOR #1.** No indeed.

**BOTH.** One hundred and thirty percent guaranteed.

**NARRATOR #2.** The clock then struck one. What a horrible sound.

*(A crazy horn-bell alarm sound is heard. It should be quite irritating.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** One o'clock! Ha! And there's no one around.  
I was a fool. Could I be so blind?  
There is no haunting...

*(The GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST shows up. It is a funky little ghost done up in rock and roll attire.)*

**PAST.** Hi there.

**THE SCROOGE.** ...Never mind.

**PAST.** Sorry I'm late. I tried to be quick.  
My car kept on stalling, 'cuz I don't drive stick.

**THE SCROOGE.** Stick *is* a bit tricky. Try skateboard instead.  
It's voted best transport device for the dead.

**PAST.** Hey look. I don't go tell you how to be greedy.  
I'm here to *haunt* you. Kapeesh?

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh. Yes indeedy.  
Who and what are you? If I might ask.

**PAST.** I am the ghost of Christmases past.

**THE SCROOGE.** Long past?

**PAST.** No. Your past.

**THE SCROOGE.** What, my past?

**PAST.** Yes yours. Come to the window.

**THE SCROOGE.** But we're up a few floors.

**PAST.** You're scared of falling?

**THE SCROOGE.** Well you could say that.  
But worse is the landing, since we have no net.

**PAST.** I thought as much, so I brought this stuff along.  
It's anti-gravity spray...and it's strong.  
One shot of this stuff and you should be cruisin'.  
It's way better than the old stuff I was usin'.

*(PAST sprays THE SCROOGE with the anti-gravity spray.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** You mean I can fly now?

**PAST.** Well...you should *fall* slower.  
Your rate of descent might be just a bit lower.

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Grabbing the can of spray and reading it:)* This spray  
is just rated for 25 pounds.

**PAST.** Fine have it your way we'll stay on the ground.  
Just take my hand. To the country we go.  
We'll travel through walls and through time.

**THE SCROOGE.** Cool!

**PAST.** I know.

*(PAST and THE SCROOGE walk through the wall of Scrooge's room and suddenly appear on an old country lane.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** We're here in the country?

**PAST.** That quick.

**THE SCROOGE.** How bizarre.  
If you can do that, why do you drive a car?

**PAST.** Chicks (*Dudes*) dig the car. It's a must for ghost dating.  
Plus there's a good afterlife safety rating.

**THE SCROOGE.** Hey. I know this place. I was a boy here.

**PAST.** We've come to the place, but also the year.  
Here come a band of kids just down the lane.

*(An actual BAND of youngsters walks on stage. They are decked out in Rock and Roll Christmas attire. They hold guitar-like instruments, drumsticks, amps, and microphones and are jolly.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** I know that band. It's "The Sneetch Beat Campaign."  
They were the coolest of rock and roll studlies.

*(To the BAND:)*

Hey! Over here, guys. It's Scrooge!

*(To PAST:)*

They're my budlies.

*(The BAND doesn't hear THE SCROOGE, and they walk on by.)*

**PAST.** They were a band. It's true, Ebenezey  
They can't hear you though...besides you sound wheezy.

**THE SCROOGE.** Why can't they hear me?

**PAST.** 'Cuz we're back in time.  
You're just as loud to these guys as a mime.

**THE SCROOGE.** The "Sneetch Beats" were awesome. They went to  
my school.

**PAST.** Think back though, Scrooge. Did they think you that cool?  
Here you are as a young boy...quite depressed.

*(THE SCROOGE as a young boy appears. This is BOY SCROOGE. He is a sorry sight sitting alone reading a book by a flickering candle light.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Starting to remember:)* Sitting alone after school at my desk,

Neglected by those whom I thought were my pals.

**PAST.** With friends like that, who on earth needs root canals?

**THE SCROOGE.** The Sneetch Beat Campaign were the school superstars,

Perhaps we weren't close.

**PAST.** You were un-pop-u-lar. *(Rhyme with star.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** I wanted so much to fit in and sing songs,  
To make the girls swoon and have hair that was long.

**PAST.** Good hair is important when singing to swoon.

**THE SCROOGE.** I wish...

**PAST.** What's the matter?

**THE SCROOGE.** Outside the front room,  
Of my firm a young caroler stood with filled chest,  
And howled. I wish I had threatened him/her less.

**PAST.** Here. Take my hand, better yet grab my shoulder.  
Let's see a Christmas when you're a bit older.

*(We see an older boy this time. It is YOUNGER SCROOGE. He paces the floor of the school house. He is holding a guitar or some Seussified stringed instrument. He is trying to sing scales and pop songs but his voice keeps cracking. Perhaps his voice has recently changed.)*

The others, for Christmas, all went to their homes.  
The school halls were empty, which left you alone.

*(YOUNGER SCROOGE continues practicing singing, with his pubescent, cracking voice, when suddenly a sweet little girl darts in and throws her arms around YOUNGER SCROOGE's neck and kisses him. She is LITTLE FAN. She is Scrooge's sister and has a head of hair that is very similar to Bed-Headed Fred.)*

**LITTLE FAN.** Dear, brother! Oh brother. Smooch, smooch. Kissy, kissy.

**THE SCROOGE.** It's Little Fan.

**YOUNGER SCROOGE.** Sis?

**LITTLE FAN.** Uh-huh. Did you miss me?  
Dear, Brother! You must put that gar-guitar down.  
I've come here to bring your buns straight out of town.  
The rest of yourself too, is welcome to come.  
Pack all your stuff, bro, 'cuz we're going home.  
We'll be a fam-ly. We'll sit and eat cereal.  
With folks who share our genetic material.

**YOUNGER SCROOGE.** Home, Little Fan?

**LITTLE FAN.** Yes! Father is kinder  
He no longer thinks you're a pain in the hinder.  
Home is like heaven. Joyous. Sublime.  
Life is so great we just cry all the time.

*(LITTLE FAN bursts out crying. YOUNGER SCROOGE starts to wonder if "home" is really that great.)*

**YOUNGER SCROOGE.** Sounds like a blast.

**LITTLE FAN.** Joy in every tear.

**YOUNGER SCROOGE.** Hmmm. Maybe I should just stick around here.

*(In lumbers the SCHOOLMASTER. He has a SERVANT behind him who is carrying all of Younger Scrooge's things.)*

**SCHOOLMASTER.** *(Gruffly:)* Too late you dreamer we packed your stuff for ya.

Tell me to unpack it. I'll just ignore ya.  
We used a crowbar, some string, and a prayer,  
Just to stuff all of your stuff into there.

*(He indicates Younger Scrooge's trunk which is bursting at the seams.)*

*(To the SERVANT:)*

Take his box outside and his gar-guitar.

*(To FAN and YOUNGER SCROOGE:)*

Here you two Scrooges.

*(The SCHOOLMASTER hands LITTLE FAN and YOUNGER SCROOGE each a candy bar.)*

**YOUNGER SCROOGE and LITTLE FAN.** Snooty fruit bars!

*(The SCHOOLMASTER shakes hands with the children and lumbers off. LITTLE FAN and YOUNGER SCROOGE exit.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** That was the best thing I ate at that school.

**PAST.** Your sister was delicate as a toad stool.

**THE SCROOGE.** And had a large heart.

**PAST.** Yes. Who'da expected,  
*Your heart to be teensy, and half disconnected?*  
She died a woman with one kid.

**THE SCROOGE.** It's true.  
He has her heart and her bed-head hairdo.

**PAST.** Well giddyap! With a zippity-doo!  
We'll jump to another Christmas...starring you.

*(YOUNG SCROOGE appears. He's singing in a band at a Christmas party. Lots of people are dancing. He has long luxurious hair...and is tan.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Why I can't believe it. I'm there with my band.

**PAST.** You're there with your voice, and your hair...

**THE SCROOGE.** And a tan!  
Hairy and tan—with my new rock persona!  
I was "The Scrooge" from the band "Love Bologna!"

**PAST.** You played for the Christmas dance.

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh that was big.

**PAST.** It was thrown by your manager.

*(OLD FEZZIWIG jumps out of the crowd and starts to dance with agility.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Old Fezziwig!  
He was the fastest most dancing-est mister.

**PAST.** And who's dancing with him?

**THE SCROOGE.** Um...looks like his sister.  
Wait a sec. No. That's his wife. Mrs. F.  
She had exceptionally good smelling breath.

**PAST.** I smell it from here.

**THE SCROOGE.** It's like bacon.

**PAST.** And cherries.

**THE SCROOGE.** He picked the right lady. Oh, plus she's an Aries.

*(YOUNG SCROOGE belts out a high note on his microphone. The CROWD goes wild...especially a cadre of GIRLS dancing and squealing near the stage.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Wow! Hear those high notes? I had quite a range.  
Right hand on the mic, while the left strokes my mane.

*(YOUNG SCROOGE runs his left hand through his own hair.  
The GIRLS squeal.)*

That's how you do it. That makes the girls squeal.  
That's what you call rock and roll—Seuss appeal.

*(The NARRATORS pop in, each with a wine glass filled with a  
brown syrupy liquid.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** Alright he did it.

**NARRATOR #2.** The word Seuss was mentioned.

**NARRATOR #1.** But that was just a clever word play invention.

**NARRATOR #2.** This play is not Seuss-y.

**NARRATOR #1.** It's Dickens-y mostly.

**NARRATOR #2.** And so to Dickens we propose a toasty.

**NARRATOR #1.** We raise our glasses...

**NARRATOR #2.** Both filled about half-ses...

**NARRATOR #1.** And slurp with the masses...

**NARRATOR #2.** These cups of molasses.

**NARRATOR #1.** Old Dickens surpasses...

**NARRATOR #2.** Authors of all classes...

**NARRATOR #1.** And rises like gasses...

**NARRATOR #2.** From composted grasses.

**BOTH.** Right to the top of our list of good writers.

*(They both drink the liquid. They find it disgusting.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** Not good molasses.

**NARRATOR #2.** Let's go try the ciders.

*(The NARRATORS again join the party.)*

**PAST.** Well it's nice Fezziwig threw this soiree,  
At no great expense though I'd venture to say.

**THE SCROOGE.** No great expense!

**PAST.** Well, it's not such a feat,  
To make these folks happy that came off the street.

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Impassioned:)* Fezziwig was full of joyful Charisma.  
There's tons of examples with which I could quiz ya!

Look at this place, all the trim and the holly,  
Fezziwig lived to make all people jolly.

**PAST.** No small task then?

**THE SCROOGE.** Not at all! Are you mental?  
He'd make us smile and bear all our dentals.

*(THE SCROOGE mimics a big toothy grin. PAST is a little grossed out.)*

**PAST.** *(Prodding THE SCROOGE a bit:)* So he had great kindness?

**THE SCROOGE.** No one could match it.  
Hmmm... Makes me wish I had been nicer to Cratchit.

**PAST.** Ah! Look at what the young you is doing.  
You're no longer singing. It looks like you're wooing.  
You're popular now from all what I can tell.

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh, goodness me. Could that be my Belle?

*(BELLE is a pretty girl standing near YOUNG SCROOGE with a pen and a pad of paper for autographs.)*

**BELLE.** You're a great singer. I'm not even joking.

**YOUNG SCROOGE.** No offense. *Growl!* But I think you're smokin'!  
Do you want my autograph? It's just one letter.

*(He takes her pen and signs a big letter "S" on her paper.)*

**BELLE.** Actually, I thought that this would be better.

*(BELLE kisses YOUNG SCROOGE.)*

**YOUNG SCROOGE.** *(Taken aback:)* My body has seventeen trillion  
and nine,  
Neurons all firing at the same time.

**BELLE.** Oh, sorry about that. Perhaps that was naughty.  
That kiss might have meant less if I weren't a hotty.

**YOUNG SCROOGE.** My mind is a race car called mental abstraction.

**BELLE.** Perhaps it's a chemical love type reaction.

**YOUNG SCROOGE.** It compels me to get down on one knee.

*(He does.)*

Dearest...uh...what's your name?

**BELLE.** Belle.

**YOUNG SCROOGE.** Marry me?

**THE SCROOGE.** I was engaged.

**PAST.** Let's fast forward a skosh.  
Your new love of money has made you less close.

*(BELLE and YOUNG SCROOGE quickly change clothes. BELLE is wearing a Seussified mourning dress and YOUNG SCROOGE is now a young businessman. His hair is shorter and he is less tan...conservative...but still Seussy.)*

**BELLE.** What's happened to you, Scrooge? You used to be fun.

**THE SCROOGE.** It's *The* Scrooge.

**BELLE.** Oh please!

**THE SCROOGE.** Hey! There's work to be done.

**BELLE.** The Scrooge was your stage name, but you quit the band.  
Your life is becoming tight-waddish and bland.

**THE SCROOGE.** I've kept the stage name. It intimidates fools.  
Just ask my employees. And plus it's still cool.

**BELLE.** You're getting cooler towards me, that's for sure.  
A new lover has you despite my allure.

**THE SCROOGE.** What other lover? There's no one. That's funny.

**BELLE.** Here's a hint, Scrooge. Her name rhymes with...**MONEY!**

*(YOUNG SCROOGE still isn't getting it. He pauses and scratches his head.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Bunny? Sunny? Honey? Help me out.

**BELLE.** It's *money*, you dope! Is your brain in a drought?

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh sure. You mock it, my newly found wise-ness.  
But poverty sucks, and that's why I'm in bize-ness.

**BELLE.** It's pronounced business.

**THE SCROOGE.** I knew that.

**BELLE.** Okay.

Now I have a test, just a short game to play.  
If your money and I were both tied to some tracks,  
And a choo-choo was coming from western Van Pax.  
What would you save first, your money or me?

*(Pause.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Give me a minute to weigh carefully.

**BELLE.** Not the right answer.

**THE SCROOGE.** I'm thinking it over.

**BELLE.** It's clear, Ebenezer, that you love another.  
I release you to your "real life" lover.  
I hope you'll be happy in this life you've chosen,  
And won't let your heart become even more frozen.

*(BELLE exits. Sobbing. YOUNG SCROOGE is discouraged and exits in the opposite direction.)*

**PAST.** Ouch. That was harsh.

*(THE SCROOGE is tearful too.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Spirit, this whole thing blows.  
Take me home now. I must go wipe my nose.

**PAST.** Just one more glimpse to the past, Ebenezer.  
Here is your Belle with a husband who pleased her.  
They'd twenty children and named them all Ned.

**BELLE.** *(Calling:)* Yoo-hoo! Ned!

*(In run a bunch of cast members of all sizes dressed as children. They all have yellow wigs on. They huddle around BELLE and her HUSBAND. They are all clearly very happy.)*

**PAST.** This might not be all of them. Some are in bed.  
But mostly it's because our cast is too small,  
And we couldn't find wigs enough to fit them all.

**BELLE'S HUSBAND.** Honey.

**BELLE.** Yes, dear.

**BELLE'S HUSBAND.** Guess who I saw today.

**BELLE.** I can't guess. Was it my old fiancé?

**BELLE'S HUSBAND.** I walked past his firm, he seemed even more  
loathsome.

I just can't imagine a person more lonesome.

**BELLE and all of the KIDS.** Awwwwwww.

*(Lights go down on BELLE and her family. They exit.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Sobbing:)* Enough of this junk I can't take any more.  
Haunt me no more. Take me back, I implore.

**PAST.** Don't blame me. This is *your* past as it happened.

**THE SCROOGE.** Bring my bed back. I need some more nappin'.

**NARRATOR #1.** And so with a snap...

*(PAST snaps his fingers, and The Scrooge's bed appears. He falls down on it and goes instantly to sleep.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge went back to bed.

**NARRATOR #1.** With visions of Belle and her kids all named Ned.

**NARRATOR #2.** Now that might sound Seussy to you...

**BOTH.** But that's bogus!

**NARRATOR #1.** We'd never do that.

**NARRATOR #2.** Unless someone controlled us.  
To Seussify Dickens could ruin the aesthetic.

**NARRATOR #1.** The actors would need to be twice as athletic,

**NARRATOR #2.** And our cast don't exercise much.

**NARRATOR #1.** Let's admit it.

**NARRATOR #2.** So if that's what you're thinking, then please...

**BOTH.** Kindly quit it!

**NARRATOR #1.** At this point the actors are plumb tuckered out.

**NARRATOR #2.** And some of you just want to stand up.

**BOTH.** No doubt.

**NARRATOR #2.** Or sprawl out,

**NARRATOR #1.** And stretch,

**NARRATOR #2.** Do yoga,

**NARRATOR #1.** Go potty.

**NARRATOR #2.** And some of you just want to...

**BOTH.** Hang in the lobby.

**NARRATOR #1.** So go ahead.

**NARRATOR #2.** We'll give you time.

**BOTH.** Do your thing.

**NARRATOR #1.** And then hurry back.

**NARRATOR #2.** 'Cuz our stopwatch is ticking.

**NARRATOR #1.** We still have the best half of this show to go.

**BOTH.** And that's why we're bothering telling you so.

*(The NARRATORS exit. Curtain.)*

*End of Act I*

[INTERMISSION]



## ACT II

**NARRATOR #1.** Welcome back, gang, to part two of the show.

**NARRATOR #2.** The actors are rested and raring to go.

**NARRATOR #1.** They just got massages,

**NARRATOR #2.** And perky bean smoothies.

**NARRATOR #1.** Acting is hard.

**NARRATOR #2.** It's not easy to do these.

**NARRATOR #1.** Those perky beans perk you up just like they say,

**NARRATOR #2.** And give actors vigor to finish their play.

**NARRATOR #1.** Our cast of weaklings have just been transformed  
Into high octane athletes who love to perform.

**NARRATOR #2.** The actors are backstage just jumping around.

**NARRATOR #1.** We just saw The Scrooge bench press five-hundred  
pounds.

**NARRATOR #2.** Our cast is amped up from those perky bean plants.

**NARRATOR #1.** So fasten your seat belts,

**NARRATOR #2.** (*Pointing to a single male audience member:*) And zip  
up your pants!

*(The NARRATORS look disgusted and pause while shaking their heads at the audience member. Perhaps some small bit of improvised dialogue ensues.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** Enter The Scrooge as he retakes his place.

*(THE SCROOGE enters very non-energetically.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** What strength!

**NARRATOR #1.** And what energy!

**NARRATOR #2.** Check that game face.

*(He is clearly not very "amped up." He rolls his eyes and shakes his head. He flops down onto his bed.*

*A clock tower strikes one.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** Ah, there's the cue.

**NARRATOR #2.** Time for ghost number two.

**NARRATOR #1.** His outfit's outrageous.

**BOTH.** Be back in two pages.

*(The NARRATORS skip off.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Well there's the bell...and no ghost again. Bah! Are ghosts always late? Perhaps they...

*(THE GHOST OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT stands behind THE SCROOGE. This is a spirit with a very jolly disposition and is dressed up like an actual Christmas present, complete with wrapping paper and bows. THE SCROOGE doesn't see the ghost and is startled when it says...)*

**PRESENT.** Ta-da!

**THE SCROOGE.** Yipes! You guys need to come when the bell dings. Haunting and startling are two different things. I like your outfit. I find it most pleasant.

**PRESENT.** I am The Ghost of a Christmas Present.

**THE SCROOGE.** A play on words.

**PRESENT.** Get it?

**THE SCROOGE.** Yeah. I got the drift.

**PRESENT.** 'Cuz the present means "now" and...

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Simultaneously:)* You're dressed like a gift.

**PRESENT.** *(Simultaneously:)* I'm dressed like a gift...

**PRESENT.** ...Yeah, a present.

**THE SCROOGE.** That's very clever. Did you think of that?

**PRESENT.** Aw. Just an idea I pulled from my hat.

**THE SCROOGE.** Hm... Nice.

*(There is weird awkward pause.)*

**PRESENT.** Well...why don't you touch some of my wrapping paper, And we'll begin our Christmas "presenty" caper.

*(THE SCROOGE touches the spirit's wrapping paper and they begin to walk into a street scene. People fill the streets.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** Into the streets the two of them trod,

**NARRATOR #2.** But no one could see their invisible bods.

**NARRATOR #1.** The time was the present. The city his own. But this time the glimpse was one Scrooge hadn't known.

**NARRATOR #2.** He usually walked through the streets in a way, That kept him from noticing life's bright array.

**NARRATOR #1.** Boot sounds and shovel sounds once made him sick,

But now made a snowy, cold, magical music.

**NARRATOR #2.** The shops and the smells, pretty girls under shawls.

**NARRATOR #1.** Bright faces with smiles and cold hands with snowballs.

**NARRATOR #2.** Church bells with their chimes,

**NARRATOR #1.** And bakeries baking,

**NARRATOR #2.** And Christian hearts pumping to give before taking.

**NARRATOR #1.** Windows gleamed warmly with family and friends  
As if the light came not from fire, but from men.

**NARRATOR #2.** Or better yet heaven, as it truly does.

**NARRATOR #1.** The city alight in the night was abuzz.

**NARRATOR #2.** This was The Scrooge's own time full of Christmas.

**THE SCROOGE.** How on earth could I have possibly missed this.

**PRESENT.** Your fear of poverty's taken a tax.

Your eyes have been blinded by greed cataracts.

The poor, more than many rich, are blessed with cheer,

Despite their hardships. Let's take a look here.

*(Bob Cratchit's house appears. His CHILDREN and WIFE are setting the table to eat.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** What house is this?

**PRESENT.** It's the house of your clerk.

**THE SCROOGE.** The one that I underpay and overwork?

**PRESENT.** Correct.

**THE SCROOGE.** Cratchit?

**PRESENT.** Exactly.

**THE SCROOGE.** Do you mean Bob?

**PRESENT.** YES! He's so poor all his children have jobs.

Ringo's a lawyer and Sally's a dentist,

And Buff is a garbage collector's apprentice.

Tuley builds houses, and Jen fixes cars.

And Nip studies meteors that fall from Mars.

*(In walks BOB CRATCHIT carrying his crippled son LITTLE TIMMY LOO HOO. TIMMY carries a crutch and braces are on his legs. [Having Little Timmy played by an actual adult actor is an option.])*

**FAMILY.** Father! Timmy!

**CRATCHIT.** Merry Christmas, my family.

**THE SCROOGE.** What child is with Bob? Is *he* employed gainfully?

**PRESENT.** That's Little Timmy Loo Hoo in the mix

He's just a surgeon, and that's 'cuz he's six.

All of them work. They work all the time.

But since they're just kids they won't make but a dime.

**THE SCROOGE.** Timmy Loo Hoo. Why does he have a crutch?

**PRESENT.** His legs don't walk good, at least not good that much.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Lord Bless you now, Bob, and sit down for dinner.

It's Christmas time and so our dinner's a winner.

Sally, bring in the banana peel salad.

**SALLY.** You'll just love the pitted prune dressing we added.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Ringo, please pour the zoot fruited fruit juices.

**PRESENT.** Zoot fruits grow on antlers of zoot fruited mooses.

**RINGO.** This juice is delish, but a thimble will do ya.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** And don't drink it fast. It'll shoot its way through ya.

And last on our menu let me introduce,

The main course of all. Our binka bird goose.

*(MRS. CRATCHIT lifts a cover off of a plate upon which sits a tiny little roasted bird. The whole family is astonished at the bird and simultaneously join in saying:)*

**FAMILY.** Ooooooooooooo.

**THE SCROOGE.** There's not too much meat on that bird...just a smidgen.

**PRESENT.** A binka bird goose is the size of a pigeon.

**CRATCHIT.** Oh, Mother! You've done it. That binka bird goose is

The best one I've seen served with zoot fruited juices.

Let us say grace for these Christmas provisions.

*(The CRATCHITS bow their heads at the table.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** That can't feed their family. What are they magicians?

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Will you carve the bird, Bob? This knife will suffice it.

**THE SCROOGE.** That can't feed them.

**PRESENT.** That depends how you slice it.

**THE SCROOGE.** Have they no public food shelf that will listen?

**PRESENT.** What of the workhouses? Are there no prisons?

**THE SCROOGE.** Hey.

**PRESENT.** See what I did there?

**THE SCROOGE.** Yes. Those words are mine.

**PRESENT.** In haunting school we learned that stuff all the time.  
It's called a guilt trip.

**THE SCROOGE.** Yes. I know what it's called.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Better start carving. Don't let it get cold.

**CRATCHIT.** (*Carving:*) Lovely. We all should get one piece of meat,  
That's one inch, by one inch, by an eighth inch deep.

**THE SCROOGE.** What that's insane! That would not fill *my* tummy!  
That's sorta like eating just one pepperoni.  
Look how they savor it, and how they're grateful.

**PRESENT.** Even though they hardly have half a plateful.  
But don't be alarmed by all of this gratitude.  
Mrs. C's about to cop a big attitude.

**CRATCHIT.** (*Raising his glass:*) Ah! What a meal with which our  
chins are greased.

A toast to The Scrooge. The king of the feast.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** The Scrooge! Our feast's king? Oh that's a good one.  
I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast on.

**CRATCHIT.** Now, now, dear. Think of the children. It's Christmas.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** It better be Christmas to toast that man's grimness.  
That stingy old, crusty old, miserly doofus.  
I'll drink to him, Bob, for your sake and not his-es.

*(Glasses raised:)*

Cheers to the Scrooge...whose life is deficient.  
May he live just as long as is sufficient.

**CRATCHIT.** And may God Bless...

**LITTLE TIMMY LOO HOO.** God bless us, every one.

**FAMILY.** Blessings to each of us under the Son.

**THE SCROOGE.** Aw...Timmy Loo Hoo is a dear cutie pie.  
Tell me now spirit... is he going to die?

**PRESENT.** Na, Tim will live to be old and well fed.  
No. I'm just kidding. The kid'll be dead.

**THE SCROOGE.** Say it's not so.

**PRESENT.** It's not so...but it's true.

**THE SCROOGE.** What's true? He'll die?

**PRESENT.** Yeah. But what's it to you?

He'd better die, and spare our whole nation,  
From the weak and the surplus population.

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Shocked again by hearing his own words back to him:)*  
What the...?

**PRESENT.** See what I did again? You said that earlier...

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Irritated:)* Guilt trip! I get it.

**PRESENT.** No need to get surlier.

*(We see two LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS with their lighthouse.  
They are weathered and wind worn Seussified figures.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** The Ghost led The Scrooge then out over the sea  
And stopped at a lighthouse so that he could see,

**NARRATOR #1.** That in its remoteness the two keepers there  
Still wished merry Christmases and kept good cheer.

*(The KEEPERS do a little dance swinging arm in arm.)*

**KEEPER #1.** Merry Christmas.

**KEEPER #2.** Merry Christmas.

**KEEPER #1.** Noel!

**KEEPER #2.** And whoopee!

**THE SCROOGE.** These two poor souls are as blithe as can be.

**PRESENT.** And see what I did? This lighthouse is a beacon,  
Lighting the dark...

**PRESENT.** *(Simultaneously:)* Just like Christmas's season.

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Simultaneously:)* Just like Christmas's season.

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Rolling his eyes:)* Got it! Your razor wit's not lost  
on me.

My grade point average was a three point nine three.

**PRESENT.** Yep you're a smarty, there's more in the ocean.  
Here are some sailors with similar notions.

*(The lighthouse disappears and the KEEPERS exit. A small ship or  
boat comes on with SAILORS all making pirate-like sailor noises.  
"Yar"... "Ahoy"... "Arrrrr.")*

**THE SCROOGE.** It's known far and wide that most sailors have coarseness.

Hard living, rum, and bad language enforce this.

**PRESENT.** Not so fast, Scrooge. It's Christmas remember? They're all singing songs in the midst of December.

**ALL SAILORS.** O Christmas tree. O Christmas tree,  
How lovely are your branches.  
O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree,  
How lovely are your branches...

*(After this they all start singing different lyrics to the tune of "O Tannenbaum." They keep the melody going but the lyrics start to completely fall apart until they are all singing "la la la" to the melody. Finally, they get back together on...)*

O Christmas tree. O Christmas tree,  
How lovely are your branches.

**SAILOR #1.** You're a great singer.

**SAILOR #2.** Thanks, your voice is pretty.

**SAILOR #3.** I think you both have such nice traits that are nifty.

**SAILOR #4.** Might I just say that it's been such a pleasure,  
To sail with the likes of you gents altogether.

**SAILOR #1.** Let's hear it for Christmas!

**ALL SAILORS.** Hip, hip, hooroo!

*(The SAILORS all cheer and laugh. But through the laughter, THE SCROOGE hears a distinctive laugh that belongs to his nephew BED-HEADED FRED.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Wait a sec. I know that laughter. But who?

*(BED-HEADED FRED and a number of his house guests appear on stage as the boat disappears. It is now Bed-Headed Fred's house. It's his Christmas party. Everyone has just clearly eaten.)*

**BED-HEADED FRED and GUESTS.** Ahhhhhh, ha, ha, ha!

**THE SCROOGE.** Why it's my nephew Fred.  
Little Fan's son with the bed-headed head.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** He said to me Christmas time is a humbug!

**FRED'S WIFE.** *(Laughing:)* More shame for him, the old miserly lug.  
I have no patience for him.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Oh, he's funny.  
He's not very pleasant. I'll grant you that, Honey.

But when I see him I see something that died.  
I couldn't be angry with him if I tried.

**FRED'S WIFE.** *(Still jolly:)* Well, he refused us. I won't miss the lout.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Yeah. Too bad he's missing this Christmas  
blow out!

He's missing our games too, like capture the flag,  
Christmasy football and HOLIDAY TAG!!!!!!

*(The whole party launches into a rollicking game of holiday tag. One of the male guests dons a hat with mistletoe hanging in the front of it. He is chasing one of the female guests. Finally, he catches her and gives her a big fat kiss. There is a cheer from the group. THE SCROOGE finds that he has been getting into the game too, and cheers just a little bit after everyone else. He seems to be a bit self-conscious about it until he realizes that nobody hears him.)*

**FRED'S WIFE.** Oh, that was monstrous fun.

**THE KISSERS.** More fun by half!

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Now's when we throw our heads backward  
and laugh.

*(They all do, and they laugh in sync with one another. THE SCROOGE joins them in the laughter.)*

**THE WHOLE PARTY.** Aaaaaaaaaaah, ha, ha, ha!

*(Gasp...then sighing still in sync:)*

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh.

**FRED'S WIFE.** I know the game we should play at this fling.  
We all should play a game of "Guess the Thing."

**THE WHOLE PARTY.** We love "guess the thing!"

**VOICE # 1.** It's the gamiest contest,  
That we can think of...

**VOICE # 2.** ...And helps our food to digest.

**FRED'S WIFE.** Fred you just think of a thing and we'll guess it.  
Then you just stand there and "no it" or "yes it."  
Thought of a thing?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** A thing I have thought.

**FRED'S WIFE.** Is it a juggling platypus?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Not!

**VOICE # 3.** A guffalo hoof?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** No.

**VOICE # 4.** A dingo dog paddle?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** No.

**FRED'S WIFE.** A turnip squirrel riding a boom-boom side saddle?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** No.

**VOICE # 1.** Is it a bongo boy smoking cigars?

**BED-HEADED FRED.** No.

**VOICE # 2.** Give us a hint.

**VOICE # 3.** What does it say?

*(BED-HEADED FRED imitates something ferocious like a bear.)*

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Rarrrrrr!

**VOICE # 4.** I've got it! I see now through your subterfuge.

**BED-HEADED FRED.** What is it?

**VOICE # 4.** It is your own dear Uncle Scro-o-o-o-o-o-o-oge!

**BED-HEADED FRED.** Yes!

*(All of them throw their heads backward and laugh in sync exactly as they did before.)*

**THE WHOLE PARTY.** Aaaaaaaaaaah, ha, ha, ha!

*(Gasp...then sighing:)*

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.

*(THE SCROOGE is a little taken aback by their laughter seemingly at his expense.)*

**BED-HEADED FRED.** He's made us all merry in our Christmas leisure,  
So let's raise a glass to my old Ebenezer.  
To The Scrooge!

**THE WHOLE PARTY.** To The Scrooge!

**BED-HEADED FRED.** In spite of himself,  
We wish him a Merry Christmas and good health.

*(All cheer. NARRATORS #1 and #2 enter. A bell tolls midnight and the party at Fred's house fades away. THE SCROOGE faces the audience clearly thinking fondly of the party he has just witnessed.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge was so into the party,

**NARRATOR #2.** As acted.

**NARRATOR #1.** That he got a teensy bit over distracted.

*(THE GHOST OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT starts to walk off stage.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** The spirit had left him and Scrooge would have trapped him.

**NARRATOR #1.** He wanted so bad, with that ghost, to unwrap him.

**NARRATOR #2.** But most ghosts don't like getting unwrapped by men,

**NARRATOR #1.** And so he tag teamed with the next ghost named Sven.

*(THE GHOST OF A CHRISTMAS PRESENT is just about off-stage, just as another ghost enters. This one is quite tall. It wears a long cloak and a futuristic space helmet. Other items about its accoutrements look very futuristic. The face of this spirit cannot be seen. The two ghosts high-five [tag] each other as one exits and the other enters.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** Sven's a nice ghost.

**NARRATOR #1.** But he'll never speak to you.

**NARRATOR #2.** That's because folks from the future don't need to.

**NARRATOR #1.** It's just like you thought.

**NARRATOR #2.** In some high tech ways.

They speak with their thoughts using mind power rays.

*(SVEN [The Ghost of Christmas future] stands looming right behind THE SCROOGE. THE SCROOGE has no idea.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** What a great party. Should I have been nicer

To my nephew Fred? My blood needs de-icer,

Or a new setting or functional job

For my core body temperature adjustment knob.

Spirit let's go and see more of the same.

I want to party. I want to play games.

*(Not seeing the Ghost of a Christmas Present anywhere:)*

Spirit? Oh ghosty... Present? Yoo-hoo.

Hey where'd you go...

*(Sees SVEN:)*

...Whoa. Um...who are you?

*(The ghost pauses seeming even more ominous and then holds up a sign that says "Sven.")*

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh. Well hello. Are you the next spirit?

*(SVEN nods.)*

It looks like you come from the future...or near it?

*(SVEN nods.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Uh...yeah. Okay. So...um. Do you speak?  
If you could just say something that'd be sweet.

*(SVEN points a strange space-aged looking gun at THE SCROOGE. THE SCROOGE is terrified at first but then he starts to hear something in his mind.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Hey. What? I read ya. I'm getting a signal.  
It's faint.

*(SVEN adjusts a knob on the gun.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** No. Still Static-y.

*(SVEN adjusts another knob on the gun.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** *(Nodding and giving the thumbs up:)* Yeah. Coming  
in big now.

*(THE SCROOGE pauses for a moment to listen to Sven's mind ray.)*

Roger that ghost-rider, ten-four, you betcha.  
You're the Ghost of Christmas Future, I gotcha.  
Well kick the tires and light the fires, good buddy.  
What in the future are we gonna study?

*(SVEN points toward a lonely funeral procession going by. There are men carrying a casket as a few others stand by and joke amongst themselves. It doesn't look like many people are going to pay their respects.)*

**BYSTANDER # 1.** Well the old codger has cashed his last check.

**BYSTANDER # 2.** Played his last hand,

**BYSTANDER # 3.** And thrown out the deck.

**BYSTANDER # 1.** Where do you think all his dough's gonna go?

**BYSTANDER # 2.** None of it went to me. That's all I know.

**BYSTANDER # 3.** Funeral looks cheap enough.

**BYSTANDER # 1.** Figures.

**BYSTANDER # 2.** Yeah, don't it?

**BYSTANDER # 3.** Doesn't look like anyone's gonna go to it.

**BYSTANDER # 1.** What if we went?

**BYSTANDER # 2.** Is there food?

**BYSTANDER # 1.** I'm not knowing.

**BYSTANDER # 3.** If there's not a luncheon there then I'm not going.

*(The BYSTANDERS all laugh and walk off. The casket is brought to the edge of the stage and tipped so that the body can be seen inside. The head of the corpse is covered by a shroud. The body is now displayed in front of THE SCROOGE. SVEN points at the head of the body in the casket.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Alright. I think I see where this is going. This poor man's plight is the same row I am hoeing.

*(Pause. SVEN keeps pointing at the body's head.)*

Why are you pointing. I get the lesson.  
I'm like the dead guy! You have my confession.

*(Pause. SVEN keeps pointing at the body's head.)*

Okay, I'm freakin' out. I must admit.  
This is a fearful place. Couldn't we split?

*(Pause. SVEN points to the body's head more emphatically.)*

Sven, I get what you want me to do,  
And I would if I could...but can't bring myself to.  
I'd take a peek but my mind remains wary.  
Man for a Seuss play it's getting quite scary.

*(The NARRATORS pop in to comment.)*

**NARRATOR #1.** It's not a Seuss play. It's by Charles Dickens.

**NARRATOR #2.** We're just at the place where the plot starts to thicken.

**THE SCROOGE.** The plot might be thick enough. Won't you agree?

**NARRATOR #1.** Sven's a nice ghost.

**THE SCROOGE.** Yeah, but HE'S SCARING ME!

**NARRATOR # 2.** This is all for your transformification.

**NARRATOR #1.** And nothing to do with the Seussification  
Of Chuck Dickens' story.

**NARRATOR #2.** From 'ginning to end,

**NARRATOR #1.** It's Seussless as Seussless can be, my good friend.

**NARRATOR #2.** Besides, if this were the Seussified version

**BOTH.** Would we be here on a sleepwalking excursion?

*(The NARRATORS quickly fall asleep standing up and sleepwalk off stage.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Hm. Good point.

*(The dead body is taken away. THE SCROOGE is relieved.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** That body just stunk, Sven. How could you breathe?

*(SVEN points to his enclosed helmet.)*

Oh. One minute longer and I would have heaved.

*(SVEN points his mind ray at THE SCROOGE again and pulls the trigger. The scene changes to Bob Cratchit's home. The children and MRS. CRATCHIT are all sitting in their main room. They all look sad. One stool is empty and it has Timmy Loo Hoo's crutch resting against it.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** What vision is this? Oh good. Bob Cratchit's dwelling. This will be nicer, perhaps better smelling. Wait a sec. What's with the oblong-ish faces? Stress from their jobs? Is that what the case is?

*(CRATCHIT enters.)*

**FAMILY.** *(Greeting him:)* Father!

**CRATCHIT.** *(Glad to see them, yet somber:)* My family. What a sweet chorus.

Yet one voice is missing and not heard before us.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Ah, Timmy's sweet voice, with its dainty *(Or instead perhaps husky...or any other adjective that fits the voice of the actor.)* tones,

Is quiet now and in the ground all alone.

**THE SCROOGE.** In the ground? What can they mean? What's the caper?

Did he quit his job and become a landscaper?

**CRATCHIT.** He's pushing up daisies.

**THE SCROOGE.** Ah ha! I knew it!

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** He bought the farm.

**THE SCROOGE.** I knew he could do it.

*(CRATCHIT and MRS. CRATCHIT seem to be trying to give THE SCROOGE hints that LITTLE TIMMY LOO HOO is dead even though "officially" they don't know that THE SCROOGE and SVEN are in their midst.)*

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Ashes to ashes.

**CRATCHIT.** Dust to dust.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*To SVEN:*) My yard has red cedar mulch. It's a must. But ash might be nice in a quaint garden space.

**CRATCHIT.** He's kicked the bucket.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Departed. Erased.

*(Seeing that THE SCROOGE is still not understanding them, they become more emphatic and start to make actual eye contact with him.)*

**CRATCHIT.** He bought the pine condo.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** He's snuffed out and wasting.

**THE SCROOGE.** Wait a sec. Are they still talking landscaping?

**FAMILY.** No!

**THE SCROOGE.** Then what? Where's young Tim and his fair little head?

I see his crutch and his chair and...

**FAMILY.** He's dead!

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh. I might be tuckered from these haunting bouts.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** That took you way too long to figure out.

*(CRATCHIT nudges her. She's not supposed to be able to see THE SCROOGE [or SVEN].)*

Not that I see you, if that's what you're thinking,  
Because I don't...and that's why I'm winking.

*(MRS. CRATCHIT gives a few cheesy and very obvious winks to THE SCROOGE. BOB CRATCHIT nudges her again and abruptly tries to change the subject by launching into sobs of mourning for his poor little deceased son Timmy.)*

**CRATCHIT.** (*Pounding on his chest:*) Oh my poor child, my poor Timmy Loo Lumpkin.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** There there my dear, Bobby Bobbles.

**CRATCHIT.** My pumpkin.

*(CRATCHIT again launches into a sob and beats his chest.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Easy there, Bob. You might break your breastbone.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** No. He has a callous.

**CRATCHIT.** Plus it's called a chestbone.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** Not that we see you...

**CRATCHIT.** ...Or hear what you say.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.** But if we did...

**BOTH.** We would cry anyway.

*(The whole family sobs.)*

**CRATCHIT.** *(Drying his eyes:)* My dears when we think of how patient  
and mild

Little Tim was as a surgeon...and child,  
Let us hold back from each other all quarrels  
In memory of Tim. Thus endeth the moral.

*(The Cratchit house fades away.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Oh, Sven you space ghost of Christmas to come,  
Are we nearly finished? 'Cuz I sure am bummed.  
My heart has an ache full of sorrow and pain,  
Wait, no. That's my hip. I think they're both sprained.

*(SVEN points his mind ray at THE SCROOGE and a gravestone  
appears. SVEN points to it.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Before I draw near to that stone, might I ask,  
Are all of these visions you've shown me at last  
Things that will be, or could things be changed  
If I took a course less mean, bad, or deranged?

*(SVEN keeps pointing at the gravestone.)*

I see by your pointing that you'd like my focus  
To be on this gravestone which stands and provokes us.  
The name on the stone...what a kawinkydink,  
It's almost exactly like my name I think.  
What are the chances this corpse has a name  
That's practically like mine...in fact it's the same.

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge had a revelation in his head.

**NARRATOR #1.** He was the guy in the grave...and was dead.

*(THE SCROOGE gets down on his knees and pleads with SVEN.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** Sven, I think you've shown me this for a reason.  
There must be a reason unless you're just teasin'.  
Take me back home. I will change. I repent.  
I'll be a new geezer, one-hundred percent.

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge began thinking some thoughts that  
were new.

**THE SCROOGE.** What if my thoughts about Christmas aren't true?  
 What if Christmas isn't quite so deplorable?  
 What if Christmas means a teensy bit more-able?

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge's heart grew three more sizes that night.

**NARRATOR #2.** Or just got installed...

**NARRATOR #1.** ...Or got hooked up right.

**NARRATOR #2.** Whatever it was.

**NARRATOR #1.** At that very hour.

**BOTH.** The Scrooge was bestowed with CHRISTMAS SUPER-POWERS!

*(THE SCROOGE lifts up SVEN and holds him above his head [if this cannot be done perhaps he opens up his shirt to reveal a superhero outfit].)*

**THE SCROOGE.** This is fantastic. I just want to holler.  
 I feel like a newborn baby...only taller.

*(Putting SVEN down:)*

Sven, thank you so much! I'm just drunk with joy.  
 Merry Christmas to all! And to all a...

*(A BOY walks by. SVEN gives THE SCROOGE the thumbs up and then disappears.)*

...Hey boy!  
 What day is today?

**BOY.** What, are you serious?

**THE SCROOGE.** What a fine lad. Tell me sonny. I'm curious.

**BOY.** Why it's Christmas day!

**THE SCROOGE.** Christmas day?

**BOY.** Yes, that's right.

**THE SCROOGE.** All of the Ghosts freaked me out in one night.  
 I am as thrilled as a geezer can be.

Just one night has passed when I thought it was three.  
 I haven't missed Christmas. Those ghosts were hard at it.  
 An efficient, trifecta, Christmas haunt-o-matic.

Boy, there's a shop on the corner of Durkee.

**BOY.** The one with the ginormous mistletoed turkey?

**THE SCROOGE.** Yes, the prize bird. Has it been sold yet?

**BOY.** No, it's expensive. It comes from Tibet.

**THE SCROOGE.** Price is no matter. Go buy that bird. Scurry!  
Have the man bring it back here in a hurry.  
A shilling is yours if you're quick on this mission.  
Faster and I'll pay your college tuition.

**BOY.** Right away, sir. I'll be fast as a hatchet.

*(The BOY runs off.)*

**THE SCROOGE.** That bird will be fine for the family Cratchit!

*(The BOY runs back on with two POULTERERS carrying a giant turkey.)*

**BOY.** Here I am back with the bird that you wanted.

**THE SCROOGE.** Excellent job, my boy. Tuition granted.

*(To the POULTERERS:)*

Gents, here's a wad full of cash for your trouble.  
Bring the bird to Cratchit's house on the double.  
Then with the change, buy your wives something nice.  
Make it expensive, and then buy it twice.  
Ah! But that bird is too heavy for two.  
We must have some people to come carry you!

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge clapped his hands and some strongmen  
arrived

To give the bird and the two poulterers a ride.

*(The POULTERERS and the STRONGMEN exit, as the stage fills with outdoor Christmas traffic. In pantomime we see THE SCROOGE greeting people, being generous and friendly and generally enacting what the NARRATORS say below.)*

**NARRATOR #2.** Then through the streets The Scrooge skipped  
and he tripped.

He danced with young ladies. He turned them and dipped.

**NARRATOR #1.** He patted the children.

**NARRATOR #2.** Gave beggars his treasure.

**BOTH.** And found out that everything could give him pleasure.

**NARRATOR #1.** People were shocked by his brand new condition.

**NARRATOR #2.** As he doled out cash wads and paid for tuitions.

**NARRATOR # 1.** Stunned people wished the ex-miser "Good  
Morning."

**NARRATOR #2.** And "Merry Christmases" sent his new soul soaring.

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

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