

EBENEZER SCROOGE

Scene 3

Scrooge's house. A big wingback chair. Not much else. Maybe a clock on a wall. Enter Scrooge.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Energy units, what a joke. Oh how I enjoy how stupid people are. Bob Cratchit, you and your children will freeze as much as always and I've cut your salary in half, and you'll thank me for it. Hahahaha. Bah humbug. Now let me sit in my favorite chair and read the announcements of the next public executions. *(He sits in his chair, looks at a printed list.)* Ah, next Tuesday, right after breakfast. I can make that one. Ah, my previous housekeeper, put to death for stealing. I will certainly make that one. *(Offstage, the sound of some ghostly "woooo-ing.")*

OFFSTAGE GHOSTS. Wooooo-oooo-ooooo.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. What is that, I wonder?

OFFSTAGE GHOSTS. Wooooo-oooo-ooooo!

EBENEZER SCROOGE. It must be my imagination. *(Enter two ghosts, both dressed pathetically, with a "ghostly" sheet with a hole for their heads to poke through; and with a white piece of cloth wrapped from their chin to the top of their heads. Perhaps they both have socks with garters. One ghost is the size of a man; the other is small, the size of a child. They are Jacob Marley's Ghost and Young Jacob Marley from earlier, now dressed as a ghost.)*

THE MARLEY GHOSTS. Wooooo-oooo-ooooo. Wooooo-oooo-ooooo.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Oh Lord, what is this?

JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. Do you recognize me, Ebenezer?

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Not really.

JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. Ebenezer, I am your business partner

Jacob Marley, dead these many years.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Well who dressed you, you look ridiculous.

JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. I am condemned to wander the earth, day after day, mourning my past mistakes, never to find rest or peace. *(Emits a surprisingly loud cry of anguish.)* OOOOO-OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!



YOUNG JACOB. There, there, older self. Don't feel bad. EBENEZER SCROOGE. Is this young boy your servant? JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. He is my tormentor! EBENEZER SCROOGE. He teases you? JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. He torments me because I see how sweetly I began, and how empty and callous I ended. EBENEZER SCROOGE. Yes, yes, I see. I'm getting bored with your visit, can you leave? JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. You are not afraid to speak to a ghost that way?

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Well, are you a ghost? I think you could as easily be a piece of undigested mutton. Or some stomach-churning, unfinished glob of fermenting Rice-A-Roni.

YOUNG JACOB. The San Francisco treat. EBENEZER SCROOGE. He has few lines, but enjoys the ones he has. Very good, young man, well spoken.

JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. *(Emphatic, full of ghostly scariness.)* Scroooooooge! I come with a warning. Unless you mend your ways, you will be condemned to the same fate as me — to walk the earth in torment for all your days. Wooooo-oooo-ooooo, woe — EBENEZER SCROOGE. *(Glib, wanting to be rid of him.)* All right, fine, I'll change. Okay?

JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. Ebenezer, you will be visited three times tonight by three separate spirits — or possibly just one spirit, who will come three separate times and change its name each time. Either way, those spirits are your one and only chance to save yourself and escape your horrible fate.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Fine, fine, you've made point. Please let me rest now.

JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. The first spirit will come when the clock strikes one. The second spirit will come when the clock strikes two. The third spirit ...

EBENEZER SCROOGE. *(Starts pushing them out.)* Yes, yes, I get where you're going, thank you for coming. Goodbye, Jacob Marley. Goodbye, mini-Marley. Goodbye, goodbye. *(Scrooge gets the Marley ghosts offstage. But immediately Jacob Marley's Ghost comes back.)* JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST. *(Emphatic, needing to complete his thought.)* The third spirit will come when the clock strikes three !!!

(Glares, exits. Scrooge sits back in his chair, suddenly exhausted! How odd. (His body shifts abruptly, he suddenly nods off to a total sleep.)

