

**Twisted Christmas Carol
Act I**

Narrator..... Dale Connelly
Ebenezer Scrooge..... Peter Moore
Jacob Marley..... Dr. Larry Kyle
Bob Cratchit..... Bud Buck
Bathtub Safety Officer Rafferty..... Himself
Nephew..... Nephew Thomas

(music: up, establish, under)

Narr: Marley was dead, to begin with. Unless you understand that, nothing wonderful can come of this story. Marley was most definitely dead. The coroner said so. The undertaker agreed.

(sfx: scribbling)

His business partner, Ebenezer Scrooge, had completed all the proper forms and signed the death certificate personally.

Scrooge: *(in the act of writing)* And so it is duly noted with this documentation, Jacob Marley is finally and forevermore ... deceased.

(music ends w/ word "deceased")

Narr: Yes, the co-founder of the firm Scrooge and Marley was most certainly dead, and yet ... he refused to be quiet.



(sfx: bolt and Bali Hai)

Dr. Kyle: Ebenezer! Heh heh heh heh ...

Scrooge: Jacob! *(heavy sigh)* Can't you give it a rest!

From left to right, Dale Connelly, Jim Ed Poole, Peter Moore, and Beth Gilleland read parts in *The Morning Show's* adaptation of *A Christmas Carol*.

Dr. Kyle: Rest? Yes, I'd love to have some Rest!

(sfx: bolt)

(sfx: chains)

Heh heh heh ... But I must travel ... always travel ... dragging these chains that I forged in life! Draped in heavy ... metal ... chains! In a lightning storm!

(sfx: bolt)

It would be dangerous except I'm already dead!

(sfx: chains)

Heh heh heh heh ... I miss your company, Ebenezer!

Scrooge: Bah!

Dr. Kyle: I miss OUR
company.
(*pause*) How IS
the company
doing, by the
way? Heh heh
heh ... is it
all right?

Scrooge: Yes, yes, of
course, the
company is
fine! You
always ask me
this.

Dr. Kyle: Always?

Scrooge: Constantly. Every
doorknob or a lamppost or here in the washroom sink ... you
ask me "how is our business?" and I always tell you our
business still makes money, and plenty of it!

Dr. Kyle: What do you know about OUR BUSINESS?

(sfx: bolt)

(sfx: chains)

The common good is our business! The general welfare is our
business!

Scrooge: (*rolls eyes*) Oh boy.

Dr. Kyle: Look in your heart, Ebenezer Scrooge! Avoid the fate I have
suffered!

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug, Marley!

(sfx: door open w/ bell and close)

I HAVE avoided your fate. I'm alive and you're dead.
(*whisper*) Now go away. Here comes Bob Cratchit! Shush!

(music: Bali Hai out)

(*calling off*) Well, Cratchit! Right on time, for once!

Bud Buck: Yes sir. Sorry to interrupt.

Scrooge: Interrupt?

Bud Buck: Weren't you talking to someone in the bathroom there?



Jim Ed Poole creates a scribbling sound effect with a paper bag and a marker.

Scrooge: Talking? When there's
work to be done? Now get
busy!

(music: bridge)

Narr: And so ... Scrooge was left with his private thoughts about
Marley's warning while Bob Cratchit got to work. But it
wasn't very long before there was another unexpected and
unwelcome visitor ...

(music: end)

(sfx: door open w/ bell and close)

Rafferty: At ease, civilians! Bathtub Safety Office Rafferty here!
Merry Christmas to you!

Scrooge: State your
business, sir!
We are at work!

Rafferty: I'm checking
for bathroom
safety
violations ...

Scrooge: No one is
allowed to use
our bathroom.

Rafferty: Not anyone?

Scrooge: Visitors
especially are
not allowed to
use it. Or see
it. Therefore,
there's no need
for an
inspection. Be gone!



Peter Moore reads the part of Scrooge, as Beth Gilleland reads in her script.

Rafferty: Well ... OK, but ... I'm also selling tickets to the
Personal Safety Officer's Holiday Ball next Saturday. Care
to buy some?

Scrooge: I most certainly do NOT.

Rafferty: The money helps teach children about soap safety in the
shower. A lot of nasty falls can be avoided if ...

Scrooge: What do I care if children step on soap in the shower? Are
they unusually grimy, these children?

Rafferty: They work in dangerous factories with a lot of grease and
smoke.

Scrooge: Is there a shortage of these greasy children?

Rafferty: No, but ...

Scrooge: A surplus, then?

Rafferty: I wouldn't put it that way, but ...

Scrooge: And yet you want my money to de-grease the surplus population? Humbug!

Rafferty: But sir! You can't be so callous and cruel!

Scrooge: You are being callous and cruel to me and my money, wasting our time! Let the children stay filthy, and far from me!

Rafferty: Well, sir ... Merry Christmas to you, regardless.

Scrooge: Christmas! Bah! Humbug!

(sfx: door with bell open and close)

Rafferty: *fading off*) As you were ... civilians!

Scrooge: What are you looking at, Cratchit?

Bud Buck: Nothing at all, sir.

Scrooge: Thinking you might put more coal in the fire? Well, forget it! This will last until tomorrow morning!

Bud Buck: Speaking of tomorrow, sir, I was hoping maybe I could have the day off. Since it's a holiday.

Scrooge: A holiday? Organized theft, you mean. Theft of time, theft of services. Bah! I'll expect you in extra early the next day!

Bud Buck: Yes, sir. Sorry for the inconvenience, sir. It's for the family.

Scrooge: Family! Humbug! What a nuisance! Glad I don't have one.

Bud Buck: But what about your nephew Nephew?

Scrooge: What about him?

Bud Buck: He's family.

Scrooge: My nephew Nephew is an idler who makes a living through sleight of hand. I don't care for him.

(sfx: door open w/ bell and close)

Bud Buck: Speak of the devil ... here he comes.

Scrooge: I would it were the devil. At least he works!

Nephew: Greetings Uncle!

Scrooge: Nephew.

Nephew: Happy Holidays, Bob Cratchit!

Bud Buck: Thank you. Same to you, and God bless you in your dangerous work, Mr. Nephew, sir.

Scrooge: That carnival sideshow, you mean.

Nephew: My daredevil work is more than a sideshow, Uncle. It's my profession.

Scrooge: Facing death, a profession? Nonsense. Every one living faces death day to day and we don't presume to get paid for it!

Nephew: Very funny, Uncle. Though I've found facing death reminds me what is most important in life ... fellowship and family. Which is why I've come to ask you to join me and my lovely wife for a holiday dinner.

Scrooge: A dinner?

Nephew: Yes, you know. Food. Eat.

Scrooge: Eat? Humbug!

Nephew: Actually, we're having a goose. And there'll be a spirited celebration, I imagine.

Scrooge: Bah!

Bud Buck: It sounds wonderful, Mr. Nephew! Will you do a daring feat at your party?

Nephew: Why yes, Mr. Cratchit. For the entertainment of my guests, I'll be bound, gagged, and blindfolded, and I will then climb into the fully heated oven with the Christmas goose, and I will have only 90 seconds to get out!

Bud Buck: Oh, how thrilling, Mr. Nephew! Won't you go, Mr. Scrooge?

Scrooge: As much as I would enjoy seeing my Nephew cooked, the answer is, as always, NO!

Nephew: I'll juggle fire if you come.

Scrooge: No!

Nephew: Swallow a knife?

Scrooge: Begone!

Nephew: Very well ... I gave it my best shot. Time to move on, you old sourpuss, *(fading)* but Merry Christmas to you, nonetheless!



Dan Chouinard provides the piano accompaniment for the radio play.

Scrooge: Bah! HUMBUG!

Nephew: Merry Christmas, Cratchit!

(sfx: door open and close)

Bud Buck: *(weakly)* Merry Christmas, Mr. Nephew.

(sfx: clock chimes five times)

(excited) Five o'clock!

Scrooge: Not so fast! Keep working! *(drawn out to the end of the last chime)* Keeeeeeeeeeep Worrrrrrrrrrrking. Pen moving! Moving! *(disappointed sigh)* All right.

Bud Buck: Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge!

Scrooge: Bah!

(music: bridge)

Narr: As he trudged up the steps to his home that winter's evening, Scrooge thought happily of the solitude he would soon enjoy, utterly alone ... as long as that chatty-but-still-very-dead Marley didn't show up. But just as he reached his door, the brass knocker took a familiar shape.

(music: bridge ends)

(sfx: bolt and Bali Hai main)

Scrooge: Oh no!

Dr. Kyle: Yes! It's me!
I'm back!

Scrooge: NOW what?

Dr. Kyle: I have come to warn you ... about these chains!

Scrooge: Yes, yes, you told me. You forged them in life.

Dr. Kyle: To drag around forever!



Dale Connelly is the man behind Marley's chains.

Scrooge: It's really not m .

Dr. Kyle: You have similar chains, and have been working on them longer!

Scrooge: Impossible. I don't know how to forge chains.

Dr. Kyle: Neither did I! But these are the secret partnerships I entered into.

(sfx: chain clank)

These are the illegal trades I made with my stock options.

(sfx: chain clank)

Here's what I used to cook the books!

(sfx: chain clank)

What a mess. Did death free me of all these problems? NO! It

got worse and worse and worse!

Scrooge: This is all very interesting, but I'm diversified. I even stashed money in shoeboxes, which are out-performing the market.

Dr. Kyle: And how much have you given away?

(sfx: bolt)

Scrooge: Given? Away?

Dr. Kyle: To help your fellow man?

Scrooge: I would like to help my fellow man get out of my way! I would like to help my fellow man get his face off the doorknocker. I would like my fellow man to leave me alone!

Dr. Kyle: Hehheheheheheheh. You will NOT be left alone! There will be three visitors!

(music: Bali Hai end cross fade w/Bali Hai main)

Heh heh heh ... Listen to them! They are your last chance. I will not come to you again.

Scrooge: Promise?

Dr. Kyle: Heed their advice or suffer my fate ... *(fade)* Ebenezer Scrooge!

Scrooge: *(wait for Bali Hai end)* *(sigh)* A talking door knocker. That's one sorry fate.

(music: theme)

I must be losing my mind. I wonder which other of my household fixtures are going to speak up ... before this night is over.

(music: end)