

**Twisted Christmas Carol
Act II**

Narrator, Fezziwig..... Dale Connelly
Ebenezer Scrooge, Young Scrooge..... Peter Moore
Ghost of Christmas Past..... Mel Lightner
Belle, Priscilla..... Beth Gilleland
Ghost of Christmas Present..... Captain Billy
Crew of the Muskellunge..... Themselves
Bob Cratchit..... Bud Buck
Teenage Tim..... Bubby Spanden

(music: theme)

Narr: After his visit with Marley, Scrooge tried to sleep, but his mind raced with thoughts of sudden ghostly visitors. The tension built to its crescendo at the moment the clock struck one.

(music: ends and clock strikes one)

Scrooge: (w/ strike) Ah!
The time of the first spirit!
But I hear nothing. Or do I?

(sfx: footsteps off)

(fade) We'll get to the bottom of this!

(sfx: door open)

Ahk!

(music: Rock around the clock)

Mel: We're gonna rock around the clock tonight. Gonna dum dum dee 'til broad daylight. Gonna la-la la-la la-la la la la la ... tonight.

(music: ends)

Hey, thank you very much! SMALL crowd tonight! But if my music can touch just one person ... it would have to be you! There's no one else here! Ha! What's your name, sir?

Scrooge: Uh ... Ebenezer.

Mel: Ebenezer! Great name! I love that. Where you from, Ebenezer?

Scrooge: I'm from right here. In this house.

Mel: Then make yourself at home! Ha! But seriously, relax. Here's a little number about resting and staying happy. Maestro?

(music: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)



Jim Ed Poole clomps with his SFX shoes, with Dale Connelly following in the script.

God rest you merry gentlemen
 Let nothing you dah day!
 Remember ho hum
 La la la dah dee dah
 doo doo day!

Scrooge: Stop!

Mel: To save us all from tum tee tum dah doo dah doo ... Astray!
 Oh ...

Scrooge: Stop it, I say!

(music: stops)

(deep breath) I ... was expecting ... an all-knowing spirit.
 Clearly you are NOT all knowing. Are you even a spirit?

Mel: If I'm not, I'll be one soon, 'cause I'm dyin' up here! Ha!
 But seriously ... do you like to travel?

Scrooge: No!

Mel: Oh. Then you're really gonna hate this. Take my hand.

Scrooge: Where are we going?

Mel: Out the window! On wings of song!

(music: piano riff, blending into "The Way We Were")

(sfx: wind)

Memories! Like the doo dahs of my mind.
 La la watercolor memories!
 Of the way
 ... doo dee!

(sfx: wind out)

**(music: piano riff
 continues)**

(sfx: merry crowd hubub up)

Scrooge: Where are we? Is
 this ... It's
 Fezziwig's! My
 old employer! He
 had the most
 wonderful
 Christmas
 parties! And
 there he is!



Peter Moore plays Ebenezer Scrooge.

Fezziwig: Come on,
 everybody! Let's
 have a song! All together!

(music: into Jingle Bells)

All: Jingle Bells. Jingle Bells.
 Doo dah all the way!

La la fun it is tum tum
in a doo dah dum dee sleigh!

Jingle Bells. Jingle Bells.
Jingle doo dah day!
Oh what la la la la ride
in a one horse doo dum dee.

(music: ends)

**(sfx: group cheer and
applaud)**

Scrooge: Oh, what a
wonderful time.

Mel: And who's the
young lady?

Scrooge: Belle! Oh, no,
Spirit! Not
this!

Mel: Shhhh. Listen!

Belle: *(fade up)* And
what will our
lives be like,
Ebenezer?



Beth Gilleland reads the part of Belle and Peter Moore plays Young Scrooge..

Young Scrooge: Wonderful! I'll own a company. Several! There'll be stock options, and a technology panic that will lead to a huge market bubble. I'll have a workaholic partner, but he'll die, and I'll get all the money 'cause he won't have any family or friends. It'll be great ... money-wise.

Belle: I know you have business plans, but what will our *lives* be like?

Young Scrooge: Unbelievably rich! Awash in money!

Belle: Enough about money! I'm talking about something bigger.

Young Scrooge: Bigger? Than money? Money is everything!

Belle: I thought love was everything.

Young Scrooge: *(tender)* Oh, of course! Love IS everything. But with money, everything is more wonderful.

Belle: If you believe that, it's goodbye! *(fade)* Goodbye Ebenezer! You're really going to regret this!

(music: melancholy riff)

Scrooge: I was such a fool. Take me away from here, spirit!

Mel: Are you sure you want to leave now? They're going to play Twister!

Scrooge: Please ... no more!

Mel: Maestro, a little traveling music.

(sfx: wind)

(music: riff segues to All You Need Is Love)

All you need is la!
All you need is la!
All you need is la, la.
La is all you need!

(sfx: wind out)

(music: All you Need is Love segues to Brahms Lullaby)

OK ... new location. Home sweet home and back to bed. You've got lots more to come. I'm just the opening act!

Scrooge: But how can I sleep!

Mel: Hey! I'll sing!
(fades as he sings, while lullaby continues)

Go to sleep, go to sleep
Go to sle-eep ... to sleep go.
Got to sleep. Go to sleep.
If you're going ... go to sleep!

(music: ends and clock strikes two)

Scrooge: (alarmed, w each bell) Ah! No!

(sfx: at sea w/ angry men and ship beaching)

Capt. Billy: Hard astern, you sons of barnacles! Pull, now! Bring her to shore!

(wait for beaching to end)

Ahoy there, landlubber! Whose bedchamber be this?

Scrooge: Mine?

Capt: And what be your name then, sir? Is it Scrooge?

Scrooge: It is!

Capt: There he is, boys!

(sfx: angry men / at sea up and hold)

You'll be comin' with us then! Step aboard! Look lively! We've got no more than an hour for our work! Cast off!

Scrooge: Where are we going?



Dan Chouinard plays piano to accompany the script read by (left to right) Beth Gilleland, Peter Moore, Jim Ed Poole, and Dale Connelly.

Capt: To see your relative ... your nephew ... ummmm ...

Scrooge: Nephew?

Capt: You've a nephew called Nephew?

Scrooge: My sister wanted to be sure I could remember his name.

Capt: So be it, then! Takes all kinds, it does. Make ready to throw out your lines! Now! And make 'em fast, boys!

(sfx: beaching ship 2)

(sfx: angry men / at sea out)

Behold, Mr. Scrooge! The home of your nephew Nephew!

Scrooge: Why, he's with his young wife ... Priscilla or something.

Capt: If you listens ... you can hear what Priscilla or somethin' is sayin'.

Priscilla: *(fade up)* ... how silly of you to even try, Nephew. He's never come here for a holiday or any other reason. Why would he now?

Nephew: For all his bluster, my uncle Scrooge is a decent fellow. I cannot be angry with him, he is such a sad, bitter man.

Priscilla: A sad, bitter, money grubbing old pirate!

(sfx: angry men / at sea up and down)

Priscilla: And I say there is no decency in him at all! He's nothing but a selfish old coward ...

(sfx: angry men / at sea up and hold)

Capt: Don't take it personal, boys! Rise above it, now!

Priscilla: ... and he probably smells like a pirate too!

(sfx: angry men / at sea OUT quick)

Capt: Whoah, that's crosses a line, it does! But you know she's right!

(sfx: angry men / at sea up)

Stay on the boat, you varmint! Time to shove off!



Peter Moore reads the part of Scrooge while Beth Gilleland, who reads the part of Priscilla, awaits her cue.

Scrooge: Where are we going next?

Capt: It's high time you paid a little visit to a mister Bob Cratchit.

Scrooge: Cratchit! I see him every day!

Capt: With nary a day off, you slave driver! Ain't he a slave driver, boys? Aye ... I loves ya for it. Throw out your lines and bring her steady to port!

(sfx: beaching ship 2)

(sfx: angry men / at sea out)

Scrooge: But spirit, this miserable little hovel can't be Bob's home!

Capt: Aye, it's all he can afford on the pittance you pays him! The man has nothing in terms of material wealth, and we should know, cause collectin' material wealth is our specialty, right boys?

(sfx: angry men up and down)

Scrooge: But ... such a tiny place ... overrun with people!

Capt: People? Them's his children!

Scrooge: Children? Bob has children?

Capt: Aye, but you're a clueless old bird, ain't ya? And yonder comes Bob!

Scrooge: With ANOTHER child ... at least I THINK it's a child. It looks so ... Gangly!

Capt: Why that would be Teenage Tim.

Bubby: *(fade up)* ... and another reason why it should be OK for me to spend Christmas in Fort Lauderdale ... you have to work anyway, Dad! So it's not like we'll have real family time.

Cratchit: Actually, I have tomorrow off! Thanks to Mr. Scrooge himself!

Bubby: *(resentful)* Yeah ... thanks a lot, Mr. Scrooge.

Cratchit: Now now, I say Mr. Scrooge is decent, and he deserves our blessing. And what do you say to that, Teenage Tim? Hmm? *(pause)* What do you say? What do you ALWAYS say?

Bubby: Aw ... dad! I'm too old for that!

Cratchit: Come on! You know I like to hear it!

Bubby: I don't wanna. You can't make me!

Cratchit: Then I'll say it. How did it go? Um ... Every God Bless One of Us! Hmmm. It sounded cuter when you did it.

Bubby: *(sigh)* That's 'cause you didn't do it right. It's "God bless us, every one!"

Cratchit: Atta boy! I knew I was close. And now it is time to go inside for our meal. And you can sit by the fire on your little stool.

Bubby: Awwwww. Do I have to?

Cratchit: You did back when you were tiny, Tim. When you were so frail, we feared you might die! And now you're fully recovered and punching holes in your ears and nose and laying waste to the house, with all your junk scattered 'round and those huge shoes always in the way ... So do an old man a favor and sit by the fire on your little stool, eh? Your mother would love it so.

Bubby: I'll do it for five bucks.

Cratchit: We've only a small bit left, and that's our contribution to the poor.

Bubby: Dad ... WE'RE poor!

Cratchit: But there are so many who are worse off.

Bubby: Then you can forget the sitting-by-the-fire-on-the-stool thing.

Cratchit: *(sigh)* Two fifty. And not a word to your mother about this.

Bubby: It's a deal.

(music: poignant bridge under)

Scrooge: Tell me spirit. About the boy, Teenage Tim.

Capt: He's a piece of work, eh?

Scrooge: Will he ... *(choking up)* Will he ever get over himself?

Capt: Well now, the future is clouded. I do see an empty stool by the fireplace. But ... there's a big old lump stretched out in front of the TV ... could be him. Hard to say.

(music: poignant bridge end)

To your stations, boys! Time to be movin' on!

(sfx: angry men / at sea up)

Scrooge: Where are we going now?

Capt: Back to your quarters, landlubber. You has one more visitor yet. The most horrible of the three!

(sfx: beaching 3)

(sfx: angry men / at sea down)

Scrooge: Spirit! I'm afraid! Can't I stay with you?

Capt: Nay! Make him walk the plank, boys!

(sfx: angry men up)

Scrooge: No, no, not that! Please!

Capt: Walk the plank! Give 'im a shove!

Scrooge: No. No! Noooooooooooooooooooo!

(sfx: angry men out)

Scrooge: Wha? My own bed?

(music: theme)

Could it be ... it was all a bad dream? Or am I about to receive another visitor ... But how horrible can it be, after what I've been through? I suppose I will discover the truth ... when the clock strikes three.

(music: theme end)