

**Twisted Christmas Carol
Act III**

Narrator, Gravedigger 1..... Dale Connolly
Ebenezer Scrooge..... Peter Moore
Gravedigger 2, Boy..... Beth Gilleland
Bob Cratchit..... Bud Buck
Teenage Tim..... Bubby Spanden

(music: theme, establish, segue to clock chimes 3)

Scrooge: Three o'clock? There's much to do in the spirit world, perhaps my case is not so important. *(relieved sigh)* Certainly I've been given enough attention.

(sfx: three heavy knocks and door blasted down)

(with each knock)

Ah! Ah! No! GO AWAY! I have had enough!

(sfx: wind)

OK. You can come in. So ... the third and final spirit, and the one I dread most. Speak, gloomy specter! Horrible and merciless avenger! If you plan to have my life, take it tonight! But first ... pull back your shroud, so I may see your face!

(sfx: shroud ruffle)

(sfx: wind stops)

Ah! Well ... you're not so bad.

Bmarty: Hmmmm. And why do you say that?

Scrooge: Well ... I was expecting something smothering and sinister ... with cold, hollow eyes from the deepest pit of Hell. But you ...



From left to right, Beth Gilleland, Peter Moore, Jim Ed Poole, Dale Connolly, and Dan Chouinard.

Bmarty: I come from the bottomless well of wellness. And although I've never met you, um ...?

Scrooge: Ebenezer.

Bmarty: ... I do care about you very, very, very much.

Scrooge: Yet you kicked down my door.

Bmarty: Couldn't be helped. Because ... you need therapy. You need to "come home to yourself."

Scrooge: I am home!

Bmarty: Not yet, not really. Not until after the counseling.

Scrooge: Oh, please! I am NOT interested in any more self-discovery!

Bmarty: Mmmm-hmmm. What about it doesn't interest you? Is it the self? Or the discovery?

Scrooge: It's not that, it's ...

Bmarty: Two more little bitty trips! That's all. You do the talking. I'm going to listen and take notes. Then we'll review and discuss.

Scrooge: No, please, NO!

Bmarty: Touch my robe and react honestly to what you see and feel. Be open. Let it flow. I'm not going to speak to you after this.

Scrooge: Please, don't!

Bmarty: Shroud going up! Come!

(sfx: wind)

(music: flying)

Scrooge: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Bmarty: This will be a very short flight. Would you like a bag of dry roasted peanuts?

Scrooge: Nooooooooooooo!

Bmarty: Put your tray tables up please! Almost done talking! Prepare for landing!

(sfx: wind down)

(music: flying ends)

Scrooge: Where are we, spirit? What is this place?

Bmarty: *(lips are sealed, played like charades)* Mmmm-mmm.

Scrooge: I know you said you wouldn't speak, but ... Tell me, please! Is it ... my Nephew's? Fezziwig's? The workhouse?

Bmarty: *(nope to each)* Mmm-mm.

Scrooge: Wait ... I ... I ... recognize it now. It's Cratchit's.

Bmarty: *(yes!)* Mmm-hmm!

Scrooge: Cratchit's, yes, and there's Bob. But he looks so ... old, spirit. So tired. But his family is with him ... All except ... where is the boy? Spirit, where is Teenage Tim?

Bmarty: *(I don't know)* Mmmm-mmm.

Scrooge: I see ... in the corner ... his really, really enormous shoes. The tidy house is such a mess. Who is responsible?

Bmarty: *(I don't know)* Muh-uh.

Scrooge: Everyone's seems so ... exasperated. Good Lord, Spirit! Don't look away, tell me please! Is the boy Teenage Tim ... afflicted with ... attitude?

Bmarty: *(definitely yes)*
Hmmm!

Scrooge: But will he snap out of it? Can he? Tell me he will! Tell me he ... Whoah!

(sfx: wind)

(music: flying / music: ends)

(sfx: digging)

Scrooge: Now where have you taken me? It's so dark. It's ... it's a burial. Someone has died. Who, Spirit? Why are they covering up?



Dale Connelly as Gravedigger 1, Jim Ed Poole as the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, Peter Moore as Scrooge, and Beth Gilleland as Gravedigger 2.

Bmarty: *(through clenched teeth)* I'm not supposed to talk to you.

Scrooge: SPIRIT! PLEASE! I have to know ... Who are they burying?

Bmarty: *(exasperated)* Who do you THINK they're burying?

Scrooge: I don't know! That's why I'm asking!

Bmarty: Let's listen, and maybe you can figure it out!

Gravedigger 1: *(fade up)* I heard tell he was an old skinflint. Had money, but nobody liked him.

Gravedigger 2: Spent his days in the counting house, this one. Just him and his poor, mistreated clerk.

Gravedigger 1: Lived alone. Won't be missed.

Gravedigger 2: Very unpleasant fellow.

Scrooge: How am I supposed to figure it out? They're not saying his name. Is it someone I know?

Bmarty: YES!

(sfx: digging stops)

Gravedigger 1: *(sigh)* We've done right well with him, I'd say. And this old coat they were going to waste in the coffin ... will fetch a pretty penny!

Gravedigger 2: Good thing you borrowed it from him, eh ducks?

Gravedigger 1: He won't be needing it from now on!

Scrooge: Well, whoever it is had a coat just like mine!

Bmarty: Hint, hint!

Scrooge: What?

Gravedigger 2: His dying
was a great
kindness to his
fellow man, eh?

Gravedigger 1: Someone
will be warm
this winter,
thanks to old
Mr. Ebenezer
Scrooge!

Scrooge: Huh. Somebody
else with the
same name as me!

Bmarty: You fool! It IS
you!



"Take me away, spirit! I can't bear it! Take me away now!"

(music: Ta Dum! and segue into flying music)

Scrooge: Ah! Oh no! How could it be ME? Take me away, spirit! I can't bear it! Take me away now!

(sfx: wind) (live)

How dare they bury meeeeeeee! When I'm not done living!

(sfx: wind out)

(music: flying ends)

Scrooge: (wakes) Ah! Am I back now, spirit? Is this ... this is my own home, and my own bed! And the sun, shining off the snow! It's morning! Could it be ... it's done? The spirits did it all in one night? What's this?

(sfx: paper unfolding)

A bill ... "house call for therapy"? Three hours at ... Ah! Good Lord! But it's well spent if it means I still have a chance to change my ways.

(sfx: window open and outdoor sounds)

(music: happy theme)

You there! Boy! What day is it?

Boy: What? It's Christmas day!

Scrooge: Wonderful boy! Brilliant boy! Merry Christmas to you, boy!

Boy: And to you, sir!

Scrooge: Gifted boy! And do you know the butcher shop in the next block? The one with the Christmas goose in the window?

Boy: The one as big as me?

Scrooge: Definitely above-average boy! Yes! Go have the butcher bring it here and I will tell him where he should take it. Here's a credit card.

Boy: Yes Sir!

Scrooge: Steal that number and I'll plague you the rest of my days! Got it, delightful boy?

Boy: Yes sir! Loud and Clear!

Scrooge: What a sharp, perceptive boy! What a glorious day!



Jim Ed Poole reads the parts of eight characters and creates most of the sound effects for the show.

(music: ends)

Now ... what will I do here while I wait for him to return? Ah, yes, I'll write out the address for the butcher.

(sfx: scribble scribble)

And while I'm at it, I'll fill out the paperwork to make a sizeable contribution to aid the Personal Safety Officers Holiday Ball.

(sfx: scribble scribble)

And I might as well give Bob Cratchit his raise.

(sfx: scribble scribble)

With complete benefits including free skin care for Teenage Tim!

(sfx: scribble scribble)

Ha ha! How wonderful! I must be dreaming!

(sfx: scribble scribble)

Boy: *(fades on)* Just as I promised sir, here's the Butcher!

Scrooge: Wonderful capitalist, task-oriented boy, marvelous! Here's some cash for your trouble. And now ... young butcher ... I'd like you to take this bird to this address. It's across town so you might take a cab. Or a stretch limo! Light rail if you wish. Nothing's too expensive. Won't Bob be

surprised! And his family, too! There's a teenaged boy there. Don't let him give you any guff. Tell them to have a Merry Christmas! That's what I'm going to do!

(sfx: outdoor sounds fade)

(music: cheerful, active)

Narr: And Scrooge was as good as his word. Better. He gave a hearty "Merry Christmas" to everyone he met ... he handed out many written promises that relieved him of a great amount of money, but with each one he felt a heavy burden lift from his shoulders.

Scrooge: Yipeee! Merry Christmas!

Narr: At his nephew Nephew's house that evening, he was charming and as desirous and deserving of forgiveness, as any man who ever lived.

Scrooge: Sorry I was such a poop! Will you forgive me instantly and without question, for years of neglect and all the many rotten things I did?

(sfx: cheerful crowd agrees)

Ah! Wonderful! That was easy!

(music ends)

Narr: The very next morning, he was in his office at 9 o'clock sharp, waiting for Bob Cratchit with barely disguised glee.

(sfx: tick tock)

Scrooge: Oh, good. He's late, he's late, he's late. Wonderful. Fifteen minutes late! No, Eighteen!

(sfx: door w/ bell opens, closes)

Excellent. Hee heee. Oh ... here he comes!

Bud Buck: My apologies, Mr. Scrooge. I'm terribly sorry. I'll make it up to you. I'll work extra. I'll do anything.

Scrooge: *(Sternly)* How do you explain this outrage?

Bud Buck: I'm just exhausted from yesterday. This big Christmas goose showed up out of nowhere and ... it wouldn't fit in the oven. Had to dig a pit in the back yard to cook it and the ground being so frozen ...



Jim Ed Poole has a box full of objects he uses to make sound effects for the *The Morning Show*.

Scrooge: (*clears throat*) I have some expectations, then. Starting with ... a raise in pay! What do you think about that?

Bud Buck: You're going to pay me a raisin?

Scrooge: No, Bob. Not a raisin. A raise! In pay! Don't you see, I've been a fool! But I'll make it all up to you! Put another coal on the fire. No, two! I'm making you a partner. And you're getting stock options! And we'll have back massages here in the office every week, and ... (*fade*) ... a company volleyball team. You play close to the net ...

(music: theme establish and under) (*piano*) (*live*)

Narr: ... and from that moment on ... Scrooge was as good an Employer, partner, citizen, and sugar daddy ... as anyone could be. And to Teenage Tim, he became like another father ...

Scrooge: Tim, why are you slouching? You're going to ruin your back.

Bubby: Dunno, Uncle Scrooge.

Scrooge: And how can you wear your belt BELOW your hips? And what's with the tattoo? Is that real?

Bubby: (*exasperated*) I dunno. Why are you buggin' me?

Scrooge: Why ... I'm a second father to you!

Bud Buck: And me! I love you too. (*pause*) What's that stuff in your hair?

Bubby: (*sigh*) What difference does it make?

Narr: And from the night of the spirits and ever after, if there was one thing people said about Ebenezer Scrooge ... he kept Christmas very well.

Scrooge: Merry Christmas to all! (*pause*) Good health and good cheer! (*pause*) Timmy?

Bubby: What?

Scrooge: Wouldn't you ... like to add something? Something cute?

Bubby: I'm not ... like ... some performing animal, y'know.

Scrooge: And you're not as mean and aloof as you pretend, either! You're really NICE! And it's O.K. to admit it!

Bud Buck: He's right, son. You DO use your surly attitude to keep people at a distance!

Scrooge: And I should know ... having done the very same thing myself, for so many wasted years. Can't you give us a happy ending here, Timmy?

Bud Buck: Oh, I'll do it for him!

Scrooge: Are you sure?

Bubby: Dad! No! You never get it right!

Bud Buck: But this time I remember it! "God, every one bless us"
(*pause*) Of ?

Scrooge: Hmm. I remember it being sweeter than that. Maybe the boy
will give it a try.

Bubby: (*exasperated*) Gol! It's not that hard! "God bless us, every
one!"

Scrooge: Ah! That's more like it! How does it go again?

Bubby: (*heavy sigh*)

Bud Buck: I'll do it!

Bubby: No, no, I've got it. (*nicer*) "God bless us, every one."

Scrooge: God bless us, every one ...

Both: ... and Merry Christmas!

(music: Up and end)