

© 2013 by Scott Hunter

This play is for perusal only. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America. All productions, public or private, professional or amateur, must first obtain a license to perform the play. Upon receiving a license to perform the play, an unlocked PDF will be emailed to you for distribution to your players. Licensing information is available on the web site largecastplays.com.

A Christmas Carol

Based on the book by Charles Dickens

Adapted by Scott Hunter

Cast of Characters

Narrator 1 - The efficient one

Narrator 2 - The smart one

Narrator 3 The spicy one

Narrator 4 - the Goofy Narrator

Mother - Scroogette's put upon mother

Father - thinks his real name is Heff

Angel - hyper willing to do good - unable to multi-task

Superior - The Angel's superior officer - able to multi-task

Mauve - Scroogette's BFF

Fawn - No, I'm the BFF

Cher - Still doesn't know what they're talking about

Perky Tim - not so much tiny as perky

Jacob Marley - back in the chains again

Grandma Past - a ghost who doesn't take guff

Grandpa Past - agreeable to guff

Mama Tim - Perky's ailing Mother

Sister Tim - can't see or hear

Daddy Tim - on the wagon

Ghost of Christmas Future - crosses the line

Miss Nicely - a caring teacher

Christy - a girl good with synonyms

Zombies - every day they're shuffling

Students - debatable

A Christmas Carol

By Charles Dickens
Adapted by Scott Hunter

(Center stage is a large prop box that is big enough to double as a bench or a bed. A group of Christmas carolers, the VOCAL ENSEMBLE comes on stage and sings a favorite Christmas carol. When they are done they exit. Four NARRATORS come on stage. One of them is goofier than the other three.)

NARRATOR 1

That was a beautiful song, perfect for, yes, the holiday season. A time for beautiful nostalgic music, homemade tamales, and your Aunt Gladys's fruit cake. Like carolers in...

GOOFY NARRATOR *(interrupting)*

That reminds me of a funny story, 'cause, you see, my mom, she didn't realize there was rum in the fruit cakes and

NARRATOR 2

We're trying to introduce the play here.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Just a funny story, came to mind when you mentioned the fruit cake. I don't like fruit cake. Why would you put fruit in cake? Maybe pineapple... Sorry.

NARRATOR 3

The Holidays season, a time to anticipate presents and visit family...

GOOFY NARRATOR

And a chance to sit through yet another overly long, amateurish production of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*.

NARRATOR 1

Which I assure you we're not doing here.

GOOFY NARRATOR

We're not?

NARRATOR 1

No. This is a moderately short, totally first class production.

(GOOFY NARRATOR looks around at the bare bone set.)

GOOFY NARRATOR

The set doesn't look first class..

NARRATOR 2

Relatively first class, considering our budget. Besides, we've adapted everything for a modern audience.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You took the ghosts out?

NARRATOR 3

No. We have ghosts.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You took out the part about past, present and future?

NARRATOR 2

No. We still go to the past, the present and the future.

GOOFY NARRATOR

So what's changed?

NARRATOR 1

Well, in the original version by Charles Dickens the main character is named Scrooge. In our version, the main character is named Scroogette.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Scroogette?

NARRATOR 1

Yes.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Well that makes all the difference. Doesn't it?

NARRATOR 3

Can we start now?

GOOFY NARRATOR

We'd better if it's going to be moderately short.

NARRATOR 1

Say, could you go get the trisiprocated snipe extractor from back stage. The orange one.

GOOFY NARRATOR

The

NARRATOR 1

Trisiprocated snipe extractor. The orangee one. We need it for the translations. Play's gonna stop until we find it.

GOOFY NARRATOR

The orangee one?

NARRATOR 1

You got it.

(GOOFY NARRATOR hustles off stage to find the orange one.)

NARRATOR 1

That should give us a few minutes. This is the story of a girl who was rich.

(SCROOGETTE enters. She is fashionable, beautiful and self absorbed. She carries a mirror with her everywhere, a big one, and she brings in a pandacorn animal hat and puts it on NARRATOR 1's head. A pandacorn is, of course, a cross between a panda and a unicorn.)

NARRATOR 2

She should not have been rich, but she was.

NARRATOR 3

She was rich beyond the wildest dreams of everyone but herself.

NARRATOR 1

For she dreamed of being even richer.

NARRATOR 3

She dreamed of being rich enough to own castles and drive...

SCROOGETTE

A Ferrari with leopard-skin upholstery, ivory door handles, and 14k gold drink holders.

NARRATOR 2

She dreamed of being rich enough that her bathroom slippers would be lined in mink.

SCROOGETTE

The rarest albino pearl mink, of which only two pelts are known to exist in the whole wide world. Nothing is too good for my feet.

(to NARRATOR 1)

What do you think little Pandacorn? Am I more beautiful today?

NARRATOR 1

Yeah, sure.

SCROOGETTE *(to audience)*

It's a Pandacorn. I invented it, because Pandas are too ordinary.

NARRATOR 1

It's a hat.

NARRATOR 3

And in her wildest dreams she dreamed...

SCROOGETTE

Someday, someday I will buy Disneyland and live in the haunted mansion, and hold private parties for my special friends like, Snooky, and Chloe and Rhiana, and I'll change the name of the place to Lucinda's Land.

NARRATOR 2

Because Lucinda was her name, or so she thought.

MOTHER *(off stage)*

Scroogette!

SCROOGETTE

My Mother.

ALL

Uhhgh.

(The MOTHER enters to roust SCROOGETTE up for school.)

MOTHER

Get up Scroogette, you'll be late for school.

SCROOGETTE

Don't call me that.

MOTHER

What should I call you?

SCROOGETTE

Lucinda. Call me Lucinda. That's my name.

MOTHER

Where did you get a name like that?

SCROOGETTE

I bought it from a girl at school. I paid her \$500 dollars for it and now it's mine. I'm the only one at school allowed to be called Lucinda.

MOTHER

Whatever your name is, you're going to miss the bus, and on the last day before Winter Break at that.

SCROOGETTE

When I grow up, I'm going to buy all the school busses and paint them bright pink and put green squiggly line all over them, so that you can't even look at them without going blind. And then...

MOTHER

To school.

SCROOGETTE

Can't I call a limousine to pick me up, just this once? Please?

MOTHER

No.

SCROOGETTE

Golly Moses, I hate not being rich.

MOTHER

But you are rich.

SCROOGETTE

I mean riiiiicchhhh!

(The father, HEFF, enters and poses in a manly pose. SCROOGETTE runs up to him with her puppy eyes..)

HEFF

How's my little girl?

SCROOGETTE

Heff?

NARRATOR 3

She calls he father Huff because she likes to imagine herself as the secret heir to the Playboy fortune.

SCROOGETTE

Heff, please take me to school in your Mercedes.

HEFF

I'd be late for work, but I can be late for work for you, Pumpkin.

SCROOGETTE

Can I drive?

HEFF

I don't see why not.

MOTHER

She's only thirteen. That's why not!

SCROOGETTE

Lighten up, Mom.

MOTHER

Someday, Scroogette....

SCROOGETTE

Lucinda!

MOTHER

Someday someone is going to teach you a lesson.

*(MOTHER exits in a huff. SCROOGETTE and HEFF saunter after her.
NARRATOR 1 removes the Pandacorn hat.)*

NARRATOR 2

And it just so happened that somewhere above the firmament an angel was watching.

(An ANGEL rises up from behind the prop box. She is a hyperemotional angel who is also a bit frazzled. She flutters wherever she goes. Right now she flutters to the side where SCROOGETTE has just exited.)

NARRATOR 1

An angel whose duty it was to teach ungrateful girls lessons.

NARRATOR 3

And upon hearing the names of Moses and Disney taken in vain, she decided...

ANGEL

This girl has no concept of reality. If something isn't done now to stop her, she'll spend her life living off her inheritance, lounging around her Olympic-sized pool all day, drinking mineral water and getting an even tan. She'll spend her nights at parties, dancing in sequined designer gowns on the deck of her private yacht!

NARRATOR 1

The thought of it made the angel cringe.

NARRATOR 2

So she ran or flew or proceeded directly to her superior.

(The SUPERIOR enters with a clipboard and pencil, hard at work trying to keep track of all that goes on in the world.)

SUPERIOR

Come in. Be quick. I'm very busy.

ANGEL

It's a girl.

SUPERIOR

Isn't it always... unless it's a boy.

(ANGEL starts to tell her, but SUPERIOR stops her so she can use her powers.)

Don't tell me... she hates her mother?

ANGEL

Not exactly.

(SUPERIOR thinks then talks.)

SUPERIOR

Ah, she does not realize how special her life is to those around her and is going to jump from a bridge to collect the life ...

ANGEL

No. Really it's just ...

SUPERIOR

Shh! She uses phrases like, "Golly," and "Your mother wears army boots."

ANGEL

No.

SUPERIOR

Chews gum like a cow in a pasture.

ANGEL

No.

SUPERIOR

Forgets to floss regularly?

ANGEL

No, she's rich.

SUPERIOR

Rich? Some of my best work is rich.

ANGEL

But she wants to be...

SCROOGETTE (*off stage*)

RIIICCCCHHH!!!!

SUPERIOR

Quickly disguise yourself.

NARRATOR 1

And so, along with the narrators, they disguised themselves as ordinary scenery and waited.

*(The NARRATORS and ANGEL and SUPERIOR pretend to be trees and shrubs.
NARRATOR 1 puts back on the Pandacorn hat.)*

NARRATOR 2

Waited for Scroogette and her best friends.

(SCROOGETTE leads in her best friends, the equally shallow MAUVE and FAWN and CHER.)

NARRATOR 3

Her best friends, whom she had also purchased.

NARRATOR 2

Her best friends Mauve and Fawn and Cher..

NARRATOR 3

They were discussing deep issues of philosophy.

(They sit on the prop box center stage. SCROOGETTE snaps her fingers and the pet Pandacorn sits at her feet like a dog. Throughout the scene the Pandacorn reacts to everything that is said. The trees also inch forward whenever something interesting is said.)

FAWN

Christmas!

MAUVE

I love Christmas.

SCROOGETTE

No you don't.

MAUVE

I don't?

CHER

Of course you don't. Why don't we?

SCROOGETTE

It's too much trouble.

MAUVE

I knew that.

CHER

Way too much trouble ... but what about the presents.

MAUVE

I like presents.

SCROOGETTE

If they're the right ones. Last year my mom bought me a book.

FAWN

OMG!

CHER

Gross!

SCROOGETTE

And they had been doing so well. I'd gotten the diamond BFF necklace, the missing prototype for the I-phone 5, the date with Justin Beiber, I am so over him, but then I open this present and it's like, what is this? Are you kidding me? A book?

MAUVE

Which book?

SCROOGETTE

Does it matter? Great Experlations of some such thing, and when I threw it down in disgust, they started yelling, "First edition, First Edition." It wasn't even new.

FAWN

Used?

CHER

Why would they do that?

SCROOGETTE

They bought it on e-bay.

FAWN

What if your friends had found out?

CHER

Your secret is safe with us.

MAUVE

What happened?

SCROOGETTE

Well, I pouted a little and then my Mother gave me two hundred dollars and said "Go buy what you like." And she said it with attitude.

MAUVE

She had attitude,... with you?

CHER

The nerve!

FAWN

What did you buy?

SCROOGETTE

Nothing. I through the money right back in he face and said, “You can’t buy me for \$200.“ It was the principle of the thing.

MAUVE

You threw away \$200?

SCROOGETTE

Of course not. There’s this little trick I do where I dip my fingers in lemon juice and rub my eyes and it looks like I cry. So I cried a little and Heff, who can be real sweet when I cry, gave me five hundred dollars, and I pretended to be grateful. But this year I have put both of them on blast. I only want money, nothing else, or I’m gonna cry again.

(She produces a small vile of lemon juice from her pocket.)

Here, try the lemon juice. I always carry a small bottle with me in case I need to raise my grade in Mr. Luna’s class.

(The friends put lemon juice in their eyes and struggle with the pain.)

MAUVE

Wow, that does sting.

CHER

Let me try. Owie!

FAWN

Am I crying yet?

NARRATOR 3

Just then Perky Tim came by.

(PERKY TIM skips in. She is the eternal optimist and never sees the bad qualities in anyone. Today she happily carries a tin cup to raise money for the poor. She is dressed in the shabbiest of clothes.)

NARRATOR 1

She was a poor but happy girl.

NARRATOR 2

Today she was collecting money for those twelve people in America who were less fortunate than herself.

PERKY TIM

Oh, dear. Are you crying? Is there anything I can do?

SCROOGETTE

You can skip on over to someone who cares.

FAWN

Lol.

MAUV

Erofl.

FAWN

Fyi, lmao.

MAUVE

Imo, iallty.

CHER

What does that even mean?

MAUVE

In my opinion, I am laughing louder than you.

CHER

You can't just make up your own abbreviations.

PERKY TIM

Scuse me. I'm collecting for the poor.

SCROOGETTE

Where'd you get those shoes, Perky? The thrift store?

PERKY TIM

Some people are not lucky enough to have shoes, and these still have plenty of wear left in them when I put a piece of cardboard inside. At this time of year, I want to stop and count my blessings.

(She takes a one second pause to count.)

PERKY TIM

I'm sure when you count yours, you'll want to make a generous donation to the poor.

SCROOGETTE

How about...., not.

PERKY TIM

Thousands in our own city suffer greatly, are in want of the common necessities.

SCROOGETTE

Are there no soup kitchens where these people can eat.

PERKY TIM

Yes.

SCROOGETTE

Then those who are badly off should go there.

PERKY TIM

Many can't go there and many would rather die.

SCROOGETTE

If they would rather die, then they had better do it and reduce the surplus population....

(SCROOGETTE finds a penny on the ground.)

Heck, it's Christmas.

(She drops the penny into SCROOGETTE'S tin cup.)

Come on girls, let's go over to the lunch area and walk past the senior boys.

MAUVE

Can we laugh loudly, like we know something they don't.

CHER

What would we know?

FAWN

It's just pretend.

SCROOGETTE

Come on, girls, let's drive 'em crazy.

PERKY TIM

Thank you.

(The friends exit. PERKY holds out her cup with a smile to the others. ANGEL and SUPERIOR and the NARRATORS dig into their pockets for some coins which they deposit into PERKY'S cup. PERKY looks into the cup, then up at SUPERIOR. SUPERIOR digs deeper and drops some bills into the cup.)

SUPERIOR

That one is a bitter case.

ANGEL

No, She seemed rather Perky and interested in other people and ...

SUPERIOR

The other one.

ANGEL

Yes, of course. The one we're watching. Scroogette.

SUPERIOR

I can't believe such work as that girl could be sent out. Who's in charge of quality control?

ANGEL

No one. We cut out quality control somewhere in the sixties in a move to save money.

SUPERIOR

Who ordered that?

(ANGEL give her an "it was you" look.)

Oh.

ANGEL

What can we do?

NARRATOR 1

And so they though and thought until they got an idea.

SUPERIOR

We'll summon up the ghost of Marley.

ANGEL

Of course! Marley!

SUPERIOR

That'll spike her hair in a hurry?

ANGEL

Didn't he retire?

SUPERIOR

He can unretire. Let's go.

NARRATOR 2

And so, in a thinly veiled device to get the vocal ensemble back on stage, the Angel and her superior went off to find Marley, as did we all....

(The VOCAL ENSEMBLE does not enter. NARRATOR 3 over-emphasizes her words, very loudly speaking into the wings.)

NARRATOR 3

She said, in a veiled device to get the vocal ensemble back on stage.

(The VOCAL ENSEMBLE of Carolers hurries on stage and takes their position. The NARRATORS exit with ANGEL and SUPERIOR. The singers perform another song. When they finish they stroll off stage as the NARRATORS enter opposite with SUPERIOR and ANGEL. ANGEL carries a set of heavy chains.)

NARRATOR 2

And so the Angel and her Superior called....

(The GOOFY NARRATOR rushes in to interrupt. She wears a Bob Marley wig complete with dreadlocks.)

GOOFY NARRATOR

Sorry I'm late. I had to find the wig. And by the way, there is no such thing as a snipe extractor. Duh. Someone was playing a joke on you.

NARRATOR 1

What are you doing?

GOOFY NARRATOR

I'm being the ghost of Marley, mawn. Hey mawn, Don't worry be happy... Oh oh oh. Everybody now. Don't worry.... Echo here. Be Hoppy.

NARRATOR 2

Stop. You've got it all wrong.

GOOFY NARRATOR

No, my leetle freedom fighter, I heard them say the ghost of Marley.

NARRATOR 3

Jacob Marley.

GOOFY NARRATOR

The Bob Marley, mawn. .

NARRATOR 3

No. It's Jacob Marley. Jacob Marley. Jacob.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Bob?

NARRATOR 1

It's a different Marley. Jacob.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Jacob Marley? What did he sing? Mawn.

NARRATOR 1

Nothing. He's a character in A Christmas Carol. The Play we are doing.

GOOFY NARRATOR

He's not ...

NARRATOR 2

No. Marley was Scrooges business partner who comes back from the dead to tell Scrooge that three ghosts will visit.

NARRATOR 3

He says that unless Scrooge changes he will end up like Marley, weighted down by his misdeeds and doomed to walk the earth in chains.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Well, that's different, isn't it... Just... Introduce the next part.

NARRATOR 2

And so the Angel and her Superior called upon the spirit world and sent out the message. Send Marley.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Send Marley.... Send Marley. Send Marley.

SUPERIOR

Actually, we don't have to call for Marley. We just think about him and he'll appear.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You have those kinds of powers?

SUPERIOR

Yes.

(JACOB MARLEY storms in from the back of the auditorium. He wears a golfing outfit and carries a putter, which he shakes at ANGEL and SUPERIOR as he approaches.)

MARLEY

What's all this nonsense?

ANGEL

You see.

GOOFY NARRATOR

I'm impressed.

MARLEY

Now see here! You can't keep doing this.

SUPERIOR

You look angry.

MARLEY

How should I look? I was standing over a three foot eagle putt, when poof, I find myself half way across the universe.

(SUPERIOR puts two fingers up to her temple to look into the future.)

SUPERIOR

You would've missed the putt anyway.

MARLEY

How do you know I would ...? Oh.

(ANGEL jingles the chains in front of MARLEY.)

ANGEL

Look Marley, we have a present for you.

MARLEY

Oh no. You're not getting me into those again.

SUPERIOR

It's just for the night.

ANGEL

And a good cause.

MARLEY

I'm retired.

SUPERIOR

We'll make it worth your while. I'll shave three strokes off your handicap.

MARLEY

Four strokes. And I want a tee time at Augusta.

SUPERIOR

Some things are beyond our powers.

MARLEY

Fine. Four strokes.

SUPERIOR

Done!

(ANGEL drapes the chains around MARLEY'S neck.)

ANGEL

There. Doesn't that feel better?

MARLEY

It's like riding a bicycle. All right, who is it?

SUPERIOR

A girl. She thinks only of money and not of people.

MARLEY

Piece of cake.

(ANGEL and SUPERIOR pat MARLEY on the back and exit.)

NARRATOR 1

That night, Marley slipped inside Scroogette's house and up the stairs.

NARRATOR 2

He found the door open.

NARRATOR 3

And inside Scroogette had just finished dipping her fingers in lemon juice.

(SCROOGETTE enters in tantrum mode followed by her MOTHER.)

SCROOGETTE

No! No! I won't go to any stupid party.

MOTHER

But all your relatives will be there. You like Aunt Kathy.

SCROOGETTE

Too much perfume.

MOTHER

Your cousin Valerie?

SCROOGETTE

She pretends to be so smart.

MOTHER

She's a graduate student at Harvard.

SCROOGETTE

Show off.

*(HEFF enters, posing and waiting for adoration once he's on stage.
SCROOGETTE runs up to him.)*

HEFF

What's all the commotion?

SCROOGETTE

Heff, Heff...

HEFF

What is it angel?

SCROOGETTE

Heff, I promised Mauve and Fawn that we'd text each other . Do I have to go to that stinky party? I mean, even if you could find a boy there with abs like the Situation, he'd probably be my cousin.

HEFF

And that's icky?

SCROOGETTE

Yeah.

HEFF

Well, it's a pretty important party. I'll tell you what, we'll go to the party, but I'll give you twenty dollars so you can take your friends to the malt shop tomorrow. What do you say?

SCROOGETTE

Twenty dollars is not enough!

HEFF

Well, I'll have to go to the ATM machine.

SCROOGETTE

You do that, Heff. Privacy, Mom.

(HUFF runs off. MOTHER shakes her head and follows. SCROOGETTE gets out her phone and ear buds and puts on the music. She dances to sound we do not hear. MARLEY puts his hands out like a ghost and jingling his chains, waddles up to SCROOGETTE>)

NARRATOR 1

When Scroogette was alone, Marley Approached her.

MARLEY

Scoogette.... Scroogette... Scroogette.

(She does not hear him. He pulls out an ear bud ans yells in her ear>)

Scroogette!

(SCROOGETTE jumps back in surprise and takes a marshal arts stance.)

SCROOGETTE

Who are you?

MARLEY

Better to ask who I was. In life I was Jacob Marley.

SCROOGETTE

Who put you up to this? Fawn? Mauve? Cher!

MARLEY

You do not believe me?

SCROOGETTE

Believe you? Look at you. That's the worst ghost costume I've ever seen.

MARLEY

I am the ghost of Marley. It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk among his fellow men. Mine is doomed to wander through the world...

SCROOGETTE

Okay, I'm going to count to three and then I'm going to call Heff, and he knows karate or kung fu or something.

MARLEY

I am here tonight to warn you tonight. Change your ways.

SCROOGETTE

My ways are none of your business.

MARLEY

Mankind is your business. The common welfare is your business; charity, mercy, forbearance and benevolence are all your business.

(SCROOGETTE pulls out her cell phone and dials 911.)

SCROOGETTE

Hello. I wish to speak to the chief of police...

MARLEY

What are you doing?

SCROOGETTE *(into phone)*

Look, I pay taxes, and I don't intend to speak to some desk clerk...

(the person on the other end hangs up.)

Well, excuse me.

MARLEY

Believe me most worldly girl!

SCROOGETTE

If you're a ghost, how come I can kick you like this.

(She kicks him in the nether regions.)

MARLEY *(through pain)*

How it is I appear in a shape you can see I cannot tell ...

SCROOGETTE

Are you the guy who washes Heff's car? All right. You're fired, buddy.

MARLEY

Fine. You can walk the earth for eternity for all I care! Go Ahead! Think only of yourself! See what I care! By the way, some ghosts are going to visit you, from the past the present and the future.

SCROOGETTE

Ooooo! I'm scared.

MARLEY

You should be.

*(MARLEY limps over to the side where ANGEL and SUPERIOR meet him.
SCROOGETTE speed dials her friends.)*

SCROOGETTE

Fawn, you'll never guess who was in my room. No.... No.... I told you I'm over him.

(MARLEY rips off his chains and hands them to ANGEL.)

MARLEY

Here are your chains. I quit.

SUPERIOR

Oh, dear. What happened?

MARLEY

She doesn't believe in ghosts. The Ghost of Christmas Past? Doesn't stand a chance!

SUPERIOR

This generation is a puzzle.

ANGEL

We'll just have to send in someone she's afraid of.

MARLEY

I suggest a whole army.

(He storms off.)

ANGEL

Is there anyone she's afraid of?

SUPERIOR

No. But maybe there's someone who's not afraid of her. Of course.

NARRATOR 2

And two ghostly figures appeared in Scroogette's room....

(No one appears.)

Two ghostly figures appeared ...

(Two really old ghosts, GRANDMA PAST and GRANDPA PAST, hobble on stage. GRANDMA PAST uses a cane and GRANDPA PAST is even slower using his walker.)

GRANDMA PAST

We're doing the best we can! Hurry up Henry.

GRANDPA PAST

I'm a movin.' Hold your horses.

GRANDMA PAST *(to NARRATORS)*

We'll take it from here. Well go.

(The NARRATORS shrug and leave the stage. GRANDMA PAST and GRANDPA PAST continue to waddle over to where SCROOGETTE still talks to FAWN. SCROOGETTE finally sees them.)

SCROOGETTE

Fawn... Fawn.... I'm being attacked by horrible troll people.

GRANDMA PAST

Here, let me take that child.

(GRANDMA PAST sweetly takes the phone and then hurls it as far as she can into the wings.)

SCROOGETTE

Hey!

GRANDPA PAST

Hay is for horses!

SCROOGETTE

Grammy? Grampy? But you're dead.

GRANDPA PAST

You wouldn't know, would you, 'cause you didn't come to the funerals.

SCROOGETTE

I had auditions for, for... the school play.

GRANDMA PAST

Liar! Liar! The second "liar" was preemptive, to prevent you from telling the lie you were going to tell next!

GRANDPA PAST

You went to the mall, stole your father's credit card and got a make-over and some glamour pictures at the photo studio.

GRANDMA PAST

They looked like this.

(GRANDMA PAST makes a really scary face.)

SCROOGETTE

All right. So I didn't go to some dreary funeral. But I'm not afraid of you, 'cause you look awful.

GRANDMA PAST

Hey!

GRANDPA PAST

We look very good, indeed for people who have been rotting in the earth for three years.

GRANDMA PAST

You try it some time. Now, come on.

SCROOGETTE

Come on? Where are we going?

GRANDPA PAST

Your past.

(GRANDMA PAST leads SCROOGETTE off to the side as NARRATOR 1 pops out.)

NARRATOR 1

And they took Scroogette by the hand and...

GRANDMA PAST

I said, we got it!

(The NARRATOR slinks off. ZOMBIES enter from all sides, staggering and moaning.)

SCROOGETTE

My God, everyone's a zombie.

GRANDMA PAST

No. You just picture everyone from your past as a zombie.

SCROOGETTE

So this is my skewed memory of the past and not the actual past.

GRANDMA PAST

Didn't I just say that?

GRANDPA PAST

Yes dear.

GRANDMA PAST

Pay attention. We won't have to repeat everything. This is cousin Bert. And your teacher Mr. Fezziwig. Aunt Ida June.

GRANDPA PAST

Do you recognize the scene?

SCROOGETTE

No.

GRANDPA PAST

Of course not!

GRANDMA PAST

It's a party. Five years ago. Christmas Eve.

GRANDPA PAST

But you didn't come, did you.

SCROOGETTE

I had to...

(GRANDMA PAST whacks her on the back of the head with her cane.)

I didn't want to see the relatives, Okay.

GRANDMA PAST

Well we wanted to see you.

GRANDPA PAST

Give that speech you gave and then let's get to the dancing.

(The ZOMBIES all react like dancing is the most exciting thing ever. They roar and stomp about.)

GRANDMA PAST

Keep your voice down. Don't mention dancing around the zombies.

SCROOGETTE

That's it. I didn't want to see the dancing. I said,

(HEFF and MOTHER come out on stage for a flashback.)

"Heff, there'll probably be some old Folkloric like dancing. You know I can't stand Folkloric like dancing."

HEFF

Your grandparents will be there.

SCROOGETTE

Oooh. They act like they're a hundred.

MOTHER

They are a hundred.

SCROOGETTE

Well, Folkloric like gives me a headache. So I'm going to stay home because I'm going to have a headache in the future.

HEFF

Well, if she's going to have a headache in the future, can't she stay home this once?

MOTHER

You'll regret this.

(MOTHER and HUFF go to the back where they are hidden by the ZOMBIES.)

GRANDPA PAST

I can't believe you birthed that boy.

GRANDMA PAST

Well I can't believe you raised him.

GRANDPA PAST

Just be quiet and give the speech.

GRANDMA PAST

It would kill you to watch a little culture for once? Folkloric is part of your culture, honey. Your heritage. You should embrace your heritage and...

SCROOGETTE

Just give the speech and let's get this over with.

(GRANDMA PAST starts to ever so slowly pull off her wig and undo her ear rings to get ready to fight SCROOGETTE. GRANDPA PAST stops her.)

GRANDPA PAST

Grandma, no. The speech.

(to SCROOGETTE)

Grandma gave a speech, but you weren't there to hear it.

(to GRANDMA PAST)

Speak it again, Grandma.

GRANDMA PAST

Friends, family, and assembled zombies, lend me your ears.

(The ZOMBIES all pull off their ears and offer them to GRANDMA PAST.)

That was figurative speaking. I'd like to make a toast to my granddaughter, who couldn't be with us tonight. She is the joy of our life. I remember the day she was born like it was yesterday. I remember her mother's first words when she saw the child.

(The ZOMBIES part to reveal MOTHER sitting on the back of the prop box pretending to birth a baby. HEFF is at her sides. She screams in agony. Even the ZOMBIE can't bear to look.)

HEFF

That's not how they taught us in Lamaze Class.

MOTHER

Stay away from me. Get this thing out of here. Give me drugs. I want pain killers.

(We hear a baby cry. HEFF delivers a bundle of joy.)

GRANDMA PAST

Then her father took her and held her up to the sky and said.

(HEFF holds the baby up to the sky, Roots style.)

HEFF

Behold, the only thing greater than yourself.

GRANDMA PAST

Then he handed her to grandpa, who said....

(HEFF hands the baby to GRANDPA PAST who immediately drops it.)

GRANDPA PAST

Ooops.

GRANDMA PAST

That explains a lot, actually. But back to the speech.

(GRANDPA PAST tosses the baby off stage. MOTHER and HEFF chase after it. The ZOMBIES return their attention to GRANDMA PAST.)

GRANDMA PAST

There was such joy that day. Such hope for the future. And on this Christmas Eve, I just want to say how proud we all are of our little Scroogette. May she always be as sweet as she was when she was a baby.

GRANDPA PAST

Sweet? Cried and pooped, is all she did.

GRANDMA PAST

That's enough, Henry.

GRANDPA PAST

I wouldn't call her sweet.

GRANDMA PAST

Henry!

GRANDPA PAST

Can we watch the dance now.

(The ZOMBIE grow restless.)

SCROOGETTE

Whoa. I get it. There was a lot of hope for me, and people, loved me, and I've let you all down. Lesson learned. I'm not going to change, though. So do I have to watch the dancing? It gives me a headache.

(GRANDMA PAST whacks her on the back of the head.)

Ooowwe!

GRANDMA PAST

These Zombies came all the way back from the past to dance for you.

GRANDPA PAST

You don't want a bunch of angry Zombies, do you?

SCROOGETTE

Fine. Dance.

(The ZOMBIES dance. They are suddenly lively though and dancing the latest dance craze. SCROOGETTE is shocked.)

SCROOGETTE

I did not expect that.

(SCROOGETTE runs to the middle and knocks the ZOMBIES who are dancing away. She begins to show off her own dance moves, trying to battle and outshine the ZOMBIES. GRANDMA PAST and GRANDPA PAST move in and knock SCROOGETTE off the center so they can do their own part of the battle. They dance the Robot. The dance ends when GRANDPA PAST falls over onto the ground. The music stops and SCROOGETTE helps him up.)

GRANDPA PAST

I'm all right. I'm all right. I could use a hand, though.

(Several severed hands fly in from the ZOMBIE section.)

GRANDMA PAST

You can go now, Zombies.

(The ZOMBIES exit, stopping to retrieve their hands. GRANDPA PAST struggle to his feet.)

GRANDPA PAST (*to audience*)

Excuse the noise back stage. It takes the zombies a bit to come down from a performance.

GRANDMA PAST

Quiet back there! Where were we? Oh, yes. You remember what else happened that night?

SCROOGETTE

No.

GRANDMA PAST

Henry ran the Chrysler over a cliff!

GRANDPA PAST

I was only drivin' 'cause they took away your license.

SCROOGETTE

I never saw you again.

GRANDMA PAST

That's right. You didn't.

SCROOGETTE

But I did miss you when you were gone.

GRANDMA PAST

We're not gone dear... I mean. We're gone, but we're not gone.

GRANDPA PAST

We're here to help you if you think about us.

GRANDMA PAST

We're like Mufasa in the sky.

GRANDPA PAST

Talk to us, and we'll be there.

SCROOGETTE

Wait a minute. I conjured you up, didn't I? My past, getting me all sentimental. Now get out of here. I don't need this. Singers! Change the scene. Narrators, narrate. I'm out.

(SCROOGETTE stomps off.)

GRANDMA PAST

I blame you.

GRANDPA PAST

What did I do?

(GRANDMA PAST AND GRANDPA PAST waddle off bickering. The NARRATORS 1, 2 and 3 come out and look around as if something went wrong.)

NARRATOR 3

And so the singers came up and sung.

(A VOCAL ENSEMBLE PERSON enters.)

VOCAL ENSEMBLE PERSON

We don't have anything planned until after the ghost of Christmas Present.

NARRATOR 3

Couldn't you improvise something?

VOCAL ENSEMBLE PERSON

In four part harmony?

NARRATOR 3

Preferably.

VOCAL ENSEMBLE PERSON

No! I'm sorry, but no!

(The VOCAL ENSEMBLE PERSON stomps off.)

NARRATOR 1

I'm sorry. Ladies and Gentlemen. There was supposed to be more to that segment. The Scroogette was supposed to cry and then Granma and Grandpa were going to simulate heart attacks... could you show them.

(GRANDMA PAST and GRANDPA PAST waddle on.)

GRANDPA PAST

What?

NARRATOR 1

Show them the bit.

GRANDMA PAST

Sure thing.

(The old timers clutch their hearts and simulate heart attacks. They make gurgling sounds and flop around on the floor like fish. Then they spring up and bow to the audience. They continue to bow as the NARRATOR 1 speaks.)

NARRATOR 1

Don't worry. It's only a simulation. Thanks.

(They continue to bow.)

We can take it from here.

(GRANDMA PAST and GRANDPA PAST grudgingly exit.)

It was somewhat better in context.

NARRATOR 2

Then Scroogette was going to try and revive them

NARRATOR 3

Which would cause her to feel some human emotions.

NARRATOR 1

But instead she just ran off and...

GOOFY NARRATOR

Sorry, I'm late.

(GOOFY NARRATOR interrupts entering in a hurry. She wears a large cardboard box with holes cut out for her head and arms over her torso. The box is covered with Christmas wrapping paper and she wears a bow on the top of her head.)

NARRATOR 2

What are you doing?

GOOFY NARRATOR

Oh, the girl who played the Ghost of Christmas Presents didn't show up, so I'm taking over.

NARRATOR 3

You're taking over?

GOOFY NARRATOR

Which is kind of good, because, even though being a narrator is the most important part, and you have to be a sensational actor to play one, I feel we are kind of underappreciated in the eyes of the audience because we don't have names.

(to audience)

I'm sorry, I don't mean to offend you, but it's harder to be a narrator than...

NARRATOR 1

Excuse me.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Yes?

NARRATOR 1

What's this?

GOOFY NARRATOR

Costume I just whipped up. Boooo. The Ghost of Christmas Presents.

NARRATOR 2

You realize that Present means, "Present Day."

GOOFY NARRATOR

Duh. Christmas is present day, everybody knows that.

NARRATOR 3

Present. Like this moment in time.

GOOFY NARRATOR

No, it's like the ghost of all the bad presents you got in the past.

NARRATOR 3

The here and now.

GOOFY NARRATOR

No, it's like you get a sweater from your Grandma, and you never wear it cause of the orange stripes so it hangs in you closet, and every time you look at it, it haunts you.

NARRATOR 1

It has nothing to do with Christmas Presents.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Yes, like you get slippers...

NARRATOR 2

No.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Yes, like...

NARRATOR 3

No.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Then why do they call it Christmas Presents?

NARRATOR 1

Present. Singular.

GOOFY NARRATOR

I always get more than one... Let's just start the scene. So the next evening, which seemed to go by like that, The Angel and the Superior sent for a new Ghost. The Ghost of Christmas Presents.

(ANGEL and SUPERIOR enter.)

ANGEL

What's with the get up?

NARRATOR 2

Just go with it.

SUPERIOR

The past has been unsuccessful in changing Scroogette.

ANGEL

You must show her what people think of her in the ... this moment in the history of time.

SUPERIOR

Not the future or the past, but that thing in between.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You mean the present?

SUPERIOR

Yes.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Huh... Okay.

(ANGEL and SUPERIOR exit. SCROOGETTE comes on and sits on the prop box, playing with her phone.)

NARRATOR 1

The next evening Scroogette was alone in her room.

SCROOGETE

I'm never alone. I have 2487 friends on Facebook.

NARRATOR 2

When suddenly...

SCROOGETE

Quiet. I'm texting. "After last night, I now realize I should tell you every day how much I care about you. Write back."

NARRATOR 3

It appears our heroine has learned something from the host of Christmas past.

SCROOGETE

Shhh. Send.

(Her phone beeps immediately)

Oh look, a new message. Ahhhh.

NARRATOR 1

What does it say?

SCROOGETE

"After last night, I now realize I should tell..."

NARRATOR 2

You texted yourself?

SCROOGETE

If you want something done right.

NARRATOR 3

She was interrupted by a ghost, the ghost of Christmas... of instant messaging.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Ooob. Ooob.

SCROOGETE

Not again. Where are you taking me?

(GOOFY NARRATOR thinks for a moment)

GOOFY NARRATOR

That is for me to know.

SCROOGETE

You don't know, do you?

NARRATOR 1

Suddenly they were whisked to a modest house where the family Tim waited for their perky child to return home for the day.

(MOTHER TIM drags out a large cardboard box that the Tim family calls home.)

SCROOGETE

You're telling me, Perky Tim lives in a cardboard box?

NARRATOR 2

A large cardboard box.

MOTHER TIM

Why the family room is big enough for a refrigerator.

SCROOGETE

I see.

MOTHER TIM

And each of the children has their own rectangular solid. I believe it's important for teenagers to have their privacy.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Some day they hope to move into a crate.

(PERKY TIM skips in)

MOTHER TIM

You're home, dear. Where's sister?

PERKY TIM

Father is just carrying her in now. She walks with such a limp now days, it's hard for her to get around. Merry Christmas.

MOTHER TIM

Don't hug me. I've got the shingles and bad case of bronchial pneumonia. I don't want you catching anything.

PERKY TIM

Let's risk it.

MOTHER TIM

The arm. The arm.

PERKY TIM

Leprosy acting up again?

MOTHER TIM

What does it matter as long as I have my family.

PERKY TIM

Have you been taking your calcium pills?

MOTHER TIM

Since your father lost his job, I can't afford the pills. Oh, here comes Father Tim and Sister Tim now.

(SISTER TIM pulls in a wagon containing FATHER TIM)

PERKY TIM

Why is Father in a wagon?

SISTER TIM

No thanks. We don't have a dog.

NARRATOR 1

She has a degenerative hearing loss.

NARRATOR 2

Easily curable with the proper medical attention.

GOOFY NARRATOR

I was going to say that.

NARRATOR 3

And she needs glasses.

(SISTER TIM wanders blindly downstage and is about to step off the apron when PERKY TIM saves her and pulls her back.)

PERKY TIM

Careful of the fall.

SISTER TIM

Winter.

Father? PERKY TIM

No. Sister. SISTER TIM

No. What happened to Father? PERKY TIM

I was riding on his shoulders on account of my club foot. SISTER TIM

Easily curable with surgery. Ha. GOOFY NARRATOR

He just collapsed in a heap. Maybe it was his gout. SISTER TIM

Or the brain tumor. PERKY TIM

I like ice cream. SISTER TIM

Or the heart. PERKY TIM

It wasn't me. SISTER TIM

(MOTHER TIM wakes up FATHER TIM.)

He's coming to. Wake up honey. Christmas Dinner is almost ready. MOTHER TIM

My favorite. FATHER TIM

We couldn't afford cabbage this year. But I mixed a little salt in with the dishwater. It makes a delicious soup. MOTHER TIM

FATHER TIM
We have dishes?

MOTHER TIM
Yes.

FATHER TIM
Then I am the luckiest man alive.

MOTHER TIM
For now.

FATHER TIM
Group hug.

MOTHER TIM
The wrist. The wrist.

FATHER TIM
How was your day, Sister Tim?

(She has wandered off aimlessly and is bumping into the proscenium. FATHER TIM gives up.)

FATHER TIM
How was your day Perky?

PERKY TIM
I raised \$2487 and sent it all to charity.... Oh.

MOTHER TIM
What's the matter, Perky.

PERKY TIM
Not all of it, I'm afraid. I spent 49 cents on the stamp.

FATHER TIM
Still, it was a good day. A great day a....

(He staggers around overacting before he falls over dead.)

MOTHER TIM
Too bad. 'Cause this envelope just came from the free clinic.

PERKY TIM

It's great news. "Mr. Tim. You have six months to live." You hear that, Father. You have six months to live. Father? Father?

(MOTHER TIM and PERKY TIM load FATHER TIM into the wagon. SISTER TIM continues to bump and re-bump into the proscenium. MOTHER TIM goes back for the house as the others exit.)

SCROOGETE

All right. Get me out of here.

GOOFY NARRATOR

No. Can't move on until you've learned a moral lesson. That's the way this ghost business works.

SCROOGETE

Fine. I learned that there are people who are worse off than I am. But he should've gotten a better job, when he was alive. And he shouldn't have gotten fired.

GOOFY NARRATOR

He worked for your father.

SCROOGETE

Then I'm sure Heff had a very good reason to let him go.

GOOFY NARRATOR

He did. He had to choose between paying his employee and buying a pony for his daughter. He couldn't afford to do both.

SCROOGETE

In fairness to me, I asked for My Little Pony. He got me the real thing.

NARRATOR 1

Suddenly they could feel themselves moving.

NARRATOR 2

They found themselves at a familiar location.

(STUDENTS and a TEACHER moonwalk out on stage. The TEACHER holds a stopwatch and a hat with scraps of paper in it.)

GOOFY NARRATOR

Do you recognize it.

SCROOGETE

This is my Speech and Debate class. I like this 'cause, if I do say so, I'm the best.

NARRATOR 3

It was the day before Christmas vacation.

SCROOGETE

That's why I'm not there. Mauve and I cut fifth period because sixth period was PE and we might as well leave before the rush.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Makes perfect sense.

SCROOGETE

That's Miss Nicely. She likes me.

TEACHER

Now everyone put a topic in the hat.

SCROOGETE

Oh, they're playing this game. Topics from a hat. Everyone puts a topic in the hat, and then you pull one out and you have to talk for a whole minute. Say you pull out "World Peace," then you have to talk for a whole minute about world peace, though how you could talk a whole minute about that, I sure don't know.

TEACHER

Christy. You're up first.

STUDENT 1

Yes, Miss Nicely.

(She draws a topic from the hat and looks scared.)

TEACHER

What's the topic?

STUDENT 1

Oh no. It says... Scroogette.

SCROOGETE

What?

STUDENT 1

Scroogette.

TEACHER

Technical foul! Technical foul! Now, class, who put that in there? You know we have strict rules. You cannot put the name in the hat of anyone at this school.

SCROOGETE

She is strict but fair.

STUDENT 2

But Scrogette isn't at this school, is she?

STUDENT 3

She's at the mall getting her nails done.

TEACHER

Well, since she isn't here. Let's go for it. You got one minute.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You sure you want to watch this.

SCROOGETE

Of course. You'll see.

TEACHER

Ready.... Go!

(She starts her stopwatch.)

STUDENT 1

Scroogette is aloof, assuming, audacious, autocratic, biggety, bossy, bragging, cavalier, cheeky....,

STUDENT 2

cocky,

TEACHER

Foul! Only one person can respond.

STUDENT 4

Oh, please? Just this once?

TEACHER

Well, since there's so much material. Everyone just jump in whenever you want.

Conceited, STUDENT 3

Contemptuous, STUDENT 4

Disdainful, STUDENT 2

Excellent. TEACHER

Domineering, STUDENT 3

Egotistic, STUDENT 4

Now class, stop. This is ridiculous! TEACHER

I told you she liked me. SCROOGETE

You are leaving out so many good synonyms. TEACHER
(She hands the stopwatch to STUDENT 1.)
Christy, start the clock.

Go! STUDENT 1

TEACHER
Haughty, high and mighty, high-handed, imperious, insolent, know-it-all, lordly, on an ego trip, overbearing, peremptory, pompous, presumptuous, pretentious, proud, puffed up, scornful, self-important, smarty, smug, sniffy, snippy, snooty, snotty, stuck up, supercilious, superior, swaggering, uppity, vain, Calls herself Lucinda!

Time. STUDENT 1

I think she's pretty. STUDENT 4

SCROOGETE

There. Someone likes me.

STUDENT 4

Pretty awful.

(SCROOGETTE whips out her phone as the TEACHER and STUDENTS moonwalk off.)

SCROOGETE

These people are so in trouble. I am defriending them right now. Delete. Delete. Delete.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You think they'll care?

SCROOGETE

I shall have revenge!

GOOFY NARRATOR

Isn't it good to find out what people actually think of you?

SCROOGETE

NO! Get me out of here. I'm ready to go to the future. In the future, you'll see, all these people will be sorry.

NARRATOR 3

We can't go until the Vocal Ensemble sings.

NARRATOR 2

Remember. They've prepared something before the ghost of Christmas Future.

SCROOGETTE

I want to go now!

NARRATOR 1

Well, maybe you don't always get what you want. Vocal Ensemble, your turn.

SCROOGETTE

I hate taking turns!

(They exit. The VOCAL ENSEMBLE enters and sings another Christmas Carol. When they finish, they exit and the NARRATORS return. SCROOGETTE enters and sits on the prop box.)

NARRATOR 3.

The next night.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Which seemed to get here like that.

NARRATOR 3

Scroogette was visited by a shadowy figure.

NARRATOR 1

The ghost of Christmas future.

(A hooded figure, the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE, slinks on stage.)

NARRATOR 2

This ghost did not say a word. She..., it merely beckoned her to come along.

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

What do you mean, I don't say a word? I want lines.

NARRATOR 3

Frankly, you got this part because you haven't been the most reliable with lines.

GOOFY NARRATOR

You didn't even show up for a performance last year.

NARRATOR 3

We had to get the stage manager to cover for you.

NARRATOR 2

So just point and beckon.

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

Five lines. That's all I ask for.

NARRATOR 1

All right, but you've already had two.

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

What?

NARRATOR 1

Three.

NARRATOR 2

That night the third ghost just beckoned, because he was afraid of using up his precious five lines.

NARRATOR 3

He led Scroogette into the far distant future.

GOOFY NARRATOR

And when she got there, it all seemed very familiar.

(A crowd of ZOMBIES shuffles out on stage.)

SCROOGETTE

Are you kidding? Everyone's a zombie? Stop with the beckoning and talk to me.

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

I can't.

NARRATORS IN UNISON

Four!

SCROOGETTE

I get it. Just like, in the past, I thought of everyone was a zombie so they appeared as zombies, I picture everyone in the future as zombies so they take the form of a zombie in my mind.

NARRATOR 1

No. In the future, everyone really is a zombie.

NARRATOR 2

Everyone started to follow the teachings of a cult-like leader they saw on an MTV reality show.

NARRATOR 3

By following the teachings they soon lost their humanity and became mere zombies of their former selves.

NARRATOR 1

Devoid of human feelings.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Be careful. They bite.

(ZOMBIE 1 suddenly recognizes SCROOGETTE.)

ZOMBIE 1

It's her!

ZOMBIE 2

It's the chosen one!

ZOMBIE 3

It's her. It's the girl from TV.

(The ZOMBIES swarm SCROOGETTE.)

SCROOGETTE

Stay away, you nasty piece of vomit.

ZOMBIE 5

She called me vomit.

ZOMBIE 1

Insult us again, oh Lucinda.

SCROOGETTE

You're putrid doggie droppings.

ZOMBIE 3

I'm doggie droppings.

ZOMBIE 2

She called us putrid doggie droppings.

SCROOGETTE

Wait, I was on a reality show? That's kind of cool.

(ZOMBIE 4 touches her.)

Get your hands away, idiot.

ZOMBIE 4

She called us idiot!

ZOMBIE 5

Thank you, exalted one.

(They continue to scratch at her as she talks and fend them off.)

SCROOGETTE

What did they call the show? "Lucinda's shores?"

No. NARRATOR 2

“The Real Lucinda.” SCROOGETTE

No. NARRATOR 3

“Being Lucinda!” SCROOGETTE

No. NARRATOR 1

What did they call it? SCROOGETTE

GOOFY NARRATOR
“The Worst Person in the World.”

SCROOGETTE
Well, I didn’t ask to be anyone’s role model. I only asked to be rich.

NARRATOR 1
Yet, people saw you get rich by being mean and uncaring.

NARRATOR 2
So they naturally thought that was the way to be.

NARRATOR 3
In an ironic twist of fate, those who rejected your teachings grew richer and richer.

NARRATOR 1
While those who pursued only wealth grew poorer and dependent.

(CHRISTMAS FUTURE beckons again.)

GOOFY NARRATOR
Look! He’s beckoning again.

ZOMBIE 2
But we want to stay with the chosen one.

ZOMBIE 3

Maybe she'll insult us again.

NARRATOR 2

You'd better go.

(The ZOMBIE suddenly rewind off stage. PERKY TIM'S cardboard box comes out on stage.)

NARRATOR 3

Look where we are now. Deeper into the future.

SCROOGETTE

Perky Tim's house. I get it. We're going to see there is only a lonely crutch left in the corner. That sister, mother and, yes, even little perky have all followed their Father to the great beyond. All right. I'll knock.

(She knocks on the flap to the cardboard box. SCROOGETTE'S MOTHER stands up in the box. She is dressed in the shabbiest clothes.)

MOTHER

You're home.

SCROOGETTE

Who are you?

MOTHER

Don't be silly, dear. I'm your Mother.

SCROOGETTE

But you're so... so... poor.

MOTHER

But we are poor.

SCROOGETTE

I refuse to live in a cardboard box.... I refuse to live in a cardboard box!

NARRATOR 1

It's even farther into the future.

NARRATOR 3

You are no longer the idol of millions of zombies.

NARRATOR 2

Your moment of fame has played out.

MOTHER

Oh, don't be upset. I know it's been hard on you. After your brother's transplant used up all our savings, and Papa's business went bankrupt, and the fire at the mansion, and then the law suits after you violated your reality show contract, not to mention your failed investments into the Lucinda line of fragrances, perhaps the slogan "Small like my sweat," was a mistake in retrospect. Despite the setbacks, we have been happy, haven't we?

SCROOGETTE

Ohh! No.

(HEFF drags himself in He is even shabbier than his wife.)

HEFF

I'm home.

SCROOGETTE

Heff!

HEFF

I brought you your Christmas present.

MOTHER

Now? Christmas isn't until tomorrow.

HEFF

We can cheat a little. Go ahead. Open it.

MOTHER

I guess it won't hurt.

(HEFF gives SCROOGETTE a little wrapped box. SCROOGETTE sits down and quickly opens the gift. She stares down at it for a long time.)

SCROOGETTE

What is it?

HEFF

I made it myself. It's a toothpick.

(SCROOGETTE pulls a toothpick out of the box.)

I carved it myself from a twig I found while I was searching for work.

MOTHER

Oh, honey. It's lovely. Now if only we had food, you could pick your teeth.

HEFF

There's more.

SCROOGETTE takes a piece of cardboard out of the box.)

SCROOGETTE

A piece of cardboard?

HEFF

For the hole in your sole.

SCROOGETTE

My sole is just fine!

HEFF

The sole of your shoe, dear.

SCROOGETTE

Beckon me out of here.

NARRATOR 1

And so she ran out of her house.

(She takes the hand of CHRISTMAS FUTURE and they run in place as the scene around them moves. The cardboard house moves off and SCROOGETTE's parents exit to be replaced by HOMELESS ZOMBIES.)

GOOFY NARRATOR

But finding herself in a strange part of town, she wandered aimlessly.

NARRATOR 3

She passed homeless people sleeping in the streets.

NARRATOR 2

In her own city, she saw there were still people who were hungry and cold.

(She gives her possessions to the ZOMBIES)

ZOMBIE 1

She gave one man her toothpick.

ZOMBIE 2

Another the scrap of cardboard for her shoe.

(She give ZOMBIE 5 her watch.)

ZOMBIE 5

And another.... Her Rolex watch!!!!

(The ZOMBIES chase ZOMBIE 5 off to try and get the watch.)

NARRATOR 1

She realized there were things in life she never thought about.

(A freestanding door is pushed out on stage by FAWN, CHER and MAUVE.)

NARRATOR 3

Suddenly she found herself in front of the house of her best friends, Mauve and Cher, and Fawn.

(SCROOGETTE pounds on the door.)

SCROOGETTE

Let me in! Let me in!

(FAWN looks out the peep hole window.)

FAWN

I'm sorry. We're not hiring.

MAUVE

Who is it?

FAWN

Some beggar.

SCROOGETTE

Don't you recognize me?

CHER

It's Scroogette! Don't let her in!

MAUVE

The house is being fumigated. That's it.

CHER

Yeah, it's fumigated. What's fumigated?

SCROOGETTE

Open the door right now.

(They open the door to confront SCROOGETTE.)

FAWN

Well who do you think you are?

MAUVE

Ordering us around?

CHER

Where did you get those clothes? The thrift store.... Actually I kind of like that.

SCROOGETTE

Mauve, Fawn, Cher? You're my friends.... Let me in.

MAUVE

We were never your friends.

FAWN

We were your minions. Until we realized we didn't need to be anyone's minion.

CHER

Yeah. What's a minion?

MAUVE

Wipe the mud out of your eyes, honey.

FAWN

Then go and be mean somewhere else.

(Her friends slam the door and then exit with it. SCROOGETTE sits down on the edge of the stage.)

NARRATOR 1

And so she sat on the curb and cried.

NARRATOR 2

And she didn't cry because she was poor, but because of the way she was being treated.

NARRATOR 3

And she realized she had treated people poorly in the past.

GOOFY NARRATOR

And she made a vow, there and then.

SCROOGETTE

I will never treat someone bad just because they are poor.

NARRATOR 1

And....

SCROOGETTE

There's more?

NARRATOR 2

Much more. And...?

NARRATOR 3

So she thought until...

SCROOGETTE

Quiet. I'm thinking... Sorry. That was rude, wasn't it. Well, I'm new at this.... I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all year.

GOOFY NARRATOR

Keep going. You're are on a roll.

SCROOGETTE

I will live with the rich and the poor. I will not shut out the lessons that they each teach.

NARRATOR 1

And when she looked up, she was not alone.

(PERKY TIM skips on stage and sees SCROOGETTE. She goes to sit by her and offers SCROOGETTE some of her food.)

PERKY TIM

Here. Share my Toaster Pastry?

SCROOGETTE

But you're so poor.

PERKY TIM

Me? Poor. No, this is the future. I went to Harvard medical on a community service scholarship. I invented cures for bronchial pneumonia induced leprosy.

(MOTHER TIM enters dressed in rich clothes.)

Also, degenerative hearing loss and club feet.

(SISTER TIM, also healed and dressed well enters and strikes a pose.)

And sudden death by over-acting.

(FATHER TIM comes out fully alive and looking rich.)

In fact, I'm RIIIIICCCCHHHHH.

(Her family speaks with snooty, English accents.)

MOTHER TIM

Come along, Perky. Stop spending time with the riff raff.

FATHER TIM

We'll be late for the Polo match. Charles will be upset.

SISTER TIM

Please. Do your charity work on your own time.

PERKY TIM

Unfortunately, I didn't find a cure for greed. People have to find that on their own.

MOTHER TIM

We're waiting.

PERKY TIM

I'll be there in a minute.

SISTER TIM

Always thinking of yourself and making us wait.

FATHER TIM

Don't make me send the chauffeur to look for you... again.

(They exits, noses in the air.)

PERKY TIM

Here. Share.

SCROOGETTE

But there's hardly enough for one.

PERKY TIM

There's always enough to go around.

(PERKY TIM passes out food to the NARRATORS too. The VOCAL ENSEMBLE comes out on stage and hums a Christmas Carol as CHRISTMAS FUTURE steps forward to deliver her fifth and final line in an overly dramatic, Rod Serling style.)

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

Behold Scroogette, she thought her road was paved with gold until she stepped out on the road to happiness. Her simple life turned up-side-down like a spilt piggy bank, the coins rolling between the grates of the gutter of reality. Her report card due. Her lessons learned. For the future is not determined by anything but the actions of the present...

(PERKY TIM hands her a Toaster Pastry.)

Thanks.

PERKY TIM

That was quite a long line.

CHRISTMAS FUTURE

Wasn't it?

NARRATORS

Out!

(Having spoken a sixth line, CHRISTMAS FUTURE exits munching on her Toaster Pastry as ANGEL and SUPERIOR enter.)

ANGEL

And there was enough to go around?

SUPERIOR

There is always enough to go around.

ANGEL

But do you think we saved her?

SUPERIOR

It will be said that she knows how to keep Christmas well, if anyone alive possesses the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us.

PERKY

God bless us, everyone.

(The VOCAL ENSEMBLE actually sing the Carol they were humming as the cast finishes their Toaster Pastries and everyone comes on stage to join in the song.)

Curtain.

