

Act 3
Ghost of
Xmas Present

(The blanket flies off. A large jolly LADY bursts out: the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Covered in tinsel, baubles, and bells.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. *(Broad Cockney)* Hello darlin'!

SCROOGE. Aaaaggggh!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. *(counts time)* One two, one two three four!

(The other ACTORS burst on to stage. They are her SCRATCH BAND with tambourine, tin cans, anything they can lay their hands on. They sing and play:)

(Music: "JOY TO THE WORLD". Very jolly and fast, first verse)

(SCROOGE shrieks, leaps out of bed, runs round the room. Tries to escape. Tries the window, tries the door. Crawls under the bed. GHOST and BAND chase him. They catch him. Pull him up. Dust him down.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Now where was we darlin'? Ah yes! Sorry I'm late dear. Still better late than never that's what I say! Gor blimey! You look a bit peaky! Got out of bed the wrong side darlin'?

SCROOGE. I haven't been to bed.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Oh no! That's right. So you ain't darlin'! You must be *EX-HAUSTED!* Betcha feel like a lovely long sleep!

SCROOGE. Well actually I –

(The SCRATCH BAND burst into:)

(Music: "JOY TO THE WORLD". Even jollier, faster, and louder)

SCROOGE. AGGGGHHHHH!

(The SCRATCH BAND cuts.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Anyway – *(Mrs. Doubtfire Scottish)* – what about all that then? Oooo Mr. Scrooooooge!! All them 'Christmases Past' darlin'? Spooky I'd say!

(The BAND makes spooky sounds.)

(Cockney again) Still all long gone and forgotten now
thank goodness.

(Wicked Witch of the West. Peers at him.) Or are they?

(witchy cackle) Anyway --

(Cockney) -- my turn now. Guess who I am darlin'?

SCROOGE. I've absolutely no --

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. The Spirit of Christmas
Present dear! Of course!

*(The BAND strike up again. He runs again. They give
chase again. Catch him. Push him on the floor. She takes
a pose like a hunter.)*

Ta-da! Now then what happens is this see.

(Pulls him to his feet.)

Ready darlin'?

SCROOGE. No I am not! In fact I should like to make it
quite clear --

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. *(Bronx accent)* Cut the gab,
nightcap man, or you'll be swimmin' wid da fishies!

SCROOGE. What!!?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. *(Cockney)* You do what I
say now, darlin'!

SCROOGE. Absolutely not! I most --

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. *(mimicking earlier
SCROOGE)* Did you not hear me sir? I think thine ears
are sealed, sir!

(She boxes his ears.)

SCROOGE. Ow!!!

(She takes his hand. Becomes a Russian fortune-teller.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. O Scrooge, Scrooge, come
with meee on a dark and dangerous journey to thine
present Scrooge, so we can see how all them things
thou didst in 'the then' has led to all them things
thou doest in 'the now'. Or 'the present'. So to speak.
Geddit?

SCROOGE. (*mystified*) What?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*Cockney*) Course you do darlin'. Simple when you fink about it.

SCROOGE. What –

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*Italian maestro*) **SILENZIO!!**

(*Whacks him round the head. Tweaks his nose.*)

SCROOGE. Ow!!!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*Cockney*) Whilst all the while accompanyin' me upon the blessed task for which I was born for darlin'! Just one day in the whole year dear. I only live this one special day then I am – guess what I am?

SCROOGE. (*blank*)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*ghostly voice*) – *no moooore!* (*laughs*) But while I'm 'ere dear I'm 'ale and 'earty dear! Visitin' the world! And spreadin' – spreadin'? Yes dear!? Come on! *Come on!!!*

SCROOGE. What!?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Spreadin' Christmas cheer dear. (*tosses glitter over him*)

SCROOGE. (*splutters*) What is *THAT!*?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Christmas cheer dear. Get with the programme, darlin'!

(*The BAND strikes up with "Joy to the World". They chase him round the stage. SCROOGE hollers.*)

SCROOGE. **WILL YOU STOP YOUR UNGODLY RACKET!!!**

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. But it's Christmas, dear!!!

SCROOGE. *Madam!* – (*sotto*) You are a madam?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. I should 'ope so darlin'! (*slaps him*) Cheeky!

SCROOGE. Ow!!! Perhaps – madam – I did not make myself crystal clear to your departed colleague – who I sent *packing* by the way! –

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. What dear?

SCROOGE. – that I – Ebenezer Scrooge – *HATE CHRISTMAS!* And anyone who –

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*very fast*) – wastes his hours of righteous toil spreading Christmas cheer to all and sundry should be boiled with his own Christmas pudding and buried in his grave with a stake of Christmas holly through his heart! Ain't that how it goeth sir?

SCROOGE. (*disconcerted*) Yes it is how it...goeth if you wish to – knoweth...and I am of that opinion still madam thank you! I do not see Christmas, I do not hear Christmas, I do not smell Christmas, I am oblivious to all Christmas!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Where d'yer live then, in a cave?

SCROOGE. Yes if you will, I do. I live in a cave of my own design and I'm very happy in it thank you. I know what you would have me spirit. You would have me *CHANGED!* But you will fail madam! I assure you of that! For I am –

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Gawd you're a talker!

(*grips SCROOGE's wrist*)

SCROOGE. *Owww!!!*

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*recites, doggerel style*)

Come fly with me upon this day,
But a little time to pass dear.
Come let me lead thee by the hand,
Or by thy bony arse dear!

(*She kicks his butt.*)

SCROOGE. *Owww!*

(*She tosses another handful of glitter at him. He coughs and splutters.*)

'Cos what day is it today darlin'?

SCROOGE. *I have absolutely –*