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Scrooge and the Ghostly Spirits

A Musical Based on Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*

Book, music and lyrics by

DOUGLAS POST

Dramatic Publishing Company

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(SCROOGE AND THE GHOSTLY SPIRITS)

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Ronald Gwiazda, Abrams Artists Agency

275 Seventh Ave., 26th Floor

New York, NY 10001 • Phone: (646) 486-4600

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“*Scrooge and the Ghostly Spirits* was first produced by Citadel Theatre in Lake Forest, Ill., Scott Phelps, Artistic Director.”

Scrooge and the Ghostly Spirits was first produced at the Citadel Theatre (Scott Phelps, Artistic Director) in Lake Forest, Ill., on Nov. 17, 2017.

CAST:

Ebenezer Scrooge.....	Frank Farrell
Fred	Preston O’fill
Bob Cratchit	Rob Ibanez
Mr. Hedgepeth.....	Will Rogers
Mr. Potts.....	Matthew Philip Johnston
Young Wanderer.....	Samantha Erne
Older Vagrant	Eric Deutz
Marley’s Ghost.....	Erik Dohner
Ghost of Christmas Past.....	Catherine Athenson
Very Young Scrooge.....	Kosta Kapsalis, Henry Kern
Fran	Emiko Chichester, Courtney Miller
Fezziwig.....	Will Rogers
Young Scrooge	Eric Deutz
Dick Wilkins	Matthew Philip Johnston
Mrs. Fezziwig	Coco Kasperowicz
Village Constable	Rob Ibanez
Belle	Natalie Santoro
Ghost of Christmas Present.....	Rebecca Keeshin
Mrs. Cratchit	Monica Szaflik
Belinda Cratchit	Emiko Chichester, Courtney Miller
Peter Cratchit	Nolan Smeds, Asher Ramaly
Martha Cratchit	Samantha Erne
Timothy “Tiny Tim” Cratchit.....	Luke Chichester, Henry Kern
Noreen.....	Maddie Sachs
Meredith.....	Coco Kasperowicz
Topper	Matthew Philip Johnston

Ignorance.....Kosta Kapsalis, Henry Kern
 Want Emiko Chichester, Courtney Miller
 Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come.....Natalie Santoro
 First Merchant..... Preston O’ffill
 Second MerchantMatthew Philip Johnston
 Third Merchant Erik Dohner
 Charwoman Coco Kasperowicz
 Laundress Rebecca Keeshin
 Undertaker’s Man Rob Ibanez
 Pawnbroker Will Rogers
 Young Wife Maddie Sachs
 Young Husband.....Eric Deutz
 First Gravedigger Will Rogers
 Second Gravedigger.....Matthew Philip Johnston
 Boy in Sunday Clothes.....Kosta Kapsalis, Henry Kern
 Urchins, Vagrants, Wanderers,
 Villagers, Fezziwig’s Staff,
 Family, Friends &
 Londoners Entire Cast (excluding Frank Farrell)

MUSICIANS:

PianoBenjamin Nichols
 Violin Lena Gaetz
 Cello..... Jessica Bieniarz

PRODUCTION:

Director Scott Phelps
 String and Vocal Arrangements.....Chuck Larkin
 Music DirectionBenjamin Nichols
 Choreography.....Ann Delaney
 Scenic Design..... Kristen Martino

Costume Design Paul Kim
Lighting Design Diane D. Fairchild
Sound Design Bob Boxer
Properties Devon Green
Scenic Artist Sandie Bacon
Dialect Coach Catherine Gillespie
Technical Director Mack Anderson
Production Manager Will Rogers
Stage Manager Samantha A. Tink

Scrooge and the Ghostly Spirits

CHARACTERS

EBENEZER SCROOGE: a man of business, 50s.

FRED: Scrooge's nephew, 20s.

BOB CRATCHIT: Scrooge's clerk, 30s.

MR. HEDGEPEETH: 40s.

MR. POTTS: 20s.

YOUNG WANDERER: 14.

OLDER VAGRANT: 60s.

MARLEY'S GHOST: Scrooge's former partner, 50s.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: a female spirit.

VERY YOUNG SCROOGE: 9.

FRAN: Scrooge's sister, 11.

FEZZIWIG: Scrooge's employer, 50s.

YOUNG SCROOGE: 17.

DICK WILKINS: Scrooge's friend, 17.

MRS. FEZZIWIG: 40s.

VILLAGE CONSTABLE: 30s.

BELLE: Scrooge's fiancée, 17.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: another female spirit.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Bob's wife, 30s.

BELINDA CRATCHIT: their daughter, 11.

PETER CRATCHIT: their son, 13.

MARTHA CRATCHIT: their daughter, 15.

TIMOTHY "TINY TIM" CRATCHIT: their son, 7.

NOREEN: Fred's sister, 20s.

MEREDITH: Fred's sister-in-law, 20s.

TOPPER: their friend, 20s.

IGNORANCE: a wretched boy.

WANT: a wretched girl.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME: another female spirit.

FIRST MERCHANT: 20s.

SECOND MERCHANT: 40s.

THIRD MERCHANT: 30s.

CHARWOMAN: 30s.

LAUNDRESS: 30s.

UNDERTAKER'S MAN: 30s.

PAWNBROKER: 50s.

YOUNG WIFE: 20s.

YOUNG HUSBAND: 20s.

FIRST GRAVEDIGGER: 40s.

SECOND GRAVEDIGGER: 30s.

BOY IN SUNDAY CLOTHES

URCHINS, VAGRANTS, WANDERERS, VILLAGERS,
FEZZIWIG'S STAFF, FAMILY, FRIENDS & LONDONERS

CAST NOTE: With multiple casting of characters, this musical can be performed by an ensemble of 18 actors.

TIME: 1843 and the past, present and future.

PLACE: London and the surrounding areas.

An AUTHOR'S NOTE can be found in the back of the book.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

- “Spirits of the Night” Londoners
- “I Wish No More of Christmas” Scrooge & Fred
- “Alms” Urchins, Vagrants & Wanderers
- “A Bowl of Gruel” Scrooge
- “Mankind Was My Business” Marley’s Ghost
- “Walk With Me” Ghost of Christmas Past & Villagers
- “Lonely Boy” Scrooge
- “Festivities at Fezziwig’s” Fezziwig, Mrs. Fezziwig,
Village Constable, Staff, Family & Friends
- “Walk With Me (Reprise)” Ghost of Christmas Past
- “Cornucopia” Ghost of Christmas Present,
Scrooge & Londoners
- “God Bless Us” Tiny Tim, Bob, Martha,
Peter, Belinda & Mrs. Cratchit
- “The Game of Yes and No” Noreen, Fred,
Topper, & Meredith
- “Finally Dead” Merchants, Charwoman,
Laundress, Undertaker’s Man, Pawnbroker,
Young Husband, Young Wife & Londoners
- “The Sun Will Rise” Mrs. Cratchit
- “Who Was This Man?” Scrooge, Gravediggers & Londoners
- “On Christmas Day” Scrooge, Fred, Noreen,
Meredith, Topper, Bob & Londoners
- “Mankind Is My Business” Scrooge & Londoners
- “God Bless Us (Encore)” Londoners

COMPLETE LIST OF SONGS AND INCIDENTAL MUSIC

1. Spirits of the Night.....	13
2. On Christmas Eve	16
3. Scrooge’s Counting House.....	17
4. I Wish No More of Christmas.....	19
5. Alms	23
6. Scrooge’s Chambers.....	25
7. A Bowl of Gruel	26
8. Marley’s Ghost’s Entrance.....	28
9. Mankind Was My Business.....	29
10. Marley’s Ghost’s Exit	30
11. Spirit of the Night (Reprise #1).....	31
12. Walk With Me	33
13. Lonely Boy.....	35
14. Fran and Very Young Scrooge.....	37
15. Fezziwig’s Warehouse	38
16. Festivities at Fezziwig’s.....	39
17. More Festivities	43
18. Belle	44
19. Dick Wilkins	46
20. Walk With Me (Reprise)	47
21. Spirits of the Night (Reprise #2).....	48
22. Cornucopia.....	49
23. Cratchit’s House.....	53
24. God Bless Us.....	56
25. Fred’s Home.....	59
26. The Game of Yes and No	61
27. Ignorance and Want.....	66
28. Spirits of the Night (Reprise #3).....	68
29. Three Merchants	69

30. Finally Dead.....	69
31. The Sun Will Rise	75
32. Graveyard.....	79
33. Who Was This Man?	80
34. On Christmas Day.....	83
35. Mankind Is My Business	90
36. Bows	91
37. God Bless Us (Encore).....	91

This musical is dedicated to Frank Farrell,
who made it happen.

Scrooge and the Ghostly Spirits

(As the audience enters the theatre, the LONDONERS are already in costume, or partial costume, moving through the auditorium, the stage, setting props, setting pieces of scenery, conferring with the musicians, etc. They may chat with each other. They make take a moment to greet someone they know in the audience. The feeling is informal and loose and lacks artifice. We are keenly aware that we are in a theatre with actors who are preparing to tell us a tale. The musicians, who are onstage and part of the proceedings, start to play a song. The LONDONERS come together to sing.)

(#1: “Spirits of the Night”)

FIRST LONDONER.

DAYLIGHT
AND THE CITY SEEMS SERENE

SECOND LONDONER.

AND THE CHILDREN’S CHEEKS ARE RED

THIRD LONDONER.

AND THE TREES THEY TRIM ARE GREEN,

FOURTH LONDONER.

BUT DARKNESS COMES ALL TOO SOON.

(The house lights dim.)

FIFTH LONDONER.

AND THE MOON SHINES DOWN
ON LONDON TOWN

FIRST, SECOND & FIFTH LONDONERS.
AND THE FOG GOES ROLLING IN.

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH & FIFTH
LONDONERS.
AS THE GLOOM DESCENDS
AND THE GLIMMER ENDS

FIFTH LONDONER.
A GHOSTLY TALE CAN BEGIN.

(Now all the LONDONERS start to sing, sometimes as an ensemble, sometimes as individuals or a group of individuals, so that their sound surprises us as it comes from different sources.)

LONDONERS.

A CRY CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT
FROM SOMETHING OUT OF SIGHT
AND THEN YOU SEE
WITH CERTAINTY
A SPIRIT TAKING FLIGHT.

THERE'S WAILING AND THERE'S WOE
FROM DEEDS DONE LONG AGO
AND THEN YOU FACE
THE FULL EMBRACE
OF SPIRITS FLYING LOW.

NOW THE SPIRITS THEY WILL FIND YOU
AND TURN YOUR WORLD AROUND.
THEY'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HIGHEST HEIGHTS
AND DROP YOU ON THE GROUND.

THE SPIRITS ARE COMING
AND THEY WILL NOT BE SPURNED.
YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE SMART,

BUT THEY'LL IMPART
A LESSON TO BE LEARNED.

SPIRITS REACHING THROUGH
THE DOORS THAT YOU HAVE LOCKED.
SPIRITS TEACHING YOU
THAT THEY CANNOT BE BLOCKED.

THEY MAY POINT TO YOUR PAST
OR LIFE THAT'S FADING FAST
OR TO A DAY
THAT'S ON ITS WAY,
A DIE ALREADY CAST.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE YOUR PLIGHT
THOUGH YOU MAY COWER IN FRIGHT.
THERE IS NO GRACE
OR HIDING PLACE
FROM SPIRITS OF THE NIGHT.

NOW THE SPIRITS THEY'LL REMIND YOU
OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT INSIDE.
THEY'LL REACH INTO YOUR VERY SOUL
AND TEAR IT OPEN WIDE,
TEAR IT WIDE,
TEAR IT WIDE.

THE SPIRITS ARE COMING
AND CALLING OUT YOUR NAME.
YOU MAY THINK YOU'RE CLEVER,
BUT YOU'LL NEVER
EVER BE THE SAME,
NEVER THE SAME,
NEVER THE SAME,
NOW THE SPIRITS KNOW YOUR NAME!

(EBENEZER SCROOGE makes his entrance. He stares at the LONDONERS, giving them a hard look. They stare back.)

LONDONERS (*cont'd*).

SCROOGE!

(#2: “On Christmas Eve”)

(At the conclusion of the song, the LONDONERS move a few minimal pieces of scenery into place to suggest the interior of SCROOGE’s counting house. There is a door, a small table, a smaller table and two chairs. That is all we will need. This conceit will serve our entire story. The set, which has an industrial feel of the nineteenth century to it, is composed of a few doors, window frames and walls with tables and chairs hidden until needed. Whenever we move to a new locale, which is often, the LONDONERS will make the change happen. The action is continuous. SCROOGE moves into the counting house. BOB CRATCHIT, emerging from the LONDONERS, does the same. The rest of the LONDONERS now address the audience, each one, in turn, taking a line of the narrative.)

A LONDONER. Once upon a time,

ANOTHER LONDONER. On Christmas Eve,

AND ANOTHER. Ebenezer Scrooge sat busy in his counting house.

ANOTHER. It was cold,

ANOTHER. Bleak,

ANOTHER. Biting weather,

ANOTHER. Foggy withal,

ANOTHER. And he could hear the people in the court outside,

ANOTHER. Wheezing up and down,

ANOTHER. Beating their hands upon their breasts,

ANOTHER. And stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them.

(We hear the sound of three bells.)

ANOTHER. The city clocks had only just struck three,

ANOTHER. But it was quite dark already,

ANOTHER. It had not been light all day,

ANOTHER. And candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices,

ANOTHER. Like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air.

(#3: “Scrooge’s Counting House”)

(SCROOGE and BOB sit far apart from each other, working, scribbling, silent. Some of the LONDONERS withdraw now, while others remain on the periphery of the action, watching the proceedings. Again, this conceit will serve throughout so that we are always aware of the LONDONERS as an extension of the audience. Suddenly the door flies open. FRED enters.)

FRED. A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

FRED. Christmas a humbug, Uncle? You don’t mean that, I am sure.

SCROOGE. I do! Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.

FRED. What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough.

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

FRED. Don’t be cross.

SCROOGE. What else can I be when I live in a world of fools such as this? What’s Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money? A time for finding yourself a year older,

but not an hour richer? A time for balancing your books and having them dead set against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with “Merry Christmas” on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

FRED. Uncle!

SCROOGE. Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

FRED. But you don't keep it at all.

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

FRED. There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited. Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas as a good time. A charitable time. The only time I know of when men and women seem to open their hearts and think of other people as if they were in fact fellow passengers to the grave and not an unrelated race of creatures. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good and *will* do me good. And I say, God bless it!

(BOB, who has been working through this exchange, suddenly bursts into applause.)

BOB. Very good, sir. Very good, indeed.

(SCROOGE stares at his clerk.)

SCROOGE. Did I hear anyone say, “What does Bob Cratchit think about Christmas?” I don't think I heard anyone say that. Did you, Fred?

FRED. Let him talk.

SCROOGE. Another sound from you, Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!

FRED. Don't be angry with your clerk, Uncle. Come. Dine with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE. I had rather eat my own feet.

FRED. But why?

SCROOGE. Why did you get married?

FRED. Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE. Love! The only thing in the world more ridiculous than Christmas. Good afternoon.

FRED. Do you wish me to go?

SCROOGE. No. Not immediately.

(#4: "I Wish No More of Christmas")

SCROOGE (*cont'd*). But I'll tell you what I *do* wish.

I WISH NO MORE OF CHRISTMAS,
I WISH NO MORE OF IT,
WITH ITS HO-HO-HO
AND ITS MISTLETOE
THAT MAKES EVERYBODY A TWIT.

I WISH NO MORE OF CHRISTMAS,
I WISH IT WOULD LEAVE TOWN,
WITH ITS FA-LA-LA
HOLIDAY HOOPLA
THAT MAKES EVERY PERSON A CLOWN.
IT'S A HOAX, NEPHEW,

FRED.

NO.

SCROOGE.

IT'S A LIE,

FRED.

NOT TRUE.

SCROOGE.

A MINCE PIE THAT'S ROTTEN.

(To BOB.)

CRATCHIT, GET BACK TO WORK!

I WISH NO MORE OF CHRISTMAS,

I WISH THIS MORE AND MORE,

WITH ITS HA-HA-HEE

AND FRIVOLITY

THAT MAKES EVERYBODY A BORE.

NOW MAY I SHOW YOU THE DOOR?

FRED. I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you. Why can we not be friends?

SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

FRED. I am sorry to find you so resolute. But I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. And so merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

FRED. And a Happy New Year!

SCROOGE. Good afternoon!

(FRED exits letting two other gentlemen into the room named MR. HEDGEPEETH and MR. POTTS. They both carry books in their hands. SCROOGE glares at them.)

HEDGEPEETH. Scrooge and Marley's, I believe.

SCROOGE *(to himself)*. I will retire to Bedlam.

HEDGEPEETH. My name is Hedgepeth. This is my colleague, Mr. Potts. And who have I the pleasure of addressing? Mr. Scrooge? Or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE. Mr. Marley is dead.

BOB. He died seven years ago this very night.

SCROOGE. Cratchit!

HEDGEPEETH. Well, we have no doubt his generosity is still present in his surviving partner.

SCROOGE. Jacob Marley was *not* a generous man.

POTTS. Be that as it may. At this time of the year, Mr. Scrooge, we ask people who have obtained a certain position in life to offer some slight provision for the poor. The destitute. The needy that lack common necessities.

SCROOGE. Are there no prisons?

POTTS. Prisons?

SCROOGE. And workhouses?

POTTS. There are plenty of both.

SCROOGE. Oh! I am very glad to hear it. From what you said, I was afraid that something had stopped them in their useful course.

HEDGEPEETH. They scarcely furnish cheer of mind to the multitude.

POTTS. Many can't go there.

HEDGEPEETH. And many would rather die.

SCROOGE. If they would rather die, they had better do it and decrease the surplus population.

HEDGEPEETH. Mr. Scrooge! We are simply trying to raise some funds to furnish the poor with meat and drink and means of warmth! Now what shall we put you down for?

SCROOGE. Nothing.

HEDGEPEETH. You wish to be anonymous?

SCROOGE. No.

I WISH NO MORE OF YULETIDE
AND YOU TWO STANDING THERE,

SCROOGE (*cont'd*).

WITH YOUR TRUMPED UP CHEER
 THAT IS INSINCERE
 AND YOUR HAND HELD OUT IN THE AIR.

I WISH THIS DAY WAS OVER,
 I WISH THAT IT WOULD PASS,
 WITH ITS MEN LIKE YOU
 DOING WHAT YOU DO.
 YOU'RE A FOOL AND YOU ARE AN ASS.

THIS IS FRAUD, GENTLEMEN,
 THIS IS FAKE,
 A FRUITCAKE FORGOTTEN.

(To himself.) Does anybody really need a fruitcake?

(To BOB.)

WORK!

I WISH NO MORE OF CHRISTMAS
 AND WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT,
 WITH ITS HO-HO-HOS
 AND ITS MISTLETOES,
 WITH ITS FA-LA-LAS
 HOLIDAY HOOPLAS,
 WITH ITS HA-HA-HEES
 AND INSANITIES
 AND NOW IF YOU PLEASE
 GET OUT!

(He pushes them out the door and slams it shut. BOB looks at him. A moment.)

SCROOGE (*cont'd*). What?

(BOB goes back to work. SCROOGE also goes back to work. He looks up from his desk at BOB.)

SCROOGE (*cont'd*). I suppose you'll be wanting to be at home all day tomorrow. With your wife. Your family.

BOB. If it is convenient.

SCROOGE. It is *not* convenient and it is not *fair*. If I was to keep half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used. And yet, you don't think *me* ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

BOB. It is only once a year.

SCROOGE (*mimicking him*). "It is only once a year." A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. Be here all the earlier the next morning.

BOB. I will, sir. Thank you, sir.

(*He exits.*)

SCROOGE. Hum. Bug.

(#5: "Alms")

A LONDONER. Scrooge closed down his counting house, went out into the streets and made his way through the city on this coarse and frigid night.

(*SCROOGE puts on his hat and coat, picks up his stick and exits as the LONDONERS change the setting to suggest a series of city streets. They have transformed themselves into STREET URCHINS, VAGRANTS and WANDERERS. They individually and then collectively approach SCROOGE for help. He attempts to navigate his way through them.*)

YOUNG WANDERER.

A TUPPENCE,
A HA'PENNY,
A FARTHING,