

ADDITIONAL SCENE (1)

A SEUSSIFIED CHRISTMAS CAROL (FULL-LENGTH)

by Peter Bloedel

YES!

ACT I

NARRATOR #1. Ladies and Gentlemen!

NARRATOR #2. Smart lads and lasses!

NARRATOR #1. It's time to wake up now and put on your glasses.

NARRATOR #2. Open your ears too, 'cause we've got a play.

BOTH. You've got things to see, and we've got things to say.

NARRATOR #1. We're happy you made it.

NARRATOR #2. We're so glad you're here.

NARRATOR #1. So join with us now in some good Christmas cheer.

NARRATOR #2. Ah. Christmas cheer.

NARRATOR #1. That's right.

NARRATOR #2. Think of it all.

NARRATOR #1. Egg nog,

NARRATOR #2. ...And Ham.

NARRATOR #1. Christmas cookies.

BOTH. The mail.

NARRATOR #1. Baggages.

NARRATOR #2. Packages.

NARRATOR #1. Boxes...

NARRATOR #2. ...and bows.

NARRATOR #1. A tinsely reindeer knit sweater?

NARRATOR #2. What about fruitcake, or stuffing stuffed chickens?

NARRATOR #1. What about Sant-y, or old Charles Dickens?

NARRATOR #2. Ah Yes! Charles Dickens! Why after the first, He's the second most Christmas-y writer on Earth.

NARRATOR #1. *A Christmas Carol.*

NARRATOR #2. Now there's a good story,

NARRATOR #1...And, happens to be in our play inventory.

NARRATOR #2. That's the play that we're doing.

NARRATOR #1. With just a few edits.

NARRATOR #2. But we'll make sure Charlie D. still gets the credit.

NARRATOR #1. The language is more than a century old, And might need some sprucing before it is told.

NARRATOR #2. It's not that Old Dickens can't be understood, But we think some rhyming might make him more good.

NARRATOR #1. We've trimmed the plot down.

NARRATOR #2. A few words got a tweak.

NARRATOR #1. It might sound a little like Dr. Seuss speak.

NARRATOR #2. But listen.

NARRATOR #1. Come on.

BOTH. Is that really offbeat?

NARRATOR #2. A Seussified Dickens play.

NARRATOR #1. That could be sweet!

NARRATOR #2. Seuss was a genius just like Dickens was.

NARRATOR #1. His style could get this play a few more guffaws.

NARRATOR #2. Not that we're planning to do that.

NARRATOR #1. I'll say!

BOTH. This is a Dickens-y show all the way.

NARRATOR #1. We'll hold our breath blue,

NARRATOR #2. Stick to the text closely.

NARRATOR #1. Narrators are faithful

BOTH. *(Crossing their fingers and winking.)* At least they are mostly.

NARRATOR #1. With all of that said...

NARRATOR #2. After all of that yackin'...

NARRATOR #1. Let's start the story.

BOTH. It's time to get crackin'!

(THE SCROOGE and JAKE MARLEY enter.)

NARRATOR #2. Here come the two business partners of old. The Scrooge and Jake Marley. Both were plain cold.

END.

NARRATOR #1. Now when we say cold we're not talking the weather The cold came from inside of them both together.

NARRATOR #2. Marley's cold heart finally went to his head. And then in an instant...

BOTH...he ended up dead.

(JAKE MARLEY falls backward and dies. Two UNDERTAKERS are there to catch his fall. They wrap him in a cloth or put him in a box and take him off stage.)

NARRATOR #1. Dead as a doornail. With only one mourner. He breathed his last breath...

NARRATOR #2... and turned life's last corner.

NARRATOR #1. The Scrooge was the only friend that Marley had, but even The Scrooge didn't think it that bad.

NARRATOR #2. He struck a bargain.

NARRATOR #1. Why should he weep?

THE SCROOGE. I got Marley buried and got it done cheap. Too bad for him. I guess he got unlucky.

NARRATOR #1. Seven years passed as The Scrooge got more yucky,

(Carolers, people carrying presents and trees, and others celebrating with Seussified, Dickens-y Christmas cheer enter the stage. THE SCROOGE sneers at them.)

NARRATOR #2. The Scrooge was a bona fide all-people-hater. A classic begrudger, and good-news-deflator.

NARRATOR #1. And if there was ever a time of the year That made The Scrooge crabby and more crankier, Then it was Christmas.

THE SCROOGE. The cheer and the fun. All of the parties. There's work to be done!

There's no time for playing, and singing those songs. The trimmings the trappings, it goes on so long.

And all the children, with all of their toys. And Oh, the noise! The Noise, Noise, Noise!!!

(A small office appears. The Scrooge's clerk is sitting at a small desk trying to work himself with a candle. THE SCROOGE enters the area and sits at a desk where he can keep an eye on his clerk.)

NARRATOR #2. Now people don't know why The Scrooge was so icky.

NARRATOR #1. So mean and so coarse,

WINTER 2010

Awdition Scene 2

A Sentifed Christmas Carol

NARRATOR #2. So prickly, so sticky.

NARRATOR #1. It could be his heart was two sizes too small.

NARRATOR #2. Or maybe it just wasn't installed at all.

NARRATOR #1. (*Indicating BOB CRAITCHT sitting in the office:*) This is Bob Cratchit The Scrooge's poor clerk.

THE SCROOGE. Get busy Cratchit I pay you to work. I don't pay people to sit there and fidget.

CRAICHTT. I'm sorry, Sir. I was just warming my digits.

THE SCROOGE. Not with my candle! That cost a buck fifty. I got the slow burning kind, 'cuz I'm thrifty.

CRAICHTT. Well, Sir perhaps with some coal for the fire...

THE SCROOGE. What! So that you can just sit and perspire? Can't stand the cold? Well then "look" there's the door! Besides too much heat in here ruins the decor.

(BED-HEADED FRED enters. His hair is mashed on one side and sticking out on the other.)

NARRATOR #2. In for a visit is Bed-Headed Fred.

NARRATOR #1. He had the day off and just got out of bed.

NARRATOR #2. Fred is a cheerful, and well rested chap.

NARRATOR #1. It's Christmas time. Plus he just had a good nap.

BED-HEADED FRED. Good Uncle "The Scrooge," Merry Christmas to you.

THE SCROOGE. (*Handing BED-HEADED FRED a comb*) Bah! Humbug! Now Nephew, try combing that "doo."

(BED-HEADED FRED takes the comb and puts it in his hair and leaves it there.)

BED-HEADED FRED. Christmas a humbug? You can't be that gruff.

THE SCROOGE. How are you merry? You're still poor enough.

BED-HEADED FRED. A good Christmas nap gives my hair staying power.

But what about you? You're quite rich and still sour.

THE SCROOGE. What else can I be in this world? It's not funny. People at Christmas pay bills without money.

If I had my way, every Christmas buffoon, Should boil in their own figgy pudding—and soon!

BED-HEADED FRED. Uncle!

THE SCROOGE. Oh sorry. Was that a bit harsh? I meant that they all should be chased through a marsh,

By packs of alpaca wolf debt-smelling bunnies, And swung by their toes 'til they pay me my money.

BED-HEADED FRED. Uncle!

THE SCROOGE. Now, Nephew, don't waste my time. Keep Christmas your way, and I'll keep it mine.

BED-HEADED FRED. But, Uncle. You don't keep it. Come, let's be real.

THE SCROOGE. What good has it done you? I mean what's the deal? BED-HEADED FRED. Uncle, I know that I don't make much money.

I like a good nap, and my hairdo is funny. But Christmas. It's like we're all on the same train,

Of goodwill, and joy, and hair unrestrained. Christmas has not put a dime in my pocket,

But has done me good and so I say, God bless it!

(CRAICHTT starts to applaud BED-HEADED FRED.)

THE SCROOGE. Hey-ma-na! Whoa! Zip, zip! Watch it there, Bob! One more peep from you and bye-bye to your job.

BED-HEADED FRED. Come, Uncle Scrooge.

THE SCROOGE. Uncle The Scrooge to you.

BED-HEADED FRED. Join us for dinner tomorrow. Please do.

THE SCROOGE. No.

BED-HEADED FRED. Come on.

THE SCROOGE. Nuh-uh.

BED-HEADED FRED. Please?

THE SCROOGE. Nein.

BED-HEADED FRED. There's a feast.

THE SCROOGE. Not a chance.

BED-HEADED FRED. We'll let you carve the roast beast.

THE SCROOGE. (*Pauses to think.*) Not that I wouldn't love that, yes indeed.

(Back to his normal rotten self.)

Nice try. I wouldn't love that. Now please leave.

BED-HEADED FRED. Well, it seems, Uncle, you've made your decision. Just thought you'd want time off from your long division.

THE SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

BED-HEADED FRED. Merry Christmas and cheer!

THE SCROOGE. Good afternoon.

BED-HEADED FRED. (To CRATCHIT) And a Happy New Year!

CRATCHIT. (To FRED) Merry Christmas and a Happy...

THE SCROOGE. Cratchit!

END.

NARRATOR #1. The Scrooge had a head and he needed to scratch it.

THE SCROOGE. (Aside) The wages I pay my clerk ought to be painful,

And yet he is cheerful. I'm going insane-ful.

NARRATOR #2. Just a reminder to let you all know.

This is by no means a Dr. Seuss show.

NARRATOR #1. We said it before, we'll say it again,

This is a Dickens-y show to the end.

(Enter the two charity SOLICITORS.)

NARRATOR #2. These two are from Frum-ditty-frum-dum-berg.

NARRATOR #1. It's one of the subiest sub most sub suburbs.

They came to The Scrooge's firm, right through his door.

NARRATOR #2. Looking for stuff to collect for the poor.

SOLICITOR #1. Mister The Scrooge in this festive season,

Many are hungry...

SOLICITOR #2. In need without reason.

SOLICITOR #1. They have no presents.

SOLICITOR #2. No Christmas tree stars.

BOTH. Their poor Christmas trees have no stars upon thars.

SOLICITOR #1. Hundreds of thousands want common provisions.

THE SCROOGE. What of the workhousess? Are there no prisons?

SOLICITOR #2. Plenty of prisons.

SOLICITOR #1. There are. Yes indeedy.

THE SCROOGE. Then send them all there! Can't you see that I'm

greedy?

SOLICITOR #2. Those places furnish no good Christian cheer.

SOLICITOR #1. And that's why we're asking for donations here.

SOLICITOR #2. We come here because your abundance rejoices

SOLICITOR #1. (Using a smooth radio announcer-type voice.) And to

seduce you with our bassy voices.

SOLICITOR #2. From you what small offering might we entice?

THE SCROOGE. (A bit seduced.) I won't give a dime. But your voices

are nice.

(Snapping out of it—back to his normal rotten self.)

I don't make merry when Christmas comes 'round.

And I won't fund slackers to go party down!

Prisons and work houses. Those I supply.

SOLICITOR #1. But many can't go there...

SOLICITOR #2. And would rather die.

THE SCROOGE. Then they'd better do it and spare our whole nation,

From the weak and the surplus population.

(The two SOLICITORS look at each other, shrug and leave. A

young CAROLER pops his/her head into the office and begins

singing a Christmas Carol. THE SCROOGE pulls out a fantastical

mechanized racket-shaped gizmo.)

THE SCROOGE. If you don't stop all of that Christmasy racket,

I'll be forced to use my racket/wback racket.

I've got it programmed to whack and attack

Any rackety noise I'm too cranky to hack.

So if you want to test me and see what's the matter,

Just keep up that caroling, clamorous, clatter.

(The young CAROLER shakes in his/her boots and runs off. Bells

toll the hour [of better yet some zany bell sound or whistle effect

more befitting the play]. It is time to close the shop.)

THE SCROOGE. Tomorrow I suppose you'll want off of work.

CRATCHIT. If it's convenient

THE SCROOGE. Just me and no clerk?

Not very convenient, or fair I must say.

A wage for no work, for an entire day?

CRATCHIT. It's just once a year, Sir.

THE SCROOGE. Shoosh! I know the docket.

A poor excuse... annually picking my pocket.

NARRATOR #1. The Scrooge, although crabby, gave in to some

weakness.

NARRATOR #2. And let Cratchit have his full day off for Christmas.

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