

SCROOICAL

12-PAGE SAMPLE

ACT ONE SCENE TWO

FRED

Uncle Ebenezer! A Merry Christmas to you! *(He places a gift on Scrooge's desk.)*

SCROOGE

(Without interrupting his work.) Nephew... have you nothing better to do with your time than to perpetuate a tradition of fraudulence and insincerity?

FRED

Uncle, haven't you heard? *(He sits on the corner of Scrooge's desk and sort-of whispers.)* You're supposed to mellow with age!

SCROOGE

(Ignoring Fred's comment.) I wonder, can a man, like my nephew, acting under the apparent influence of merry mesmerism, discern when he is being duped? How can he, when this so-called "holiday" has become a universally ordained excuse for being featherbrained and frivolous!

(He takes papers to Bob's multi-level In-box and returns to his desk, ranting the whole time.)

For the rich man, it's a time to parade his extravagance! For the poor man, it's a time to pretend he has what he hasn't! And for the working man, like me, it's a time to be abused by enraptured enthusiasts! *(His last phrase is directed at Fred. Then he sits at his desk and goes back to work.)*

FRED

(Sincerely appreciative.) Uncle, you're a linguistic marvel! You should write your memoirs, you really should. I'll bet you could tell captivating tales of corporate take-overs that would thrill the world of finance... and you'd tell them like no one else! Could be a best-seller! Every one on Wall Street will want to give them as Christmas gifts!

SCROOGE

Any one on or off Wall Street who exercises his ability to reason will tell you that celebrating Christmas is taking a holiday from reason. *(He stands up and throws open a newspaper.)* Look at this: Computer games, at exorbitant prices, that are "must haves" if you want to "keep the good little children on your holiday shopping list happy." *(Another ad)* This one gets the Literary Award for the Ludicrous: a book of psychological strategies to help you "survive the social stress of the season." And here's the one that takes the proverbial cake: a diet plan to purge you of the caloric accrual you could have avoided by simply maintaining a modicum of discipline! It's an enigma, how this self-proclaimed superior species called "the human race" wallows in witlessness for all of three hundred and sixty-four days of the calendar year, and then they top it off with Christmas,-- a season characterized by drippy insincerity, dreaded obligations, chronic over-indulgence, and pretentious piousness!! *(Through with the subject matter, he sits down and proceeds with his work.)*

FRED

(Applauds.) Bravo, Uncle, a paramount discourse... a dazzling execution to finish off the old year and jump-start the new. *(Again, he sits on the corner of Scrooge's desk.)* It may surprise you, Uncle, but I empathize completely!

SCROOGE

(He looks up from his work, quizzically.)

FRED

I mean it! I am perplexed and perturbed by the gluttony and pretense of the holidays... but I'm convinced there's more to it than that. Come now, Uncle, surely you have some feeling for the joy of

holiday camaraderie; some fond memory of childhood Christmases with the people you lov...

SCROOGE

(Interrupting) Surely you haven't come here to lecture me on the virtues of Christmas!

FRED

(As if he has inside knowledge.) Surely you haven't always been completely adverse to merriment.

SCROOGE

Nephew, I am a reasonable man and I have no reason to be merry. And I dare say, neither do you, with nothing in your pocket.

FRED

And I dare say, if having something in your pocket makes you merry, you have lots of reasons to be merry!

SCROOGE

(He takes a breath in preparation for retort but Fred continues.)

FRED

But you're right, Uncle! Christmas may very well be an abused holiday! But I earnestly believe that within the heart of every human being, there is a noble presence. It's... a spirit, that can only be felt when you quit thinking about yourself. It's a light... that enables you to see in a way you've never seen before. Celebrating Christmas is celebrating the birth of hope,-- the hope that there's something beyond human frailty; that there are guardian angels that will guide us through the darkness; that there's a love, beyond the love of any person, that will always welcome us with open arms! That's Christmas!

BOB

(Stands up, applauding) Well said, sir! *(He sits down quickly.)*

SCROOGE

(Indignantly.) Mr. Cratchit! You'll FAX that Quarterly Report before you leave tonight!

BOB

(Only slightly embarrassed.) Yes, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE

(To Fred) You have quite a gift of expression, Nephew. I hope you're putting it to some profitable use. Now, you will kindly express yourself elsewhere and let a working man finish his work.
(He continues his work.)

FRED

I am moved by your compliment, Uncle, and that is sufficient to move me out the door... *(He moves toward the door.)*... but only after I express what I came here to express...

SCROOGE

Don't ask!

FRED

...my sincere wish that you'll join us for Christmas dinner, tomorrow!
(He continues to move toward the door.)

SCROOGE

You know the answer.

FRED

That was last year, this is this year.

SCROOGE

Good day, nephew.

FRED

You don't have to stay and socialize, just eat and run.

SCROOGE

The next thing I'll say to move you out that door will not be a compliment!

FRED

Call me if you change your mind.

SCROOGE

What I'm about to call you will curdle your Christmas custard!

FRED

(As he's going out the door.) Merry Christmas, Uncle Scrooge!

SCROOGE

Merry Humbug, Nephew!! *(He turns away.)*

(As Fred exits, two solicitors enter.)

SOLICITOR 1

(To Bob Cratchit) Good afternoon.

BOB

Good afternoon.

SOLICITOR 1

May we speak to management, please?

BOB

(Motioning gracefully to Scrooge.) The proprietor.

SOLICITOR 1

Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Marley? or Mr. Scrooge? *(He hands Scrooge his credentials.)*

SCROOGE

Mr. Marley... *(Glancing at the credentials.)*... passed from this earth exactly seven years ago today. *(Handing him back the credentials.)*
(Sarcastically) You might wish to make an appointment with his ghost in the Fairchild Street Cemetery. *(Refocuses on his work.)*

SOLICITOR 2

(Laughs.) I see we've caught you in good humor.

SCROOGE

(Mutters) Hardly.

SOLICITOR 1

At this time of joyful abundance, we are endeavoring to meet the needs of those who are less fortunate...

SCROOGE

Less fortunate? You mean, less industrious.

SOLICITOR 2

Well, there are those whose circumstances...

SCROOGE

...are the result of their inability to apply themselves. There are government programs, are there not, to assist those who are incapable?

SOLICITOR 1

Yes, of course. But it is still a hardship for many who...

SCROOGE

...who think it justifiable to exist exempt from responsibility. I find it tiresome, even loathsome to be expected to "pick up the slack" for those who, for reasons obvious, cannot... nay, will not carry their own weight.

SOLICITOR 1

Misfortune has a hold on many people, sir.

SCROOGE

Certainly there are those incapacitated few who legitimately qualify for assistance and it is the responsibility of our government, to whom I pay excessive taxes, to designate those. Now tell me, sir, why should I feel responsible for pitiful people who would rather live in the streets than make themselves useful?

SOLICITOR 2

Some will die without the support of community efforts.

SCROOGE

It is a competitive world, or have you never heard the term "survival of the fittest".

SOLICITOR 1

Merciful God!

SCROOGE

If this God you call upon is so merciful, why don't you approach Him with your solicitations? Or perhaps the demise of the unfit is His beneficent way of lightening the load. In plain language, gentlemen, if they haven't the will to live, let them die and decrease the surplus population!

(The solicitors are dumbfounded.)

SCROOGE

Mr. Cratchit, will you please see these people to the door?

(The solicitors leave, mumbling their incredulity to each other. As Bob Cratchit closes the door on them, the clock rings 5:00 P.M.)

SCROOGE

(Without looking up from his work, he speaks with resignation.)
Tomorrow is Christmas and everyone has the day off.

BOB

It is a legal holiday, sir.

SCROOGE

It is legalized extortion to be required to pay a person something for nothing. But I will waste no more of my time reasoning with the unreasonable. Be off and be early the following morning. This is a business, you'll recall.

BOB

Yes, Mr. Scrooge. And may I wish you...

SCROOGE

Mr. Cratchit!

BOB

...good night, sir! *(He hurries out the door.)*

(Scrooge pushes back from his desk and peruses the satisfactory figures of a previous Quarterly Report. He takes a deep breath and sighs audibly.)

SCROOGE

Numbers are so refreshing. They're orderly... reliable... so unlike people! *(Disgusted.)* People are irrational... ambiguous! Why can't they just... wake up and smell common sense? *(Gesturing toward the people who went out the door.)* Christmas spirit... Bah! Guardian angels... Humbug! Love and good will... where will that get you? Certainly not to the bank! What do they know about the kind of dedication and sacrifice it takes to amass a fortune? What do they know about success? *(He refers to the Quarterly Report.)* *(Music starts)* These are the figures of success! This doesn't just happen! It's the result of years of meticulous analysis and tireless fine tuning!

#3 IT'S ALL ABOUT ME! ----- Scrooge

SCROOGE

IT'S ALL ABOUT SELF-CONTROL.
IT'S ALL ABOUT MANAGEMENT.
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SIMPLY DISCIPLINE.
NOTHING EVER COMES OF TWIDDLING YOUR THUMBS.

APPLY YOURSELF, DENY YOURSELF,
AND NEVER PACIFY YOURSELF.
IT'S STRICTLY IN YOUR SELF-SUFFICIENCY.
JUST LOOK AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN BE
IF ONLY YOU'D AGREE
IT'S ALL ABOUT FOCUS.
IT'S ALL ABOUT... ME!

IT'S NOT ABOUT LENIENCY.
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE ENDS THAT MEET.
YOU CANNOT RUN A BUSINESS ON COMPASSION.

A BLEEDING HEART WILL NOT PROPEL YOU TO THE TOP.
PUT YOUR HEART BEFORE YOUR HEAD,
YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THE RED.
ON THAT ENDURING FACT YOU CAN RELY.

(Spoken)

People are pathetic
To think that sympathetic measures
Ever gave them one degree of gain.
One more cheery greeting
Or a dreary tale of fleeting pleasures,
Bah! And I think I'll go insane!

IT'S ALL ABOUT TIME WELL-SPENT,
AND VALUING EVERY CENT.
IT ALL COMES DOWN TO TIDY CHECKS AND BALANCES.
YOU ARE WHAT YOU MAKE OF EVERY CLAIM YOU STAKE.
COLLECT YOUR BILLS, PROTECT YOUR FRILLS,
AND NEVER RESURRECT YOUR ILLS.
THE NUMBERS IN YOUR COLUMNS WILL NOT LIE.
JUST LOOK AT ME AND YOU WILL SEE
THE MODEL OF EFFICIENCY AND FOCUS.
IT'S ALL ABOUT ME.

TRAIN YOURSELF, MAINTAIN YOURSELF,
AND IN A PINCH, RESTRAIN YOURSELF.
CALL THE SIGNALS, HOLD THE REINS,
PULL THE STRINGS, AND COUNT YOUR GAINS.
IT'S METHOD!
IT'S MASTERY!
IT'S MOMENTUM!
YES, IT'S ALL ABOUT ME!

(Spoken) It's all about me!

(By the end of the song Scrooge has on his coat, hat, briefcase, etc. and is heading out the door. When he flips the light switch the lights go down.)

ACT TWO
SCENE THIRTEEN

#18 SILENT NIGHT (a cappella) ----- Ensemble

(SHOPPING PLAZA A few at a time, the Ensemble enters singing Silent Night. Tiny Tim is on his dad's shoulders. At the end of the song, Scrooge enters abruptly, pulling a brand new child's wagon full of gifts and draped with his "blankie.")

SCROOGE

(Waving a large envelope at Bob.) Mr. Cratchit, about this Quarterly Report...

BOB

(Bob transfers Tiny Tim to Fred's shoulders.) Oh, Mr. Scrooge... sir... I'm so... Oh, my goodness... I must have...

(Gleefully, Scrooge pulls shreds of paper from the envelope and tosses them in the air like ticker tape.)

SCROOGE

(Chuckling) Bob, the first item on the agenda tomorrow morning will be... renegotiating your salary. I believe an increase is long overdue. This, however, is your Christmas Bonus! *(He hands a thick envelope to Bob.)* Bob, Mrs. Cratchit, kids... I want to wish you all... a Merry Christmas!

(He pulls his "blankie" off the wagon to reveal that it is full of gifts. Peter and Belinda run to the wagon.)

SCROOGE

(Quietly, to Bob) Come Income Tax season, this figure should appear on the W2 as...

BOB

(Jumps in) Other Compensation. Yes, sir.

SCROOGE

(Truly appreciative.) Your work is first-rate, Bob.

BOB

(As if he's seeing an angel.) Thank you... thank you, sir.

SCROOGE

(To Peter and Belinda) I believe you'll find a name tag on every package to identify the recipient. *(To the ensemble.)* There's something here for each one of you. *(To Bob)* The second item on tomorrow's agenda will be for you to call a Specialist and make an appointment for Tim. *(He pulls a business card out of his pocket.)* This doctor comes highly recommended. *(To Tiny Tim)* And you, young man... you and I have something in common. We both have something about us that isn't working the way it should. My problem is not the same as yours but, like yours, it keeps me from doing things I should be able to do. Do you follow me?

TINY TIM

I think so, sir.

SCROOGE

We're going to change that, Tim. And both of us are going to have to work very hard to change that.

TINY TIM

Yes, sir.

SCROOGE

But... we can help each other, can't we?

TINY TIM

Yes, sir.

SCROOGE

And we'll have to be very patient... mostly with ourselves, because...

TINY TIM

We'll just take it one step at a time. Here, let me show you.

#19 ONE STEP AT A TIME ----- Tiny Tim, Scrooge, Fred & Wife

(Fred sets Tiny Tim on a bench and Bob holds him up.)

TINY TIM
ONE STEP AT A TIME. THAT'S ALL IT TAKES
IF YOU WANT TO GO ANYWHERE.

SCROOGE
WE'RE GONNA BE FINE. YOUR TROUBLE AND MINE
WON'T KEEP US FROM GETTING THERE.

TINY TIM & SCROOGE
I'VE GOT YOU, AND YOU'VE GOT ME.
THAT'S ALL IT TAKES TO BE A FAMILY.
SIDE BY SIDE AND DAY BY DAY WE'LL FIND
THE TRAVELIN'S BREEZY WHEN YOU TAKE IT
ONE STEP AT A TIME.

(Rhythmic Legslaps)

TINY TIM & SCROOGE
TWO HEARTS ENTERTWINED, WE'RE ON OUR WAY
TO FIND THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

TINY TIM
(Spoken) It helps not to whine.

SCROOGE
(Spoken) I'll keep that in mind.

TINY TIM & SCROOGE
CUZ' WE'RE GONNA GO THE DISTANCE.

TINY TIM
FEARLESS WHERE TOMORROW MAY FIND US,

SCROOGE
WE CAN LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND US.

TINY TIM & SCROOGE
STEP BY STEP AND ARM IN ARM WE'LL FIND
IT ONLY TAKES ONE STEP,
ONE STEP AT A TIME.

SCROOGE
(Spoken to Fred and his wife) Fred, nephew, I wonder if that dinner invitation might still be open.

FRED
(Joking, to his wife) I don't know... do we have room for a man who will undoubtedly beat us in a game of Scrabble?

(They take Scrooge's arms in theirs and sing.)

FRED & HIS WIFE
FEARLESS WHERE TOMORROW MAY FIND US,

FRED, WIFE, & SCROOGE
WE CAN LEAVE THE PAST BEHIND US.
STEP BY STEP AND ARM IN ARM WE'LL FIND
IT ONLY TAKES ONE STEP...

TINY TIM
BE EASY ON YOURSELF AND TAKE

ALL FOUR
ONE STEP...

FRED
NOW ALL YA' HAVE TO DO IS TAKE

ALL FOUR
ONE STEP... IT'S A SIMPLE DESIGN.
WE'LL MAKE FOOTPRINTS
ONE STEP,

(Before the end of the song, Fred and Bob lift Tiny Tim onto Scrooge's back.)

ONE STEP,
WE'LL TAKE IT ONE STEP,
ONE STEP AT A TIME.

(Rhythmic legslaps.)

*(The Plaza people applaud as REASON FOR THE
SEASON FINALE starts.)*

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