MARLEY’S GHOST – (from offstage):“Ebeneeeeeeezer” and again “Ebeneeeeeeezer”

*Marley’s Ghost is behind Scrooge’s Bed in His Chamber, and emerges into the sitting room much to Scrooge’s Surprise… Marley’s Ghost has a folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which he unwraps as he enters…*

10. MARLEY’S GHOST: *(moaning)* Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge!

11. SOUND: [SFX-08] THUNDER-CRACK. RUMBLE.

*The hallway door flies open and MARLEY ENTERS, dragging chains, ledgers, cashboxes,*

*keys, behind him. His head is bandaged--as if for a tooth-ache.*

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1. SOUND: [LIVE] AS MARLEY STEPS, CASHBOXES. CHAINS

RATTLE. HE STOPS.

2. SCROOGE: *(scared)* Ah! How now! What-what do you want with me?

*(Scrooge Stands up, backs away and then shields himself behind his chair. )*

3. MARLEY’S GHOST: “MUCH!”

Scrooge: Who are you?

Marley’s Ghost: Ask me who I was…

Scrooge:  *(uncertainly)* Alright then…. Who were you?

In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley. 4. SCROOGE: *(fighting fear) Can you….. sit down?*

*Marley’s Ghost: I can.*

*Scrooge:Do it, then.*

*Marley’s Ghost:* You don't believe in me, Scrooge?

Scrooge: I don’t.

Marley’s Ghost: What evidence would you have of my reality beyond your own senses?

Scrooge: I don’t know.

Marley’s Ghost: Why do you doubt your senses?

*SCROOGE:* "Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!" Humph! Humbug, I tell you! Hum...

*MARLEY rattles his chains to punctuate his speech. These can be supplemented with offstage*

*sounds performed live and coordinated with his movements.*

Scrooge: "You see this toothpick?"

MARLEY’S GHOST: "I do,"

SCROOGE - "You are not looking at it,"

MARLEY”S GHOST "But I see it," "notwithstanding."

MARLEY”S GHOST --- "Well!" "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you; humbug!"

5. SOUND: [SFX-09] THUNDER-CRACK. RUMBLE.

[LIVE] MARLEY RATTLES HIS CHAINS.

6. MARLEY’S GHOST: *(long, terrible wail)* Aieeeeeeeeee! Man of the Worldly Mind!!! Do you believe in me or not?

7. SCROOGE: *(screams)* Ahhhh! *(frightened)* Mercy! I believe you! I believe you--I must! Oh, dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why come to me?

8. MARLEY’S GHOST: It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should

walk abroad among his fellow men. And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death-- Doomed to wander the world and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared in life... and turned to happiness!

*(wails)* Aieeeee!

9. SOUND: [LIVE] MARLEY RATTLES HIS CHAINS.

10. SCROOGE: You are fettered, Jacob. Tell me why?

11. SOUND: [LIVE] MARLEY RATTLES TO PUNCTUATE LINES.

1. MARLEY’S GHOST: I wear the chain I forged in life--link by link, yard by yard! I

am chained by cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers! Witness the weight and length of strong chain you bear yourself, Scrooge. It is a ponderous chain!

2. SCROOGE: *(trembling)* I-I see no chain.

3. SOUND: [LIVE] MARLEY RATTLES TO PUNCTUATE LINES.

4. MARLEY’S GHOST: You shall!--on the day of your death! Mark me! In life, my

spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our moneychanging hole! (sobs) Now, I am doomed to wander without rest or peace. No regret can make amends for one life's

opportunity misused.

5. SCROOGE: But you were always a good man of business.

6. MARLEY’S GHOST: Business? Business? *(screams)* Man-kind was my business!

The common welfare was my business! Charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. My trade was but a dop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business. Oh, and it is at this time of the rolling year... that I suffer most… Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*?"

7. SCROOGE: I’m-I’m sorry for you, Jacob. Is there anything I can do? *(ad*

*libs fear under...)*

8. MARLEY’S GHOST: Hear me!! For me, it is too late! How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day." Today I have come... to warn you of a hope and chance of escaping my fate.

SCROOGE: "Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?"

MARLEY’S GHOST: "Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread.

You will be haunted by three spirits. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls One. The second, the next night at the same hour. The third, in its’ own due time. *(wails)* Aieeeee!

9. MUSIC: MARLEY’S WOE--LET CHURCH BELLS RING UNDER,

FADE.

*MARLEY walks towards the double sash window overlooking the street. With each step,*

*the window sash raises itself higher.*

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1. SOUND: [LIVE] AS MARLEY STEPS, CASHBOXES. CHAINS,

STOPS.

2. MARLEY’S GHOST: Ebenezer! Look out this window. That poor woman and her

infant huddled on the door-step below! Look that you may

see for your own sake.

*In the street, a DOORSTEP WOMAN and her infant sit huddled in a doorway.*

*Surrounding her are pleading PHANTOMS, dressed similarly to Marley--with chains and*

*cashboxes, some with big safes. They moan. Flying phantom apparitions too.*

3. MUSIC: [MUS-05] THE PHANTOMS--UP, UNDER, PLAY THRU.

4. SOUND: [SFX-10] WIND. THUNDER, CHAINS. GHOST MOANS.

5. SCROOGE: Ghosts! Hundreds! ...chained... just like yourself! They surround the

woman! But, they’re not haunting her, they’re... pleading! Doesn’t she see them? Why do these ghosts lament, Jacob? Why do they wail?

6. MARLEY’S GHOST: They seek to aid her... They seek to do good in human

matters, but have lost their power... for-ever. They wail in unceasing torture and remorse! Beware this cruel fate, Ebenezer. Beware! *(walking backwards--as window raises)* Beware! Beware! *(wails)* Aieeeee! *(he EXITS out into the*

*street blown about by the wind.)*

*SCROOGE recoils in horror and jumps into his bed covering his head with the sheets.*