

Scene 5: The First Spirit

SCROOGE: (*awakens*) One. What was it Marley said? (*waits for something to happen*) Nothing. Just a dream.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Ebenezer Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: (*with a soft, gentle voice*) I am.

SCROOGE: (*demanding*) Who and what are you?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE: Long past?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: No. Your past.

SCROOGE: Would you mind dimming your light a bit?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: I bring the light of Truth. Would you put it out?

SCROOGE: I beg your pardon. What business brings you here?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Your welfare.

SCROOGE: I am much obliged, but a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Your reclamation, then. Take heed. Rise and walk with me.

SCROOGE: Oh, no... no, no, no, no! Not out of the window! I'm not a spirit, but am mortal and liable to fall.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Bear but a touch of my hand and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: No. Your past.

SCROOGE: Would you mind dimming your light a bit?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: I bring the light of Truth. Would you put it out?

SCROOGE: I beg your pardon. What business brings you here?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Your welfare.

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SCROOGE: Oh, no... no, no, no, no! Not out of the window! I'm not a spirit, but am mortal and liable to fall.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Bear but a touch of my hand and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come!

*SFX and music as we transition
through time and space.*

Scene 6: Scrooge's Old Boarding School

SCROOGE: Where are we, Spirit? Where are you taking me?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Do you recognize this place?

SCROOGE: *(after a beat, recognizing it)* Good heavens! I do! I was a boy here. That was my schoolhouse.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Why, Ebenezer... you're smiling, and your lip is trembling. And what is that upon your cheek?

SCROOGE: It is nothing. A pimple. *(a beat)* Lead me where you will.