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The Ghost of Christmas Past

By Samuel Stokes (<http://www.SamuelStokesMusic.com>)

Running Time: approx. 3 minutes

(The Ghost of Christmas Past has somehow gone to the wrong house looking for Ebenezer Scrooge and happened upon the unsuspecting Cameron who is asleep)

GHOST: (hauntingly) Ebenezer. .. Ebenezer Scrooooooooooge!

(Cameron continues snoring)

GHOST: (clears through, then speaks louder) Ebeneeeeezer ... Ebeneeeeezer Scrooooooooooooooooooooooge!! !

CAMERON: (stirring from sleep) What? What? What?! Who's there?!

GHOST: Ebenezer Scrooge, I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

CAMERON: Who?

GHOST: I'm the Ghost of...

CAMERON: No, I mean who's Ebenezer Scrooge?

GHOST: You are Ebenezer Scrooge!

CAMERON: Uh, no ... I'm Cameron.

GHOST: Do not try to hide from your fate, Ebenezer.

CAMERON: No, seriously, I'm Cameron. I didn't even know Ebenezer was an actual name.

GHOST: Enough! The time has come for you to learn from your past mistakes, Ebenezer!

CAMERON: Okay, who is this really? Is this one of the guys from the office? Okay boys, very funny. Now, it's late, let me go back to sleep.

GHOST: You were foretold of our coming. You are to expect three spirits...

CAMERON: Three? No, one has been quite enough, thank you.

GHOST: You were foretold that the first would come when the bell tolls one

CAMERON: Uh, I think I would remember that. Besides I don't usually schedule any appointments until the bell tolls nine, or maybe nine thirty.

GHOST: Ebenezer. . .

CAMERON: No, seriously, it's Cameron. Now, who put you up to all of this?

GHOST: We were sent by your partner Jacob Marley.

CAMERON: Okay, I think that might explain the confusion here. I don't have a partner.

GHOST: He's dead.

CAMERON: Whoa, now you're kind of creeping me out. I think you'd better go now before I call for the police.

GHOST: But I must show you the sins of your past, so you might redeem your mortal soul.

CAMERON: Hey, this getting kind of personal, isn't it?

GHOST: Now we must travel back in time to when you were a schoolboy in London.

CAMERON: London? England? I've never been there?

GHOST: Never been there? Aren't we in London right now?

CAMERON: No, of course not! This is Boston, Massachusetts!

GHOST: Is that in England?

CAMERON: It's in New England ...

GHOST: Drat, I thought I'd figured out how to use this GPS thing. You see, we didn't have these, way back when I was a kid.

CAMERON: Way back when you were a kid? You look like you're still a kid to me.

GHOST: I am over eighteen hundred years old.

CAMERON: Wow! You don't look it. . .

GHOST: Thank you, I try not to let myself go.

CAMERON: Clearly.

GHOST: So which way is it to London, then?

CAMERON: Well, head due east and pretty soon you'll hit a large body of water.

GHOST: Yes.

CAMERON: That's the Atlantic Ocean. You'll need to find a boat.

GHOST: I prefer to fly.

CAMERON: Of course, well, fly a couple of thousand miles and you'll find this island where everybody's drinking tea all the time. That's England.

GHOST: Thank you. I'd best be going now. sorry to disturb you. Have a Merry Christmas.

CAMERON: Yeah, you, too. Now if you don't mind, I'm ready for some undisturbed sleep.

(CAMERON stretches his arms and goes back to sleep. Then, the Ghost of Christmas Present appears from offstage)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!

(Cameron startles from his sleep again. The Ghost of Christmas Past takes the Ghost of Christmas Present by the arm)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: No, Bill. Wrong address. We really need to talk to the Ghost of Christmas Future about these fancy gadgets he keeps giving us for Christmas.

(The two Ghosts exit. Cameron goes back sleep.)