

Six Page Sample of the Script for Bah Humbug

NARRATOR

And just like that Scrooge was returned to his own time and bed.

*(SCROOGE exits.)*

Again Scrooge was awakened by the drunken singing of a profane public domain song (*Enter The Ghost of Christmas Present, a drunken lecherous Charles Dickens*) and then to the tune of Ring Around the Rosey. "I put my mouth on Rosey/While she sucked on my toesies/ Asses, Asses/We all bust a nut!"

*(SCROOGE enters.)*

SCROOGE

What the hell?!

DICKENS

Hello, Ebenezar.

SCROOGE

You must be the Ghost—

DICKENS

Shhhhhh!! SHhh-Shut up or you'll ruin the surprise for dessert. I am . . . You tell me.

SCROOGE

The Ghost of Christmas Present?

DICKENS

WRONG!! Wrong, wrong. Ding Dong the witch is wrong! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

SCROOGE

I stand corrected.

DICKENS

As well you should be, but you may repent of your misdeeds. Where can a man hunt up some fresh crumpet around here?

SCROOGE

And by this baking metaphor you mean?

DICKENS

Hot Cross Buns. Cherry Turnover, Pineapple Upside Down  
Crotch.

SCROOGE

Truly you paint a museum quality word picture.

DICKENS

It cannot be helped. I am Charles Dickens.

SCROOGE

Bullshit!

DICKENS

Fecal exclamations aside, I am Charles Dickens!

SCROOGE

Prove it.

DICKENS

How?

SCROOGE

Write a 900 page novel crammed with overwritten descriptive  
passages and characters named Pip, Charlottine, and Mr.  
Padangnoodle Fuzzlecum.

DICKENS

Overwritten? Why you moribund chuzzler, you excretion from  
a fishmonger's anus, you post-coital secretion crisping a  
mayoral candidate's handkerchief after a vigorous round of  
Interrogate the Heretic. Me? Overwritten? Moi?

SCROOGE

I stand confirmed.

DICKENS

Well, perhaps I do overuse my nimble tongue.

SCROOGE

You think?

DICKENS

Never bothered your great-grandmother.

SCROOGE

What?

DICKENS

She appreciated being overwritten. Euphonia Melonbaker  
Cornblemish. Your Maternal Great-Grandmother.

SCROOGE

No.

DICKENS

Yes.

SCROOGE

She used to . . .

DICKENS

. . . receive my laden galleon into the tranquil waters of  
her harbor? Let me sign her Magna Carta?

SCROOGE

Got it.

DICKENS

Played sunrise to my crowing cock?

SCROOGE

Understood—

DICKENS

—Milked me drier than a winter in Brighton?

SCROOGE

Enough! Damn, you're not getting paid by the word anymore.  
Stifle!

DICKENS

Fair enough. Still you should be proud of your great  
Grandmum. She was a liberated woman, a suffragette and educator.  
She gave a series of lectures in every brothel in London. Your  
Grandmum introduced the 69, the 74, and the Hungry Gopher to  
Victorian Sex. She's brought buggery into the mainstream.

SCROOGE

Lot to be proud of.

DICKENS

At least she made a contribution in this life. What have you done? Besides scam people with more pets than brains. All this wealth, and it makes no one happier. Not even you.

*(DICKENS gestures changing lights and music. Lights up on a banquet table filled with covered dishes, pastries, etc. He picks up a full bottle of wine and drains it.)*

Smooth like Mercury.

SCROOGE

Careful. You might leave some for me.

*(DICKENS holds out the empty bottle and it refills.)*

DICKENS

Abundance turned outward is charity. It is love made flesh. Turned inward? Gluttony or worst of all, miserliness. At least the glutton takes a pig's joy in what he has. Please Ebenezer, eat.

SCROOGE

Looks a little heavy for a late night snack.

DICKENS

Oh, for Heaven's sake, just savor this glorious British Banquet.

SCROOGE

Baked beans, Blood Pudding, Haggis

DICKENS

And vegetarian Haggis. Bedfordshire Clangers.

SCROOGE

Which are?

DICKENS

Pastries filled with onions, peas and apple jam.

SCROOGE (*Nauseous*)

Oh my.

DICKENS

Oh my indeed! Toad in the Hole, Rag Pudding, Spotted Dick.

SCROOGE

How spotted is it?

DICKENS

Depends on how much dried fruit you put in the pudding. It's a dessert, Ebenezer. Then, of course, there is Polkadot Penis which is . . . not a dessert.

SCROOGE

How did you Brits run an empire fueled by fried garbage and culinary entendres? And you call this generosity? Food a starving dog wouldn't lick?

DICKENS

Oh the limits of a provincial education.

*(DICKENS claps and the lights/music change.)*

SCROOGE (*Thrilled.*)

Empanadas, Pastelitos, Maduros, Oxtail, Arroz con Pollo, Dulce de Leche! Now this is worthy of celebration.

*(Takes a huge bite, then confused, samples other dishes.)*

Spirit? It has no taste.

DICKENS

A table prepared with generosity and you can't taste it. Odd.

SCROOGE

Subtle.

DICKENS

As a spotted dick. Have you eaten your fill?

SCROOGE

You know that I haven't.

DICKENS

That's perfect. Considering where we are going next.

*(DICKENS takes his hand. They  
exit to shift of light and  
music as the table is removed  
in darkness. Lights up on  
EXECUTIVE.)*