

JIM / SCROOGE. Ah, Belle, how I loved her! What a fool I was, to choose a golden idol of riches over the idol of my heart. How I would love to see her again, perhaps my life would have been different, but I was deaf to her words of love...

JOHN / MARY. *(Entering in dress and wig:)* Is this the ear you can't hear out of? I'll love you till the day I die, George Bailey. And then one day you'll lasso me the moon! *(Singing and skipping:)* Oh, Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight, Oh, Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight...

JIM / JOHN. ...and dance by the light of da moon!

JOHN / MARY. Oh look, I love the old Granville house! I wish we could live there someday...

JIM / GEORGE. W-w-what, as a ghost?

MICHAEL / GHOST OF PAST. These are but the black and white shadows of what has been, and should not be formatted to fit your screen nor colorized for network broadcast.

JOHN / MARY. We could fix that old place up, and have four kids: Tommy, Petey, Janey, and Zuzu!

JIM / GEORGE. Zuzu?

MICHAEL / GHOST OF PAST. Gesundheit!

JOHN / MARY. Oh, George, kiss me!

JIM / GEORGE. Now listen, Mary, I don't want any plastics, and I don't want any ground floors, and this is *not* a Wonderful Life, and I'm definitely not gonna kiss you again, man!

JOHN / MARY. Oh, George, George, George!!!

(He exits.)

JIM / SCROOGE. Spirit, no more of this! Leave me! Take me away from this place! I can bear it no longer!

MICHAEL / GHOST OF PAST. Okee-Dokee. Sleep!

(He gestures magically at JIM, who falls asleep immediately. One good snore, and the loud gong again, he awakes abruptly.)

JOHN. *(Offstage:)* Scrooooooge!!!

JIM / SCROOGE. Spirit—conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it. Are you the Fat Ghost whose coming was foretold to me?

JOHN / UNCLE BILLY. *(Entering:)* No, George, it's your Uncle Billy! And I can't find the eight thousand dollars to pay off the bank! I've looked everywhere for it!

JIM / GEORGE. *(Doing his best Jimmy Stewart:)* Eight thousand dollars! Holy Mackerel! Well, did ya buy anything?

JOHN / UNCLE BILLY. No! Nothing, not even a stick of gum!

JIM / GEORGE. Do ya have any secret hiding places?

JOHN / UNCLE BILLY. No! The last I remember, I had it in the same hand as the newspaper that I gave to Old Man Potter, that B.H.C...

JIM / GEORGE. Beloved Holiday Classic?

(He turns and confronts MICHAEL, dressed in a hooded black robe.)

JIM / SCROOGE. Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? The Scary Ghost?

(MICHAEL gives him a “thumbs up” signal.)

Spirit, I fear you most of all, though I know your purpose is to do me good. I will learn your lesson with a thankful heart...will you not speak to me?

(MICHAEL gesticulates wildly, Twyla Tharp-y trying to convey something.)

Can you state it clearer, Spirit?

(Again, MICHAEL goes through the wild flailing gestures.)

Mmmm, nope. Still not getting it...

(MICHAEL begins to play traditional charades with JIM, supplying the appropriate cues for JIM to respond with the following...)

Oh, OK...uh...four words...first word, sounds like... rowing... paddle... oar... OAR! OK, OK...second word... flying... FLY! OAR FLY!

(MICHAEL gives him a “kinda close” gesture.)

Third word...very small word...the...or...and...is...IS!... oar fly is! Fourth word...sounds like...waddling guy... Charlie Chaplin...

(MICHAEL pulls out a horn and squeezes it.)

CLOWN! OAR FLY IS CLOWN! Well, that makes no sense whatsoever... Ahh, not clown, sounds like clown... not up, but DOWN! ... OAR FLY IS DOWN! Oar fly is down?... YOUR FLY IS DOWN! Oh...excuse me for a moment, ladies and gentlemen...

(He turns upstage and zips fly up...believe it or not, this lame bit gets HUGE response.)

(The Spirit points across the stage ominously.)

Ohhhh, spirit! Before I draw near that gravestone at which you point, tell me one thing—are these the shadows of things that *must* be, or things that *may* be?

(Pause, and MICHAEL shrugs simply.)

Is that my grave, spirit?

JOHN / CLARENCE. *(Entering:)* No, George, it's Harry Bailey's. Your younger brother...

JIM / GEORGE. That's a lie! Harry Bailey went to war! He was a hero! He saved the lives of every man on that transport...

JOHN / CLARENCE. Every man on that transport died, George. Harry wasn't there to save them, because you weren't there to save Harry...

(Caught between the two ghosts, confused, JIM shifts back and forth between the two somewhat manically.)

JIM / GEORGE / SCROOGE. But Clarence...Spirit...I am not the man I was...help me, Clarence, get me back... I don't care what happens to me...just get me back to my wife and kids...

JOHN / CLARENCE. Don't you see, George, your life truly *has* been wonderful, it would be a shame to throw it all away...