

A script from



“The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Get It”

by
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- What** The three ghosts from *A Christmas Carol* are preparing to go teach Scrooge a lesson, but one of them has lost touch with her assignment and the entire reason for the season.
Themes: Dickens, Christmas, Redemption, Gospel, Reason for the Season
- Who** Past
Present
Future
- When** Somewhere in time
- Wear (Props)** Past: Costuming is white, light, fairy-like, impish (Female)
Present: Think Father/Mother Christmas as Life of the Party (Male or Female)
Future: Dark clothing, reaper-like, hood, cape, etc. (Male or Female)
- Why** Matthew 6:12, Mark 8:36, 1 Thessalonians 5:9
- How** Each character should have their own personality. For references, watch your favorite version of *A Christmas Carol*. Have fun! There are some great comedic moments, so be sure to rehearse the timing. Be careful not to drag out the dialogue or the gags.
- Time** Approximately 4 minutes

The Ghost of Christmas Present stands on stage, looking at her watch and tapping her toe impatiently.

Present: Where is everyone?

Past: *(flittering on stage)* Greetings! I'm the Ghost of Christmas Past. You must be the Ghost of Christmas Present. Nice to make your acqu—

Present: What kind of outfit is that? Maybe you didn't get the memo. We're assigned to go *haunt* the Scrooge for all his bad behavior, not bless him with fairy dust and sing him a lullaby.

Past: First of all, it's not "the" Scrooge. It's just Scrooge. Secondly, you're not the writer. Mr. Dickens is. Why are you in such a bad mood, Christmas Present?

Present: I'm just nervous. I have a lot of pressure to get the point across. I mean, if Scrooge doesn't understand what he's missing this Christmas, that means that he'll have to face—

Present and Past freeze as The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come (Future) suddenly enters and walks toward them. Think Reaper with less personality.

Present: Him...The Ghost of Christmas—

Past: Yet to Come. Black is always so grim. He's probably not as scary as he—

Future stops and raises his arm toward something beyond them and moans in a spectacularly creepy way.

Past: Never mind. He's awful.

Present: It's just that I have a lot of things to do. A lot of parties to attend. And now I have to bring Scrooge along, in hopes he'll have some kind of "change of heart." Basically, on Christmas, I'm stuck with the killjoy of the century. Yay....

Christmas Future just points vaguely out toward the audience. Nobody knows what he's doing, but Past and Present are keeping a careful eye on him.

Past: Well, I'm dragging him through his past, which has some terribly painful moments. Truthfully, I really just want to sing him a nice song.

Present: Falalalalala, lalala lame. Who does Dickens think he is, interrupting our Christmas to assign us to go teach this man a lesson, a man who probably has no hope of changing his ways?

Christmas Future vaguely points again, nowhere in particular.

Past: If it makes you feel any better, I had plans for Christmas as well.

Present: What kind of plans would the Ghost of Christmas Past have?

Past: Oh I just look at old gifts in the back of closets. Rummage through the ornaments nobody wants to hang anymore. Eat the week-old ham. Stuff like that.

Present: I'm making my special red and green Jello dessert, which by the way, is to die for.

*At "to die for" **Christmas Future** steps closer. And closer. And closer. **Past** and **Present** grow nervous.*

Present: Uh...watcha doin' there, Future? (to Past) He's not a big talker, is he?

*Suddenly **Future** starts gesturing. It's unclear what he's doing but **Present** claps excitedly.*

Present: Oh, charades! Who knew Gloomy here could be so much fun?

***Present** and **Past** watch carefully as **Future** starts his charade. At first it looks like it might be something fun, but pretty soon it's clear that **Future** is acting out a terrible death scene. He makes the choking motion. He strains for help. He collapses on the floor. And he dies.*

Present: Well, I guess it's expected. He is the reaper. Maybe now he'll stop pointing to—

Shoot. It's not over. He's pointing toward them. Moaning again.

Present: Is he saying...?

Past: I...I don't know...but I...think he's pointing to...you.

Present: Hey! That's not his job! That's not your job, buddy! You're supposed to point out to Scrooge that he's having a terrible, terrible Christmas attitude, and that he's not thinking of others in his life! You haunt Scrooge until he's willing to spread Christmas generosity, love, cheer and help those around him! (*Stomps foot when **Future** keeps pointing to her*) Scrooge has the means and the way to save Tiny Tim or Jim or whats-his-face! What can I do? I'm just Christmas Present. I can only show him what is now—

***Future** moans again. Points. Suddenly the moaning begins to sound like words. **Present**, scared out of her wits, hustles behind **Past**.*

Present: WHAT! WHAT? What do you want from me??? What do you waaannnt? Tell me! I'll do anything! I'll do ANY— (*watches as **Past** approaches **Future***)—what are you doing??

*More moaning. More pointing. **Past** stoops down. Gets real close to try to hear what **Future** might be saying. **Present** puts her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming. **Past** listens. Nods. Smiles. Stands up.*

Present: What did he say? Is my future nothing but ashes and doom and sackcloth?

Past: Oh, no. He just threw out his back and needs some help up.

***Past** grabs that hand that has been flailing about and helps him up. Once up, he stoops in his usual reaper manner. **Present** looks baffled.*

Past: Poor guy. Back problems. Hunches a lot. Hazard of the job. So! Let's go give old Scrooge a good look at his life and show him what this season is really all about, shall we?

Present: Um, yes. Which is...?

Past: Joy! Giving! Love!

Present: ...because...?

Past: God sent His Son to earth to be born, to be our Savior. From that gift, everyone is able to be gifts to others, you see? Love your neighbor. Give water to those who need it. Clothe the prisoner. All because we were given eternal life.

Present: Gotcha. Yes. Clearly. The gift of eternal life.

***Future** nods his head.*

Present: Overcoming death, as it were.

Past: Exactly.

Awkward silence.

Present: So, um, not to state the obvious here, but...what does that make us? Aren't we ghosts...forever suspended between life and death?

Past: (*laughs*) No, no silly. We're representatives.

Future: (*spooky*) Aaannnoooooommoooolies???

Past: Well, anomalies, yes, I suppose. But more like... analogies.

Past shakes his head like he doesn't understand.

Present: He's from the future. You can't use literary terms. Grammar isn't even a thing there.

Past: Oh, right. Let me see if I can get this down to under 140 characters...

Present: *(sighs loudly)* Look at me, all worried about Christmas parties and such when there is a lost man, hurt from his past, harmed by what should be his present blessings, and headed down a terrible path of loneliness and death. How can I turn my back?

Past: There are many others like him, my friend. And we can show them all who they are in Jesus, you see? That's what makes Christmas so special—that's the good news!

Present: Well then, what are we doing standing around here? We've got work to do!

Past claps excitedly and they begin to head off stage. But **Future** is having a hard time keeping up due to back problems. **Present** glances back and notices. She rushes back to help him.

Present: Come on, buddy. If I do my job well, your part will be a breeze. *(As they go off stage)* Let's go. There you go. Careful steps...