

A Christmas Carol

A Radio Play

Characters:

Narrator

Ebenezer Good

Haley

Sinead

Ghost of Christmas Past (squeaky fairy-type)

Ghost of Christmas Present (tired old man type)

Ghost of Christmas Future (grim reaper type)

Narrator

There was a young man called Ebenezer Good. His parents took too much E in the nineties.

FX: The Shamen: E's are good E's are good, he's Ebenezer Good (fades).

Narrator: Ebenezer had a tough life, and was bullied at school, mostly on account of being called Ebenezer. His father left when Ebenezer was a baby and his mother tried her best but Ebenezer fell in with the wrong crowd and turned to a life of grime, sorry, crime – stealing motors, which he sold on to the local gangsters who started paying him in drugs instead of money. He moved in with his girlfriend, Haley, but soon Ebenezer got hooked and when Haley became pregnant, try as he might, he couldn't clean up his act and so she kicked him out.

Haley: Fuck off ya wee shit!

Narrator: And so, a year passed and Ebenezer went on getting wrecked night after night until finally, 'twas the night before Xmas and Ebenezer had had his usual nightcap: ten vallies, a bottle of voddy, a half ounce of weed, a gram of coke, another of kit, two moggies, two temazepam and – have we forgotten anything? Oh yes, a chocolate digestive and a cup of cocoa. He'd just finished reading a chapter of his book –

Ebenezer: A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickend

Narrator: And passed out peacefully on his bed

FX: Loud and long fart

Narrator: When, not long afterward, he was woken by a sharp scream

FX: Hammer Horror style scream

Ebenezer: What the fuck? Who are you?

Ghost 1: I'm the ghost of Xmas past

Ebenezer: No way. I must be tripping. You're one of those hallelujahs

Ghost 1: I think you mean hallucination

Ebenezer: Aye, that's what I mean. You're not really here

Ghost 1: Not here? This is my busiest time of year. I've got 2 million Twitter followers. I'm on Facebook, Kindle and Instagram. But lucky for you, you've been selected for a personal visit. I don't know why. Anyway, I've come to tell you this is your last chance

Ebenezer: What do you mean last chance

Ghost 1: To sort your life out, silly

FX: Slaps him

Ebenezer: Ouch, there was no need for that. What did you do that for?

Ghost 1: Oh, something about you just annoys me. You've got one of those faces. I just want to slap you silly

Ebenezer: Here, you're not very nice

Ghost 1: Oh, yes I am

Ebenezer: Oh no, you're not

Ghost 1: Oh, yes I am

Ebenezer: Look, do we have to do this? Shouldn't that be Aladdin or something. Let's just get on with it

Ghost 1: Very well. I'm taking you on a journey to the dim and distant past. If you don't start to mend your ways, you're never going to last

Ebenezer: What do you mean dim and distant past? How far back are we going?

Ghost 1: Last Christmas

Ebenezer: That's alright. I thought you meant dinosaur times. I don't want to get battered by cavemen, do you know what I mean?

Ghost 1: Oh, you're the caveman my friend

Ebenezer: What? See what I mean? You're not very nice

FX: Last Xmas by Wham (fades)

Ebenezer: This place looks familiar. Wait this is Haley's house. My missus, until she chucked me out that is. Look, there's a photo of my wee lassie, Sinead.

FX: Sound of glass being broken

Ebenezer: Oh look, there's Santa. What's he doing climbing in the window? I thought Santa was supposed to come down the chimney.

Ghost 1: That's not Santa stupid.

Ebenezer: Look, I might be a bit wasted, but I know Santa when I see him. He's got a white beard and that, and a red tunic... and a pair of Nike trainers. Hey Santa, you better have something good for me this year, ya bawbag.

Santa: Ho fucking ho

Ebenezer: Hold on, I'm going to wake up Sinead so she can see Santa. Hey Sinead, it's yer Da

Ghost 1: Shut up, idiot. She can't hear you. Anyway, you don't want her to see this Santa

FX: Burp

Santa: Ho ho ho. I'll just put this lot in my bag and then I'll be right up that chimney, nobody any the wiser

Ebenezer: Wait a minute, he's not giving out presents, he's knocking them, the bastard. Instead of putting them under the tree, he's shoving them all into that Sports Direct bag. He's not even watching where he's going. He's going to walk right into that tree

FX: Sound of decorations falling, tree crashing

Santa: Fucking tree. I'll show you ya bastard

FX: Sound of Santa fighting the Xmas tree

Santa: Come on then, tree. Think you can take me on, do you? Think you can run away from me?

Haley: What's going on? Who are you and what are you doing in my house?

Santa: Don't worry, this tree tried to attack me but I've got it all under control

Haley: Wait a minute. Take off that beard.

Santa: No

Haley: Give me it

Santa: No. Aargh

FX: Sound of Velcro ripping

Haley: Ebenezer, I thought as much. You wee shite. Just when I thought you couldn't get any lower, here you are, stealing your own daughter's Xmas presents. Going to sell them and use the money for drugs I suppose.

Santa: No, aye. I mean, I was going to give them back soon as I could

Haley: Oh aye. How? I suppose you were going to come round with Rudolph and the merry fucking elves.

Santa: I'm sorry. It's just a wee cash flow problem

Haley: What did you run out of this time. Smack? Weed? Crack. I'm sick of you and your shite, Ebenezer. I'm not given you anymore chances. Get out my house, go on, fuck off back to Lapland.

Santa: Alright I'm going. I'm sorry

Haley: And don't come back

FX: Door slamming and Haley crying

Ebenezer: Was that really me? I don't remember any of that. I mean, Haley told me but I didn't believe her. I thought she just was making it up to make me look like a wanker. Aw man, look at her sitting greeting there. I've really let her down. I just didn't realise how much

Ghost 1: Now you know what you were like. It's not pretty, is it?

Ebenezer: No, it's not

Ghost 1: Kind of a waste of space really, a fuck up, a total rocket, lo-ser

Ebenezer: Aye, alright, don't rub it in

Ghost 1: The night is young, no time to lose. But if you're wise, you still can choose

Ebenezer: You're a terrible poet. Anyway, I'm away back to bed. A couple of vallies and a joint and that'll be me sorted

FX: Sound of him being slapped

Ghost 1: You really are an idiot

Ebenezer: Ouch, there's no need to hit me

Narrator: And so, Ebenezer went peacefully back to sleep, cuddling into his big warm furry teddy

FX: Ebenezer snoring. Another loud fart

Ebenezer: Wait a minute, I don't have a teddy

Ghost 2: Rock a bye baby on the tree top, when the wind blows the cradle will

Ebenezer: Aargh! Who are you and what are you doing in my bed?

Ghost 2: I'm the ghost of Xmas present and I'm singing you a lullaby

Ebenezer: Well don't, it's weird. And I thought Santa brought the presents, not a ghost

Ghost 2: I mean present, as in now. The ghost of Xmas now

Ebenezer: Well how did you not say that in the first place?

Ghost 2: (Yawns) Just give me another couple of minutes, a wee lie down will do me good

Ebenezer: You're a bit of a lazy bastard you, aren't you?

Ghost 2: Look who's talking

Ebenezer: I hope you're not violent as well, like the first one. She kept slapping me

Ghost 2: No, I couldn't be bothered

Ebenezer: Well, I suppose you're going to take me somewhere as well, show me all the terrible consequences of my actions, tell me it's my last chance

Ghost 2: Am I? (Bored). Well, I suppose so. Kind of, if you put it like that

Ebenezer: Don't sound so enthusiastic

Ghost 2: (Sighs) I was down for retirement last year, you know. But no, they went and upped the pension age to, oh I can't remember, something to do with cutbacks. I've got four more visits after you, you know. That's why I was sleeping, it's very tiring

all this ghost business. And the living are awful. There was this one woman, god, she wouldn't shut up, kept on and on about how she'd never met a ghost before, wanted to take a selfie. I told her there was no point, but she wouldn't have it. Apparently, I look like a misty vapour. Now I'm on Facebook. Anyway, just so we're clear, the rule is no selfies or photographs of any sort, I don't do social media and I don't sign autographs.

Ebenezer: Are you finished? Can we concentrate on me now? After all, unless I'm totally mistaken and you've got the wrong house, that's why you're here

Ghost 2: Alright then, let's get it over with. The sooner this is done, the sooner I can retire

Ebenezer: Well, thanks for making me feel so special. I'm moved. So, where are we going, then?

Ghost 2: Let me see

FX: Paper uncrumpling

Ghost 2: I don't know why we can't have Satnav like everyone else. I suppose Google Maps don't do time travel yet. Here it is 34 Carmichael Drive

Ebenezer: But I've just been there, with that other one, your pal

Ghost 2: But this time we're going to Xmas present. I mean, Xmas now. Anyway, Xmas past is not my pal, we don't get on. In fact, one day, she put her wand right up my –

Ebenezer: Alright I get the picture

FX: A current Xmas song (?)

Sinead: Mammy, mammy, tomorrow I'll be able to open the last window on my calendar won't I, and eat the chocolate inside

Haley: Only if you leave room for your Xmas dinner

Sinead: I will, I promise. And we can watch The Snowman, can't we, and I can open my presents?

Haley: Yes. If it snows we can even make a real snowman. Now, it's late so you get ready for bed, and then we'll put a glass of milk out for when Santa comes

Sinead: I don't like Santa

Haley: What do you mean, you don't like Santa. Everyone likes Santa

Sinead: But Josie next door said it was Santa who broke our window last year. Her mammy said he threw up in their garden. I don't want Santa to come. He's scary

Haley: Well how about if I ask his elves to bring your presents instead, would that be ok?

Sinead: I suppose so... Mammy

Haley: What is it Sinead?

Sinead: Can I tell you what I really want for Xmas, I mean really, really want

Haley: Tell me what you want, what you really, really want... get it, The Spice Girls. Oh, never mind, you're too young

Sinead: I really wish Daddy could be here to help me open my presents

Haley: Daddy's busy, Haley

Sinead: But he never comes, he's always busy. Sometimes I think he doesn't like me anymore

Haley: You must never think that, Sinead. Daddy loves you, it's just that he's... well... sometimes he makes all the wrong decisions. He doesn't mean to but he does.

Sinead: Do you love Daddy too?

Haley: Yes, I do. But until he can do what's best, we've just got to try and get on without him

Sinead: Do you think he'll get my letter

Haley: Letter?

Sinead: I wrote a letter to Jesus and Santa and Mrs Santa and Rudolph and all the minions asking Daddy to come home for Christmas, and I put it in the post box with a million kisses

Haley: That's lovely, Sinead. I suppose we'll just have to wait and see what happens. Now, go and get ready for bed and I'll come up and read you a nice story

Sinead: Ok, Mummy

FX: Sound of Ebenezer crying

Ghost 2: Oh no, you're not a crier are you? Even after all these years I never know what to do with criers. It's just so awkward. (Awkwardly, coughing) There, there.

Ebenezer: Full of the Xmas spirit you, aren't you?

Ghost 2: Don't blame me, it's your mess

Ebenezer: Is that all you've got to say? A wee lassie pouring her heart out, writing letters to Jesus and elves and all that, and all you can say is it's your mess. Thanks very much

Ghost 2: I'm the ghost of Xmas present, sorry, ghost of Xmas now. Not a social worker

Ebenezer: Aye, just as well, you'd be crap. You're a crap ghost too

Ghost 2: Well, when you get to my age, you'll understand, that's if you get to my age

Ebenezer: What do you mean if?

Ghost 2: Hold on

FX: Paper un-scrolling

Ghost 2: That's what it says here. Ebenezer Good. Urgent case. Less than 20% chance of making it to 25 unless he can be persuaded to turn his life around. Special Xmas package required. Implementation with immediate effect. You're lucky. We don't give our special Xmas packages to just anyone.

Ebenezer: So why me? That's what I don't understand. There must be loads more people worth saving. People that might invent a cure for cancer, or rockets to Mars, or world peace, or stories that everyone likes to hear every Xmas, year after year after year.

Ghost 2: Oh, there are, lots of them. But none of them have what you have

Ebenezer: What's that, then?

Ghost 2: A daughter who loves you so much she's written a letter to everyone she could think off just to have you visit her on that one day of the year

Ebenezer: (Crying) I don't deserve her

Ghost 2: Well that may be, but you've got her and that makes you a very lucky man in my opinion. Still, what do I know? I'm only the ghost of Xmas now. I don't even get a decent pension. And here I am, stuck with you when I could be in a rocking chair with a hot water bottle and a nice blanket, listening to radio 4... things never turn out the way you think, but that's life... one minute you're here, the next you're not too sure... and the next you've wet yourself and wondered where it's all gone... and after that, well that's anybody's guess (Fades Out)

Narrator: Now all the world's asleep, dreaming of the day to come. But for Ebenezer Good, the night is far from done...

FX: Spice Girls, tell me What You Want (Fades)

Ebenezer: (Dreaming) Oh, Posh, Oh, Ginger, Oh Baby Spice, come on in, there's plenty of room. I knew this day would come. Sporty, you too. Get in. No, not you Justin Bieber! Get your own dream. Fuck off! Oh great. I'm awake again. At least that boring old ghost is away. God, he didn't half go on. I'm glad that's all over. It reminds me of a book about this guy who was a pure skinflint and was visited by two ghosts. Anyway, I didn't read it all the way through. I suppose I'll just go back to sleep...Fucking hell? Who's that? Hoy, mate, flared jeans and bandanas went out in the sixties. If you're looking for a trick or treat, Halloween's been and gone. This is Xmas now. Hear me? Xmas.

Ghost 3: I'm the... I'm the... wait, who am I again?

Ebenezer: Eh, Keith Richards by the looks of things.

Ghost 3: Ah, Keith (laughs). We had some good times, man. I remember we went to this Grateful Dead concert in Los Angeles. 1966 I think it was. We took so much acid, man, I thought he was a goat. He had horns and everything, man. I'm still not entirely convinced he isn't. I've been after him for years but he keeps avoiding my

calls. I guess we'll meet up soon enough. After all, he can't hang around forever, can he?

Ebenezer: Well, if that's all. You don't mind if I go back to sleep, got things to do tomorrow, people to see. The future waits for no man and all that.

Ghost 3: That's it, that's who I am. The Ghost of Xmas Future. It's all those brain cells I destroyed in the sixties, makes me a bit... what's that word...? Anyway, I'm like here to take you on a trip, man, like totally far out.

Ebenezer: Don't say shit like that. Far out, man. Who says that? You sound like an old Cheech and Chong video.

Ghost 3: Oh yeah, Up in Smoke, man. Yeah, I was an extra in that movie. They had this van that was like totally made of weed man. I played like man in car park four. Or was it five. No, maybe it was two. Actually, I don't think it was that movie. I'm thinking of something else. Tom & Jerry, that's it. I played this little mouse who got chased by a cat.

Ebenezer: Tom & Jerry's a cartoon, pal. It's not even the same thing. Your head's mangled.

Ghost 3: That's why they keep me here.

Ebenezer: What do you mean?

Ghost 3: Because of my experience.

Ebenezer: What sort of experience.

Ghost 3: 1965-1969 were my LSD years. 1970-73 was the cocaine period. Then 73-75 were the heroin years. Followed by the alcohol years in 76-79. 1980-82 was the cocaine years part two. Then from 82-85 were the heroin and alcohol years combined. After that, I got the job as ghost of Xmas future.

Ebenezer: What did you just go into the job centre one day and see a wee notice up, wanted: ghost of Xmas future?

Ghost 3: Now you're being facetious. I kicked the bucket.

Ebenezer: How?

Ghost 3: OD

Ebenezer: That's a bit rough.

Ghost 3: Listen, man. After 30 years of drug abuse you'd be feeling rough too.

Ebenezer: You do look a bit pasty. if you don't mind me saying. A bit on the bony side, could do with putting on a bit of weight.

Ghost 3: You're not exactly Playboy of the Month yourself.

Ebenezer: Ach, I know what you're going to say, but just because it happened to you, doesn't mean it'll happen to me. You've just got to be careful. I know what I'm doing.

Ghost 3: That's what they all say. You can't kid a kidder.

Ebenezer: Aye right. Just do what you need to do and let's get this over with. Where we going this time, ghost? Fantoosh? Carfuffel's. Line up the aftershocks. I hate to tell you but there's no way you're pulling dressed in that gear. I'll be getting all the birds.

Ghost 3: Not for long

Ebenezer: What did you say?

Ghost 3: I said give us a song

Ebenezer: (Sings) I don't want to go to rehab, I said ho ho ho. Hey, what's this place? Look how high the buildings are. Those cars have no drivers. And what's that? That train is going by itself and it's floating in the air.

Ghost 3: It's a hover rail

Ebenezer: A hover rail (in smarty pants voice). Fuck me. This is like Robocop or Bladerunner. (Whispers) What's wrong with the people, why are they talking to their thumbs?

Ghost 3: It's where they, like, keep their, uh, essentials, you know

Ebenezer: I keep my essentials in my trousers if you know what I mean.

Ghost 3: No, dude. I'm talking about data. It's all stored in your hand, man. Ever forgotten your pin number? Well, never again. It's all wired straight into your brain.

Ebenezer: Aw, I get you. This is the future (awestruck). Like Star Trek.

Ghost 3: Obviously. Ghost of Xmas future. The clue is in the name. (Talking into his thumb). Hey, play that Christmas song that goes 'I wish it could be something, I don't remember.' (Humming: 'I Wish it Could be Christmas Everyday')

FX: *I wish it could be Christmas*, by Wizard. Ghost 3 starts dancing with his thumb.

Ebenezer: So where are we going?

Ghost 3: We're here.

Ebenezer: But this is an alleyway, and it stinks of pish. Wait, there's somebody puking up. A lassie. Jesus, she's in bad shape. She looks like Miley Cyrus on crack. There's something familiar about her. (Turns to ghost) Goany turn that doon.

Ghost 3: (Reluctantly stops dancing).

Ebenezer: She looks a bit like me, even. No, it can't be. It's –

Ghost 3: That's right, your daughter, Sinead.

Sinead: Spare change, please. Spare change. Thanks, God bless you, merry Xmas, sir.

Ebenezer: That guy just gave her five hundred quid. She must be loaded.

Ghost 3: No, in the future it's only worth about 75 pence. Inflation.

Ebenezer: What's that she's drinking?

Ghost 3: It's called Moon-juice, an illegal mix of alcohol and sedatives. Real alcohol is too expensive to buy, so most people use this street stuff. It's highly addictive.

Ebenezer: Sinead, darlin'. You've got to stop this.

Ghost 3: She can't hear you, dude. She's whacked out.

Ebenezer: But how did she get like this, I don't understand?

Ghost 3: Don't ask me.

Ebenezer: Eh, you're the ghost of Xmas future?

Ghost 3: Oh, yeah. I forgot.

Ebenezer: So, you brought me here for a reason. What was it?

Ghost 3: Obviously, it was something to do with Christmas and you... dude, what's your name again?

Ebenezer: Ebenezer.

Ghost 3: Okay, let me think. I should know this. Wait, it's coming back. The reason I brought you here is to tell you, I'm sorry, Ebenezer, but you're not a real elf.

Ebenezer: What?

Ghost 3: No, that's not it. Don't leave your kid home alone at Christmas; there's some nasty burglars about.

Ebenezer: Aye, me.

Ghost 3: Oh, right. Hold on. Tiny Tim is sick and his father needs a pay rise. (Ebenezer shakes his head) It's not that either. Erm. Whatever you do, don't get them wet and never feed them after midnight... believe me, dude, I've seen what happens... aw, man... do you have a microwave?

Ebenezer: What are you talking about? That's all Christmas movies, mate. Jeezo, you didn't just fry your brain cells, you bloody well nuked them. I'm surprised you're still here

Ghost 3: Duh. I'm a ghost

Sinead: (Singing) My Daddy is only a picture, in a frame that hangs on the wall. Each day I talk to my Daddy, but he never talks at all.

Ghost 3: That's it, I've got it. I'm good. I'm here to tell you, Ebenezer, that if you don't change your ways, then your daughter, Sinead, will end up here, on the streets

Sinead: (Singing). The angels took Daddy to heaven, when I was bonnie and wee. But I'll bet they never told him, how blue and lonesome I'd be

Salvation Army person: Hello, there. You look awfully cold, dear

Sinead: I'm alright

Salvation Army person: We've got a nice wee Salvation Army hall down the road. You can come and get a bed for the night. And a free Xmas dinner.

Sinead: I'm alright with this, thanks (holds up bottle of Moon juice)

Salvation Army person: But you shouldn't be alone this time of year

Sinead: Why not. I'm a waste of space, anyway.

Salvation Army person: What about your mother?

Sinead: She's better off without me, I'm a rubbish daughter. I'll only ruin her Christmas, just like dad used to. One year, he even dressed up as Santa and stole the Christmas presents. Yea, he was the original Grinch, my dad. My mum's got a new life, a husband who loves her, and kids, everything she deserves, she doesn't need me reminding her of the past

Salvation Army person: That's not true. You seem like a lovely young woman. We're all god's children, and we all deserve a chance.

Sinead: Not me. Anyway, me and the big man don't get on. I wrote a letter to him once, Dear God, Jesus, Santa and all his fucking elves and those wee minion things from that old film, please make my daddy get clean and come home for Christmas. And do you know what, God ignored me. My daddy didn't come home that year, or the Christmas after. He overdosed on Hogmanay. Brilliant, isn't it? After that, there was nothing to believe in anymore, and so here I am, ho, ho, ho

Salvation Army person: Well if you change your mind, here's our number. Take care (walks off)

Ebenezer: But I'm here, Sinead. I'm your Dad. And I'm sorry. I didn't mean to let you down. You can believe in me. (Ghost 3 is dancing with his thumb in his ear. Ebenezer turns to ghost) Well, you're one of them, aren't you? The angels or whatever. You've got a direct line. Can't you do something?

Ghost 3: (Takes thumb out ear and stops dancing) This is the future, dude. Is hasn't actually happened yet?

Ebenezer: What does that mean?

Ghost 3: It means nothing is set in stone. Oh man, I wish I had someone like me to tell me all this stuff before I got so high I didn't come back down. Wait, maybe that chic that looked like Cher with the wings and the harp wasn't an hallucination after all (Sings) Do you believe in life after drugs? Listen, dude, it's too late for me, but you've still got a chance. I don't mean to sound selfish, but it's not like this kind of job opportunity comes up every day in the afterlife, and if you decide to meet your Maker early that means more competition for me; I could get my hours cut. Actually, I won't. I'm on a zero hours contract. Exploitation if you ask me, but that's what it's like working for the man.

Ebenezer: If nothing is set in stone that means I can change it, right. I'll do anything, anything to make sure my wee Sinead has a decent life

Ghost 3: Great, because Jim Morrison's reading some of his poetry at Jesus' birthday party, and I don't want to miss it.

Ebenezer: Eh?

Ghost 3: Just promise you'll go and get help for your addictions, and we're done.

Ebenezer: How am I meant to do that?

Ghost 3: Like, call the doctor, dude.

Ebenezer: Okay, I will. Thanks.

Ghost 3: Peace. Out.

Ebenezer: Bye, Sinead. I'll see you in the past – present. (Starts to walk off) Wait, does that sign say Cher in concert? What year *is* this?

Narrator: As Christmas morning dawns, our hero starts to wake. Is his lesson learned, what decision will he make?

Ebenezer: (Singing in his sleep) Do you believe in life after drugs... (starts to wake) Where am I? What happened to Keith Richards? Fuck me, that was some dream. Or was it a dream. What if my wee Sinead is sleeping on the streets, out her face on Moon juice? I better call Haley (sound of phone ringing).

Haley: What do you want, Ebenezer?

Ebenezer: Goany do me a favour?

Haley: (sighs). I'm skint, so you can forget it

Ebenezer: No, it's no money. Just promise me one thing, that'll you'll no give Sinead any of that Moon juice.

Haley: I knew it, you're off your face.

Ebenezer: No, don't hang up. I'm sober, honest. I just had this terrible dream. It was the future, and Sinead was sleeping rough, and she was off her face on Moon juice. And I was deid from an OD. Haley, it was all my fault.

Haley: And what do you want me to do about it?

Ebenezer: This is it, Haley. I'm going to change

Haley: It'll take more than a dream

Ebenezer: I know. As soon as I get off this phone, I'm calling services. I'm going to get the help I need, for Haley's sake

Haley: Don't do it for us; the person you owe it to most, is yourself

Ebenezer: Will you and Haley give me a chance?

Haley: Everyone deserves a chance

Sinead: Is that Daddy on the phone? Can I speak to him?

Ebenezer: Hi Haley

Sinead: Did you get my letter?

Ebenezer: Yes, I did, darlin'

Sinead: Does that mean you'll come on Xmas day and help me open my Xmas presents?

Ebenezer: Yes, darlin'. And I can't wait.

Sinead: Daddy?

Ebenezer: What, darlin'?

Sinead: Have you met Santa?

Ebenezer: No, hen, I've not met Santa

Sinead: Then how did you get my letter?

Ebenezer: Well...

Sinead: Did God give you it?

Ebenezer: That's a long story. I'll tell you all about it when you're bigger. Let's just say I got the message, thanks to you and some very special friends

Sinead: Are they coming on Xmas too?

Ebenezer: I hope not!

Sinead: Did your friends get me presents?

Ebenezer: No

Sinead: Did you get me a present?

Ebenezer: Haley!

Sinead: If I don't guess after three you have to tell me what it is, okay. Is it sparkly?

Ebenezer: Maybe

Sinead: Is it pink?

Ebenezer: (Laughing) It's a surprise...

(Fades Out)

THE END

What do you mean? I'm not into all that gothic shite or EMO or whatever it's called. I like hip-hop, mate. So, you can take your black cloak and your red eyes and your skinny, bony, skeletal fingers and go somewhere else, like the Cathouse maybe, I hear they're doing a Xmas eve special, buy one cider and blackcurrant, get one free.

Ghost 3: Silence

Ebenezer: Don't say much, do you? Too much LSD, is it? Having a bad trip?

Ghost 3: Silence

Ebenezer: Look, how about if I get some paper, and you can write down what you want to tell me, like that Bob Dylan video? Johnny's in the basement mixing up the medicine, you know the one?

Ghost 3: Nods

Ebenezer: So, you're nodding. Now we're getting somewhere. Don't be shy. It's going to be a hell of a long night, mate, if you don't say anything. Here's some paper and a pen. Why don't you start by writing down your name?

FX: Writing sounds

Ebenezer: That's the ticket. Let me see. Ghost of Xmas Future. Oh, not again. Your pals are just away. If you hurry up, you might catch them.

Ghost 3: Coughing badly

Ebenezer: You don't sound too good. Come to think of it, you don't look that great either, mate, And talk about halitosis. When was the last time you were at the dentist? It smells like something died in there

Ghost 3: Choking noises

Ebenezer: Oh, I see. Something stuck in your throat. Looks like it's coming up. Oh, my god. Oh Jesus. Where did you get that? It's... it's a finger. Shit, no wonder you were choking. Where do you get your takeaways, mate? I'd be phoning up health and safety.

Ghost 3: You are doomed

Ebenezer: I'm what? Don't point at me like that. Look, you're too late for Halloween. This is Xmas we're on. Hear me? Xmas. Anyway, at least you can talk now. So what you got to say for yourself, ghost of Xmas future? Spit it out, ha ha

Ghost 3: Come with me

Ebenezer: Come with you? Well, there's a surprise. women

FX: Marilyn Manson song

Ebenezer: Well, this isn't exactly what I had in mind. Where is this place? It's and cold and everybody looks miserable.

