

**SCROOGE** What a relief. It was just two cats fighting. To bed! (*He goes behind the bed flat and realizes when he is there that he is too short to put his head through the hole. His nightcap is just visible. He jumps up at the hole, snores rapidly and then disappears again. He tries this twice more, then incoherent grumbling can be heard*) Pass me that! Pass me that!

*Hoping she is unobserved, FELICITY passes SCROOGE a milk crate from behind the gauze. After a moment SCROOGE fits his head comfortably into the hole and feigns sleep.*

**MARLEY** (*offstage*) Wooooooo! Wooooooo!

**SCROOGE** There it is again – that spectral moan! And yet I can see nothing. But wait! A ghastly apparition approaches my bed!

*MARLEY enters, still attached to the front door.*

**MARLEY** Sorry. I'm stuck.

**SCROOGE** (*in character*) I don't believe it!

**MARLEY** No, honest. It's jammed tight. Look. (*He struggles*)

**SCROOGE** What do you want with me?

**MARLEY** Well, if you can just hold this so I can pull...oh, I see what you mean. Er...much.

**SCROOGE** Who are you?

**MARLEY** Ask me who you were.

**SCROOGE** Not "who you were".

**MARLEY** Ask me who *I* were.

**SCROOGE** No. "Ask me who I was".

**MARLEY** Who was you?

**SCROOGE** Don't ask me! You want me to ask you!

**MARLEY** Yes! I want you to ask me who you was.

**SCROOGE** No. No. No. Your line is, "Ask me who I was".

**MARLEY** Ask me who I was.

**SCROOGE** Who were you?

**MARLEY** You said it was, "Ask me who I was".

**SCROOGE** It was!

**MARLEY** Well, what is it now?

**SCROOGE** It hasn't changed!

**MARLEY** It's still the same?

**SCROOGE** Yes!

**MARLEY** Oh, that's a relief.

**SCROOGE** Are you going to tell me then?

**MARLEY** Tell you what?

**SCROOGE** Who – you – were.

**MARLEY** Well, I'm not the man I was.

**SCROOGE** All right, just concentrate, will you? You say: "Ask me who I was". I say, "Who were you?" And you tell me!

**MARLEY** I tell you what?

**SCROOG** Who you were!

**MARLEY** Who I were when?

**SCROOGE** "Who I were when?" That's not even English!

**MARLEY** You wanted to know.

**SCROOGE** I didn't want to know "who I were when"! I wanted to know who you were. Just tell me what your name is!

**MARLEY** Gordon Pugh.

**SCROOGE** So in life you were my partner, Jacob Marley?

**MARLEY** Oh, him! Yes, I was him.

**SCROOGE** Can you sit down?

MARLEY I can.

SCROOGE Do it then.

MARLEY *makes an effort, then thinks better of it.*

MARLEY I prefer to stand, actually.

SCROOGE Can't you take that thing off?

MARLEY It's stuck.

SCROOGE You're showing me up. Who do you think you are?

MARLEY You mean who do I think I am now rather than when

I was you know who?

SCROOGE What *is* he on about?

MARLEY I'd just like to get it clear in my own mind.

SCROOGE I do not believe in you. You are an undigested bit of beef.

MARLEY What evidence of my existence do you require?

SCROOGE Come closer, Jacob. Reach forth a spectral hand.

MARLEY *lumbers closer. The door and bed flats collide and both fall to the ground revealing SCROOGE perched on his milk crate.*

Yes, I seemed to sense something intangible.

MARLEY *(waving chains)* Wooooooo!

SCROOGE *(moving away)* Oh, get off.

MARLEY I am doomed to wander through the world witnessing the happiness I cannot share.

SCROOGE You are fettered. Why?

MARLEY I wear the chains I forged in life, and I am come to warn you that you will share my fate unless ... wooooooo!

SCROOGE Don't do that, Gordon!

MARLEY Sorry.

SCROOGE Unless what? Speak comfort to me, Jacob! Tell me how I can avoid your pitiable penance!

MARLEY You will be haunted by Three Spirits. Expect the first when the bell tolls one. Wooooooo!

SCROOGE I told you to stop that! Now just ... stop it!

*Silence.*

Come on, get on with it.

MARLEY You told me to stop.

SCROOGE Not the lines, you fool! Say your next line.

MARLEY I can't.

SCROOGE Say your next line this instant!

MARLEY *(shrugging)* Wooooooo!

SCROOGE Right, that's it! I'm not acting with him any more.

*He storms into the wings. MRS REECE blocks his path, pushing him back.*

MRS REECE Thelma, now don't be hasty ...

SCROOGE Me, hasty? This has been going on all through rehearsals! Look at this arm -here! Look at these bruises! The man is a sadist!

MRS REECE He's not going to do it anymore.

SCROOGE He is! Because he's mad! He's completely mad, and I'm not working with a mad sadist.

MRS REECE Gordon, I want you to stop doing this business with Thelma because you've hurt her very badly. She's got bruises ...

SCROOGE I wanted to wear my sleeveless blouse for the after-show party. I can't do that any more ...

MRS REECE She's crippled with pain, Gordon, and it's going to cost her hundreds of pounds in medical fees, so I want you