

**SCROOGE  
IN ROUGE**  
AN ENGLISH MUSIC HALL  
*CHRISTMAS CAROL*

BOOK AND LYRICS BY  
**RICKY GRAHAM**

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY  
**JEFFERY ROBERSON**

OTHER INTERESTING BITS BY  
**YVETTE HARGIS**

ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY  
**JEFFERSON TURNER**



DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.

SCROOGE IN ROUGE  
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and Jefferson Turner

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SCROOGE IN ROUGE was originally presented at Le Chat Noir, New Orleans, Louisiana, on December 7, 2007. It was directed by Ricky Graham; the costume design was by Cecile Casey Covert; the lighting design was by Su Goczzy; the sound design was by Jason Knobloch; and the production stage manager was Brian Johnston. The cast was as follows:

ALFRED DA CAPPO .....	Jefferson Turner
CHARLIE SCHMALTZ .....	Ricky Graham
LOTTIE OBBLIGATO .....	Varla Jean Merman
VESTA VIRILE .....	Yvette Hargis

## CHARACTERS

ALFRED DA CAPPO, the accompanist

CHARLIE SCHMALTZ, a character actor

LOTTIE OBBLIGATO, a singing soubrette

VESTA VIRILE, a “male impersonator”

## NOTES ON CASTING

In the original production the role of Lottie was played by a man in drag. Every role above can be played by actors of either gender. The whole show is a wild romp, and it would add to the anarchic fun to mix genders as a production might want. However, if the opposite gender is cast in a role, it should be played for the reality of the character (and for the role of Lottie the actor must be an accomplished singer).

## DOUBLING

*The characters above play the following roles in the show:*

ALFRED — Him/herself

CHARLIE — Him/herself, Fred, Bob Cratchit, Marley’s Ghost, the Ghost of Christmas Past, Mrs. Fezziwig, Devil, Mrs. Dilber

LOTTIE — Him/herself, Charity Dowager, Fan, Mr. Fezziwig, Alice, the Ghost of Christmas Present, Mrs. Martha Cratchit, Hermione, the Ghost of Christmas Future, Mrs. Dilber, Street Boy

VESTA — Him/herself, Scrooge, Gladys

## SETTING

Her Majesty’s Promenade Grand Theatre, 1899.

Since this is a third-rate performing company, the settings can be as elaborate or simple as the director wishes. Part of the fun of the show is watching the actors deal with wearing costumes not designed for them, and also operating all the technical devices of the show. No matter how limited these characters’ theatrical ability, it must be kept in mind that they sincerely want to put on as good a show as possible.

# SCROOGE IN ROUGE

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1

*The stage of Her Majesty's Promenade Grand Theatre. At left is a pianoforte. Alfred enters and takes his place there. A large portrait of Queen Victoria hangs center stage. There is a fanfare and a cylinder disc recording plays.*

VICTORIA. (*Voiceover.*) Good evening, loyal subjects. This is your very own Queen Victoria, reminding you that the use of any photographic apparatus is strictly forbidden, and to please silence any devices used for the importation of telegraphic communications. If I hear unpleasantness of any kind, I will not be amused. Thank you. You may now applaud.

*Victoria portrait flies off as lights cross-fade to Alfred.*

ALFRED. (*Banging gavel.*) 'Ere we go, 'ere we go. M'lords and ladies. Her Majesty's Promenade Grand Theatre is proud to present your very own, your very own—Royal Music Hall Twenty-Member Variety Players! Featuring the East End Henry Irving, Mr. Charlie Schmaltz. And that Songbird from the South Bank, Miss Lottie Obbligato.

*Lottie and Charlie enter.*

LOTTIE and CHARLIE.

HELLO! HELLO! AND HOW ARE YOU TONIGHT?

LOTTIE.

WE LOVE TO SEE YOUR ROSY CHEEKS

CHARLIE.

YOUR NOSE SO RED AND BRIGHT!

LOTTIE and CHARLIE.

SO HAVE A GLASS AND DRINK UP

TO ANYTHING YOU THINK UP

BUT DON'T FORGET

BEFORE YOU GET TOO TIGHT

OH, THE THINGS THAT YOU

CAN NEVER, EVER SEE AT HOME

YOU CAN SEE THEM AT THE MUSIC HALL

CHARLIE. And featuring on pianoforte, the Paderewski of Paddington, your very own, Mr. Alfred Da Cappo!

*Acknowledges Alfred.*

LOTTIE. He's wonderful!

CHARLIE. Lottie, do you think Alfred's Italian?

LOTTIE. I know he is. He's got roamin' fingers!

CHARLIE. Oh, dear, oh dear! That's terrible! That's terrible! Send for a henway! Send for a henway!

LOTTIE. A henway? What's a henway?

CHARLIE. About two or three pounds.

LOTTIE. Oh, and speaking of cocks.

CHARLIE. As in roosters.

LOTTIE. That too. We'd now like to introduce our star attraction.

CHARLIE. That world-renowned male impersonator.

LOTTIE and CHARLIE. Miss Vesta Virile!

*Vesta enters.*

VESTA.

LOVELY LADIES, HEROES TRIED AND TRUE  
A MUSICAL TOAST PLAYED BY OUR HOST  
AND EVEN A GHOST OR TWO

ALL.

BOO!  
WE CAN SHOW THE WAY YOU WISH  
YOUR LIFE SHOULD BE  
WHEN A HAPPY ENDING COMES TO ALL  
OH, THE THINGS THAT YOU  
CAN NEVER, EVER SEE AT HOME  
YOU CAN SEE THEM AT THE MUSIC HALL!

*Lottie holds long note.*

VESTA. Lottie! Save it for the end when we need it.

LOTTIE. Yes, it's always better in the end.

CHARLIE. Oh, me virgin ears!

VESTA. Good evening, ladies and gents. We are the Royal Music Hall Twenty-Member Variety Players. Those of you who have seen us before are saying, "ello! Where's the company of twenty players? On ocular evidence I'd say they're seventeen shy." Well, tonight the three of us will perform all the parts in the play.

CHARLIE. Not because we're show-offs.

LOTTIE. And it's not because I'm cheap—we're cheap.

VESTA. No, it's because we had a cast party last night and the rest of the company ended up with a nasty case of food poisoning.

CHARLIE. Fortunately, I was out of town.

LOTTIE. Luckily, I wasn't even invited to the party.

VESTA. And thankfully, I never eat me own cooking.

ALL.

FANCY SCENERY, MUSIC WITH PANACHE  
SOME ELEGANT CLOTHES  
REMARKABLE PROSE  
AND ACTORS TALKING POSH

VESTA.

GOSH!

LOTTIE.

I CAN SHOW YOU LOTS OF THINGS  
THAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND WON'T  
IF YOU FEEL LIKE GIVING ME A CALL

CHARLIE. Thought you gave up that old profession, darling.

ALL.

OH, THE THINGS THAT YOU  
CAN NEVER SEE AT HOME  
YOU CAN SEE THEM AT THE MUSIC HALL  
OH, THE THINGS YOU ONLY DREAM ABOUT  
WHEN YOU'RE ALONE  
YOU CAN SEE THEM AT THE MUSIC HALL  
HAVE A BANANA!

*After song, Vesta exits.*

LOTTIE. (*Still bowing.*) Thank you! There's more! And now, our holiday travesty—  
*A Christmas Carol* by Charles Darwin.

*Charlie gives her a look.*

Dick Chickens.

CHARLIE. Well, why not, the show's already laid an egg. Once upon a time in Old London Towne, on a foggy Christmas Eve, the meanest man on God's earth was on his way to work.

LOTTIE and CHARLIE. Ebenezer Scrooge!

*Vesta enters as Scrooge.*

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

LOTTIE. He was so mean he'd send a Mother's Day card to an orphan.

CHARLIE. He was so tight fisted fortune tellers had to read his knuckles.

LOTTIE. No beggars implored him for money.

CHARLIE. No little children asked him the time.

SCROOGE. Beggars! Children! No can question—the blighters all give me acute indigestion!

BAH, HUMBUG!  
BAH, HUMBUG!  
BEGGARS ARE SHIFTLESS  
THEY ALL LOVE THEIR RUM DRUG  
THEY BEG YOU FOR MONEY  
FOR THEIR KITH AND THEIR KIN  
THEN THEY SPEND IT ON DOPE  
WANTON WOMEN AND GIN!  
LET 'EM ROT IN SOME JAIL  
WHERE THEY'RE CHAINED TO THE FLOOR  
THAT WILL TEACH THEM FOR  
BEING SO POOR!

CHARLIE and LOTTIE.

BAH, HUMBUG!  
BAH, HUMBUG!

SCROOGE.

CHILDREN ARE BEASTLY  
EACH ONE IS A DUMB THUG  
THEY'LL ALL PICK YOUR POCKET  
WITH A FOUL, GRUBBY FIST  
AND THEY HAVE STUPID NAMES  
NAMES LIKE "OLIVER TWIST"  
SEND 'EM OFF TO THE WORKHOUSES  
I'LL SAY, HA HA!  
'CAUSE IT'S NOTHING BUT HUMBUG  
SO, BAH!

ALL.

'CAUSE IT'S NOTHING BUT HUMBUG  
SO, BAH!

*Charlie exits as scene changes to Scrooge's counting house.*

## Scene 2

LOTTIE. Old Scrooge went to work in his counting house. He was so happy thinking about putting people in the poorhouse, and foreclosing mortgages on widows...

SCROOGE. (*Delighted.*) Widows!

LOTTIE. He was completely taken by surprise by the cheerful voice of his nephew.

*Lottie exits as Fred enters.*

FRED.

HI HO, MERRY CHRISTMAS, UNCLE



GET OFF YOUR OLD CARBUNCLE  
AND HAVE A BEER  
WE'LL GO DOWNTOWN IN A JIFFY  
AND WE'LL BE GETTING SQUIFFY  
ON CHRISTMAS CHEER  
DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA  
DEAR, OH DEAR!

SCROOGE. Who the hell are you?

FRED. Why, I'm your slightly-poor-but-ever-so-cheerful nephew Freddy. (*Braying like a jackass.*) Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

SCROOGE. Yes, and president of the Society of Mindless Gits.

FRED. I'm not as stupid as I look.

SCROOGE. Well, you couldn't be.

FRED. Rather! And a spiffing Merry-Old-You-Know-What to you, too, Uncle E!

*Ominous music and lighting.*

SCROOGE. Bah, humbug! What's Christmastime to fools like you but a time for paying bills without money! If I could, I'd have every idiot with "Merry Christmas" on his lips boiled in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!

*Effects stop.*

FRED. Crikey, Uncle. That's rude with knobs on. But, I say, come dine with me and the wifely element tomorrow. Your kind of meal—it's free!

*Effects again.*

SCROOGE. I will not set foot in your house as long as you're married against my wishes. And to a silly creature as penniless as yourself.

*Effects stop.*

FRED. I wish I could get special effects on me speeches. But I'll keep my holiday good humor to the last.

IF YOU THROW OFF YOUR VEIL OF SORROW  
COME VISIT US TOMORROW  
AND LOSE YOUR RAGE  
DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA  
DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA  
DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA

SCROOGE. Get off the stage.

*Fred bows and exits as Lottie enters on applause.*

LOTTIE. Entrance applause! Scrooge's nephew left without an angry word, or even an encore. He stopped at the outer door to bestow greeting of the season on Scrooge's clerk, Mr. Bob Crackers...Crutches...

SCROOGE. (*Stage whisper.*) Cratchit!

# SCROOGE IN ROUGE

## AN ENGLISH MUSIC HALL *CHRISTMAS CAROL*

book and lyrics by Ricky Graham  
additional material by Jeffery Roberson  
other interesting bits by Yvette Hargis  
original music composed by Jefferson Turner

4 n/s

This quick-change, cross-dressing version of the Charles Dickens classic is set in a Victorian music hall. The Royal Music Hall Twenty-Member Variety Players are beset with a widespread case of food poisoning. This leaves only three surviving members to soldier on through a performance of *A Christmas Carol*. The undaunted trio gamely face missed cues, ill-fitting costumes, and solving the problem of having no one to play Tiny Tim. Done in the style of British Music Hall, SCROOGE IN ROUGE abounds in bad puns, bawdy malapropisms, naughty double-entendres, and witty songs. A raucous holiday treat!

*“Uproarious entertainment; a brilliantly constructed funhouse that works on so many levels, it is positively Pirandellian!”*

—The Times-Picayune (New Orleans)

*“It’s a romp that should become an annual tradition.”*

—Style Weekly (Richmond, VA)

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