

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Written by

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EXT. SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Impressive, old building looms against the grey winter sky.

MARK (V.O.)

He said that Christmas was a  
humbug, as I live!

INT. SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

A classroom with desks pushed out to the edges of the room,  
STUDENTS all facing in toward the center. Some bored, some  
enthralled. \*

In the center of the room, three high school students, ALLIE,  
MARK, and TOBIN, "perform" (term used loosely) a scene from  
"A Christmas Carol". \*

EVIE HALL, 28, nerd chic, beams with pride as she watches her  
students perform. She listens intently, paces around the  
front of the room, and slips between desks to look at the  
performers from all angles. \*

ALLIE

More shame for him, Fred!

MARK

He's a comical old fellow-

TOBIN

And then they had some music.

EVIE

(quietly)

Not yet, Tobin.

MARK

He's a comical old fellow; that's  
the truth. And not as pleasant as  
he might be.

ALLIE

I'm sure he is very rich, Fred. At  
least you always tell me so.

MARK

What of that, my dear? His wealth  
is of no use to him.

TOBIN

And then they had some music.

EVIE

Tobin.

Evie holds up an index finger and smiles, silently saying, "not yet, buddy."

MARK

His wealth is no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it.

ALLIE

I have no patience for him.

TOBIN

And then-

ALLIE

And by him I mean you, Tobin! God!

Evie interrupts the scene.

EVIE

...Very good! Nice work, Mark!  
Allie, tremendous. And Tobin that was a real improvement, I think you're starting to get the hang--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The bell rings. Everyone starts to packs up.

EVIE (CONT'D)

OK, everybody. Move the desks back!  
No, no, please put the desk...come on now, nobody leave until th--

The students rush out of the class room, desks in disarray, as Evie calls out behind them.

But they're gone, running amok in the hallways, teen hormones raging.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Evie has her Lands End book bag on her shoulder as she closes the door to her classroom. It's the end of the school day, and the halls are nearly empty except for a straggling student here or there.

MRS. POST (early 40s) appears from around the corner.

MRS. POST  
Ms. Hall! There you are...

EVIE  
Mrs. Post, nice to see y-

MRS. POST  
What is the meaning of THIS?

Mrs. Post holds up a school assignment with a large "D" on it.

EVIE  
Well, looks like you need to do some more studying, little miss!

Mrs. Post is not amused.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
No? Okay. I'm assuming that's Jeremy's recent quiz on Elizabethan Drama, which HE also didn't do well on.

Mrs. Post is stone faced.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Post, what can I do for you?

MRS. POST  
Why did you give Jeremy a D?

EVIE  
Ah ah ah...Jeremy earned a D. And that was grading on a curve, by the way.

MRS. POST  
I know you think you're cute, Ms. Hall. But is there really a need to drag the entire junior class's GPA down by being anal-retentive about who wrote some play and when?

EVIE  
Yeah, names and dates are kind of important. Unfortunately, the SATs don't give points for some dude, somewhere some time.

Mrs. Post's eyes narrow into something terrifying.

MRS. POST

Long after Jeremy is at an Ivy League school, Ms. Hall...probably in pre-Med or pre-Law or, or whatever's even better than that...long after that, we'll still find you here, with your rummage sale wardrobe and your Quick Clips haircut...

Evie touches her hair.

MRS. POST (CONT'D)

...trying to be the "cool teacher". But that's as far as it goes for you.

Mrs. Post turns to go. Evie snaps out of her hair worries and calls after her.

EVIE

Look, Mrs. Post. Jeremy's a good kid, but he doesn't pay attention, he hands in things late, and to be honest, he can't keep his eyes off Laura Cunningham. When he wants to be a good student, he'll get good grades from me.

Mrs. Post smiles for the first time, maybe ever.

MRS. POST

Keep these GPAs UP, Ms. Hall. Get our kids into good schools. That is your job. Don't make me take this up to Principal Rizzo, because you certainly won't be "the cool teacher" after that. Or even a teacher at all.

Mrs. Post does a one-eighty on her expensive heels and goes.

EVIE

(under her breath)  
Merry Christmas to you, too.

INT. EVIE'S CAR - DAY

Evie sits in her car, parked, scarfing down a sandwich.

Her phone goes off, her ringtone set to "New York, New York!"

EVIE

Hi, Mom. No, just grabbing a bite before heading to rehearsal. When? Oh, I think I'm free, why? No, absolutely no. I told you no more blind dates. Because I have no time whatsoever for dating right now AND the last time you set me up, he was married. No, not separated, just straight-up married. Well, thank you. You're very pretty, too. I gotta go, Mom. Gotta go! Love you.

Evie hangs up, shakes off the conversation, and turns her car on.

INT. SPRINGFIELD STAGE - DAY

Evie bounds into the auditorium, quickly heads down the center aisle to a folding table in the 3rd row. CREW mill about.

She drops her book bag and pulls out her script when DOLLY, 60, bustles up the aisle. She's tiny, but what a pistol.

DOLLY

We're short a Tiny Tim!

EVIE

Isn't he always short?

DOLLY

No, a literal Tiny Tim! He's not here!

Evie looks around dramatically.

EVIE

Now that you mention it, none of the actors are here.

Dolly looks around frantically.

DOLLY

Oh, my God!

EVIE

Dolly, relax. This is a tech rehearsal, remember? Just crew tonight.

Dolly finally relaxes.

DOLLY

Thank goodness! I was ready to go on as Tiny Tim, but all the parts? I haven't done something like that since I tried to do a one-woman version of Xanadu in the 80s.

Evie looks at the stage.

EVIE

I would have liked to have seen that. Anyway, how's Death coming?

DOLLY

See for yourself, boss. You are going to flip!  
(calling out)  
Marty, hit it!

The stagehand MARTY, 30s, rolls a nine-foot-high Grim Reaper puppet onto the stage slowly. The actor playing SCROOGE, 50s, also on stage, watches nervously.

When Marty and the Reaper reach center stage, Marty presses a button on a remote control. The arm of the Reaper rises, shows a bony hand, and points toward Evie.

EVIE

Amazing! It looks incredible!

Suddenly, the entire Reaper arm falls off with a CLUNK. Scrooge looks around for guidance.

DOLLY

Marty, can you get Reaper back together?

Marty grabs the arm and looks at it like he expects it to talk.

EVIE

While he's doing that, please tell me the fake snow arrived today.

DOLLY

You know it!

EVIE

Oh, thank goodness!

DOLLY

Two bags, dropped off in the shop, Marty signed fo-

EVIE  
Two bags. When is the rest coming?

DOLLY  
The rest.

EVIE  
Because we ordered twenty-two bags,  
right?

Dolly looks at her notes frantically

DOLLY  
We did... not?

EVIE  
Ah.

DOLLY  
I'm sorry! I thought you said two.

EVIE  
We go through a lot in the  
Christmas Future scenes.

Evie turns to see that Marty has attached the arm. He holds his hands to say "voila" just as the mandible bone falls off.

Everyone looks at Evie.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
Dolly, see if you can find Decker,  
I think Marty needs help bringing  
Death back to life.

DOLLY  
Good one, boss.

Dolly turns to the auditorium and shouts full volume.

DOLLY (CONT'D)  
Decker! Carl Decker, you are needed  
Stat!

CARL DECKER, mid-30s, rugged handyman type, appears onstage.  
He carries a cordless drill and some screws.

DECKER  
Hey, I'm here, what's up?

Evie and Dolly walk up on stage.

EVIE  
Whatcha screwing back there?



DECKER  
 (playful)  
 Where's my HR rep?

EVIE  
 I didn't see a thing. But in the  
 meantime, could you take a look at  
 The Reaper? Marty could use a hand.

DOLLY  
 (cute, flirty)  
 And a mandible!

DECKER  
 Sure, I'll get him to the shop.

EVIE  
 Thank you. And careful of the fake  
 snow, it's a little slippery, you  
 don't want to-

Evie takes a step back and trips on an extension cord. Decker catches her.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
 Trip. Thanks.

DECKER  
 Phew, you all right there?

EVIE  
 Yeah, just twisted my... pride.

Evie is back on her feet.

DECKER  
 Nobody saw a thing.

Evie smiles at Decker as he rolls the massive grim reaper away.

Dolly approaches Evie quietly.

DOLLY  
 (softly to Evie)  
 Someone should weld his beams.

A quick look from Evie.

EVIE  
 Ok, let's check in with Jen in  
 costumes. We might have to let out  
 the coat for Christmas Present a  
 little.

Dolly writes frantically in her notes.

DOLLY  
Got it. And did you bring the  
bagels for the crew?

EVIE  
Bagels! Crap!

Decker pops onstage from the wings.

DECKER  
I've got to run to the hardware  
store to get new pulleys for Death.  
Need anything?

DOLLY  
(under her breath)  
Bagels...

EVIE  
(under her breath)  
Snow...

DECKER  
Anything? Going once...

EXT. QUIET ROAD - NIGHT

Decker's pickup truck hums down the road.

DECKER (V.O.)  
I could have picked up the snow for  
you.

INT. DECKER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

EVIE  
I know, but we get a discount from  
Mrs. Shuler if I ask about her  
nephew Walt. It's kind of a game we  
play.

DECKER  
I see. I might have to steal that.

EVIE  
Please, be my guest.

Evie checks her phone.

DECKER

Rehearsal can't be a disaster yet,  
we've been gone ten minutes.

EVIE

No, I was hoping for a phone call.  
Nothing yet.

Decker waits for more information, but it's not coming.

DECKER

Boyfriend?

EVIE

It's... I'm kind of waiting to hear  
about a thing I applied for.

DECKER

Teaching somewhere else?

EVIE

A position to work for a theater.  
Like a legit theater. Full time.

DECKER

Oh, wow. That's great. Where?

EVIE

The Stockard. New York.

DECKER

Oh.

EVIE

I haven't even gotten an interview  
yet, it's a long shot at best.

DECKER

And you'd willingly move to New  
York?

EVIE

Oh, come on. You must miss it, at  
least a little.

DECKER

The loud traffic, the high  
prices... yeah, sure, miss it all  
the time.

EVIE

But you must be bored out of your  
mind in this little town.

(MORE)