Scene 4, cont’d.

NARRATOR

Having just found the sink Candice started to sort
Things that were of like size, that were tallish or short
Then she found an odd way to plow through the piles
By shoving a broom and creating some aisles.

Sally did much the same and arranged things by type
Noting cheese and old socks were identically ripe.
Then she found the old cupboards surprisingly bare
And managed to fit all the garbage in there.

They whistled and struggled and worked through the night
Until there was just a small peep of daylight.
Then Sally found dog food which wasn’t so great.
But with no dog in sight this is what the kids ate.

Exhausted and filthy, they could do no more
On rugs, coats and papers, they slept on the floor.

(Children lay atop the neatened piles)

They snoozed and they slumbered, contented to know
The witches would love that all was apropos.

Witches and children doze off to sleep.
Enter Ghost. Towards end of Ghost’s song, Witches sneak down to
place spider appendages on the children’s fingers (see prop note end of script).

GHOST (sings) CHRISSAMISS TRASH
Forgive my intrusion, but let me explain
For what happens here is just shy of insane
The reason my costume is covered with ash is ‘cause
I am the Ghost of Chrissamas Trash.

The stuff that you wanted on Chrissamas Day
But never found use for on me it doth stay
Your garbage it itches me much like a rash because
I am the Ghost of Chrissamas Trash

Ribbons and bows try to hide it.
You still find a load of crap inside it
You thought you needed it from Santa
You get it, try to use it but you just can’t

Do me a favor and try to use less
So I can get some of this junk off my chest
Yes, Scrooge had an idea, just stick with the cash
He was visited by me... The Ghost of Chrissamas Trash!

NARRATOR
Allow me to share with you next what will seem
Uncanny, but true, these three
(referring to children)
shared the same dream.
A nightmare, it hovered above like a glider
The poor children dreamt they each became a spider.

Each child rises when their name is mentioned. Bent over at the
waist with their arms hugging their ribs, their fingers tap
upwards making the spider legs move. They circle the stage.

NARRATOR
First Sally, perhaps from the dog food she ate
Was no longer bi-ped, her legs became eight!
Next Candice, her fear in her chest caused a heaving
And as if by instinct, her limbs started weaving.

Then Casey who never feared spiders before
Freaked out as his legs multiplied two times four!
These well-behaved children, too young to be acnied
Had suddenly turned into monsters arachnied

This tortured their souls and they cried from their hearts...

SALLY, CANDICE & CASEY
(Scream up towards the ceiling)
Release us you witches, you lazy old farts!

Children stagger, remove the spider legs and faint to the floor.

NARRATOR
But soon as with courage, they finally spoke up...
The orphans escaped from their dream...
And woke up.

Children awaken with a gasp. They examine their fingers, now
normal, as the Ghost exits.