

**JAKE MARLEY.** You'll never guess, dude.

**THE SCROOGE.** Jake Marley renewed,  
My dead business partner, whose gravestone said RIP.  
Jake, you seem eighty-five percent more "hip."

**JAKE MARLEY.** Try Eighty-five point six repeating instead.  
That's how much more "hip" I am now that I'm dead.  
What? What's the problem? Are you misbelieving?

**THE SCROOGE.** Yes. It's true. I don't believe what I'm seeing.  
I'd like to believe in you, Jake, but I can't.  
My brain, I'm afraid, is ghost intoler-ant.

**JAKE MARLEY.** What can I do then to prove that I've passed.  
How 'bout I give you this buck?

(JAKE MARLEY *hands* THE SCROOGE a dollar.)

**NARRATOR #1.** The Scrooge Gaspd.

**THE SCROOGE.** (*Aside:*) Jake wouldn't give me a buck.

**NARRATOR #2.** The Scrooge choked.

**THE SCROOGE.** Okay, I believe you. I now know you're croaked.

**JAKE MARLEY.** When my death certificate got its last stamp,  
I was sent straight off to ghost haunting camp.  
That's where they told me that I would be bearing  
Clothes, that in life, I would not be caught wearing.  
In life, my greed bought me this yuck-tastic outfit.  
In death it went on.

**THE SCROOGE.** And you won't take it off yet?

**JAKE MARLEY.** Dude, it don't come off! And you're in big trouble,  
'Cuz the suit that you're buying is worser by double.

**THE SCROOGE.** Stop now! How calmly you stand there and tell this.  
You've made my heart sink all the way to my pelvis.  
Is that why you came, interrupting my peace,  
To say what a nerd I'll be when I'm deceased?  
Because of the things here on earth I transgress,  
I'll be forced into after-death fashion excess?

**JAKE MARLEY.** That was part one, dude. Now here comes part two.

**THE SCROOGE.** Stop calling me dude. It's the least you could do.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Scrooge.

**THE SCROOGE.** No. It's *The Scrooge*.

**JAKE MARLEY.** Big deal. It's the same.