

## VIDEO 1

## VIDEO 2

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Adapted from the Charles Dickens classic by Scott H Severance with Clayton Phillips



## ACT ONE

## VIDEO 3

*A foggy street in London, on a cold winter's evening. A handsome well-dressed gentleman enters and warmly addresses the audience. He walks with use of a cane.*

## NARRATOR

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatsoever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner, Ebenezer Scrooge. Yes, old Jacob Marley was as dead as a doornail. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story about to be related. A story that really begins seven years after the death of Jacob Marley. In Merrie old England, London town. Christmas Eve 1843.

*Lights change, music begins...JOY TO THE WORLD. A single voice is heard*

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD HAS COME  
LET EARTH RECEIVE HER KING  
LET EVERY HEART PREPARE HIM ROOM



*(Others begin to join in as the song builds to a joyous Christmas Eve Morning)*

AND HEAVEN AND NATURE SING, AND HEAVEN AND NATURE SING  
AND HEAVEN, AND HEAVEN AND NATURE SING

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE SAVIOR REIGNS  
LET MEN THEIR SONGS EMPLOY  
WHILE FIELDS AND FLOODS, ROCKS, HILLS, AND PLAINS  
REPEAT THE SOUNDING JOY, REPEAT THE SOUNDING JOY  
REPEAT, REPEAT THE SOUNDING JOY

NO MORE LET SINS AND SORROWS GROW  
NOR THORNS INFEST THE GROUND  
HE COMES TO MAKE HIS BLESSINGS FLOW  
FAR AS THE CURSE IS FOUND, FAR AS THE CURSE IS FOUND  
FAR AS, FAR AS THE CURSE IS FOUND

HE RULES THE WORLD WITH TRUTH AND GRACE  
AND MAKES THE NATIONS PROVE  
THE GLORIES OF HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS  
AND WONDERS OF HIS LOVE, AND WONDERS OF HIS LOVE  
AND WONDERS, WONDERS OF HIS LOVE.

*(Scrooge strides through the scene, causing the action to stop. He mutters a disgusted "Humbug" and storms off. The song resumes with a flourish.)*

## SCENE 2

## VIDEO 4

## NARRATOR

Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stayed, years afterwards, above the office door: the firm of Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge. Sometimes they called him Marley. But he answered to both names; it was all the same to him. Oh, dear how to best describe Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge? He was a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, clutching, stingy, greedy old fool! Hard and sharp as the point of an arrow, secret, self-contained, and totally alone. His heart was made of ice, and the cold inside him froze his old features into a never-ending scowl, which he shared with everyone he met. It's the only thing he ever shared with anybody—that awful frown of his.

*(Scrooge enters, frowning and fumbling with his office keys. The poulterer enters, happily humming Joy to the World. He sees Scrooge, stops humming and turns quickly to make his exit.)*



V4 Pan to Exterior of the firm.

## SCROOGE

Just a moment, Mr. Carver! (Scrooge approaches him slowly with hand extended) I believe you have something for me?

## CARVER

(stammering mightily)

Aaah, yes, I mean, no Mr. Scrooge! I, ummm—I don't have it with me just now, but I'm sure to have it in a few days, and if you'll just give me—

## SCROOGE

You knew the terms when you accepted my money in loan, Mr. Carver. Payable on the 24th, no grace period allowed.

## CARVER

But my dear Mr. Scrooge, in two days all my customers will have paid me what they owe me, so I can pay you what I owe you. I always make special allowances at Christmas time.

## SCROOGE

Well, I do not! Your excuses are none of my concern, Mr. Carver. Either the principal AND the interest are in my office by the close of business today, or I will have your little butcher shop closed and sold at auction. Have a nice day. (He notices something offstage) Mr. Cooper! A word if you please! DON'T you walk away from me sir! (He hurries off)

## CARVER

(quietly and humbly)

Merry Christmas Mr. Scrooge. (He exits sadly. Narrator re-enters. Music

*(Carolers begin to sing under Scenic transition into SCROOGE's office.)*

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR,  
 THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD,  
 FROM ANGELS BENDING NEAR THE EARTH,  
 TO TOUCH THEIR HARPS OF GOLD:  
 "PEACE ON THE EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN,  
 FROM HEAVEN'S ALL-GRACIOUS KING."  
 THE WORLD IN SOLEMN STILLNESS LAY,  
 TO HEAR THE ANGELS SING

## SCENE 3

## VIDEO 5

NARRATOR  
(under music)

Scrooge didn't have any friends. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say "My dear Mr. Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say anything. No one asked him his opinion, the time of day, or directions to such and such a place, or...anything! But Scrooge didn't care a bit. People left him alone, and he liked it that way. He smiles and exits)

*(The interior of Scrooge and Marley's has appeared during the speech above, with Bob Cratchit at work within. Scrooge storms in, slams the door and hangs up his hat and greatcoat. Cratchit is writing furiously, Scrooge scowls and crosses to his desk.. Cratchit blows on his hands, shivers, stands up and begins to stamp his feet and beat his arms against his body.)*

SCROOGE  
(stares at Cratchit's histrionics for a beat)

Mister Cratchit! (Music out)

CRATCHIT  
(stops suddenly)

Yes, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE  
Just what do you think you are doing? Are you attempting to bring rain?

CRATCHIT  
Oh no sir, tis far too cold for rain, sir—

SCROOGE  
Very well then, are you attempting to bring snow?

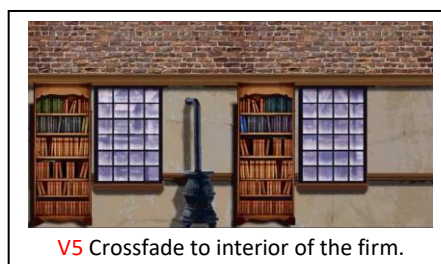
CRATCHIT  
I beg your pardon sir?

SCROOGE  
That ridiculous dance you were just doing...away from your desk! Can you explain yourself?

CRATCHIT  
Oh, yes sir! Uh—It seems a bit chilly in here today, sir, and I was just trying to keep warm. Get the old blood flowing, you know? Sir?

SCROOGE  
No, I do NOT know! I find the temperature in this office more than adequate. Would you care to register an official complaint about your working conditions?

CRATCHIT  
(teeth almost chattering in fear and cold)  
Oh, no Mr. Scrooge, I never—



V5 Crossfade to interior of the firm.

SCROOGE

Or perhaps you can continue your ballet training elsewhere and pursue another line of employment with a dance company?

CRATCHIT

(hastily returning to his work)

No, I'm good—uh, I'm fine. Thank you, sir. Whew! It did get rather toasty in here all of a sudden, didn't it Mr. Scrooge?

*(Scrooge's nephew Fred bursts in, full of holiday cheer and bellowing a Carol. He places a wrapped gift on top of Scrooge's desk. Without looking up, Scrooge tosses it aside and continues working. Fred has left the door open, and Cratchit scurries to close it.)*

FRED

(singing)

We wish you a Merry Christmas, We wish you a Merry Christmas WE WISH YOU A ... (spoken) Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE

Bah! Humbug!

FRED

(retrieves the gift, with a wink to Cratchit, and replaces it on Scrooge's desk)

Christmas a humbug, Uncle? You don't mean that, I'm sure!

SCROOGE

I do! Merry Christmas? What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be content? You have little money, no savings to speak of?

FRED

Come then! What right have you to be sour? What reason have you to be miserable? You have plenty of money! You're rich!

SCROOGE

I am not so rich that I can afford to have my valuable hours wasted by improvident revelers like you! Humbug! (He swats the gift to the floor again)

FRED

Please don't be angry, Uncle!

SCROOGE

(laying down his quill with authority)

What else can I be when I live in a world of fools such as this? What is Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money? A time to waste your valuable hours pondering what worthless piffle you might buy for someone you don't particularly care about anyway? A time for finding yourself one year older, and not one hour richer? If I could work my will, every idiot who wanders about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips would be drowned in his own egg-nog and buried with a fifty-pound fruitcake stuffed up his nose!

FRED  
(amused and horrified)

Uncle!

SCROOGE  
(mimics Fred artfully)

Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, let me keep it in mine.

FRED

Keep it? But you don't keep it?

SCROOGE

Let me leave it alone then! Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

*(Carolers appear singing quietly under)*

AWAY IN A MANGER,  
NO CRIB FOR HIS BED  
THE LITTLE LORD JESUS  
LAID DOWN HIS SWEET HEAD

THE STARS IN THE BRIGHT SKY  
LOOKED DOWN WHERE HE LAY  
THE LITTLE LORD JESUS  
ASLEEP ON THE HAY

THE CATTLE ARE LOWING  
THE POOR BABY WAKES  
BUT LITTLE LORD JESUS  
NO CRYING HE MAKES

I LOVE THEE, LORD JESUS  
LOOK DOWN FROM THE SKY  
AND STAY BY MY SIDE,  
' TIL MORNING IS NIGH.

FRED  
(music under)

There are certainly many things in my life that I would consider good. Things that I do not profit by financially, but that I know are good. Christmas time is one of those things. It is a kind forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women open up their arms to one another and their hearts to those less fortunate. Therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a penny in my pocket, I am sure that Christmas has done me good, and will always do me good. And I will shout from the rooftops until my time on Earth has passed: God bless It!

CRATCHIT  
(bursting into applause for the speech)

God bless you, sir!

SCROOGE  
*(loudly silencing Cratchit)*

AHEM!!!!

*(Music out .... returning his attention to Fred)*

You are quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder if a career on the stage might suit you? Perhaps you could join up with the dancing Mr. Cratchit over here, and start your own little theatre company?

FRED  
 Don't be angry, Uncle. Come have dinner with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE  
 I'll see you in hell first.

FRED  
 But why, Uncle?

SCROOGE  
 Why what?

FRED  
 Why won't you come to Christmas dinner?

SCROOGE  
*(back to work)*  
 I don't like turkey.

FRED  
 Then we'll serve ham.

SCROOGE  
 I don't like ham.

FRED  
*(getting frustrated)*  
 I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you.

SCROOGE  
*(a burst of nasty anger)*  
 You keep asking me to come to your wretched dinner!

FRED  
*(stunned and hurt)*  
 Why cannot we be friends? (SCROOGE grunts a dismissal)  
 We are family, Uncle. (Another harummp from SCROOGE)  
 I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so stubborn of mind. We have never had any reason that I know to quarrel like this. But I have come here in honor of Christmas, and I will not lose my Christmas humor, despite this conversation. So I say Merry Christmas, Uncle Ebenezer!

SCROOGE

Good afternoon.

FRED  
(singing)

And a Happy New Year!

*(He plants a big kiss on his uncle's forehead)*

SCROOGE  
(howls in disgust and wipes his forehead clean)

Good afternoon!

FRED  
*(presenting the gift originally intended for Scrooge to Cratchit, who reluctantly opens the package. It is a scarf, which he then puts around his neck gratefully)*

And a very Merry Christmas to you, Bob Cratchit.

CRATCHIT  
Thank you, sir. Merry Christmas to you, and your family.

SCROOGE  
*(watching them exchange pleasantries, shakes his head in disbelief)*  
Look at them. The dancer and the actor, presenting their absurd little Christmas pageant. I'll retire to the Asylum. *(He returns to work)*

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*(Fred exits, bouncing off two charitable people, who enter in high spirits, laughing and enjoying the season immensely. Scrooge senses what is to come and buries himself further in his work. The door is left open, Cratchit closes it again.)*

GROMMET  
The venerable establishment of Scrooge and Marley's, I believe. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

*(He places a business card in front of Scrooge, who calmly pick it up and tears it in half)*

SCROOGE  
Mr. Marley has been dead for seven years. As a matter of fact, he died seven years ago, this very day.

WIGGIN  
Oh, we are sorry to hear that. Might we assume, then, that a small contribution might be made in memory of your distinguished colleague?

SCROOGE  
Contribution? Really? Please state the exact nature of your business with me, and then be on your way.

GROMMET

(clearing throat impressively)

At this most wonderful time of the year, Mr. Scrooge, we must remember those people less fortunate than ourselves. Those who suffer greatly in their hardship and poverty, and who can most benefit from the kindness and compassion of their fellow man. These poor souls need—

SCROOGE

Why don't they have a job?

GROMMET

I beg your pardon, sir?

SCROOGE

These pitiful "poor souls" you refer to. Why aren't they employed?

WIGGIN

Uh...well, sir. The job market is certainly a complex matter, to say the least—

SCROOGE

Is it? Then let them go to prison.

GROMMET

What are you saying, sir?

Scrooge: If they don't want to work for a living, let them go to prison. They'll get a nice warm bed and three square meals a day. (He smirks grimly)

WIGGIN

(attempting to laugh it all away)

Oh, Mr. Scrooge! Prison is hardly the place to find Christian cheer of mind or body now, is it? In any event, several of us are trying to raise some money to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. We choose the blessed season of Christmas because it is a time above all others when want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices.

GROMMET

Well said, Wiggin! Bravo!

WIGGIN

Thank you, Grommet. (*Getting out a notebook*) Now then, Mr. Scrooge, what shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE

Nothing.

WIGGIN

Nothing? Oh, I see! You wish to be left anonymous?



SCROOGE

*(slamming his hand on his desk for emphasis)*

I wish to be left alone! Since you have asked me what I wish, gentlemen, here is my answer. I don't celebrate Christmas myself—

GROMMET

Ah! You are of the Jewish faith, then?

SCROOGE

*(kills him with his glare)*

No, sir, I am not Jewish...I have no faith at all. I simply do not make merry at Christmas, and I cannot afford to make idle people merry. I pay my taxes to support the programs already in place for the feeble poor, and that is certainly enough for any man to have to do.

GROMMET

*(weakly)*

But, sir, without our help, many people will die.

SCROOGE

If they be like to die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.

WIGGIN

Mr. Scrooge! How dare you!

SCROOGE

It is enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere in the affairs of others. My work occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!

*(He returns to his work leaving Grommet and Wiggin, speechless, they turn and stumble toward the door. Cratchit gives them the scarf from around his neck.)*

CRATCHIT

Please, kind sirs, see that someone makes good use of this, won't you?

*(Grommet and Wiggin exit, but before Cratchit can close the door, the carolers appear and begin a heartfelt version of Jingle Bells)*

DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW  
IN A ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH  
O'ER THE FIELDS WE GO  
LAUGHING ALL THE WAY  
HA HA HA

*(SCROOGE lets out a blood curdling roar and frightens the carolers away).*

SCROOGE

The door's open.

*(Cratchit closes it, and the men return to their work. NARRATOR enters)*

***\*Possible verse of Silent Night here***

NARRATOR

After what seemed like forever, it was finally closing time. Scrooge remained hard at his work, while Bob Cratchit couldn't wait to get home to his family for Christmas Eve.

*(A distant bell tolls the hour.)*

CRATCHIT

*(rising from his desk)*

It's seven o'clock sir!

SCROOGE

NO! *(stops him with a gesture, counts off the bells until they are silent)* Now it's seven...I suppose you'll want the day off tomorrow, Cratchit? *(Who helps him into his overcoat)*

CRATCHIT

*(a bit stunned by the question)*

Well, yes, of course, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE

With pay?

CRATCHIT

*(very quietly)*

I believe that's customary, sir.

SCROOGE

Lovely. A day's wages for no work.

CRATCHIT

It's only one day a year Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE

*(mimics him)*

It's only one day a year, Mr. Scrooge! Bah! A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every 25th of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day.

CRATCHIT

Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!

SCROOGE

I shall expect the Bagstock contracts, the Chuzzlewit leases, and the Drood memoranda on my desk first thing in the morning on the 26th, without fail.

CRATCHIT

Yes, sir. And a very Merry Chr—

SCROOGE

DON'T you dare!

*(Cratchit exits, Scrooge mumbles some "Bah, Humbugs" and begins to clear off his desk. Eerie music **O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM**, and the candle begins to slowly move across the desktop. Scrooge follows it with his eyes, and when it stops, he puts it back where it began. It begins to move again, but he grabs it and replaces it.)*

SCROOGE  
*(as if to a dog)*

Stay! *(He noisily blows out the candle)*

*(Suddenly a stack of books flies off the shelf. Muttering angrily, Scrooge picks them up, and the moment he sets them back on the shelf, the bell outside his office door begins ringing violently. Alarmed, he opens the door and steps out into the gloom.)*

SCROOGE

Who's there? Show yourself!

*(The sign on the outside office wall tips askew. Scrooge sets it right, then it tips in the other direction. Scrooge fixes it once more and the sign begins spinning wildly. Scrooge runs inside to get his cane and top hat and his stool creeps across the room toward him. Quite frightened, Scrooge scuttles out the door and exits)*

**VIDEO 6****SCENE 4**

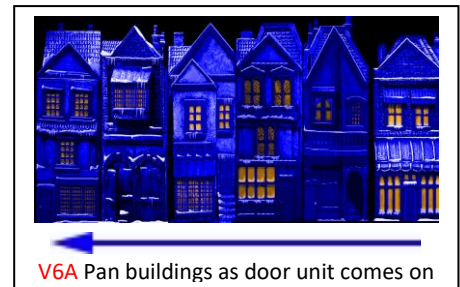
*(Lights change, and happy carolers re-enter, people bustling to and fro, heading home to their own parties and festivities. Transition to Scrooge's doorway.)*

HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING  
 AMONG THE LEAVES SO GREEN,  
 HERE WE COME A-WAND'RING  
 SO FAIR TO BE SEEN.  
 LOVE AND JOY COME TO YOU,  
 AND TO YOU YOUR WASSAIL, TOO,  
 AND GOD BLESS YOU, AND SEND YOU  
 A HAPPY NEW YEAR,  
 AND GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



**V6** Crossfade to Scrooge's street

GOOD MASTER AND GOOD MISTRESS,  
 AS YOU SIT BESIDE THE FIRE,  
 PRAY THINK OF US POOR CHILDREN  
 WHO WANDER IN THE MIRE.  
 LOVE AND JOY COME TO YOU,  
 AND TO YOU YOUR WASSAIL, TOO,  
 AND GOD BLESS YOU, AND SEND YOU  
 A HAPPY NEW YEAR,  
 AND GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

**VIDEO 6A**

**V6A** Pan buildings as door unit comes on

*(As the song ends and the revelers exit, the NARRATOR and SCROOGE re-enter, SCROOGE fumbles with his keys under a streetlamp. Music changes to an ominous **FATAL LULLABY** under dialogue.)*

**NARRATOR**

Scrooge owned a small apartment which had once belonged to Marley, his deceased partner. His home was a gloomy suite of rooms, old, dark, and dreary. He had very little furniture and only one window from which he could look out at the world. There were no other houses along the narrow street where Scrooge lived, and the fog was even thicker than it had been before, when the sun provided what little light and warmth it could. But now it was very dark, and very cold, and Scrooge was very alone.

Or so he thought...*(he exits)*

**VIDEO 7**

**MARLEY**  
*(Offstage, reverb)*

Ebenezer....

**SCROOGE**  
*(startled, he looks about)*

What? Who's there? Who's calling me? *(silence)* The wind...Nothing but the cursed wind playing tricks.



**V7** Marley's Eyes

*(A loud crash of thunder and lightning, and the door knocker comes to life. MARLEY's face appears, green and terrible, the image echoed by huge green eyes in the projection wall. Music out. Scrooge falls back in horror.)*

MARLEY  
(*Reverb offstage voice*)

Ebeneeeeeeezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE  
(screams in alarm)

Who are you? What do you want?

MARLEY  
(*Reverb offstage voice*)

You know who I am...who I WAS!

SCROOGE  
(squinting hard at the apparition)  
Jacob? No, it can't be you! You're dead! You've been dead for seven years!

MARLEY  
Ebeneeeeeeezer

(An evil mocking laugh from the knocker)...

SCROOGE  
Begone vile thing!

(*Scrooge attacks the knocker with his top hat and the voice fades away. He peers at the door and the stone face is silent*)

Nothing? Humbug! (*He thinks very hard, mumbles to himself*) Note to self—investigate the possibility of a lawsuit.

### VIDEO 8

(*Spooky music under. Transition to Scrooge's bedroom...a bed, a bedside table, a coat rack, a large wardrobe, a small table and a single chair. Eyes darting about nervously, Scrooge hangs his coat, his hat and scarf on the coatrack. He checks under the chair, in the wardrobe, under the bed. Nothing.*)

SCROOGE  
Who's there? Come out here and face me like a man, whoever you are!  
(*A howling wind has begun outside. Scrooge goes to the closet, mumbling curses to himself. He hangs his frock coat and vest in the closet, removes his shoes, and drops his trousers to the floor, revealing his nightshirt beneath. He hangs up his pants and closes the wardrobe doors. He returns to his bed where his robe and night cap await him and dresses himself for sleep*)  
Get hold of yourself Ebenezer Scrooge, you old fool! You're falling apart at the seams. It's this wretched Christmas holiday that has you out of sorts...has you seeing things, hearing things, talking to yourself. Bah! Worse than ever this year. My nephew the fool with his annual December nonsense..."A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!" Charitable gentlemen seeking funds, and the very worst thing of all, (*with particular distaste*) caroling children! And old Marley in the door...Humbug! Nothing a good night's sleep won't cure, though. On this or any other night, just a good restful slumber is all a man needs. Aah! My robe, and my cap, and my—What the...? Where the devil are my slippers? Ugh...how many times must I tell that hideous hag of a chamber woman that I do NOT want my slippers in the wardrobe (he hurls the wardrobe doors open again, retrieves the slippers and closes the doors once more) Slippers in



the wardrobe? NO! Slippers on the bed? YES! That's not too much to ask, is it? I swear if that woman were not so inexpensive, I would dismiss her immediately. In fact, I shall fire her on the morrow! Merry Christmas indeed, Mrs Dilber!

*(A chained shadow appears limping across the back wall of Scrooge's bedroom, the sound of chains and the cries of suffering souls soon fills the room...louder, louder, louder still and a green light begins to emanate from the closet. Scrooge cowers behind his bed, and the closet doors explode open, revealing the hideous decomposed corpse of Jacob Marley.)*

MARLEY

Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE

What do you want of me?

*(A moment of total silence)*

MARLEY

*(voice terrible and reverberating)*

Much!

SCROOGE

Who are you?

MARLEY

Ask me who I was...

SCROOGE

Very well, who were you then?

MARLEY

In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE

That's impossible!

MARLEY

You don't believe in me?

SCROOGE

I do not.

MARLEY

Why do you doubt your senses? You can see my face, hear my voice—

SCROOGE

Yes, yes, and I can smell you as well. You are disgusting...

MARLEY

I am dead.

SCROOGE

*(a baffled pause)*

Well, any little thing can affect the senses. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a fragment of an underdone potato. You do not come to me from the grave, you grotesque apparition, you come to me from gravy!

*(Marley flies across the room, grabs Scrooge by the throat, and pins him against the bedpost.)*

MARLEY

Man of the worldly mind! Do you believe in me or not?

SCROOGE

Yes, yes, yes! I do! I must!

MARLEY

WHAT IS MY NAME?

SCROOGE

Jacob Ezekiel Marley!

MARLEY

*(suddenly calm and serene, releases Scrooge)*

Good then.

SCROOGE

*(desperately trying to collect himself)*

Can you sit down?

MARLEY

I can.

SCROOGE

Well do it then!

*Marley*

*(crosses to the chair, sits stiffly and stares straight out into the audience. There is an uncomfortable silence, as SCROOGE tries to figure out how to address a ghost.)*

SCROOGE

So...how are you?

*(He grimaces at the stupidity of his question)*

MARLEY

You wonder why I have come to you.

SCROOGE

Yes I do.

MARLEY

It is required of every man on this globe that he walk abroad among his fellow men with a glad heart and a benevolent spirit. If that spirit refuses to go forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death—doomed to wander the earth forever and witness that which it cannot share. *(He emits an eerie moan of pain)*

SCROOGE

You are bound by chains, Jacob. Tell me why?

MARLEY

*(rises slowly and painfully)*

I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it, link by link, and yard by yard; I created it of my own free will and of my own free will I wore it. Each iron link of this chain represents a sin I committed against my fellow man when I was alive. Every foul deed, every angry word, every unkind thought...*(He turns his gaze to Scrooge)* You have created quite a chain for yourself, Ebenezer. You cannot see it now, but you will know its weight soon enough. *(Marley laughs. It is a horrible sound)*

SCROOGE

*(searching wildly about himself)*

Jacob, please! Have you no happy news to bring me? No good to speak of?

MARLEY

*(bitterly)*

None. Such news comes from other messengers *(gazes briefly to Heaven)*, from a different place than the one I call home, and it is related to very different kinds of men than you. No good has EVER come from me...

SCROOGE

But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.

MARLEY

*(exploding)*

BUSINESS? Mankind was my business! The common welfare should have been my business! Charity, mercy, kindness, decency all should have been my business! The dealings of our trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!

*(He picks up the side table and threatens Scrooge with it, then clutches his head in pain, and collapses to the floor, leaving the side table on the bed)*

At this time of the year I suffer most. When everyone on this earth is filled with an indescribable joy, I know nothing but a hollow emptiness. Eternal, total, complete emptiness...*(He gazes at Scrooge oddly)* And this is what awaits you, my odious friend. *(He points an accusing finger in Scrooge's face)* Unless...



SCROOGE

Unless what? Tell me!

MARLEY

How I am able to appear to you on this night, in this form, I do not know. I have sat invisible beside you for many and many a day. No doubt part of my punishment. But I have come to warn you that you have a chance and hope of escaping my fate, Ebenezer Scrooge.

SCROOGE

What is it? What must I do? Name it, and it shall be done!

MARLEY

You will be haunted by three spirits.

SCROOGE

I...I will be haunted by three spirits?

MARLEY

Yes.

SCROOGE

I think I'd rather not. *(Marley glares at him.)* Could I take them all at once, and get it over with, Jacob?

MARLEY

Without their visits, you cannot hope to walk a better path than mine. The first spirit will appear tomorrow, when the bell tolls one

*(Music O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL \*This could be a discordant version possibly without lyrics, MARLEY convulses in pain, begins to move toward the closet, which belches forth smoke and green light)*

My time is nearly gone! Hear my words! Expect the second spirit on the next night at the same hour! (He writhes again) The third will visit on the next night at the last stroke of midnight. You will not see me again, but for the sake of your eternal soul, remember my words! (He fades into the mist, back into the wardrobe) Remember me, Ebenezer! Remember meeeeeee...

**VIDEO 8A**

*(SCROOGE is stunned, then slowly approaches the wardrobe to be sure the doors are closed. He moans in fear and anguish, and tries to return his bedroom to what it was before his visit)*

NARRATOR

The events of the evening had totally exhausted him, so Ebenezer Scrooge collapsed on his bed, and fell asleep immediately.

*(SCROOGE snores loudly, music out. Lights fade to black. Narrator holds a candle under his chin for spooky effect)*

When Scrooge woke up, it was totally dark.

*(In the darkness, the clock chimes begin. Lights restore and SCROOGE is sitting up in bed, counting the strokes feverishly)*



## SCROOGE

Ten, eleven...twelve o'clock? That's impossible! It was after two when I went to bed! Note to self—file a complaint with the Town Fathers about malfunctioning equipment...could I have slept through an entire day and far into another night? No...Could there have been some solar eclipse and this is actually twelve o'clock noon time? No...(remembering suddenly) Aha! "The first spirit will appear when the bell tolls one!" That's what old Marley said! We'll just see about that won't we? If it is twelve o'clock now, I need only wait for one hour! *(He grabs his walking stick to use as a weapon and sits defensively in his chair)* Welcome to my world, Spirit!

## NARRATOR

But time passed very slowly, and Scrooge began to stray from his planned vigilance. *(Scrooge snores)* And at last the one o'clock hour arrived! *(He smiles and exits)*

## VIDEO 9 &amp; 9A

## SCENE 5

The bell tolls, music **HARK THE HERALD ANGELS**, played on the violin and Scrooge sleeps on. A star appears in the night sky and begins to move toward Scrooge's window. A blinding flash of light, the windows open and the curtains blow inward, as a stunningly beautiful woman, dressed in blue and white silks and dazzling jewelry, glides into the room, playing the violin. Female voices sing:

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING  
GLORY TO THE NEW BORN KING  
PEACE ON EARTH AND MERCY MILD  
GOD AND SINNERS RECONCILED  
JOYFUL, ALL YE NATIONS RISE  
JOIN THE TRIUMPH OF THE SKIES  
WITH ANGELIC HOST PROCLAIM  
"CHRIST IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM"



V9 Animation of star coming down to window.

V9A Restores to bedroom.

*(She shimmers. She glows. She is magnificent. She walks slowly to the sleeping SCROOGE and gazes at him. She raises her arms in a majestic gesture and Scrooge, still sleeping, rises from his chair. She snaps her fingers, an enormous sound echoes through the chamber, and SCROOGE awakens. He is unsure of where he is for a moment, then he turns to see his ghostly visitor. He is completely stunned and momentarily speechless.)*

## SCROOGE

*(he can think of nothing else to say)*

You...are beautiful.

## PAST

Yes. And you are repulsive.

## SCROOGE

*(his reverie shattered, he sputters back to form)*

How dare you? Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?

## PAST

That is correct, old man.

SCROOGE

Who are you and how the devil did you get in here, you impudent wench?

PAST

Hold your tongue! You will address me with respect! I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE

Oh, are you now? Well, I have heard that ghosts can disappear, so why don't you do just that?

PAST

No, I shan't go anywhere. We have some business to attend.

*(She sits languidly, almost seductively on Scrooge's bed)*

SCROOGE

*(a baffled pause)*

I am sure I have no business with the likes of you! (He moves toward the bed) Now get out of my way, I am going to sleep!

PAST

*(glides across the room, holding the blanket she has plucked from the bed)*

I think not.

SCROOGE

What are you doing? Put that blanket back on the bed!

PAST

Feel free to take it from me. After all, I'm just a woman.

*(SCROOGE glares at her malevolently, then lunges forward. Past whirls and deftly pulls the blanket away from his reach as he passes her. SCROOGE lunges again, and he fails again.)*

PAST

Having trouble?

SCROOGE

Enough! *(He gains control with a huge effort and speaks calmly)* Please have the courtesy to explain to me who you are and why you are here.

PAST

I told you! I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE

Long past?

PAST

No, your past!

SCROOGE  
*(holding his temper)*

I see. And what reason brings you here to me, Spirit?

PAST

Your welfare. Now come along, we have much to see.

SCROOGE

It seems to me that a good night's sleep would be most conducive to my welfare. *(He heads back to the bed)* Keep the wretched blanket—

PAST

*(She freezes his movement with a gesture, SCROOGE is alarmed at his inability to move)*  
 Stop! Ebenezer Scrooge, you will accompany me! There is work to be done.

*(Another gesture and the windows open)*

SCROOGE

What? Out the window?

PAST

Of course.

SCROOGE  
*(at the window ledge)*

But I am mortal and liable to fall! I'll sue!

PAST

No, you won't. You'll fly!

*(She puts a hand toward Scrooge's chest and 'shoves' him out the window. The bedroom disappears under the following:)*

THE FIRST NOEL THE ANGELS DID SAY  
 WAS TO CERTAIN POOR SHEPHERDS  
 IN FIELDS AS THEY LAY,  
 IN FIELDS WHERE THEY,  
 LAYING THEIR SHEEP  
 ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT  
 THAT WAS SO DEEP.  
 NOEL NOEL NOEL NOEL!  
 BORN IS THE KING OF ISRAEL!

## VIDEO 10

## SCENE 6

( PAST and SCROOGE re-enter to a s nowy country road. Lights and music **THE FIRST NOEL** harken to a quiet, peaceful time of many years ago. Scrooge is stupefied.)

SCROOGE  
(looking around in wonder)

Good heavens!

PAST

Do you know where we are?

SCROOGE  
(quietly)

Yes...I was a boy here. I was bred in this place. This is the road that led to Old Master Digby's schoolhouse, where I was a student long ago...

PAST

You remember the way?

SCROOGE

Remember it? I could walk it blindfolded!

PAST

Really? Strange to have forgotten it for so many years.

*(She gestures off and ushers in a boy, head down, kicking at the ground sadly. Scrooge gasps as he recognizes himself, alone and friendless.)*

SCROOGE

Spirit! That boy...is me?

*(Past nods. The boy stops and sighs heavily, and two ruffians enter)*

SCUMM

Hurry along, Mr Weezil! We can't very well rob the man's house if he's sittin' in it!

WEEZIL  
(drinking deeply from a bottle)

Don't you worry, Mr Scumm! Old Digby won't be leaving that pub for hours yet. The man loves his drink! And I have this!

*(He holds up a large key, which Scumm snatches away)*

SCUMM

HA! Let's get this over with before he misses it!

*(He races across the stage and crashes headlong into the boy Scrooge, sending him sprawling)*



V10 Animated snow and country road

Oww! Watch where you're going!

WEEZIL

Well well, what do we have here?

*(They roughly haul the boy to his feet and rifle his pockets)*

Got any food, boy? Any money?

BOY SCROOGE

No sir. No money.

SCUMM

No money? You'll never amount to anything without money, boy! (The boy is hurled to the ground)

WEEZIL

Wait! I know this one! It's that weird Scrooge pup! (He picks up a book in mockery) Head of your class at Digby's, ain't you, you little walkin' disease?

SCUMM

Oh, no Weezil! We touched him! Gimme some of that medicine!

*(He grabs the bottle, makes juvenile vomiting noises and writhes about, to Weezil's delight)*

WEEZIL

Hurry, we have to find a doctor, because...

WEEZIL and SCUMM

We got Scrooooooooooged!

*(Derisive laughter as they exit, kicking one of Scrooge's books out of his reach as they go)*

Bring some money next time, ye worthless scab.

*(The boy slowly picks himself up and collects his things)*

PAST

*(staring intently at the adult Scrooge)*

Your lip is trembling. And what is that upon your cheek?

SCROOGE

*(wipes away a tear simultaneously with his younger self)*

Nothing. I wish...ah, but it's too late now.

PAST

What's the matter?

SCROOGE

Nothing...nothing.

PAST

*(her first moment of kindness with him)*

Speak. Your secrets are safe with me, Ebenezer Scrooge.

SCROOGE

*(gazing at his younger self)*

Poor child!

*(The Boy Scrooge slowly gathers his books and exits. Scrooge is quite shaken)*

There were some children singing a Christmas song at my office yesterday. I should like to have given them something, that's all. You asked if I could remember this way? There are some things a man can never forget. *(He sighs and steels his emotions anew)* These boys—they could not see us?

PAST

These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no awareness of us at all. But come, we have more to see.

## VIDEO II

*(Another gesture from Past, and they travel to another part of the stage as the lights change)*

Do you know this place?

SCROOGE

My old school! Dark and empty...

PAST

It is not quite deserted. A single child is left there still, neglected by his friends.

*(Boy Scrooge enters, engrossed in a book, and settles on a stool)*

SCROOGE

Spirit, this child had no friends by whom he could be neglected. No one loved him—

PAST

Oh, I think you're wrong. There was at least one.



V11 School house interior. Animated snow in windows.

## SCENE 7

*(music under the scene, solo female voice and flute, maybe guitar \* hopefully only two verses))*

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY,  
WHEN THEY ARE BOTH FULL GROWN,  
OF ALL THE TREES THAT ARE IN THE WOOD,  
THE HOLLY BEARS THE CROWN.  
THE RISING OF THE SUN,  
AND THE RUNNING OF THE DEER,  
THE PLAYING OF THE MERRY ORGAN,  
SWEET SINGING IN THE CHOIR.

THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY,  
AS SWEET AS ANY FLOWER,  
AND MARY BORE SWEET JESUS CHRIST,  
TO BE OUR SWEET SAVIOR.  
THE RISING OF THE SUN,  
AND THE RUNNING OF THE DEER,  
THE PLAYING OF THE MERRY ORGAN,  
SWEET SINGING IN THE CHOIR.

THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY,  
AS RED AS ANY BLOOD,  
AND MARY BORE SWEET JESUS CHRIST,  
FOR TO DO US SINNERS GOOD.  
THE RISING OF THE SUN,  
AND THE RUNNING OF THE DEER,  
THE PLAYING OF THE MERRY ORGAN,  
SWEET SINGING IN THE CHOIR.

FAN  
*(from off)*

Ebenezer!

SCROOGE and BOY SCROOGE

Sister Fan!

FAN  
*(rushes in and leaps into Boy Scrooge's arms, covering his face with kisses)*  
Merry Christmas, dear brother! It is so good to see you! What did you get me for a Christmas gift?

BOY SCROOGE  
*(awkwardly)*

Nothing. You know I have no—

FAN  
Nothing? I'm so hurt!  
*(She fakes a pained pose, then rapidly recovers)*  
But I'll get over it! You want to know what I got for you?



BOY SCROOGE  
*(beginning to smile for the first time)*

I guess so...

Fan  
*(playing with him)*

Well, I'm not telling! So there!

BOY SCROOGE  
 Oh, please, Fan!

FAN  
*(play-acting mightily)*  
 Who is the greatest big sister in the history of the world?

BOY SCROOGE  
*(as he speaks the words, Scrooge echos them)*  
 You are.

FAN  
 And who is the loveliest, sweetest, most precious jewel in the family?

BOY SCROOGE  
*(laughing now)*  
 You are!

FAN  
 And who loves her little brother very much?

BOY SCROOGE  
*(quietly)*  
 You do.  
*(They look at each other for a moment. SCROOGE glances at Past, who nods her head)*  
 Now what's my gift?

FAN  
 I have come to bring you home.

BOY SCROOGE  
 (dumbfounded)  
 Home?

FAN  
*(exploding with joy)*  
 Yes! Home, home, home! Forever and ever! Father is very different now, and one night, at dinner, I dared to ask him if you could come home. And he said yes! And he sent me to fetch you! And you don't have to stay in this awful school anymore! And we are going to have the best Christmas ever!

BOY SCROOGE  
 Home? Is it really true?

FAN

No, I made the whole thing up! Now come on, get your things, the carriage is waiting!

*(She takes his hand and they exit happily, music out)*

PAST

She was quite a girl, wasn't she? That sister of yours?

SCROOGE

Yes, she was.

PAST

She died rather young, didn't she?

SCROOGE

*(his thoughts are far away)*

Yes, she was not yet twenty...

PAST

Tell me, did she ever bear any children?

SCROOGE

One child...she died bringing him into the world.

PAST

Ah, yes! Your nephew Fred! You haven't seen him in passing these last few days, have you?

*(Scrooge scowls in silence as a response)*

Let us move ahead ten years or so, shall we?

*(They move to another part of the stage as the lights change)*

## VIDEO 12

### SCENE 8

SCROOGE

AHA! The warehouse! I was an apprentice here long ago! My first proper job!

*SCROOGE is energized and almost happy. He turns to PAST, and she scowls and gestures expectantly toward a chair or barrel. Scrooge is confused anew. SHE gestures again more insistently.*

SCROOGE

I--I don't understand.

PAST

We may be here for a time. A gentleman usually offers a lady a seat.

*(SCROOGE scurries to oblige her)*

Thank you.

*(Reading the sign on the warehouse wall)*

Now tell me about this "Fezziwig".



V12 Warehouse interior

FEZZIWIG

(enters singing)

GOOD KING WHAT'S HIS NAME FELL DOWN, PASSED OUT ON HIS KEISTER.

BY THE TIME HE CAME AROUND, CHRISTMAS TURNED TO EASTER.

Yo ho! Ebenezer! Dick! Where the devil are those boys? Scrooge! Wilkins! No more work tonight! It's Christmas Eve!

*(YOUNG SCROOGE and DICK WILKINS rush in, nearly upending Fezziwig in the process).*

YOUNG SCROOGE

Yes, sir?

WILKINS

You called for us, sir?

FEZZIWIG

*(with great good humor)*

Yes, I called for you, you muttonheads! It's Christmas Eve! Time to set up for the party! The guests will be here at any moment! Go, go, go, go!

*(The boys dash off, and FEZZIWIG dances a silly little jig, as MRS. FEZZIWIG sneaks up behind him.)*

FEZZIWIG

*(singing again)*

GOD BLESS YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN!

I SAY THAT WHEN YOU SNEEZE—

*(MRS. FEZZIWIG gooses him, and he yelps in mock surprise)*

MERRY Christmas! Oh, it's you, my dear! I do so love your Christmas goose!

*(He bends her over in a grand dip and tries to smooch her)*

OOH! My back! My back!

*(MRS FEZZIWIG helps him to straighten up and they canoodle noisily. The BOYS re-enter and set a loaded Christmas tabletop down across two barrels and then attempt to make a hasty exit)*

FEZZIWIG

*(comically noticing them)*

And just where do you think you're going, boys?

YOUNG SCROOGE

Well, sir we don't want to interrupt a private moment, sir.

WILKINS

Yes, we can always come back later...

FEZZIWIG

Nonsense! Later is too late! We have a Christmas party to begin! Mrs. Fezziwig will simply have to get her jollies another time!

*(He gooses her in return, and she runs off squealing gaily)*

Learn from the master, boys, and the women will adore you! By the way, Ebenezer, that young Belle of yours should be arriving any time now. *(He winks broadly)*

YOUNG SCROOGE

I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about, sir!

FEZZIWIG

*(mock astonishment)*

Really? Well, I never know what I'm talking about either! *(He scratches his head in mock bewilderment)* Mrs. Fezziwig! Where is my mistletoe hat?

*(FEZZIWIG exits)*

WILKINS

He's on to you, you know.

YOUNG SCROOGE

Stop it, you great buffoon! There is nothing to be "on" to!

WILKINS

Well, if you don't want the lovely lady, I would be more than happy to take her off your hands.

YOUNG SCROOGE

You'll do nothing of the sort! Have at you!

WILKINS

What, fisticuffs?

FEZZIWIG

*(re-enters, wearing a ridiculous mistletoe headdress, enters briskly and sees them squaring off)*  
Gadzooks! Young ruffians at my Christmas party? Is nothing sacred? *(An aside to Ebenezer)*

She's heee-ere...

*(The party guests enter in a great jolly pile, rejoicing and dancing. A lively version of the **THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL** is led by the FEZZIWIGS, who dance together and finally coax YOUNG SCROOGE and BELLE into the merriment. It is obvious that YOUNG SCROOGE is very much in love with BELLE)*

WASSAIL! WASSAIL! ALL OVER THE TOWN,  
OUR TOAST IT IS WHITE AND OUR ALE IT IS BROWN;  
OUR BOWL IT IS MADE OF THE WHITE MAPLE TREE;  
WITH THE WASSAILING BOWL, WE'LL DRINK TO THEE.

HERE'S TO OUR HORSE, AND TO HIS RIGHT EAR,  
 GOD SEND OUR MASTER A HAPPY NEW YEAR:  
 A HAPPY NEW YEAR AS E'ER HE DID SEE,  
 WITH MY WASSAILING BOWL I DRINK TO THEE.

SO HERE IS TO CHERRY AND TO HIS RIGHT CHEEK  
 PRAY GOD SEND OUR MASTER A GOOD PIECE OF BEEF  
 AND A GOOD PIECE OF BEEF THAT MAY WE ALL SEE  
 WITH THE WASSAILING BOWL, WE'LL DRINK TO THEE.

HERE'S TO OUR MARE, AND TO HER RIGHT EYE,  
 GOD SEND OUR MISTRESS A GOOD CHRISTMAS PIE;  
 A GOOD CHRISTMAS PIE AS E'ER I DID SEE,  
 WITH MY WASSAILING BOWL I DRINK TO THEE.

SO HERE IS TO BROAD MARY AND TO HER BROAD HORN  
 MAY GOD SEND OUR MASTER A GOOD CROP OF CORN  
 AND A GOOD CROP OF CORN THAT MAY WE ALL SEE  
 WITH THE WASSAILING BOWL, WE'LL DRINK TO THEE.

AND HERE IS TO FILLPAIL[NOTE 3] AND TO HER LEFT EAR  
 PRAY GOD SEND OUR MASTER A HAPPY NEW YEAR  
 AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR AS E'ER HE DID SEE  
 WITH THE WASSAILING BOWL, WE'LL DRINK TO THEE.

*(SCROOGE has watched this entire scene with a mixture of great joy and terrible sadness. As the song ends, there is a loud cheer and cries of "Speech" and "Toast" until MR. FEZZIWIG climbs awkwardly up onto a box and clears his throat authoritatively.)*

MRS. FEZZIWIG

*(nudged by Mr Fezziwig that it is her cue, she is quite tipsy)*

OH! Uh, ladies and gentlemen, friends and neighbors, it is my great pleasure to introduce the host of our annual Christmas silliness, the man I call Funny Fuzzy Fezzi Face *(much laughter)*, the estima-bibble Mr. Fergus Fezziwig! *(There is much applause and joking)* Mr. Fezziwig, please honor us with the Christmas toast!

MR. FEZZIWIG

A toast, you say? A Christmas Toast?

*(He ceremoniously pulls a piece of toast from his pocket, amid much laughter)*

Thank you, my dear, thank you very much. Friends, I have written a little Christmas poem that I would like to share with you all. (He takes out a long roll of paper and lets it unravel to the floor. He looks confused for a moment) Oh, sorry everyone, this is Mrs. Fezziwig's Christmas gift list. *(Much laughter)* Ah, here it is!

*(He retrieves a tiny piece of paper, which he makes a great show of unfolding and studying)*

'Tis the night before Christmas and all through my house  
 Are my friends and relations, and my lovely spouse (*"awwww" from crowd*)  
 May we toast to the season, to the people we love.  
 May we toast to that blessed star up above.  
 Merry Christmas to one, Merry Christmas to all,  
 Now someone come get me, or else I might fall.

*(Huge cheering and laughter as FEZZIWIG clambers down and embraces his wife, along with everyone else in his path. Guests depart, singing and dancing, and the FEZZIWIG COUPLE sees them all out. Finally only YOUNG SCROOGE and BELLE remain. FEZZIWIG grasps Young Scrooge's hand warmly.)*

FEZZIWIG

Merry Christmas, my boy!

*(he glances sideways at BELLE and blows her a kiss)*

My dear!

*(gives Young Scrooge a knowing wink and thumbs up)*

My wife!

*(He sweeps his wife off stage, with one final "goose" for punctuation)*

## SCENE 9

YOUNG SCROOGE

*(he is awkward at best)*

Belle, it is so good to see you.

BELLE

Ebenezer, you saw me only yesterday.

YOUNG SCROOGE

Oh yes, of course! I must have forgotten.

SCROOGE

I remember.

YOUNG SCROOGE

*(begins to search his pockets, his movement doubled by SCROOGE, now completely engaged in the moment)*

Belle, I have something for you.

BELLE

Is it a Christmas gift?

YOUNG SCROOGE

All that, and more.

*(He kneels and offers Belle a ring.)*

Yes?

BELLE

Oh, Yes!

*(He puts the ring in her finger, the lovers embrace happily, and exit. SCROOGE is weeping with a terrible combination of joy and misery)*

PAST

You loved her very much, didn't you?

SCROOGE

Leave me alone. It doesn't matter.

PAST

Of course, it matters! Look at me!

*(SCROOGE does not do so)*

LOOK AT ME!

*(With a gesture, she forces Scrooge to turn and face her).*

Mark my words, Ebenezer Scrooge! Every life that has ever crossed a single moment in time with yours is important. The joy, the misery...it all MATTERS! What matters most is which of these memories you allow to endure. Now tell me about this foolish Fezziwig fellow. Everyone seems to love him? Because he throws big expensive celebrations?

SCROOGE

*(thoughtfully)*

No, Spirit. Old Fezziwig's charm had very little to do with any money he might have spent.

PAST

Really? Do tell. I have all the time in the world. I am Past.

SCROOGE

*(he is off balance, weak and weary)*

Old Fezziwig's strength was in his humor. He knew the way to make us happy or unhappy, to make our work light or heavy, a pleasure or a toil. His power was in his smile, in his bad jokes, his wink, his embrace. His was the gift of laughter, and the happiness he gave cannot be measured by any amount of money.

PAST

You don't say?

SCROOGE

*(suddenly aware that he is being mocked)*

Leave me alone.

PAST

What's the matter now?

SCROOGE

Nothing in particular.

PAST

Stop that. Confide in me. Your welfare, remember?

SCROOGE

I should like to be able to say a word or two to my own clerk just now, that's all.

PAST

A clerk named Cratchit?

SCROOGE

*(surprised she knows the name)*

Yes, Cratchit.

PAST

A truly decent man. But as you have insisted, it doesn't matter. Are you ready?

*(SCROOGE senses what is to come next and groans in agony. PAST gestures, lights change and YOUNG SCROOGE enters briskly, followed by BELLE. They are obviously in the midst of a rather heated discussion. SCROOGE turns away, but is forced to turn back around with another gesture from Past, and he keeps his eyes firmly fixed on BELLE.)*

BELLE

Why do you walk away from me like this?

YOUNG SCROOGE

Because what you are saying is total and complete nonsense!

BELLE

It is not nonsense! There is something in your life now that means more to you than I do.

YOUNG SCROOGE

There is no other woman in my life!

BELLE

I am not referring to another woman.

YOUNG SCROOGE

Then explain yourself!

BELLE

You have fallen in love with money. Everything else in your life, including me, is secondary to your driven pursuit of wealth.

YOUNG SCROOGE

I am trying to build a good life for myself—for us. My feelings for you have not changed.

BELLE

*(with increasing sadness)*

We have known one another for a long time, dear Ebenezer. When we first began, we were poor—

YOUNG SCROOGE

Exactly! We were poor!



BELLE

And we were happy! You were patient, gentle and sweet toward me. But you are changed. You were another man then.

YOUNG SCROOGE

I was a boy.

BELLE

Your own words tell you that you are not now what you once were.

YOUNG SCROOGE

*(after a tense pause)*

So what do you propose?

BELLE

Oh! That is an unfortunate word choice...propose.

*(She takes off her ring and gazes at it)*

I have thought long and hard about this, Ebenezer. I cannot be with you anymore.

*(She holds the ring out to him and drops it in YOUNG SCROOGE's hand)*

YOUNG SCROOGE

*(echoed by a heartbroken SCROOGE)*

I never asked for this.

BELLE

In words? No, never.

YOUNG SCROOGE

In what then?

BELLE

In a changed nature, in an altered spirit. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. Tell me, if we had met today, for the first time, would you seek me out and try to win my hand?

YOUNG SCROOGE

*(incredulous and angry)*

You think I would not?

BELLE

I know you would not.

*(There is nothing more to say)*

May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

*(YOUNG SCROOGE drops the ring to the floor, turns on his heel and storms away)*

SCROOGE

No! You foolish stubborn boy! You can't walk away now!

*(He trembles with sorrow, picks up the ring and offers it to BELLE, who weeps softly)*

Belle, I am so sorry...please take the ring. It's yours. It's always been yours...

*(WILKINS enters)*

WILKINS

Belle? Are you all right?

BELLE

Yes, I'm fine.

WILKINS

What on earth happened?

BELLE

Nothing.

*(She looks out where YOUNG SCROOGE had left)*

Absolutely nothing. Excuse me please—

*(BELLE runs out crying, leaving a bewildered WILKINS alone)*

SCROOGE

*(glaring at Wilkins)*

She's all yours, friend...

*(Wilkins exits after Belle, and SCROOGE pockets the ring)*

Spirit! Show me no more! Why do you torture me like this?

PAST

You torture yourself, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE

What are you talking about?

PAST

These are the shadows of things that have been. That they are what they are, do not blame me!

SCROOGE

You know nothing about me!

PAST

On the contrary, I know EVERYTHING about you!

SCROOGE

*(with great vehemence)*

Well, I do not want to see any more of your damnable shadows! And I have had quite enough of you and your disrespectful mouth! Now take me back at once! DO YOU HEAR ME?

PAST

*(with frightening flash of genuine anger, she grabs him by the collar)*

Yes, you rotten old fool, I hear your words perfectly well! And you can raise your voice all you want! You do not frighten me for one second...Now pay attention, your journey is not yet complete.

## VIDEO 13

## SCENE 10

(PAST gestures and BELLE re-enters, older now, still beautiful, and quite content. She sits quietly, and soon Wilkins enters and rubs her shoulders gently. Scrooge sinks to his knees in despair. He had known nothing of this plot development. Music **CAROL OF THE BELLS** under scene)



What is this? WHAT IS THIS?

SCROOGE

Are they all asleep?

BELLE

WILKINS

*(sits at her feet)*

Yes, and I only had to retell the story nine times tonight.

Belle

*(laughing)*

Well, it is Christmas Eve...they are a little excited.

WILKINS

I know. So am I.

*(sighs happily, then remembers something)*

Oh, little Victoria's dollhouse won't build itself. I must be off—

*(stands up, BELLE clings to his hand)*

BELLE

You are a wonderful grandfather. Those children adore you.

WILKINS

I am but a poor substitute for their true father. But when the accident took our boy and his wife, someone had to—

BELLE

*(hushing him gently)*

It is Christmas Eve, my love. Speak not of sadness, good Mr. Wilkins

WILKINS

Of course, lovely Mrs. Wilkins.

*(They gaze at each other warmly)*

Oh, I saw an old friend of ours this afternoon!

BELLE

Who was it?

WILKINS

Guess!

BELLE

I don't know!

(WILKINS coaxes her with a gentle "humbug")

Ebenezer?

WILKINS

Yes, I passed by his offices as he was locking up for the night. He looked right at me, but I don't think he knew who I was. His partner, Jacob Marley, is on his death bed, I hear.

BELLE

Oh, that's terrible...so Ebenezer is all alone in the world, isn't he?

WILKINS

I'm afraid so.

BELLE

Did you speak to him at all?

WILKINS

No, I didn't know what to say. Merry Christmas hardly seemed appropriate.

SCROOGE

(in a broken voice)

Spirit, remove me from this place...

PAST

(very gently)

As you wish, Ebenezer Scrooge.

*She gestures, and PAST, BELLE and WILKINS vanish as Scrooge's bedroom reappears around him.*

*NARRATOR Enters and watches.*

**VIDEO 14**

*(Music: **HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING** perhaps a vocal and violin discordant version)*

*When Scrooge looks up, he is kneeling next to his bed. He reaches out and grasps the blanket from the floor and looks around frantically. For a moment he is dazed, then he gathers himself and stands up, looking out toward the audience.*

SCROOGE

Humbug. It's all HUMBUG!!!!

*(final chord of music)*



**V14** Scrooge's Bedroom

END OF ACT ONE

VIDEO 15



V15 Intermission

## VIDEO 16

## ACT TWO

*Scrooge is discovered asleep in his bed as the lights come up. A caroler begins singing and is joined by several others, including the NARRATOR.*

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT  
ALL IS CALM, ALL IS BRIGHT  
ROUND YON VERGIN, MOTHER AND CHILD  
HOLY INFANT SO TENDER AND MILD  
SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE  
SLEEP IN HEAVENLY PEACE



*(After the song ends, the Carolers exit.)*

NARRATOR

At the stroke of one

*(The bell tolls, and Scrooge sits bolt upright in bed)*

Scrooge was wide awake, awaiting the arrival of the second ghostly visitor promised to him by Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE

Who's there?

*(He scrambles to his feet, looks sharply around)*

NARRATOR

Certain that he would challenge this spirit as soon as it appeared, he was ready, old Ebenezer Scrooge was, for anything, and nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much. But being prepared for anything, he was by no means prepared for nothing. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, and still nothing came. Until it did.

*(He smiles and exits. Music THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL)*

THE BOAR HEAD IN HAND BEAR I  
BEDECKED WITH BAYS AND ROSEMARY  
AND I PRAY YOU, MY MASTERS MERRY BE  
QUOT ESTIS IN CONVIVIO

CAPUT APRI DEFERO  
REDDENS LAUDES DOMINO

THE BOAR'S HEAD, AS I UNDERSTAND  
IS THE RAREST DISH IN ALL THIS LAND  
WHICH THUS BEDECKED WITH A GAY GARLAND  
LET US SERVICE CONTICO

CAPUT APRI DEFERO  
REDDENS LAUDES DOMINO

## VIDEO 17

*(SCROOGE searches for the source of the music and his room is suddenly bathed in a bright red light. He scrambles to the window, as a comet streaks across the night sky and explodes into his fireplace with an enormous blast of sound and smoke, revealing the Spirit of Christmas PRESENT, a towering bearded figure bedecked in fur and garlands. He carries a huge staff and wears an ornate crown of holly and berries. He is a man of enormous humor and, in this moment, he is laughing heartily)*

PRESENT

Scrooooooooooge! *(laughter)* SCROOOOOOO-OOOGE!!! Come here and know me better man! Come here! Closer, man, closer! BOOOOOOOOOO!

*(Scrooge leaps away in alarm)*

SCROOGE  
*(faltering)*

Who, or what, are you?



V17 Present entering: Animation

PRESENT

I am the Ghost of Christmas Present! Look upon me! You've never seen the like of me before?

SCROOGE

That goes without saying.

PRESENT

Have you never walked forth with my elder brothers?

SCROOGE

I sincerely doubt it. How many brothers do you have Spirit?

PRESENT

More than 1800! One for every year on the calendar!

SCROOGE

A tremendous family to provide for. Have you a name, Spirit?

PRESENT

Some might call me Nicholas, but you may call me whatever you like. Just don't call me late for Christmas dinner!

*(He pokes SCROOGE in the ribs and laughs heartily. SCROOGE is not amused)*

Not even a smile, Ebenezer Scrooge?

*(PRESENT makes several antic faces at the old man. No reaction)*

Hmmm...I was warned you were to be a difficult case. But no matter, I'll get you to laugh!

SCROOGE

I doubt that very much.

PRESENT

Laughter is a powerful force! It keeps you young at heart, and you appear to need all the help you can get!

SCROOGE

Very funny. Are all of you ghosts so impertinent?

PRESENT

*(considers briefly)*

Probably. Come, we have much to see. But first, drink this.

*(He produces an ornate bottle from the folds of his robe)*

SCROOGE

*(sniffs it warily)*

What is it? It smells delicious. *(He cautiously takes a sip)*

PRESENT

I call this the Milk of Human Kindness.

*(SCROOGE spits it out. PRESENT roars with laughter)*

Drink deeply, my friend! 'Tis a draught you have too long ignored.

SCROOGE

*(drains the bottle greedily and sighs in an unexpected moment of bliss)*

More?

PRESENT

*(snatches cup away)*

No.

SCROOGE

Lead me where you will, Spirit. I went forth last night under compulsion, but if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it. I assume we'll be flying out the window?

PRESENT

Are you mad? I do not do windows! Sit down!

SCROOGE

Where?

PRESENT

*(a magical gesture)*

THERE!



## SCENE 2

## VIDEO 18

*(PRESENT bangs his staff on the floor, and there is an explosion of lights and sound. SCROOGE is thrown into his bed awkwardly and he and the bed disappear out the window. The bedroom is whisked away, and the stage is filled with merrymaking travelers, singing with great gusto as they do last minute shopping errands.)*

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 DON WE NOW OUR GAY APPAREL  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 TROLL THE ANCIENT YULE TIDE CAROL  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA



*(Two men laden with packages crash into each other, scattering gifts everywhere. They react angrily and look as though they might get into a fist fight. With a mighty wave of Present's staff, the men immediately laugh and embrace in forgiveness. The song continues, and the travelers depart.)*

## VIDEO 18A

SEE THE BLAZING YULE BEFORE US  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 STRIKE THE HARP AND JOIN THE CHORUS  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 FOLLOW ME IN MERRY MEASURE  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
 WHILE I TELL OF YULETIDE TRASURE]  
 FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA



SCROOGE

What happened? Why did those two men change like that?

PRESENT

I happened! The Spirit of Christmas is what happened, Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE

*(guardedly impressed)*

Hmm...*(He looks around)* Where the devil are we now?

PRESENT

You have not visited this part of the city then? Behold and learn more, Scrooge!

V19 Cratchit household

## VIDEO 19

*(He gestures again with his staff, and the Cratchit household appears, with MRS CRATCHIT and son PETER busily setting the Christmas table as they sing)*

BRING A TORCH, JEANETTE, ISABELLA  
 BRING A TORCH, COME SWIFTLY AND RUN  
 CHRIST IS BORN,  
 TELL THE FOLK OF THE VILLAGE  
 JESUS IS SLEEPING IN HIS CRADLE  
 AH, AH, BEAUTIFUL IS THE MOTHER  
 AH, AH, BEAUTIFUL IS HER SON

HASTEN NOW, GOOD FOLK OF THE VILLAGE  
 HASTEN NOW, THE CHRIST CHILD TO SEE  
 YOU WILL FIND HIM ASLEEP IN THE MANGER  
 QUIETLY COME AND WHISPER SOFTLY  
 HUSH, HUSH, PEACEFULLY NOW HE SLUMBERS  
 HUSH, HUSH, PEACEFULLY NOW HE SLEEPS

SCROOGE

Who are these people, Spirit? What do they matter to me?

PRESENT

Close your mouth and open your heart, you'll soon see.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Well, this will be a fine Christmas dinner, won't it? We have less than half a family here!

PETER

*(leaving the table setting to his mother)*

I shall keep watch at the window, mother!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Thank you, Peter. You are so very helpful...Where is everyone? Where is your father, and Tiny Tim? And Martha?

MARTHA

*(enters with basket of supplies, just in time to hear her name)*

Here's Martha, mother!

MRS. CRATCHIT

My goodness, child, how late you are!

MARTHA

We'd a great deal of work to finish up, Mother, and an even greater bit of cleaning up after the work was through.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Well, never mind, so long as you are here. Sit by the fire and warm yourself, my love.

*(Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim are heard fa la la-ing offstage.)*

PETER

No, Martha, hide! Here comes Father!

*(MARTHA hastily climbs under the table and is clumsily hidden as BOB CRATCHIT enters with TINY TIM on his shoulder. They finish their song with a flourish, and CRATCHIT hands TIM over to his wife, who covers the boy with kisses)*

SCROOGE

Bob Cratchit's family! I never knew—

PRESENT

You never knew because you never asked.

SCROOGE

*(notices Tim's limp)*

Wait! What's wrong with the little one?

PRESENT

Stop talking and learn something, Ebenezer Scrooge.

CRATCHIT

Merry Christmas, my dears!

*(He notices the sad faces of wife and son)*

Why, what's the matter with all of you? Where's our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT

Not coming.

*(PETER stifles a giggle, is nudged to silence by MRS CRATCHIT)*

CRATCHIT

*(playing along mightily)*

What? Not coming home on Christmas Day?

MRS. CRATCHIT

I'm so sorry, Robert. *(She nudges Peter)*

PETER

And I'm really really really sorry, father.

CRATCHIT

*(sits dejectedly)*

This is terrible! We can't have Christmas dinner without dear Martha!

MARTHA

*(Tiny Tim points under the table and Martha leaps into view)*

Here I am, silly Father!

CRATCHIT

*(embracing his eldest)*

As punishment for deceiving your father, I banish you all to the washroom! *(Like a call to arms)* Prepare for dinner!

*(The children exit with hungry shouts of joy, TIM piggy backed by MARTHA, and his crutch set gently in the corner. CRATCHIT turns to his wife warmly)*

Merry Christmas, dear Emily.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Merry Christmas, Robert. How did little Tim behave at the church service?

CRATCHIT

Oh, as good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you've ever heard. He told me on the way home that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he is a cripple, that it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT

*(hoping against hope)*

He is getting stronger, don't you think, Bob?

CRATCHIT

*(unconvincingly)*

Oh, no doubt of that, my dear.

*(Mrs. Cratchit smiles weakly in response as the room is filled with noisy children again. A moment of alarm as Tim leads the way and nearly loses his balance.)*

TINY TIM

Father, father! You've never seen such a goose!

PETER

And you can almost hear the pudding singing in the copper!

MARTHA

This whole house smells of Christmas!

CRATCHIT

All right, my splendid family, let us gather round the table.

*(They clasp hands to form a blessing circle. Carolers appear singing under the scene)*

A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God Bless us!

*(Under scene – may need a second verse)*

WHAT CHILD IS THIS, WHO LAID TO REST,

ON MARY'S LAP IS SLEEPING?

WHOM ANGELS GREET WITH ANTHEMS SWEET,

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCH ARE KEEPING?

THIS, THIS IS CHRIST, THE KING,  
WHOM SHEPHERDS GUARD AND ANGELS SING:  
HASTE, HASTE TO BRING HIM LAUD,  
THE BABE, THE SON OF MARY!

MRS. CRATCHIT PETER, MARTHA AND TINY TIM:

God bless us!

TINY TIM

God Bless Us, Every One!

*(Cratchit family bow their heads in prayer)*

SCROOGE

Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

PRESENT

That knowledge is not for me to share, Ebenezer Scrooge. That belongs to the future...

SCROOGE

But you do know something, do you not? I can sense it. *(PRESENT nods)* What will happen to this boy?

PRESENT

I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney corner, and a carefully preserved crutch...without an owner. Unless the shadows of the future are changed, the child will die.

SCROOGE

Oh, no! No, no, kind Spirit! Surely you have some power here? Some way to intervene?

PRESENT

Unless the shadows of the future are changed, none of my family will ever know this boy. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population.

*(Scrooge recognizes his own words, and is horrified)*

Shall you decide who shall live and who must die? You do have such a power, Scrooge. All men of good will possess such power. In the eyes of Heaven, the Almighty Power, you may be more worthless and less fit to live than this poor child.

*(The CRATCHITS' prayer is over, CAROLERS exit. SCROOGE watches intently.)*

CRATCHIT

Amen.

MRS. CRATCHIT, MARTHA, PETER, TINY TIM

Amen.

CRATCHIT

It's time for the toast, my dears. *(He raises his glass)* To Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT

The founder of the feast indeed! I wish he was here right now, I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon!

CRATCHIT

My dear, please...the children. It's Christmas day.

MRS. CRATCHIT

It should be Christmas day, I am sure, on which one drinks to the health of such an odious, stingy, hard-hearted, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge! You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you, my love.

MARTHA

Father, why don't you just quit mean old Mr. Scrooge?

PETER

And get a happier job? Wouldn't that be better?

CRATCHIT

*(simply)*

I can't, sweet child. Mr. Scrooge needs me.

*(SCROOGE recognizes the truth of this statement. CRATCHIT turns to his wife hopefully)*

The toast?

MRS. CRATCHIT

I'll drink to his health for your sake and the day. Not for his. *(She raises her glass)* Long life to him. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. He'll be very merry and very happy, I'm sure.

TINY TIM

*(abruptly raises his little cup)*

To Mr. Scrooge!

ALL

To Mr. Scrooge!

*PRESENT gestures again, and the Cratchit home disappears. Scrooge and Present move to another part of the stage. The NARRATOR enters*

SCROOGE

Spirit, did you hear what that horrible woman said about me?

PRESENT

Yes, you must be very proud. *(SCROOGE frowns)* Come along we have much to see!

SCROOGE

Where are we going now?

PRESENT

Such an endless array of questions! Trust me, Scrooge, I am here to help you!

*(They exit)*

## VIDEO 20

## SCENE 3

***\*Under the NARRATOR's dialogue transitioning into FRED's is:***

*This may be underscore and then vocal – TBD – builds*

*I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY  
THEIR OLD FAMILIAR CAROLS PLAY  
AND MILD AND SWEET THEIR SONGS REPEAT  
OF PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN*

*AND THE BELLS ARE RINGING (PEACE ON EARTH)  
LIKE A CHOIR THEY'RE SINGING (PEACE ON EARTH)  
IN MY HEART I HEAR THEM  
PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN*

*AND IN DESPAIR I BOWED MY HEAD  
THERE IS NO PEACE ON EARTH I SAID  
FOR HATE IS STRONG AND MOCKS THE SONG  
OF PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN*

*BUT THE BELLS ARE RINGING (PEACE ON EARTH)  
LIKE A CHOIR SINGING (PEACE ON EARTH)  
DOES ANYBODY HEAR THEM?  
PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN*

*THEN RANG THE BELLS MORE LOUD AND DEEP  
GOD IS NOT DEAD, NOR DOTH HE SLEEP (PEACE ON EARTH, PEACE ON EARTH)  
THE WRONG SHALL FAIL, THE RIGHT PREVAIL  
WITH PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN*

*THEN RINGING SINGING ON ITS WAY  
THE WORLD REVOLVED FROM NIGHT TO DAY  
A VOICE, A CHIME, A CHANT SUBLIME  
OF PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN  
PEACE ON EARTH, PEACE ON EARTH  
PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN*

NARRATOR

*(his words illustrated by shadow puppets in the projection wall or other montage.)*

Everywhere Scrooge and the Spirit went, they saw the same thing again and again—that undeniable and glorious thing called Christmas. They saw the brilliant face of Christmas in many places. In two old women sitting before a fire, laughing until the tears ran down their faces over the misadventures of their youth. In three old men huddled in an alleyway, sharing some cheap whiskey and a song. In a pair of young lovers daring to whisper their deepest, most desperate hopes and dreams to one another. In hospitals and jails, at home and on foreign lands—In neighbors and families, churches and workplaces, the wonder of the Christmas season presented itself with all its majesty. And the Spirit of Christmas Present left his blessing over all that they saw. At last they reached a place that Scrooge recognized, although he had never been there before. (He exits)



V20 Walking through Snowfall

*(SCROOGE's nephew FRED enters, followed by many party guests in full revelry. Scrooge recognizes his nephew and is totally energized.)*

## VIDEO 21

FRED

Come along in here, everyone! There is much more room to carry on! Leave poor Millie alone in the kitchen, or she'll put you to work!

*(Music Out)*

GUEST 1

Fred, have you seen that old uncle of yours recently?

FRED

I stopped by to visit him today, as a matter of fact.

GUEST 2

That must have been interesting.

FRED

It really was no different than any other year. He threw my gift on the floor, spat out a couple nasty words about Christmas, and bah-humbugged me out the door.

LITTLE GUEST

He's a bad man! *(laughter)*

FRED

No, he's not. He's just a lonely man, and his unpleasantness carries its own punishment, so I have nothing to say against him.

GUEST 3

The old bird's got plenty of money, doesn't he?

FRED

Yes, indeed he does. But he doesn't do anything with it. His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any charitable good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it.

MILLIE

*(entering with a stunning dessert cake)*

And we are certainly not going to see any of it!

*(Laughter)*

FRED

Yes, that's probably true. But I intend to go see him again next Christmas, and the next, and the next, until finally he gives in. I really think I shook him up yesterday!

*(Laughter and reactions)*

GUEST 3

You are his only living relation, are you not?



V21 Fred's Home



FRED

That is so. But you know, I feel sorry for him. I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who does he hurt most with his antics? Himself, always! Here he takes it into his head to dislike us ...

*(His arm around Millie)*

and he refuses to come share the Holiday. What's the consequence? He doesn't miss much of a dinner!

MILLIE

*(whacks Fred as everyone laughs)*

Oh! You are a vile horrible man! I hate you...and I love you!

FRED

I am sure you have created a masterpiece, darling wife. *(To the others)* While we wait for Millie's work of art, how about a game?

*(Guests ad lib their approval of Fred's idea and begin to debate which game would be best)*

TOPPER

Oh, I have a splendid idea! How about Blind Man's Bluff?

*(With a wink at Fred. They are obviously up to some mischief)*

SCROOGE

Blind Man's Bluff? Ha! I know this game Spirit!

FRED

A brilliant suggestion, Topper!

TOPPER

And I happily volunteer Suzannah to be blindfolded!

*SUZANNAH is urged on by the others while TOPPER provides a sash for her blindfold. She is spun about a time or two as guests scatter around the room. SCROOGE gleefully plays along. FRED claps his hands loudly and everyone freezes in place. She begins to grope about, and TOPPER purposefully leaps into her path so that she "captures" him.*

FRED

And who have you captured Suzannah?

SUZANNAH

Oh, it's that devilish Topper, isn't it?

*(Much merriment as SUZANNAH is released, TOPPER gestures to FRED to play another round, and he is "captured" again. SCROOGE has complained the entire time that this is not how the game should be played))*

MILLIE

Who is it this time Suzannah?

*(Before SUZANNAH can answer, TOPPER dips her in a grand move, and plants a big kiss on her lips)*

SUZANNAH

*(laughing and removing the blindfold)*

Alright! Alright! I surrender already!

*(Much cheering and laughter)*

Let us play a different game! One where I might be safe! Let's play "Yes or No".

TOPPER

*(setting her up grandly)*

And just how do you play Yes or No, Suzannah?

SUZANNAH

*(puts her hand in Topper's face to quiet him)*

One of us must think of something, and the rest of us try to guess what it is, but the thinker can only answer with the words Yes or No.

PRESENT

Come Scrooge, my time is nearly gone.

SCROOGE

Oh, no, Spirit! Can't we stay a little longer? Ten minutes? Please?

PRESENT

*(smiling at Scrooge's newfound humor)*

You're not having *(pauses for emphasis)* FUN, are you?

SCROOGE

Absolutely not.

*(He returns his attention immediately to the party)*

SUZANNAH

Who's going to start?

29

FRED

I am! I have one! *(Posing mightily)* What am I thinking of?

GUEST 1

Is it a place?

FRED

No.

GUEST 5

Is it alive?

FRED

Yes.

Is it an animal?	Guest 3
Yes.	FRED
Is it a pretty animal?	LITTLE GUEST
Aaaah...no.	FRED
Is it a disagreeable animal?	GUEST 4
Disagreeable?	FRED
It's a bear!	SCROOGE
You have to answer yes or no!	MILLIE
Yes.	FRED (laughing)
Is it a wild animal?	GUEST 1
I think so.	FRED (laughing harder)
It's Topper!	SUZANNAH
<i>(Much laughter)</i>	
No, it's not Topper.	FRED
Does it growl?	GUEST 2
Yes.	FRED

It's a bear, I tell you!	SCROOGE	
Does it grunt?	GUEST	
Yes.	FRED	
BEAR!	SCROOGE	30
Does it talk?	GUEST 4	
Yes.	FRED	
It's a parrot! Hooray, I won!	LITTLE GUEST	
No, it's not a parrot.	FRED	
Oh, poo!	LITTLE GUEST	
<i>(She storms out of the room in frustration, a guest 1 follows her. The game continues)</i>		
You said it is an animal, is that right?	GUEST 3	
Yes, I believe we have established that.	FRED	
Does it live in Africa?	GUEST 3	
No.	FRED	
It lives in a zoo?	GUEST 3	
No.	FRED	

IT'S A BEAR!!!	SCROOGE
Does it live here in London?	GUEST 2
Oooooo...yes.	FRED
Is it free to roam the streets?	GUEST 5
Yes.	FRED
Now I am sure it's Topper! <i>(Much merriment)</i>	SUZANNAH
It's a horse!	GUEST 4
No.	FRED
It's a jackass! <i>(The entire party does a take to Topper, who roars his mock disapproval)</i>	GUEST 3
Is it a jackass?	FRED
Yes and no.	FRED
Fred, play the game right or don't play it at all!	MILLIE
I swear everything I have said is the truth.	FRED
A pussycat?	Guest 2
No.	FRED
A dog?	GUEST 4

FRED

A talking dog?

MILLIE

A pig?

FRED

Maybe.

GUEST 2

Maybe? I don't want to play anymore, Fred is cheating!

TOPPER

Wait, wait, wait! I have it! You said a disagreeable animal?

FRED

Yes.

TOPPER

And it walks the streets?

FRED

More like prowls, I'd say.

TOPPER

And it curses at all it sees?

FRED

Mmmmmmmmyess...

TOPPER

It's your Uncle Scrooge!

FRED

I declare Topper the winner!

*(Much laughter and hilarity, as the guests congratulate Fred for his clever bending of the rules.*

*SCROOGE is stung by all of this, but he is thoughtful in the game's aftermath)*

Since he has provided us with so much merriment, we would be wrong not to drink to his health.

*(Raised glasses all around)*

MILLIE

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to him, wherever and whatever he is!

FRED

He wouldn't accept my good wishes earlier but may he have them now. I give you...Ebenezer Scrooge!

GUESTS AND PRESENT

Ebenezer Scrooge!

FRED and OTHERS

NOW MY BELOVED FRIENDS, PLEASE JOIN ME IN A SONG?  
 O HOLY NIGHT THE STARS ARE BRIGHTLY SHINING  
 IT IS THE NIGHT OF OUR DEAR SAVIOUR'S BIRTH  
 LONG LAY THE WORLD IN SIN AND ERROR PINING  
 TILL HE APPEARED AND THE SOUL FELT ITS WORTH  
 A THRILL OF HOPE THE WEARY WORLD REJOICES  
 FOR YONDER BREAKS  
 A NEW AND GLORIOUS MORN  
 FALL ON YOUR KNEES  
 O HEAR THE ANGEL VOICES  
 O NIGHT DIVINE  
 O NIGHT WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

FRED

Now if my sense of smell does not deceive me, it is dinnertime!

*(The guests depart, leaving Scrooge alone with Present, who is now a much older man, bent and shaking and speaking with a cracked voice. His staff is gone, and he stands in front of a cloth covered table which conceals the Ignorance and Want puppeteers).*

## VIDEO 22

### SCENE 4

PRESENT

Come, Scrooge, I need to show you one last thing before I leave you forever.

*(An eerie fog has begun to envelop the stage)*

SCROOGE

What? Leave me forever? Where are you going? What has happened to you?

PRESENT

My time on this earth is not long. It lasts only twenty-four hours. The span of one day.

SCROOGE  
*(a realization)*

Christmas day...

PRESENT

That's right. Good for you. But now I am done.

SCROOGE

But you can't leave me. You've been...my friend.



V22 Late night cold streets.  
 Ignorance and Want.

PRESENT  
(gently)

Not anymore. Look here, old man!

*(Two terribly disfigured and filthy children appear from beneath the robe of CHRISTMAS PRESENT. SCROOGE is repulsed, and recoils in horror)*

Do not turn away from me! Look at them!

SCROOGE

Spirit, who are those children? Are they yours?

PRESENT

They belong to all mankind. They cling to me in my final moments, hoping, praying that their lives will change. This boy is Ignorance. The girl is Want. They are eternally starving, eternally dying. And they call for you, Ebenezer Scrooge!

*(The children reach out to SCROOGE, a distant bell begins to toll)*

They want you to join them in their endless suffering.

SCROOGE

*(quaking with fear and revulsion)*

Can no one help them? What can be done for them?

PRESENT

*(in an unearthly echoing voice)*

Why not let them all go to prison? They'll get a nice warm bed and three square meals a day!

*(There is an explosion and the Spirit of Christmas PRESENT, laughing mockingly, vanishes along with the spectral children. SCROOGE is left alone for a moment, then he feels the presence of another figure. It is the Ghost of Christmas FUTURE, huge and hooded in black. Thunder and lightning)*

**VIDEO 23**

## SCENE 5

SCROOGE

I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come

*(The Spirit nods slowly)*

You are about to show me shadows of things that have not happened but will happen in the time before us?

*(The Spirit nods again)*

Ghost of the Future, I fear you more than any spectre I have seen, but I know your purpose is to do me good, isn't that right?

*(The Spirit does not nod)*

Will you not speak to me?

*(Huge thunderclap, as the Spirit points SCROOGE toward another part of the stage. Carolers sing)*



**V23** Slow crossfade to cemetery and fog as Future enters.



GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN  
 LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY  
 REMEMBER, CHRIST, OUR SAVIOUR  
 WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY  
 TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER  
 WHEN WE WERE GONE ASTRAY  
 O TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY,  
 COMFORT AND JOY  
 O TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY

## VIDEO 24



V24 Cold street as two rich men

*(Two rich men totter in during song. NOTE—All action and characterizations in Future, except for the Cratchit family, are twisted...odd, abnormal, comically bizarre)*

MAN 1

No, I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead.

MAN 2

When did he die?

MAN 1

Last night, I believe.

MAN 2

Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd live forever.

MAN 1

God knows.

MAN 2

What has he done with all his money?

MAN 1

I haven't heard. Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me, that's all I know!

*(They laugh)*

MAN 2

Probably going to be a cheap funeral, wouldn't you think?

MAN 1

Oh yes, I'm sure. Come to think of it, who on earth would go to his funeral?

MAN 2

Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

MAN 1

Well, I don't mind going...if a lunch is provided!

*(They laugh)*

MAN 2

Well, I am most disinterested, for a never wear black and I rarely eat lunch!

*(They laugh)*

But I'll go if you will.

MAN 1

You know, I might very well have been his very best friend in the world.

MAN 2

You don't say?

MAN 1

Yes, we said hello to each other at least twice a year.

*(They roar with laughter and disappear into the fog)*

SCROOGE

Spirit, why do you show me this? Of whom do they speak?

**VIDEO 25**

(Thunder and lightning as the SPIRIT points to another part of the stage, where OLD JOE sits in tattered clothing, muttering and cackling to himself. Two women and a man sneak on from various directions. When they see each other, there is a moment of blank astonishment, then they all burst out laughing)

CHARWOMAN

Well, fancy meetin' you here! Ain't we all gathered for the same reason?

LAUNDRESS

I'm sure I have no idea what you're talkin' about.

CHARWOMAN

Oh, stop it, honey! Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did!

OLD JOE

You couldn't have met in a better place. Welcome, friends. Come in and share your treasures with Old Joe. Sit wherever you like, there's plenty of room.

*(LAUNDRESS hesitates)*

Don't be afraid my dear. No one will harm you.

*(Though the UNDERTAKER ogles her maliciously)*

CHARWOMAN

Anyway, who's gonna miss a few little trinkets like these? Not a dead man!

*(All laugh in a warped, sinister manner)*

UNDERTAKER

If he wanted to keep these things after he was dead, he should have been a better man when he was alive. Finders keepers...



**V25** Old Joe (sewer pipe)

CHARWOMAN

And besides, there's nobody who cared enough to check on what might be missing. The old bugger died all alone. No friends, no family. Nothing.

LAUNDRESS

That's true. It's a judgement on him. Open my bundle, Old Joe, and let me know what it's worth.

Undertaker: No, no. I am in haste. Let me go first. (He whispers to Old Joe) I have brought all the usual items.

OLD JOE

*(cackling as he pays the Undertaker)*

Then you shall have the usual reward!

*(Turns his attention to LAUNDRESS, and rummages through her bundle)*

All right honey, what you got? Let's see...a pocketwatch, some towels, shoes, a teaspoon.

LAUNDRESS

That's a silver teaspoon!

OLD JOE

Ooooh silver!

*(He licks the teaspoon in a vulgar way, makes some calculations on his fingers, digs into his purse and pulls out some money. He leers at the LAUNDRESS)*

I always give too much to the ladies. It is my tragic flaw, my fatal weakness. Here you are, love.

*(Gives her some coins, she begins to protest. He becomes suddenly and frighteningly angry, perhaps reaching into his coat for a knife)*

You got a problem, honey?

CHARWOMAN

*(easing laundress away)*

No, she don't have no problem, Old Joe. She's just fine. Now undo my bundle.

OLD JOE

*(muttering, referring to something else entirely)*

I'd like to undo your bundle...what is this?

CHARWOMAN

Blankets.

LAUNDRESS

The blankets he slept on?

CHARWOMAN

Who else's do you think? He ain't gonna catch a cold now!

OLD JOE

I hope he didn't die of anything contagious.

CHARWOMAN

What difference does that make? You got every disease in the book?

(ALL laugh violently, as OLD JOE pays her)

UNDERTAKER

I do have one last special item.

OLD JOE

Do you now?

UNDERTAKER

Oh, yes.

*(Proudly pulls out a shirt)*

The best one he had.

LAUNDRESS

Wouldn't he wear the best one he had to go meet his Maker?

UNDERTAKER

He did!!

*(ALL laugh, OLD JOE pays him, and they scuttle away in several directions)*

SCROOGE

Spirit, I am sorry, but I don't understand. These vile people, this odd chatter. Of whom do they speak?

*(Thunder. SPIRIT gestures to a body lying on a slab. SCROOGE approaches warily, then stops in fear)* **VIDEO 26**

I cannot.

*(SPIRIT gestures again)*

I understand you and would do it if I could but I have not the power. Can you show me no tenderness connected with a death?

**VIDEO 27**

(Another gesture from FUTURE, more thunder and lightning. Lights come up on a corner of the Cratchit home—minus Bob and Tiny Tim. No furniture but one small stool Music COVENTRY CAROL on VIOLIN. MRS. CRATCHIT cradles a crutch in her lap. PETER at her feet and MARTHA behind her. SCROOGE is mortified.

SCENE 6

MARTHA

*(reading the Bible)*

And he took a child and set Him in the midst of them.

*(Mrs. Cratchit heaves a great sigh and closes her eyes tightly)*

Don't cry, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT

I'm not crying, love. The candlelight hurts my eyes, is all. Father should be home soon.



**V26** Fog and tombstones behind the body on a slab.



**V27** Cratchitt Home

MARTHA

He is behind his time tonight. He's normally home by now.

PETER

I think he's walking a little slower than he used to.

MARTHA

He used to run very fast with Tim on his shoulder, remember?

PETER

I miss Tim. Very much.

*(MRS. CRATCHIT cries, and the children gather around her. BOB CRATCHIT enters)*

CRATCHIT

Hello, my dears.

*(Embraces his CHILDREN, then to MRS. CRATCHIT)*

Are you all right, my love?

MARTHA

She's fine.

CRATCHIT

I know she's fine. We're all going to be fine, isn't that so?

*(Reluctant nods from his children)*

Remember when one of us was feeling a little sad, how Tiny Tim would make us smile? Well, I am sure that's what he wants now. Smiles from his family. Is everyone ready?

*(He gets their best effort, but it is not very successful)*

We'll try again later...

PETER

I'm glad you're home, Father.

CRATCHIT

I'm glad to be home, Peter. (To his wife) You know who I saw today?

MRS CRATCHIT

Who?

CRATCHIT

Mr. Scrooge's nephew, Fred. I hardly know the man, but he noticed that I was a little down, and asked if he could help in some way. I told him what had happened, and he was the kindest, most earnest fellow I think I've ever met. He said to give his regards and sympathy to my good wife. How he knew that, I have no idea.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Knew what, dear?

CRATCHIT

Why, that you were a good wife!

PETER

Everybody knows that!

CRATCHIT

We certainly do, don't we? But it really was remarkable how warm Fred was to me. It's almost as if he knew our dear Tiny Tim himself. He also said as soon as my oldest boy was ready, he would help him find a position with his company.

MARTHA

And then Peter will get married and move away and live happily ever after!

PETER

Get married? How awful...

CRATCHIT

Well, there's plenty of time before that happens, my boy. But, however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall never forget little Tim, and this first parting there was among us?

PETER and MARTHA

No, never father.

Mrs. Cratchit

And I'm sure that when we remember how patient and how mild he was, we won't argue or fuss with one another, will we?

PETER and MARTHA

No, never mother.

CRATCHIT

I am happy. I am very, very happy. (But he breaks down in tears as lights fade on the family)

SCROOGE

**VIDEO 28**

Spirit, something tells me that our time together is nearly gone.

*(Ominous music, FLUTE AND VIOLIN maybe, and fog begin to creep in)*

I know it, but I know not how I know it.

*(A huge gravestone appears)*

Before I approach that stone, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of things that will be, or things that may be, only? May I change the events you have shown me, or is it too late? Will you not speak to me?

*(The SPIRIT gestures again and thunder rumbles. SCROOGE walks slowly to the gravestone, and brushes away some moss, which reveals in hideous glowing red letters his own name. He falls to his knees in front of the stone)*

Am I the man who lay upon that slab? Oh, no, no! Spirit, hear me! I am not the man I was! I have been changed by all that I have seen!

*(The SPIRIT beckons Scrooge toward the grave. SCROOGE resists with all his might)*



**V28** Cemetery as we leave

Why show me this if I am past all hope? Please Spirit, I beg you, have mercy on me! I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future, and the Spirits of all three shall thrive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that I have learned. Please, good Spirit, please!

*The SPIRIT responds by opening his arms wide and then enfolding Scrooge and the gravestone in a horrifying embrace. We hear SCROOGE's muffled cries from within the blackness. An enormous clap of thunder and lightning, and the Spirit and gravestone are replaced by Scrooge's bedroom. SCROOGE is no longer bound by the arms of the Spectre of Death but tangled up in his blankets at the foot of his bed.* **VIDEO 29**

## SCENE 7

SCROOGE

*(mumbling wildly)*

I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future...I will not shut out the lessons I have learned. I will—

*(He opens his eyes and realizes where he is. Carolers sing quietly under scene)*

SAID THE NIGHT WIND TO THE LITTLE LAMB,  
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE  
WAY UP IN THE SKY, LITTLE LAMB,  
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE  
A STAR, A STAR, DANCING IN THE NIGHT  
WITH A TAIL AS BIG AS A KITE  
WITH A TAIL AS BIG AS A KITE

SAID THE LITTLE LAMB TO THE SHEPHERD BOY,  
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR  
RINGING THROUGH THE SKY, SHEPHERD BOY,  
DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR  
A SONG, A SONG, HIGH ABOVE THE TREES  
WITH A VOICE AS BIG AS THE SEA  
WITH A VOICE AS BIG AS THE SEA

SCROOGE  
*(under music)*

Oh! Oh, my! My blanket...my bed? It's all here! I am here! The shadows of the Future are just that—shadows! I know that now! I know it!

*(Searches about his room wildly, practically dancing with joy. He laughs. He is startled by his own laughter, which comically devolves into crying)*

I don't know what to do! I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man!

*(He whirls about the room)*

There is the chair where I met the Spirit of Christmas Past! Here is the wardrobe where the ghost of Jacob Marley appeared. What is this?

*(He feels something in his pocket, discovers BELLE's ring from long ago and slips it on his pinky in astonishment)*



Belle's ring? BELLE'S RING!!! It's all true, it's all real, it all happened! Ha, ha! I don't know what day it is! I don't know what time it is! I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits! I don't know anything, I'm quite a baby! Goo! Hahaha! Never mind, I don't care! I'd rather be a baby! Whoooo!

*(Falls to his knees)*

Heaven and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob! On my knees!

*(Falls backward in rapture)*

On my back! Hahaha!

*(Scrambles to his feet, rushing to the coatrack and donning his greatcoat, hat and scarf)*

Hurry on, Ebenezer you old fool, you have much to do before another day passes.

*(He exits his room into the London streets)* **VIDEO 30**

Merry Christmas Everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world!!

*(Carolers Stop singing, SCROOGE (Spots an approaching YOUNG MAN))*

Hey, hey, there? What's today?



**V30** The London Streets

YOUNG MAN

'Scuse me, guv'ner?

SCROOGE

What day is it, my fine fellow?

YOUNG MAN

Today? Why, it's Christmas day!

SCROOGE

It's Christmas day? I haven't missed it! The Spirits have done it all in one night. Well, of course, they can do anything they like. They're Spirits! Hey! Hey, my good man!

YOUNG MAN

Yes, sir?

SCROOGE

Do you know where Mr. Carver's butcher shop is, in the next street but one?

YOUNG MAN

I should hope I do. He's my father!

SCROOGE

You don't say? Mr. Carver is your papa?

YOUNG MAN

That's what I said!

SCROOGE

Is he open for business this morning?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah, he was...but he's closing up now. Said he had to count up the money to pay off a debt to some rotten old geezer.



SCROOGE

Some rotten old geezer? That's wonderful! That's me!

*(The YOUNG MAN tries to leave, a bit alarmed by this lunatic in the streets)*

Wait, son! Here! Tell your father to forget all about the money for that rotten old geezer, and can you tell me if the prize-winning turkey is still hanging in the window?

YOUNG MAN

What, the one as big as me?

SCROOGE

Yes, that's the one, you splendid fellow!

YOUNG MAN

it's hanging there now.

SCROOGE

Yeee-hah!! Here!

*(Tosses a bag of coins at the boy)*

Go and buy that turkey!

YOUNG MAN

You're joking?

SCROOGE

Oh, no, my friend. I am in earnest! Here

*(Scribbles furiously on a piece of paper)*

is where to deliver it, and here

*(Tosses more money)*

is some extra money for your trouble! And tell your father to come see me after the holiday! I will have good news for him!

YOUNG MAN

*(starts to run off, then stops)*

Who are you, mister?

SCROOGE

*(ponders the question)*

I was Ebenezer Scrooge, my friend, I have no bloody idea who I am right now! Be off with you! And thank you! God Bless You! Merry Christmas!

*(The YOUNG MAN dashes off and SCROOGE sings a nonsense song to the tune of Joy to the World)*

I sent that turkey to Bob Cratchit's house! It's twice the size of Tiny Tim! Oh won't he be surprised! He won't believe his eyes!

*(SCROOGE exits, singing and whooping with joy.)*

## SCENE 8

*(The street is filled with people exchanging Christmas hellos)*

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD IS COME!  
 LET EARTH RECEIVE HER KING;  
 LET EVERY HEART PREPARE HIM ROOM,  
 AND HEAVEN AND NATURE SING,  
 AND HEAVEN AND NATURE SING,  
 AND HEAVEN, AND HEAVEN, AND NATURE SING.

JOY TO THE WORLD, THE SAVIOR REIGNS!  
 LET MEN THEIR SONGS EMPLOY;

*(SCROOGE bursts back onto the scene, hugging everyone he meets and generally causing quite a ruckus, singing and shouting Merry Christmas to one and all).*

WHILE FIELDS AND FLOODS, ROCKS, HILLS AND PLAINS  
 REPEAT THE SOUNDING JOY,  
 REPEAT THE SOUNDING JOY,  
 REPEAT, REPEAT, THE SOUNDING JOY.

(\*A possible third verse)

*(He spots the charitable duo from the previous day.)*

SCROOGE

Hello, friends! (Both men scream in alarm) How are you this glorious Christmas morning?

GROMMET

Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE

Yes, sir, that is my name, and I fear it may not be a pleasant one to you. I do hope you succeeded in your endeavors yesterday. That was most kind of you.

WIGGIN

*(stunned)*

Actually sir, we fell a bit short of our goal. Times is hard for everyone, you see—

SCROOGE

Say no more!

*(Whips out his chequebook and writes in it)*

You are short of your goal no longer!

*(WIGGIN AND GROMMET gape at the size of the donation)*

GROMMET

My dear Mr. Scrooge, you can't be serious?

SCROOGE

Oh, I am, sir. There are quite a few back payments included in that donation, I assure you.

WIGGIN

Thank you, Mr. Scrooge! And bless you!

SCROOGE

Why? Did I sneeze?

*(Laughs uproariously at his bad joke. They are flummoxed)*

I made a joke. Achoo! Come and see me tomorrow, gentlemen, won't you? We have much to discuss!

GROMMET

Oh, I will!

WIGGIN

I will!

GROMMET and WIGGIN

We will!

*(Hearty backslaps and embraces all around, Scrooge whirls and nearly collides with FRED and MILLIE. All three scream in alarm)*

SCROOGE

Fred! My dear nephew Fred! How are you, my splendid boy? Did I ever tell you how much you look like your mother?

FRED

Uh...well, I...

SCROOGE

Well you do! Your mother was a beautiful woman, surpassed only by this vision of loveliness.

*(He has turned to Millie)*

Merry Christmas, my dear. This boy is treating you well, I trust?

*(He kisses her hand)*

MILLE

Uncle Scrooge, are you feeling all right?

*(She pulls her hand away gently, and SCROOGE ends up kissing Fred's hand)*

SCROOGE

Oh yes! I feel tremendously well. God bless you for asking. In fact, I have never felt as well as I do at this moment!

*(A silly little jig of joy, then he removes his hat solemnly)*

FRED

I would like to come to Christmas dinner...if the offer still stands.

FRED

The offer has always stood, Uncle. You are most welcome.

SCROOGE

Splendid! Tell me, after dinner can we play Yes and No? Because I still say it was a bear.

(SCROOGE exits. FRED and MILLIE exchange astonished looks of alarm and amusement, then chase after him)

FRED

Uncle Ebenezer! Are you all right?

## SCENE 9

### VIDEO 31

NARRATOR

And Scrooge was early at his office the next morning. He had his heart set on getting there first, so he could catch Bob Cratchit coming in late, and he had not even changed out of his nightclothes. Cratchit was hardly ever late for work, but on this December the 26th, Scrooge's luck was with him.



V31 Outside of Scrooge's Firm

SCROOGE

*(enters, peers into his office, sees that he is alone and rubs his hands together with glee)*

HA! He's not here! This will be delicious!

CRATCHIT

*(rushing on)*

I'll have those papers you wanted immediately, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE

I've already done them, Cratchit. Your services will not be required on those projects. Or any others today, as a matter of fact.

CRATCHIT

What? Oh, sir, I—

SCROOGE

Just what do you mean coming in at this hour, may I ask?

CRATCHIT

I am sorry, sir. I am a bit late.

SCROOGE

You are? Yes, I believe you are! Explain yourself sir!

CRATCHIT

Well, I was making rather merry yesterday, sir. You see, the most extraordinary thing happened. Someone sent the biggest turkey I have ever seen in my life to my home—

SCROOGE

Is that so?

CRATCHIT

Yes, sir. And no sooner had we finished dinner, but a coach pulled up in front of my home, filled with toys and gifts for my children! I assured the coachman he must have the wrong address, but he insisted.

SCROOGE

Really?

CRATCHIT

So you can imagine my children were quite excited, and I'm afraid they exhausted me, and I slept beyond my hour this morning, sir.

SCROOGE

I'll tell you what, my friend. I will not stand for this sort of thing any longer. Step this way, if you please...

CRATCHIT

Oh, please, Mr. Scrooge. It will never happen again, sir.

SCROOGE

No, it won't I can assure you.

*(Cratchit is cringing in fear)*

Because I am about...to...raise your salary!

CRATCHIT

NO! Please, Mr. Scrooge, I beg you! What did you say?

SCROOGE

Merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas than I have given you in many a year! I will raise your salary, shorten your hours, and do everything I can to assist your struggling family. I promise you we will get to the bottom of Tiny Tim's illness, and I'll see if I can provide any clues as to the identity of your anonymous benefactor yesterday. Now Bob Cratchit...take the rest of the day off!

*(CRATCHIT faints to the floor)*

I didn't mean right here Bob!

*(SCROOGE helps CRATCHIT to his feet)*

Now my friend, would you be so kind to join me in a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop? *(They exit arm in arm as the NARRATOR enters)*

### VIDEO 32

Narrator: Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more. And to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a citizen, and as good a man as the good old city knew.

*(CRATCHIT family tableau)*

Some people laughed at him because he was so changed. But he didn't care. His own heart was filled with enough laughter for everyone. He never saw any Spirits again, but it was always said of him that if any man alive possessed the real spirit of Christmas—it was Ebenezer Scrooge.

*(The company begins to reassemble onstage with MUSIC TBD under)*

Now I know that many of you will find this tale to be completely implausible. Merely a ghost story. Nothing more than a pleasant diversion on a frosty Christmas Eve. But what if I told you that I know it all to be absolutely true? You see, friends,

*(He removes his hat)*

my name is Timothy Cratchit.

NARRATOR and TINY TIM

God Bless Us, Everyone!



V32 Pan back to streets as narrator speaks

God Bless Us, Everyone.

SCROOGE

God Bless Us...Everyone!

COMPANY

JOY TO THE WORLD?  
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS?

END OF PLAY