**“A Christmas Carol”**

**By Charles Dickens**

(adapted by Patricia Hesse & Angie Hunt)

**GROUP 1**

**HESSE TALKS**

**STAVE 1**

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**PLAY - #1 –continue with #2 when #1 stops**

**Narrator**: Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate.

 Scrooge never painted out Old Marley’s name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley**.** Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster.

 Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, “My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?” No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o’clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men’s dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, “No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!”

***# 3******MONITOR*** *(****Curtain opens*** *–city scene, dancing –“SCROOGE” sung by Piper and chorus by Cast (2nd grade students are mice, singing the mice part. Each actor is doing something –beggars, buying chestnuts. Things are happening during singing. Mice see cheese, begin to pick it up –Ebeenezer see its it and picks it up, smelling it and putting it in his pocket)*

**Father Mouse**: There goes our Christmas dinner!

**Mother Mouse**: It’s moldy bread again this year for the wee ones.

*(Scrooge goes near the beggars –one is holding a baby wrapped up in dirty rags –she is holding out a cup toward Scrooge)*

**Beggar Woman**: penny for the baby sir penny for the baby" *(Scrooge drops a rock in the cup –she eagerly takes it, then looks at it in disgust!) A ROCK!! AND A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU TO SIR!!!*

**Narrator** (*during song*): Scrooge liked the cold. He was hard and sharp as a flint...secretive. Self-contained as solitary as an oyster.

**Replay # 3 while they change set**

**Set Change Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**SCROOGE ENTERS** **#6 (bell)**

**#7 as he comes into office**

**Cratchit**: Mornin’ Sir (rubbing hands over candle –Scrooge sits and begins counting money. Bob puts coal in, scared.)

**Scrooge**: What do ya think you’re doing Mr. Cratchit!?

**Cratchit**: It’s such a cold morning. I thought we could use a bit more of coal on the fire sir.

**Scrooge**: Do you pay for the coal in this office Mr. Cratchit?

**Cratchit**: No Sir.

**Scrooge**: Then return the coal to the bin.

**Cratchit**: Yes sir (he does so)

**#6** BELL RINGS

**Fredericka**: A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

**Scrooge**: Bah! Humbug! (*throws snow over shoulder*)

**Fredericka**: Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don’t mean that, I am sure?

**Scrooge**: I do. Merry Christmas! What reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.

**Fredericka**: What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough.

**Scrooge**: Bah! Humbug!

**Fredericka**: Don’t be cross uncle!

**Scrooge**: What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! What’s Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money. If I could work my will every idiot who goes about with ‘Merry Christmas’ on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

**Fredericka**: Uncle!

**Scrooge**: Niece! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

**Fredericka**: Keep it! But you don’t keep it.

**Scrooge**: Let me leave it alone, then. Much good it has ever done you!

**Fredericka**: There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say …Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round --as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of all people as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!

(*Bob Cratchit claps his hands vigorously and then cowers when scolded)*

**Scrooge**: Let me hear another sound from *you* and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your employment!

**Fredericka**: Don’t be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.

**Scrooge**: Bah! Humbug! I’d sooner see you in Hades!

**Fredericka**: But why? Why?

**Scrooge**: Why did you get married?” said Scrooge.

**Fredericka**: Because I fell in love.

**Scrooge**: Because you fell in love! That’s even more ridiculous than “Merry Christmas!” Good afternoon!

**Fredericka**: I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

**Scrooge**: Good afternoon.

**Fredericka**: I am sorry, with all my heart, but I’ll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So A Merry Christmas, uncle!

**Scrooge**: Good afternoon!

**Fredericka**: And A Happy New Year! Merry Christmas to you Mr. Cratchitt! (He perks up happy)

**Bob Cratchit**: Merry Christmas, Miss!

AS SHE LEAVES -BELL RINGS **#7**

**GROUP 2**

**Scrooge**: Humph! Fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas? Bah. Humbug!

BELL RINGS **#8**

(*Two solicitors enter*… *throughout Scrooge loses count of his money over and over*)

**Madame Kirby**: Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?

**Scrooge**: Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night.

**Madame Reynolds**: At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge (taking up a pen) it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the Poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

**Scrooge**: Are there no prisons?

**Madame Kirby**: Plenty of prisons…

**Scrooge**: And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation?

**Madame Reynolds**: They are. Still, I wish I could say they were not.

**Scrooge**: Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course. I’m very glad to hear it.

**Madame Reynolds**: They scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the poor… we are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?”

**Scrooge**: Nothing!

**Madame Kirby**: You wish to be anonymous?

**Scrooge**: I wish to be left alone. I don’t make merry myself at Christmas and I can’t afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned—they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.

**Madame Kirby**: Many can’t go there; and many would rather die.

**Scrooge**: If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population! Good afternoon ladies!

BELL RINGS **#9**

**GROUP 3**

(*The ladies leave in a huff! Scrooge returns to his books. Apple girl comes in as they leave, handing out apples)*

**Apple Girl:** *“Merry Christmas sir!” (offering him the basket of apples.)*

**Scrooge**: Bah! Humbug! Take your so-called Christmas cheer elsewhere! (She runs out! **#10** *Scrooge mumbles and returns to his desk. He looks at his pocket watch. Blows out the candle, puts on his coat and hat, and walks toward Bob who is timidly looking up)*

**Scrooge**: You’ll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?

**Bob**: If quite convenient, sir.

**Scrooge**: It’s not convenient and it’s not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you’d think yourself ill-used. And yet, you don’t think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day’s wages for no work.

**Bob**: Tis only once a year, Sir.

**Scrooge**: A poor excuse for picking a man’s pocket every twenty-fifth of December!” (*buttoning his coat)* But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning.

**Bob**: Yes, sir! All the earlier, sir!

*(Scrooge leaves* **#11** *as Bob blows out the candles, and does a happy dance!)*

**Play # 5 again as they change set**

**Set Change Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

(*set up Scrooge’s room –door, bed, two wing chairs, table. Bell will eventually be rung offstage)*

**Narrator**: Scrooge lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost hung about the black old gateway of the house. Darkness is cheap and Scrooge liked it. Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the **#12** REPEAT TILL GHOST DANCE#13 knocker on the door, except that it was very large. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his seven years’ dead partner that afternoon.

 (*Scrooge comes up steps, approaches door, reaches out key and notices Marley in the door knocker! He reacts. Looks again. Shuddering and then relieved, he unlocks door. He cautiously enters, lights a candle, inspects the door, and SLAMS THE DOOR, he jumps for the sound of the door is echoing throughout, he locks the door behind him…)*

**Narrator**: Scrooge took off his cravat, put on his dressing gown, (*Scrooge does these things as said*) slippers, and his nightcap and sat down before the fire to take his gruel; for he had a cold in his head. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel.

 **Scrooge**: Pooh! (*He sits down, picking up a bowl for the gruel and begins to eat)*

**FOG MACHINE –JUST UNTIL STAGE FULL** (*The* ***bell*** *begins to swing. Softly at the outset; but soon it rings out loudly –SOUND EFFECT of many bells joins in! Should last for 30 seconds! Scrooge reacts! Now the sound of heavy chains being dragged which gets louder and louder!)*

**Scrooge** (*standing*): It’s humbug still! I won’t believe it!

(*Marley enters…)*

**Scrooge**: How now! What do you want with me?

**Marley**: Much!

**Scrooge**: Who, are you?

**Marley**: Ask me who I *was*.

**Scrooge**: Who *were* you then?

**Marley**: In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

**Scrooge**: Can you—can you sit down?

**Marley**: I can.

**Scrooge**: Do it, then.

 **Marley**: You don’t believe in me.

**Scrooge**: I don’t.

**Marley**: Why do you doubt your senses?

**Scrooge**: Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach --You may be an undigested bit of beef, a fragment of an underdone potato. There’s more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!

(*The spirit raises a frightful cry, and shakes its chains with such an appalling noise. Scrooge holds on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. The phantom takes off the bandage round its head, its lower jaw drops down upon its breast! Scrooge falls to his knees, clutching his hands to his face in fear.)*

**Scrooge**: Mercy!” Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

**Marley**: Do you believe in me or not?

**Scrooge**: I do. I do. I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do you come to me?

**Marley**: It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!

(*The spectre raises a cry, and shakes its chains)*

**Scrooge**: You are fettered. Tell me why?

**Marley**: I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you?* *(Scrooge trembles*)

Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!

(*Scrooge glances about him on the floor, but can see nothing.)*

**Scrooge**: Jacob. Speak comfort to me, Jacob!

**Marley**: I have none to give. I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me! Seven years dead and traveling all the time!

**Scrooge**: You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years.

(*The Ghost sends up a cry!)*

**Marley**: Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for life’s opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!

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

**Marley**: Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business!

(*Marley holds up his chain at arm’s length and flings it on the floor*)

**Marley**: At this time of the rolling year, I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! …Hear me! My time is nearly gone.

**Scrooge**: I will. But don’t be hard upon me!

**Marley**: I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate, Ebenezer.

**Scrooge**: You were always a good friend to me.

**Marley**: You will be haunted by Three Spirits.

**Scrooge**: Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?

**Marley**: It is.

**Scrooge**: I—I think I’d rather not.

**FOG MACHINE**

**Marley**: (moans loudly) Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One.

**Scrooge**: Couldn’t I take ’em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?

**Marley**: Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!”

(*Marley takes his wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, he starts to walk backward from him;*

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**#13*****MONITOR*** *GHOST DANCE sounds of lamentation wailings are heard and spirits enter, sobbing in chains. They DANCE around Scrooge and then float away… Scrooge slowly and frightenly climbs into his bed. He tries to say “Humbug!” but stopped at the first syllable. Pulls the covers up, sighs, and goes to sleep*)

**STAVE 2**

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**NARRATOR**: And so, Scrooge lay in his bed and thought, and thought, and thought it over, and

could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he

endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's spirit bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position and presented the same problem to be worked all through.

 (*Spot on the bed. SCROOGE sits up, looks around.)*

**SCROOGE**: Was it a dream, then? (*Lays back down*.)

 **#14** *(We hear the CATHEDRAL CHIME.* ***Fog machine****)*

(A figure emerges and takes position at the head of SCROOGE'S bed. All lights up to full.)  **Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**#15 THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS**

**(***Ghost of Christmas Past holding a holly branch –summer flowers trim its garment –it has its extinguisher cap under its arm*.)

**Scrooge**: Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?

**Ghost of Christmas Past**: I am!

**Scrooge**: Who and what are you?

**Past**: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

**Scrooge**: Long Past?

**Past**: No. Your past.

**Scrooge**: I beg you to extinguish your light with your cap!

**Past**: Would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give?

**Scrooge**: What business brought you here?

**Past**: Your welfare!

**Scrooge**: A night’s unbroken rest might aid my welfare.

**Past**: Your salvation then…

(*Past puts out her hand, clasping him by the arm as she speaks…)*

**Past**: Rise! and come with me! (*Past indicates “up”)*

**Scrooge**: I beg you. Spirit. l... I am mortal and liable to fall.

**Past**: A touch of my hand and you shall fly.

**Set Change Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**STROBE #16** when 16 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #16 again as they continue spinning(*Use strobe to show spinning motion –like in “Alice” play. Scrooge’s bedroom is moved off by movers in black during the spinning*)

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Scrooge** (*during spinning as light begins to emerge*) Spirit, what is that light? It cannot be dawn.

**Past**: It is the past. **(wait 3 seconds wind off)**

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Past**: Do you remember this place?

**#17 Scrooge**: Good Heaven!' (*he is looking around*) It’s my old school! That’s Henry. And there’s Edmund and Claire! And that… that’s Emily! (*Scrooge runs around looking at the children talking, saying “Merry Christmas! Etc.” to each other, they are leaving for the holidays--they are unaware of him.*) I know it all so well. Spirit. The desks. The smell of the chalk. I chose my profession in this room. Henry, old boy, its me, Ebenezer! (then to Edward) Where are you going? (then to Emily) Please, stay. It’s so wonderful to see everyone again! (*He tries to talk to them, but they do not hear him and eventually leave, revealing a lone boy sitting over a desk reading*)

**Past**: They can’t see or hear you. These are but shadows of your past Ebenezer… (Scrooge sees the boy reading. Scrooge stops, stares, and wipes a tear) The school is not quite deserted. A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still. And is he. Too. Familiar?

**Scrooge**: Yes, well, my father thought it best to stay through the holidays and continue my studies. (*He secretly wipes his tears*).

**Past**: What is the matter?

**Scrooge**: Nothing. Nothing. I seem to have gotten something in my eyes.

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Past**: Let us see another Christmas!

**STROBE #19** when 19 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #19 again as they continue spinning the spinning begins –now the young Scrooge is replaced by an older Scrooge. He is walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looks at the Ghost. In comes a little girl, putting her arms about the young man Scrooge’s neck)

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**FAN**: Dear, dear brother!

**Ebenezer**: Fan! Little Fan! You've grown!

**FAN**: I have come to bring you home, dear brother! (All aglow, quite beside herself with joy.)

**Ebenezer**: Home, little Fan?

**FAN**: Yes! Home, for good and all! Father is much kinder than he used to be. He was in a

pleasant mood just the other night, so that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might

come home; and he said Yes, you should; and he sent me to bring you. Ebeneezer, Father has

arranged an apprenticeship for you. You're to be a man, and begin your career! You'll never have to spend another moment in this dreadful school. But first we'll be together all Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world!

**Past**: Your sister was a frail creature, and often ill; but she had a large heart.

**SCROOGE**: So she had. You're right about that, Spirit. I'll not contradict it, God forbid!

**FAN**: Come, Ebeneezer, pack your things. The carriage is just outside!

**Ebenezer**: Are you sure father is ready to have me home?

**FAN**: Oh, yes! I am sure of it!

**EBENEEZER**: But where am I to be apprenticed?

**FAN**: You will work for a wonderful man, Mr. Fezziwig, who keeps a warehouse. Now come!

We mustn't keep the carriage waiting!

 (They exit.)

**GROUP 4**

**Past**: Your sister died a young woman; she has been in Heaven many years now.

**SCROOGE** (*thoughtful*): Yes, throughout her life she always had the heart of a child.

**Past**: She did have a child of her own as I recall.

**SCROOGE**: Yes, a daughter, my niece, Fredericka.

**Past**: Your niece, Ebenezer, the only family you have left.

**SCROOGE**: Yes, that is true.

**Past**: Come along, Ebeneezer. It is time to see another Christmas.

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**STROBE #19** when 19 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #19 again as they continue spinning

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**FEZZIWIG SCENE**

 (*FEZZIWIG is seated at a high desk, busily engaged. Piano under with “Deck the Hall.”*

*A table laden with bolts of cloth or other goods sits center stage. A handful of workers,*

*including young EBENEEZER, are busy there*.)

**Past**: Do you know this place?

**SCROOGE**: Know it! This is where I was apprenticed! Look! It's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart!

Fezziwig, alive again! And there's Dick Wilkins! We were the best of friends!

 (*FEZZIWIG lays down his quill, stretches, rubs his hands together and claps*.)

**FEZZIWIG**: Yo ho, there! Ebeneezer! Dick! No more work tonight, my boys! It's Christmas

Eve! Clear all this nonsense away, all of you, we must make room. Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer. Life is too short for all work and no play. I say it's time for a party! *(All go to it. Table is cleared and moved up or off, desk is moved back. More revelers appear, including a fiddler with his fiddle, and MRS. FEZZIWIG and her daughters. They greet one another. SCROOGE stands by, enjoying all of this. BELLE is at the party. She is targeted by*

*EBENEEZER during the dance and revelry.*

**FEZZIWIG**: (*to Mrs. Fezziwig as she arrives*) Ah, there you are my little turtle dove!!! (*He hugs her and lifts her up. She giggles*) My dear, may I have this dance? (he bows)

**MRS. FEZZIWIG**: (*she curtsies*) You may.

**#20** *We should see that he is clearly smitten. As dance ends, all greet MR. and MRS. FEZZWIG, sharing greetings of the season. We see EBENEEZER saying goodbye to BELLE, who exits with others. It is clear he cares about her*.)

THE DANCE

**FEZZIWIG** (*fanning himself*): **#21 (low volume)** My dear, Mrs. Fezziwig, you simply cannot be bested on the dance floor! (*she giggles. He takes his face in her hands and they rub noses)*

**MRS. FEZZIWIG**: …and my fuzzy, wuzzy Fezziwig are a delightful partner! (*she giggles and turns to Scrooge*) Are you enjoying yourself this evening Mr Scrooge?

**Scrooge**. I am, indeed. (*Couples are visiting –all out of breath…)*

**Olivia**: Mrs. Fezziwig, this is the most festive party in all of London tonight!

**Nicholas**: If I may be so bold, you are right my dear. Merriment is surely being had by all.

**Maggie**: Oh yes! There is nothing like music and dancing to put you in the Christmas spirit! Don’t you agree sir?

**Brant**: I do agree with you whole-heartedly. Christmas is a time of rejoicing!

**Maggie**: Let’s have another go of it on the dance floor, shall we?

**Olivia**: Oh, Yes! Let’s!!!

**Nicholas**: (*to Brant*) Shall we give it another try ole boy?

**Brant**: I think we have no other choice! (*Girls drag them back on the dance floor*)

**Mr. Fezziwig**: Well, Mrs. Fezziwig and I must retire for the evening. We aren’t as young as we may look! Don’t keep our daughter out to late… big day tomorrow! Christmas Day! (he turns to Mrs. Fezziwig) You, my dear, shall receive your Christmas gift tonight! (he swats her on the butt. She looks happily shocked)

**Mrs. Fezziwig**: MISTER FEZZIWIG!!!! (she giggles)

**BELLE**: Will I see you tomorrow?

**Scrooge**: Yes.

**BELLE**: Christmas dinner is at 3:00 (she kisses him on the cheek. Everyone exits)

**Past**: It's such a small thing, to make these silly people feel so much gratitude and joy.

**GROUP 5**

**SCROOGE**: Small thing!

**Past**: Is it not? After all, what did he do, this Fezziwig? Spent a few pounds on a party. Does he

deserve such praise as this?

**SCROOGE**: It isn't that, Spirit. Why, Mr. Fezziwig has the power to make us happy or unhappy.

He can make our work pleasant or miserable, just in the way he looks at us, and the way he

addresses us! A thousand such little things add up, you know, until the happiness he gives is as

great as if it cost a fortune, and...

 (*Lights dim to black, leaving SCROOGE and Past in spot.)*

**Past**: What is it?

**SCROOGE**: Nothing.

**Past**: Something, I think.

**SCROOGE**: No, no. It's...it's just that I would like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk

just now. That's all.

**Past**: Come, Ebeneezer, my time grows short. Look!

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**STROBE #22** when 22 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #22 again as they continue spinning

**NARRATOR**: This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to anyone whom he could see, but it

produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was a little older now, a man

in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years, but it had begun to

wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

 **Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

 (*Lights up, revealing EBENEEZER and BELLE, seated side by side on a bench.*

 *BELLE is weeping, a handkerchief to her face.)*

**BELLE**: I know it matters very little to you. Another idol has displaced me, and if it can make

you as happy as I would have tried to do, I have no reason to cry.

**EBENEEZER**: What idol has displaced you?

**BELLE**: A golden one.

**EBENEEZER**: All the world speaks so vehemently against poverty, yet it condemns the pursuit of wealth just as harshly!

**BELLE**: You fear the world too much, Ebeneezer. I have seen your nobler virtues fall away, one by one, until nothing is left but one master-passion—the pursuit of money. It consumes you.

**EBENEEZER**: What then? Even if I have grown wiser and more astute, I haven't changed my

feelings toward you.

**BELLE**: **#23** (be careful, gets loud) Oh, Ebeneezer, our promise to one another is an old one. We made it when we were young and poor, and happy to remain so until we could improve our fortune together by patience and hard work. But you've changed. You are not the same man. (beat) Tell me, Ebeneezer: if all of this had not happened, would you seek me out and try to win me now, a poor dower-less girl with nothing to bring to a marriage?

 (*EBENEEZER looks down, unable to answer the question*.)

**BELLE** (*standing*): Just as I thought. You may feel sad now, Ebeneezer, but I've no doubt that

you will dismiss the thought of me very soon, as if you were glad to have awakened from a bad

dream. May you be happy in the life you have chosen! (She starts to walk away. The young Ebeneezer watches her walk away. Old Scrooge goes to young Scrooge)

**Scrooge**: Go after her you fool! (He looks at Belle). Belle! Belle!

**SCROOGE**: Spirit! Show me no more! Conduct me home! Why do you enjoy torturing me?

**GROUP 6**

**Past**: One shadow more!

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**STROBE #24** when 24 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #24 again as they continue spinning

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

(*Past takes hold of SCROOGE. Curtain closes. Two GENTLEMEN appear in front of curtain*.)

**GENTLEMAN 1**: I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon.

**GENTLEMAN 2**: Oh? Who was it?

**G 1**: Take a guess.

**G 2**: Why, surely you don't mean old Ebeneezer Scrooge!

**G 1**: The very same. I passed his office window. His partner, Jacob Marley, lies upon the point of

death, I hear. And there he sat, old Scrooge, all alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.

**G 2** (shaking his head): Miserable wretch!

 (They exit.)

**SCROOGE**: Spirit! Remove me from this place! **#25**

**Past**: I told you, these are shadows of the things that have been. That they are what they are.

**SCROOGE**: Please, I beg you. Take me back. Haunt me no longer! (*The Ghost of Christmas Past merely smiles. Scrooge seizes her extinguisher cap, and presses it down on her head. She laughs and laughs. Lights out!)*

 **GROUP 7**

***CURTAIN CLOSES***

**SCENE 7: THE BEDROOM**

**THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT – STAVE 3**

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**NARRATOR**: After this mighty struggle, if that can be called a struggle, Scrooge was conscious

of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom once again. He barely had time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

 (*SCROOGE wakes himself from a “prodigiously tough snore” and sits up in bed to dim*

*spot. He looks around, expecting another ghost. Just as he goes to lie down again, he hears...)*

 LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**#26 Spirit of Christmas Present**: Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha Ha ha! A-HA HA HA HA HA HA!

SCROOGE! EBENEEZER SCROOGE!

 (*As SCROOGE alights from bed, lights up to reveal Present seated on a throne upon a*

*platform heaped with a feast fit for a king. She is an impressive figure crowned with a holly wreath. She holds a golden torch in his hand. SCROOGE approaches gingerly*.)

**Present**: Come! Come here and know me better, man!...I am the Spirit of Christmas Present. You have never seen the likes of me before, eh? Ha ha ha ha!

**SCROOGE**: No, never.

**PRESENT** (hands Scrooge a goblet): Here! Take a drink of this!

**SCROOGE**: What is it?

**PRESENT**: It is a cup of Christmas cheer which I know you have never tasted before! (Scrooge drinks)

**SCROOGE**: Oooh. It is so good. What is it? Can I have a bit more?

**PRESENT**: It is filled with singing and children and laughter and giving.

**SCROOGE**: I know nothing of these things!

**PRESENT** (*standing*): You have much to learn. Take hold of my robe, Ebeneezer Scrooge!

**SCROOGE**: Where, pray tell, are we going?

**PRESENT**: You will see!

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**STROBE #27** when 27 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #27 again as they continue spinning

 LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**CRATCHIT HOME.**

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: **#28** What has ever got your precious father then? And your brother, Tiny Tim?

And Martha wasn't this late last Christmas by half an hour!

 (*Just then, Martha enters*.)

**MARTHA**: Here I am, Mother! (*To the cheers and greetings of the younger children*.)

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: Oh, Martha! How late you are!

**MARTHA**: We had a great deal of work to finish at the milliner's last night, and a great deal to

clear away this morning!

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: Well, never mind. You are home now! Sit down and warm yourself, dear.

**BELINDA**: Father will be home any minute. Hide, Martha, hide! (*MARTHA hides herself. CRATCHIT enters just then, bearing TINY TIM, holding his crutch. He is enthusiastically greeted by his family, kissed by his wife.)*

**CRATCHIT**: But where's Martha?

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: She won't be coming for Christmas this year, I'm afraid.

**CRATCHIT**: What? Not coming for Christmas!

**MARTHA** (*popping out*): Oh, here I am, Father! (*She embraces him. All cheer. CRATCHIT covers her in a thousand kisses.)*

**TWO YOUNGER CRATCHITS**: Come, Tim! Come hear the pudding singing in the copper! (*They bear him off.)*

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: And did little Tim behave himself in church?

 **CRATCHIT**: He did. As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself

so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant for them to remember, on Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see... But he's growing stronger every day, I just know it!

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: I’m sure of it my dear. Martha, help me with the goose. (*Children cheering. Mrs. Cratchit and Martha exit)*

**PETER**: There's such a goose, Father, such as we've never had before!

 (*MRS. CRACHIT re-enters in high procession with a small goose on a platter, followed in parade by MARTHA and THE TWO YOUNGER CRATCHITS. It is placed on the table and all are seated.)*

**THE CHILDREN**: Such a goose!...Just smell the sage and onion!...Mother outdid herself this

year...We got it for a good price, Father!...It wasn't expensive at all!

**CRATCHIT** (*standing and raising his cup*): A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!

**ALL**: God bless us!

**TINY TIM**: God bless us, everyone!

 (*Lights dim on the table as dinner is served)*

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**SCROOGE:#29** I had no idea Cratchit had a crippled son

.

**PRESENT**: I wonder why.

**SCROOGE**: Tell me, Spirit. Will the boy live?

**PRESENT**: I see a vacant seat at this table, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die.

**SCROOGE** (startled): No, no, that cannot be. Say he will be spared.

**PRESENT**: If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race will find him here. But what difference does it make? If he is likely to die, then let him die, and decrease the surplus population!

**SCROOGE** (*stung*): You use my own words against me.

**PRESENT**: Yes! So that in the future perhaps you will hold your tongue until you have discovered what the surplus population is, and where it is. Who are you to decide who shall live and who shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child!

 LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

(*Lights back up on dinner scene)*

**CRATCHIT**: And now, dear ones, a toast. I give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of our feast.

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: Hmph! The founder of our feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him

a piece of my mind to feast upon, and hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

**CRATCHIT**: My dear. The children. Christmas Day.

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: It should be Christmas Day, when one would drink the health of such an

odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Ebeneezer Scrooge. No one knows it better than you, Bob.

**CRATCHIT**: My dear. Have a little charity

**MRS. CRATCHIT** (*after a pause*): Oh, alright, then. I'll drink his health, for your sake and the

Day's sake, but not for his. (*raising her cup*) Long life to him! A very Merry Christmas and a

Happy New Year! I've no doubt he'll be very merry, indeed, and very happy!

**CRATCHIT**: To Mr. Scrooge.

**MARTHA**: To Mr. Scrooge.

**ALL**: To Mr. Scrooge.

**GROUP 8**

**Present**: Come! Hold my sleeve

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**STROBE #30** when 30 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #30 again as they continue spinning

 LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

*(Curtain opens to a small crowd at a party on Christmas Day. They are all walking around, acting like they are talking and laughing. Fredericka comes to the center)*

**Fredericka**: Let’s play a game, shall we?

**All**: Oh, yes. That sounds like fun, etc. (*everyone is enthusiastic about the game)*

**Fredericka**: Everyone take a seat, and I will explain how it’s played (*they all sit*). The game is called, “The Minister’s Cat!” (*group looks at one another laughing*). You will love it! It’s all the rage in London right now! We will each describe the cat using adjectives from the letters of the alphabet –a, b, c –and so on. When it is your turn you must respond. It you cannot think of an adjective, then you are out of the game. Oh… now for the fun part… the game is played to a steady clapping beat, like this …(*she demonstrates*). We repeat each response back before the the next person’s turn. I’ll go first. Are you ready? (*they start to clap.)* The minister’s cat is an awful cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is an awful cat.

**Janet**: The minister’s cat is a bashful cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a bashful cat.

**Madame Kirby**: The minister’s cat is a curious cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a curious cat.

**Fredericka’s Husband**: The minister’s cat is a dreadful cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a dreadful cat.

**Gentleman 1:** The minister’s cat is an elegant cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is an elegant cat.

**Madame Reynolds**: The minister’s cat is a fumbling cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a fumbling cat.

**Gentleman 2**: The minister’s cat is a grumpy cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a grumpy cat.

**Fredericka**: The minister’s cat is a hairy cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a hairy cat.

**Janet**: The minister’s cat is an interesting cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is an interesting cat.

**Madame Kirby**: The minister’s cat is a jolly cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a jolly cat.

**Fredericka’s Husband**: The minister’s cat is a kind cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a kind cat.

**Gentleman 1:**  The minster’s cat is a-a-a-a (Scrooge is watching, enjoying the game, frustrated that Gentleman 1 cannot think of a word)

**Scrooge**: Lamentable! Lamentable!!! You silly man!

**PRESENT**: Why, Scrooge –if I didn’t know better, I’d say you are starting to enjoy this silly game! (Scrooge changes his manner, crossing his arms as if he doesn’t care. Present laughs as the game continues)

**Madame Reynolds**: (laughing) The minister’s cat is a laughing cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a laughing cat.

**Gentleman 2**: The minister’s cat is a moody cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a moody cat.

**Fredericka**: The minister’s cat is a naughty cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a naughty cat.

**Janet**: The minister’s cat is an opulent cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is an opulent cat.

**Madame Kirby**: The minister’s cat is a purring cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a purring cat.

**Fredericka’s Husband**: The minister’s cat is a quick cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a quick cat.

**Gentleman 1**: The minister’s cat is a restless cat.

**Group**: The minister’s cat is a restless cat.

**Madame Reynolds**: The minister’s cat is stingy cat.

**Janet** (laughing): That sounds quite like your Uncle Scrooge, Fredericka! (everyone laughs)

**FREDERICKA**: He said that Christmas was a humbug. He believed it, too! (laughter)

**JANET**: More shame for him, Fredericka!

**FREDERICKA**: He's really a comical old fellow, and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his

offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.

**JANET**: I'm sure he is very rich, Fredericka. At least you always tell me so.

**FREDERICKA**: But his wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. And I sincerely doubt he would ever consider benefiting us with it.

Ha ha ha! *(general laughter*)

**JANET**: Well, I have no pity for him.

**FREDERICKA**: Oh, but I have! Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not. Here's to Uncle Scrooge!

**ALL**: Uncle Scrooge! (*laughter, as all drink*.)

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**STROBE #31** when 31 over wait until stage finished then **STROBE** again & play #31 again as they continue spinning

 LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**SCROOGE**: I would normally have taken offense at such tasteless banter and laughter at my expense. However, in view of the general gaiety of the occasion, I am inclined to overlook it.

**PRESENT**: That is quite noble of you! **#32**

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

 (*We see something at PRESENT's feet. SCROOGE notices it.)*

**SCROOGE**: Forgive me, Spirit, if I am not justified in asking, but I see something strange, and

not belonging to yourself, protruding there, from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?

**PRESENT**: It might be a claw, for all the flesh there is on it. Look here!

 (*PRESENT draws aside the folds of her robe to disclose WANT and IGNORANCE—two thin,*

 *dirty, wretched, scowling waifs crouched and clutching at his feet. We hear “Coventry*

*Carol” off, quietly*.)

 **SCROOGE** (alarmed): Spirit! Are they yours?

**PRESENT**: No! They are yours! Do you not know them? This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want.

Beware them both, and all of their kind, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see

written the word DOOM, unless the writing be erased. I dare ye to deny it! I dare ye to slander

those who claim otherwise, and see where it leads!

**SCROOGE**: Have they no refuge or resource?

**PRESENT**: 'Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses'?

 (*Suddenly the chime of twelve is heard. Lights to black. A loud, stormy noise. Wind and*

 *thunder.)*

**SCROOGE**: You mock me, Spirit with my own words!

**PRESENT**: My time with you is drawing near. Farewell Ebenezer Scrooge…

**GROUP 9**

 LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**FOG THE DARKNESS.**

 (*Spot on Scrooge, standing, dazed. Sound of wind and thunder.* **#34** *PRESENT has disappeared and in his place approaches the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come (FUTURe) in fog. He is entirely cloaked and hooded in black. All that we will see of this figure are his bony*

*hands.)*

**SCROOGE**: I take it that I am in the presence of the Spirit of Christmas Yet To Come?

 *(FUTURE slowly nods*.)

**SCROOGE**: You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will

happen in the time before us. Is that not so, Spirit?

 (FUTURE nods.)

**SCROOGE**: Spirit! I fear you more than any specter I have seen. Will you not speak to me?

 (*FUTURE lifts its arm and points beyond SCROOGE.)*

**SCROOGE** (*seeing that he is powerless to engage it*): Very well! Lead on, then! The night is

passing fast. Lead on, Spirit!

 *(FUTURE walks* *slowly, SCROOGE following. Opposite, a small band of brokers appears in spot.)*

 (*FUTURE only points to the group of people.)*

LIGHTS\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**GENTLEMAN 1**: No, I don't know anything about it, either way. I only know he's dead.

**GENTLEMAN 2**: When did he die?

**GENTLEMAN 1**: Last night, I believe.

**GENTLEMAN 2**: Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die.

**GENTLEMAN 1** (yawning): God knows.

**GENTLEMAN 2**: What has he done with his money?

**GENTLEMAN 1**: I haven't heard. Left it with his company, perhaps. I only know he hasn't left it to me. (*all laugh*)

**GENTLEMAN 2**: Well, it's likely to be a cheap funeral. I don't know anybody who would go to it.

Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

**GENTLEMAN 1**: I don't mind going if a lunch is provided. But I must be fed, for all the trouble it's worth. (*laughter*)

**GENTLEMAN 2**: Well, it matters little to me either way. But I'll offer to go, if anyone else will. Well, off to business. Goodbye!

**ALL**: Goodbye!

**GROUP 10**

**#34** (*SCROOGE looks up at the FUTURE, perplexed*.)

**SCROOGE**: Have these men no sense of decency or decorum? Spirit, what is this? Why am I

seeing this?

 (*FUTURE turns and points in the opposite direction, at which a spot comes up opposite,*

 *revealing a greasy, bedraggled old woman sitting on a chair and surrounded by an odd*

 *collection of junk in and out of boxes—old iron, rags, old clothes, moldy books, bottles,*

 *etc. Four old crones slink into the scene, three carrying bundles, as SCROOGE observes.)*

 *( A woman with a heavy bundle slinks in. Two other women, similarly --all three burst into a laugh. Another woman is there as well)*

**Mrs. Dilber**: (*throwing her bundle down*) What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Oliver? Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did.” Wha ah-ods thin! Wha ah-ods! Meezes Ah-liv-er! Av-ruh puhsun az uh roit tu tae-ek keh uv thim-sleves. Ee ulwaz dee-id.

**#35**

**Mrs. Oliver**: That’s true, indeed! No man more so. That’s troo-oo, indayd. No mun mouh su-oo.

**Mrs. Mason**: Why then, don’t stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who’s the wiser?

Wo thn. Doht stan stairin as if you wuz uhfraid woe-mn. Oozs thu whiezuh?

**Mrs. Oliver**: Who’s the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose. Oos thu wus for thu losz uv uh fyou-uh thns lik theez? Not uh dee-uh mun, uh suppose.

**Mrs. Dilber**: No, indeed. (laughing) Noh, indayd!

**Mrs. Mason**: If he wanted to keep ’em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn’t he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he’d have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself. If he wan-ed tuh kape em of-tuh ee wuz dee-ud, a wicked oooold scroo, wi wuz’nd ee natch-ral in hez lauf-tiem? If ee ad bean, ee’d av ad sum budee tah loook aftuh em win ee wuz struhk wif deth instead of lie-in gasp-in out hez lost der, uhlone bi emself.

**Mrs. Dilber**: It’s the truest word that ever was spoke --It’s a judgment on him. Eets thu troo-est wrd dat evuh wuz spoek. Eet’s uh jugmint on em!

**Mrs. Tackleton**: Open that bundle and let me know the value of it.

(*Mrs. Oliver opens her bundle, showing its contents: A seal or two, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, etc*). They are examined by Mrs. Tackleton) Oo-pin dat bundl an let me knoew thu value uv it.

**Mrs. Tackleton**: I’ll give ye 30 pence and no, not if I was to be boiled. Let me see yours… Ile’l giv yu therrty pence an no, naht if I wuz tuh beeah boiled. Let me-uh see yor-uhs.

(*Mrs. Dilber opens bundle and shows Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots. Mrs. Tackleton hands her money)*

**Mrs. Tackleton**: I always give you too much. It’s a weakness of mine, and that’s the way I ruin myself. I allwaz giv yah too moich. Eets uh wakeness uv moine, an thuts thu wa-uh I ru-oin me-self.

**Mrs. Mason**: And now undo *my* bundle. An noiw un-dew moi bundle.

(*Mrs. Tackleton drags out a large and heavy roll*)

**Mrs. Tackleton**: What do you call this? Bed-curtains! Whoit dew ya call dis? Be-id coitons?

(*Miss Mason laughs*)

**Mrs. Mason**: Bed-curtains! Be-id coitons.

**Mrs. Tackleton**: You don’t mean to say you took ’em down, rings and all, with him lying there? Ya doint may-n tah say ya toik um doy-n, wrangs n all wif em lie-oin theruh?

**Mrs. Mason**: Yes I do. Why not? Yees, I doo-uh. Whoi not?

**Mrs. Tackleton**: I hope he didn’t die of anything catching? Eh? I ope ee deent die uv anney thin ketch-en? Eh?

**Mrs. Mason**: Don’t you be afraid of that. I ain’t so fond of his company that I’d loiter about him for such things, if he did. Doint yuh be ofroiad un dat. I ain’t suh fawnd uv hiz compannee dat I’d loeitr uh boit em fuh such thins if aed did.

(They all laugh)

**Mrs. Dilber**: He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! *(laughter*) He froightend everee one uhway froim em win ee wuz uhlive tuh profut uz win ee wuz deeid.

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Scrooge**: Spirit, this is a fearful place –the place of those who have no homes! Surely there can be no reason to bring me to this God forsaken part of the city, except that the case of this unhappy man might be my own. Yes, the items they have stolen are similar to mine. I see the point. But surely there is someone who feels some emotion caused by this man’s death. Show that person to me, I beg you!

(*FUTURE turns and points opposite. Lights come up on a family table, where two children are*

 *seated. The mother is pacing back and forth. Her husband enters. He is sober but not*

*without hope.)*

 **CAROLINE**: Oh, finally you've come, Rebecca. What have you heard? Is it good, or bad?

**REBECCA**: It is bad, I'm afraid.

**CAROLINE**: Are we ruined, Rebecca? Did he deny you the extra time you asked for? Has he evicted us?

**REBECCA**: No. There is hope yet, Caroline.

**CAROLINE**: Only if he repents, that old miser. Nothing is past hope if such a miracle has

happened.

**REBECCA**: He is past repenting, dear. He is dead.

**CAROLINE**: Dead! Oh, God be praised! Oh!...Lord, forgive me! To whom will our debt be transferred?

**REBECCA**: I don't know. But before that time we will be ready with the money. And even if we

weren't, it would be bad fortune indeed to find a creditor who was as merciless as he! We may

sleep tonight with light hearts, Caroline! (spot out)

 **GROUP 11**

**SCROOGE**: Spirit! I ask to see some emotion connected with this man's death, and you show me only pleasure. I demand to be shown some tenderness connected with a death!

 **CRATCHIT HOME**.

**(cd 2 #1)** *Sound of wind and thunder.*

*)*

**Lights***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

**CD2 #2 PETER**: “And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them. And he said to them, 'Whenever

you welcome a little child, you welcome me.'”

**MRS. CRATCHIT** (*briefly overcome with emotion, setting down her work, endeavoring to*

*recover quickly):* This color hurts my eyes...There, better now. The candlelight makes them weak, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home. Not for the world. It must be near his time.

**PETER**: Past it, rather. But I think he's walked a little slower than he used to, these last few

evenings, Mother.

**MRS. CRATCHIT**: Yes..I've known him to walk with...I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim

upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.

**PETER**: And so have I.

**BELINDA**: And so have I.

**Lights**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Graveyard Scene with Tiny Tim’s Ghost**

**CD2 #3** (*CRATCHIT is on his knees before Tiny Tim’s grave. He touches it lovingly and then cries).*

**CRATCHIT**: This is our first Christmas without you, my lad. How we will miss your sweet voice at the table. Tim, if I could only feel you weight on me should again –for this I would give anything (he weeps)

*(Tiny Tim walks forward looking at his father*)

**TINY TIM**: Father? Father? (*Bob does not see him*)

**FAN**: Tim, I’ve come to take you home.

**TIM**: Home?

**FAN**: Yes, to a place where children are always laughing and happy. Come Tim…

(*Tim takes a couple of steps toward her with his crutch*)

**FAN**: You don’t need your crutch anymore, Tim. (*Tim drops his crutch and slowly takes a step, realizing he can walk he runs over to his Father)*

**TIM**: Goodbye, Father. I’ll be waiting for you…

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**Lights**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

 **CRATCHIT**: I went by there today, is why I'm late. I promised him that I would

walk there every Sunday; to visit him, you see...

 *(he recovers; hugs from the children)*

**CRATCHIT**: But guess whom I saw today? Fredericka Hollowell, Mr. Scrooge's niece. I met her on the street. She saw that I was a little down, and, well, she is the most pleasant-speaking lady you ever heard, and so I was not afraid to tell her. And this is what she said to me: 'I am heartily sorry, Mr. Cratchit, heartily sorry.' And she pledged to be of any service she could to us. She said I should call on her at home. But it's not for the sake of anything she might

be able to do for us, so much as for her kind way, that am I thankful. It really seems as if she had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us...And I've got good news for you, Peter!

 **PETER**: What is it, Father?

**CRATCHIT**: Miss Fredericka told me that she has been able to secure an apprenticeship for you.

You'll begin at eight shillings a week, starting Tuesday next!

**PETER**: Eight shillings a week!

**MARTHA**: Soon you will be setting up house for yourself! (laughter and teasing)

**CD2 #4 CRATCHIT**: That will happen soon enough. But however and whenever we're parted from one

another, I'm sure none of us will ever forget poor Tiny Tim, shall we?

 **ALL**: No! Never, Father!

**Lights***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

**As they set up GRAVEYARD CD1 #34**

**CD2 #5 SCROOGE**: Spirit, something tells me that the moment of our parting is at hand. I know it but I don't know how. Tell me, the man who was spoken of, the one who died, tell me who he was.

**FOG** (*FUTURE points opposite—or to apron—where lights come up on a graveyard scene. SCROOGE is hesitant, loathe to go.)*

**SCROOGE** (*nervous and afraid*): Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer

me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they the shadows of

things that may be, only? (*FUTURE points to the gravestone*.)

**SCROOGE** (desperate): The course of a man's life, if persevered in, will determine certain ends;

I accept it. But if he departs from those courses, the ends must change. Say it is so with what you show me!

 *(FUTURE continues pointing. SCROOGE creeps toward the stone, trembling. Seeing the*

*name inscribed there, he falls to his knees*.)

**SCROOGE**: No, no, it can't be! Am I that man?! Am I the man who died whom no one mourned? Say it isn't so, Spirit! Say it isn't so!

 *(FUTURE points to SCROOGE and back to the stone.)*

**FOG CD2- #6 MONITOR (GHOSTS DANCE OF CHAINS!)**

**SCROOGE** (*crying now during dance): Spirit! Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for your intervention. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Assure me that I may yet change these shadows you have shown me, by a changed life!*

 *(FUTURE hand continues to tremble.)*

**SCROOGE**: I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will remember

the lessons of the Past; I will live in the Present; I will live toward the Future. The spirits of all

three will strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me that I may

sponge away the writing on this stone! No—o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

**GROUP 12**

**SET CHANGELights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**CD2 -#5**

**THE BEDROOM**.

 **(CD2 -#8)** *lights come up on SCROOGE'S bedroom at right, as before. He is “waking” from a sob. Lights up. The chimes are tolling EIGHT*.)

**SCROOGE**: Wha...? Where am I? Wait...what day is this? It's morning, but what day? How long

have I been with the Spirits? I don't know. (pinching himself) But I'm alive. I'm alive! *(grasping*

*the bed curtains*) They are still here! They're not torn down. They are here. I am here! Woo-hoo! (jumping on the bed like a boy) I don't know what to do! I feel light as a feather. I'm happy as an angel! I'm as merry as a school-boy!

 *(He runs to his window, looking out. A boy appears, R.)*

**SCROOGE**: Hallo! You, boy! What day is it?

 (*BOY, seeing SCROOGE, makes to turn and run*)

**SCROOGE**: Wait, don't be afraid my boy! What day is it?

**BOY**: What day is it?

**SCROOGE**: Ha ha ha! Yes! What day is it today?

**BOY**: Why, it's Christmas Day!

**SCROOGE**: Christmas Day! Are you quite sure, my good fellow?

**BOY**: I should say I am.

**SCROOGE**: Then the Spirits have done it all in one night. Why, of course, they can do anything

they like! Of course they can. Ha ha! Hallo, my fine fellow!

**BOY**: Hallo!

**SCROOGE**: Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?

**BOY**: I should hope I did.

**SCROOGE**: What a wonderful boy. A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the

prize turkey that was hanging up there?

**BOY**: What, the one as big as me?

**SCROOGE**: What a delightful boy! A pleasure talking with him. Yes, my buck, the one as big as

You!

**BOY**: It's hanging there now.

**SCROOGE**: It is? Why, then you must go and buy it. Yes, go and buy it now. Go and buy it, and tell them to bring it 'round, so that I can give them directions where to deliver it. Come back with the man and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown!

 *(BOY turns and is off like a shot.)*

*SCROOGE GOES IN AND DRESSES*

**SCROOGE**: (*dresses as he says lines*) Ha ha ha! (*beginning to dress*) I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He won't know who sent it. I won't tell him! Ha ha! It's twice the size of Tiny Tim! Oh...Tiny Tim...Tiny Tim will live. On my soul, Tiny Tim will live!...They did it all in one night!...The Spirits of Christmas Past, Present and Future shall strive within me! (*on his knees*) Oh, heaven and Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, dear Lord, on my knees! (*jumping up*) A Merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Ha ha ha!

**SET CHANGE TO CITY!**

**Lights\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Continue playing CD2 # 8**

**SCROOGE – Poulter and little girl**

**POULTERER**: Merry Christmas, sir.

**SCROOGE**: Merry Christmas to you sir! This splendid turkey is to be delivered immediately to the home of Bob Cratchit and family, in Camden Town.

**POULTERER**: Thank you, sir.

**SCROOGE**: And here is the money for the delivery!

**POULTERER**: Thank you, sir.

**SCROOGE**: And here is a tip for you, sir!

**POULTERER** (*smiling by now*): Thank you, sir!

**SCROOGE**: And here is half a crown, for you, my boy! Well-deserved. Yes, well-deserved!

**BOY**: Thank you, sir!

**SCROOGE**: And a very Merry Christmas!

**POULTERER and BOY**: Merry Christmas!

(*Madame Kirby and Madame Reynolds enter R, quietly chatting. SCROOGE turns, sees them, hurries to them. He sees the mice, reaches in his pocket, gets the cheese, hands it to the mice, and pats them on the head)*

**SCROOGE**: My dear ladies. How do you do? I hope you did well yesterday. It was a very good thing to do. A very good thing.

**Madame Kirby** (incredulous): Mr. Scrooge?

**SCROOGE**: Yes. That is my name. I fear it isn't pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your

forgiveness. And yours, too, mam!

**Madame Reynolds**: Yes, sir.

**SCROOGE**: And will you have the goodness—(SCROOGE whispers in Madame Kirby’s ear)

**Madame Kirby**: Lord, bless me! My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you quite serious?

**SCROOGE**: If you please. Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I

assure you. Will you do me that favor?

**Madame Kirby**: My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such generos...

**SCROOGE**: Don't say anything, please. Come and see me sometime! Will you come and see me both of you?!

**Madame Kirby and Reynolds**: We will! We will!

**SCROOGE**: Thank'ee. I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you both, and a

Merry Christmas!

**NARRATOR (action below occurs during her speaking**: Would you believe it if I told you, that Scrooge went to church that day? He did. And walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head as they passed, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk, that anything at all, could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps toward his niece's house.

1. ( Maggie, Sadey, and Two Gentlemen come on talking. Scrooge goes to mice and gives them cheese and then goes and talks to couples)

2. Leslie and Piper – tears up lease

3. Frederica & husband enter

**Fredericka**: Oh, Ralph. (*looking at a new necklace*) It's beautiful! And it's too much. You shouldn't have spent so much!

**Ralph**: But I love you, my dear, and my wife shall have the best on Christmas Day.

 **Fredericka**: Oh, Ralph. I love you so...but not just for this! (He takes her hand and start to walk)

Scrooge notices them.

**Frederica:** Uncle Scrooge!

**Scrooge**: I recall an invitation you made to me yesterday, to come and dine with you. If that invitation is still in force, I should like to accept.

**SCROOGE**: The very same! It is I, your Uncle Scrooge. I recall an invitation you made to me

yesterday, to come and dine with you. If that invitation is still in force, I should like to accept.

**FREDERICKA** (*with a look at Ralph*): Why, I don't know what to say!

**SCROOGE**: Well, you could say bah-humbug! (he laughs) I heartily repent of and shall never use

again—or, you could say, Come dine with us today!

**FREDERICKA**: Why, of course! Of course you shall dine with us! Hoorah! Uncle Scrooge, you

have made us both very happy! Oh, may I introduce my husband, Ralph? Ralph, my Uncle Scrooge.

**SCROOGE** (*approaching him, shaking his hand*)

*(They are in front of the two gentlemen. Gentlemen taps husband who turns to talk to him. Focus on Scrooge and Frederica.)*

**SCROOGE** (*turning to FREDERICKA*): I am sorry for the things I said about Christmas. And sorry for the poor reception I gave you yesterday, of which you were so undeserving. I see the image of my sister in your face. I loved her, you know. And she, you.

**FREDERICKA**: I know it, Uncle Scrooge. She loved you very much, and wished until her dying day that we should always be close.

**SCROOGE**: And so we are, Fredericka, and so we shall be. So we shall be. I’ve found the most delight game we can play –it’s called the Minister’s Cat! *(they hug)*

**FREDERICKA**: Oh, Uncle. It sounds so delightful!

**Lights***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

**CD2 - #8**

***SET UP COUNTING HOUSE!***

**CD2 -# 9 (bell) CD2 #10 THE COUNTING HOUSE**.

 *(Lights up on Apron R. We are back in SCROOGE'S counting-house. It is the day after*

 *Christmas. SCROOGE is sitting at his desk with a mischievous smile on his face,*

*humming to himself as he works. “We Wish You a Merry Christmams” off quietly. CRATCHIT enters.)*

**SCROOGE** (*looking up with a feigned scowl and growl*): What is this?

**CRATCHIT**: Morning, sir.

**SCROOGE**: Mr. Cratchit, you are late, sir.

**CRATCHIT**: Yes, sir.

**SCROOGE**: What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

**CRATCHIT** (terrified): I am very sorry, sir. I am behind my time.

**SCROOGE** (*alighting from his desk*): Step this way, if you please, Cratchit.

 (*They meet at CRATCHIT'S desk.)*

**CRATCHIT**: It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry

yesterday, with my family.

**SCROOGE**: Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand for this any longer. And

therefore...and therefore...

 (*From behind his back he produces a leather bag full of coins)*

**SCROOGE**: And therefore...I am going to double your salary! (*throws the bag on the desk and*

*crunches CRATCHIT in a magnificent embrace*) Yes, Bob Cratchit! Ha ha ha! I am going to

double your salary, sir. A Merry Christmas to you! A merrier Christmas than I have given you

for many a year! And from now on I will endeavor to assist your family in any way I can...And

as for Tiny Tim, he will walk again. I know it! Now, you needn't say a thing. Come with me. We

will discuss the particulars over a bowl of smoking bishop before you so much as dot another i, Bob Cratchit!

(*SCROOGE and CRATCHIT exit L.* **Lights***\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_*

**CURTAIN****– CD 2 # 11** *this music will run until after Narrator speaks*

*CURTAIN OPENS CD 2 #12 (turn down during narrator and then up again)*

(Cast on stage hugging, etc. Scrooge comes on shaking hands, handing candy to Cratchit children. Ring around the Rosie. Brant proposes. Poulterer brings out big cheese for mice. Brett comes on, holds mistletoe over Anna. Kisses. Fezziwig gifts. Char women fight. Syd sprinkles Christmas cheer.

*NARRATOR stands at left apron, as before*

**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. (Tiny Tim runs in office. Playing)

**TINY TIM**: Uncle Scrooge! Uncle Scrooge!

**NARRATOR**: He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good

old city knew. And ever afterward it was always said of Ebeneezer Scrooge that he knew how to

keep Christmas, and keep it well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly

said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed...

**TINY TIM**: GOD BLESS US, EVERYONE!

KIDS SING!!!!!!!!

**After cast introductions PLAY – CD1 #1**