

A Christmas Carol

By Charles Dickens Adaptation by D. Reid

Character list

Can separate characters if more students

Scrooge -

Younger Ebenezer- / Tiny Tim/ dancer at Fezziwig's -

Fred / dancer at Fezziwig's -

Janet /dancer at Fezziwig's -

Guest 1 at Hollywell's / Martha Cratchit -

Man of Business/ Ghost present/ -

Man of business 2/ Dancer at Fezziwig's/ Ghost past-

Cratchit / dancer at Fezziwig's

Mrs. Cratchit/ Belle/ old Joe-

Peter Cratchit- no lines / Boy at end / Hollywell guest 2 / Narrator/ dancer at Fezziwig's: lots of quick costume changes)

Marley / dancer at Fezziwig's / charwomen or man

Ghost Future / guest at Hollywell's

PRE SHOW SOUND CD ON WHILE AUDIENCE COMING IN

SND Q 1 11-15 secs

<Scene 1-The story begins>

Narrator: *(While the Christmas carol in background)*

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. The registrar of her burial was signed by Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge. Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind- stone, Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! On that Christmas Eve -- old Scrooge was in his counting-house. The door of Scrooge's counting-house office was always open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk. **SND Q 2 11sec**

<Scene 2-In the counting house>

Door opens and in walks a happy looking young man.

FRED: A merry Christmas, Uncle! Good day to you! Good day to you Bob!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug! *(comes out of little room-behind screen)*

FRED: 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.

FRED: Come, then. What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug.

FRED: Surely you don't mean that.

SCROOGE: I do. What is Christmas but a time for buying things; a time for finding yourself a year older. Every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

FRED: Uncle!

SCROOGE: Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine. Much good keeping Christmas has ever done you!

FRED: I have always thought of Christmas time as a time when men and women seem to think of other people with generosity. 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! (*The clerk Bob Cratchit applauds*)

SCROOGE: Let me hear another sound from *you*, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.

FRED: Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow. Janet and I would be glad to have you.

SCROOGE: Janet...your wife I'm told she brought very little to the marriage.

FRED: I love her. And she loves me.

SCROOGE: Love! Bah! Good afternoon!

FRED: I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, that I know of. And so I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. A Merry Christmas, Uncle! And A Happy New Year to you.

SCROOGE: Bah! Good Day to you.
(*Fred stops at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk*)

FRED: How is that fine family of yours Bob Cratchit? Tiny Tim is doing well?

CRATCHIT: Very good, sir.

FRED : Good. A merry Christmas to you.

CRATCHIT: Same to you, sir.

FRED: Thank you. (*Fred leaves and 2 other fellows come in and go into Scrooges officen.*)

MAN OF BUSINESS: Mr. Scrooge at this festive season it is 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 necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

SCROOGE: Are there no prisons?

MAN OF BUSINESS: Plenty of prisons.

SCROOGE: And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation?

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS : They are. Still, I wish I could say they were not.

SCROOGE: The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: Both very busy, sir.

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.

MAN OF BUSINESS: In view of the season a few of us 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!

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: AH...You wish to be anonymous?

SCROOGE: I wish to be left alone,. Since you ask me what I wish gentlemen, that is my answer. 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 through taxes-- they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: 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.

MAN OF BUSINESS: But sir...

SCROOGE: It is not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!
(goes back and sits down to work for a minute-until clock tower strikes 6)

SCROOGE: You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?

CRATCHET: 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, I'll be bound? And yet, you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work

CRATCHET: It's only once a year Sir.

SCROOGE: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning.

CRATCHET: Of course Mr. Scrooge. And a Merry Christmas to you.

<Scene 3-Scrooge meets Marley>

SND CUE 4 as Scrooge gets to his door 5-7 sec 'SCRROOOOGE')

SCROOGE:*(whispers)*Marley? *(Scrooge shakes her head)* Bah!

(SND CUE 5 12-14 sec ' CHAINS')

SCROOGE: It's humbug still! I won't believe it. *(ghost will take off white scarf around head)*
(LX bright as Marley's Ghost comes on (Loudly) What do you want with me?

MARLEY : Much!

SCROOGE: Who are you?

MARLEY: Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE: A bit particular for a ghost. Who were you then?

MARLEY: In life I was your partner, Jacob 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 makes them cheat. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. Humbug, I tell you; humbug! (*Ghosts freaks out*)

MARLEY: Man of the worldly mind! Do you believe in me or not? (*yell*)

SCROOGE: I do. I must. Why do you come to me?

MARLEY: It is required of every being that the spirit within them should walk among their fellow-humans. 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 -- and witness what it cannot share. (*Marley freaks out with a cry and shaking chain,*)

SCROOGE: You are chained. Tell me why?

MARLEY: I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. Do you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was as full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it, since. It is a ponderous chain!

SCROOGE: I see no chain.

MARLEY: Mine were invisible until the moment of death; As yours shall be. As part of my penance, I have been sent here to warn you. And to offer you a hope and chance of escaping my fate. You will be haunted ... by Three Spirits.

SCROOGE: I -- I think I'd rather not.

MARLEY: Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tonight, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the stroke of two and the third more material shall appear in her own good time. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.

SND Q 6 7 sec as Marley leaves chains echo off

SCROOGE: BAH... (*Lays down and then sits up*) Something I ate.

SND Q 7 13-15 sec Church bell strikes ONE.

SCROOGE: One. What was it Marley said? Hmmm Just a dream.

<Scene 4 The past >

SND Q 8 8 sec as ghost leans over scrooge Bells going off-tinkling.

Scrooge sees Ghost)

SCROOGE: Are you the Spirit, whose coming was foretold to me?

GHOST PAST: Yes. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. It is for your welfare that I appear!

SCROOGE PAST: Well, I can think of no grater welfare, than a night of uninterrupted sleep.

GHOST PAST: Be careful Ebenezer Scrooge. I speak of your reclamation.

SCROOGE: My Reclamation then. Let's get on with it.

GHOST PAST: Come. We shall be invisible and silent as the grave. You will now see yourself Ebenezer.>>>>>

SND Q 9 7-9 sec transition to past –boy Scrooge

GHOST PAST: Do you know where you are?

SCROOGE: Good Heaven! I was bred in this place. I was a young boy here! The air is so clean not like the city.

GHOST PAST: Your school.

SCROOGE: I remember.

GHOST PAST: And it is Christmas Day.

SCROOGE: There is a small boy in there. A neglected child.

GHOST PAST: The boy is deserted by his friends and family.

SCROOGE: His mother is dead; his father holds him a grudge.

GHOST PAST: Why does his father hold him a grudge?

SCROOGE: She died in childbirth, his.

GHOST PAST: Weep for the child if the tears will come.

SCROOGE: OH he has his friends. Even on this day. Ali Babba, The Sultan's Groom.

GHOST PAST: But not a child. Not a real person to talk to.

SCROOGE: Robinson Crusoe not real? Friday? What of the Parrot? These were the dearest of companions. Poor child! But he made do.

GHOST PAST: Let us see another Christmas. >>>>>>>>>>

SND Q 10 15-20 sec

GHOST PAST: Know it?

SCROOGE: Know it! I apprenticed here. Much to my father's disgust I refused to marry the woman he had chosen for me and I was turned out....Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!

SCROOGE: (to the Ghost) Nick Wilkins, to be sure! Bless me, yes. There he is. he was very much attached to me, was Nick. Poor Nick Dear, dear!

SND Q 11 22-24 sec fiddle Music

FEZZIWIG CHRISTMAS MONTAGE with dancing need everyone on stage to do this

GHOST PAST: How long since you danced Ebenezer?

SCROOGE: A waste of time, dancing .

GHOST PAST: You didn't think so then.

SCROOGE: There was a reason then. (*all leave except Belle and Ebenezer*)

BELLE: There's been a change in you since you come to Fezziwig's. You used to be such a gloomy person.

Ebenezer: I'll have you know my dear, I'm of a serious bent of mind.

BELLE: I consider seriousness to be an admirable trait of character, but it can be overdone.

Ebenezer: I shall take heed of your advice my lady and go through life with a grin on my face.

GHOST PAST : A small matter to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.

SCROOGE: Small!

GHOST PAST: Fezziwig spent but a few pounds . Is that so much that he deserves this praise?

SCROOGE: It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune. It's a night I will never forget.

GHOST PAST: But you did forget? Often.>>>>>>>>>>

SCROOGE: Hmmm

GHOST PAST: Look another delay brought on by the pressure of business.

SCROOGE: No.

GHOST PAST: Now do you remember. (*A young Ebenezer is rushing towards a young woman*)

SCROOGE: (whispers) Belle ... (*She reaches out to touch him*)

Ebenezer: I'm sorry I'm late.

BELLE: I thought you might not come. I know how busy you are.

Ebenezer: Well. The time of year and the nature of my business, It's important to know I use my time and opportunities wisely.

BELLE: And I am not a wise opportunity. Our engagement was made when we were both of limited prospects and content to be so. How often I've thought of those times. You are changed. When it was made, you were another person.

Ebenezer: (*impatiently*) I was young. 'Tis true, I am not now what I was then.

BELLE: Yet I am. If there had been no understanding between us would you seek me out and try to win me now, a clerk with nothing but myself to bring to a marriage.... (wait at least 5 seconds of silence) You have no answer.

Ebenezer: You think I would not then?

BELLE: Oh Ebenezer! What a safe and terrible answer. If you were free, can even I believe that you would choose me, a lowly clerk -- you who weigh everything by Gain: Your shame and regret would surely follow if you were to marry me?

Ebenezer: Well perhaps then we should not be so hasty.

BELLE: Eleanor I release you from our engagement. With a full heart, for the love of who you once were. May you be happy in the life you have chosen! (*Abruptly, she rises and leaves him.*)

SCROOGE: I almost went after her.

GHOST PAST: Almost carries no weight; especially in matters of the heart. And you did have a heart ... didn't you Ebenezer.

SCROOGE: Spirit! Show me no more! Conduct me home. Leave me!. Haunt me no longer!

SND Q 12 scrooge to chair 13-14 sec(*Runs to his bedroom from where ever they had been.*)

SND Q 13 14-15 sec Church clock, strikes two.)

<Scene 5 Present>.

SCROOGE: Well Jacob. You did say two did you not. Hmmff. Mistaken is death as you were in life old man.

GHOST PRESENT: Ebebezer Scrooooooge? Ebenezer Scrooge. Come in! Come in and know me better man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present! You have never seen the like of me before eh? Come with me. Take hold my robe. >>

SND Q 14 to Cratchits 25-27 sec

GHOST PRESENT: Do you know this house?

SCROOGE: I can't say I do

GHOST PRESENT: It is the house of Bob Cratchit.

SCROOGE: He does very well on 15 bob a week

MRS CRATCHIT: I wonder what's keeping your father. Now leave some of that for the rest of us Peter.

MRS CRATCHIT: Your late Bob Cratchit. And your quite like an icicle Tim.

CRATCHIT: Go with your brother and sister Tim.

MARTHA: Did you enjoy church Tim?

TIM: Yes, Father stayed and talked to the minister for quite some time. I counted 43 pigeons in the square.

PETER: I saw Mr. Holleywell yesterday. He was carrying a wreath and singing as he walked down the street.

MARTHA: He's always singing.

TIM: He sings loudly in church too. Every so often I see his wife tapping his arm and smiling up at him. She's very pretty.

PETER: Did you sing in church Tim?

TIM: I always try to sing but sometimes when I look at the windows I get thoughtful and imagine being a knight or a king and what I'd do to help people.

MARTHA: You really are the kindest person I know Timmy.

TIM: Tim if you please Martha. I'm a growing boy. Mr. Holleywell said I was taller than last year.

PETER: Aye that you are Tim Cratchit. Shall I bring you some tea.

TIM: Yes please Peter. Whatever will I do when you get a proper position with some big business?

MARTHA: I guess you shall be stuck with me Tim Cratchit (tickles him).

TIM: Martha. What's it like to die?

MARTHA: Why would you ask Tim?

TIM: Well, I heard someone talking about dying being painful.

MARTHA: Oh Tim that is perhaps something you should discuss with father.

TIM: I tried Martha. He got all quiet like he does sometimes, and then said that death was not for us to understand.

PETER: I think perhaps father does not want to worry you Tim.

TIM: I'm not worried Peter. I will get better and then I can help you and father.

MARTHA: I'm sure you will become very strong and very handsome indeed. Now shall I read a story.

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

CRATCHIT: As good as gold, and better. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see. (a long pause) It seems to me that Tim is growing stronger and heartier every day, isn't he?

MRS. CRATCHIT: (quietly) Yes, dear. He is.

CRATCHIT: Peter I have some good news for you. I met by chance this morning at church a fine gentleman, Fred Holleywell by name. He's the nephew of our own Mrs. Scrooge. He remembered that I have a son coming of working age and he told me he had a position starting at 3 shillings and 6 pence a week. You may start work on Monday next.

SCROOGE: To start a boy at 3 and 6 pence a week. Tsk tsk. Typical of my nephew. It's no wonder he's never been able to put by a penny.

GHOST PRESENT: Perhaps he's put by more than money.

SCROOGE: Fred. Hmmff he's doing this to spite me you know. Employing the son of my employee at an exorbitant wage.Spirit ... tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

GHOST PRESENT: I see a vacant seat in the corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.

SCROOGE: No, no. Oh, no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared.

GHOST PRESENT: If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my brothers will find him here. What then? (*repeating what Scrooge said earlier*) "If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

SCROOGE: You use my own words against me.

GHOST PRESENT: Yes. So perhaps in the future you will hold your tongue until you have discovered what the surplus population is and where it is.>>

CRATCHIT: Now I would like to propose a toast to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge. Mr. Scrooge! *(Bob Cratchit holds glass making a toast.)* I give you Mrs Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT: The Founder of the Feast indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

CRATCHIT: (gently chiding) 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 Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!

CRATCHIT: Have some charity. It's Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's sake, but not for his. Long life to him. A merry Christmas and a happy new year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!

ALL: Mr. Scrooge *(said without any enthusiasm)*

SCROOGE: He's made a point Bob Cratchit has. Without me there would be no feast. No goose at all. My head for business has furnished him employment.

GHOST PRESENT: Is that all you've learned by observing this family on Christmas Day. We have some time left take my robe. >>>>>>>>

SND Q 15 21-23 sec transition to Holleywell

SCROOGE: SO where are we now.

GHOST PRESENT: Just a street. Any street. We'll go in here. It might amuse you.

SCROOGE: I'm in no mood to be amused. >>>>>>>> (Fred laughs)
(From behind him, Scrooge hears a familiar -- laugh. After a moment, he recognises it.)

SCROOGE: Fred? *(He turns toward the laugh, and the curtains open on Fred's home)*

FRED: I just keep thinking about what he said. Humbug. He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it too!

JANET: More shame for him, Fred!

FRED: He's a comical old man, and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.

GUEST 1: It is said that he is very rich and inherited all of Marley's fortune as well.

FRED: What of it? His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't even make himself comfortable with it.

SCROOGE: I don't squander it if that's what you mean by comfortable.

JANET: You are always courteous and kind to him and yet he is rude and says the most frightful things. I have no patience with him.

GUEST 2: Nor I. I saw him in the bank and he looked very miserable.

FRED: Oh, well I am sorry for him

SCROOGE: Sorry... sorry for me.

FRED: I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. 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.

GUEST 1: Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner and the company of good people.

JANET: But do go on, Fred. (*to the guests*) He never finishes what he begins to say. He is such a ridiculous fellow!

FRED: I was only going to say, that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, that he loses some pleasant moments. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him.

JANET: And every year he'll say....

ALL: BAH HUMBUG!

JANET: Come my dear we must see to our guests and perhaps play a game like simile.

SND Q 16 27-30 sec undo holleywell to old joe

GHOST PRESENT: The time has come for me to leave you Ebenezer Scrooge. (ghost starts to leave)

SCROOGE: What? Where are we going? Leave me here?

GHOST PRESENT: OH Yes.

SCROOGE: You can't leave me here. Take me back to my bed.

GHOST PRESENT: It's too late.

SCROOGE: It's cold this place is strange don't leave me.... **SPIRIT COME BACK.** Don't leave me here. I wish to talk. I have made mistakes here and there. I'm reasonable ...**SPIRIT!** Have pity on me. Don't leave me. What have I done to be abandon like this?

SND Q 17 enter future 5-6 sec

<Scene 6 The Future>

SCROOGE: (to himself) The last of the spirits. Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?

FUTURE: *I am here for you EBENEZER SCROOGE.* (This line is not spoken out loud- more by implication)

(SND Q 18 5-7 sec as ghost points) *The Phantom points onward with its hand.*

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 so, Spirit?

SND Q 19 2-4 sec The Phantom nods its head.)

SCROOGE: Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me? *(It gives him no reply*

SND Q 20 4-5 sec as ghost points.)

SCROOGE: Very well. Lead on! *(Scrooge follows)*

SCROOGE: Yes, I know these gentlemen. Business associates.

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

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: When did he die?

MAN OF BUSINESS: Last night, I believe.

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die.

MAN OF BUSINESS: Who knows.

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: What has he done with his money?

MAN OF BUSINESS: I haven't heard. Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. *(Everyone laughs.)*

MAN 2 OF BUSINESS: It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

MAN OF BUSINESS: I don't mind going if a lunch is provided. *(All Laugh in agreement)*

SCROOGE: I can't help but notice that I see no likeness of myself here....Not that I'm surprised, you understand. You see, I've been revolving in my mind a, er, change of life. And I should like to think... that is, I rather hope... that my not being here is the result of my having carried out some, ah, resolutions regarding -- *(Scrooge suddenly notices that the Phantom has moved on down the street and he hurriedly follows it.)>>>>>>>>*

CHARWOMAN: (to all) Let the charwoman alone to be the first! (to Old Joe) Look here, old Joe, here's a chance!

OLD JOE: You couldn't have met in a better place. Come into the parlour.

CHARWOMAN: Every person has a right to take care of themselves. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not the dead, I suppose.

OLD JOE: No, indeed! he always looked after himself best.

CHARWOMAN: If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, 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.

OLD JOE: It's the truest word that ever was spoke. It's a judgment on him.

CHARWOMAN: *(turns to Old Joe)* Open that bundle, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain.

OLD JOE: That's your account, and yours, I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?

SCROOGE: This is disgusting. I can't look at this. Why do you show me this? Haven't you anything better to show me?

OLD JOE: I always give too much to the ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself. .

CHARWOMAN: Undo my bundle, Joe. Don't drop that wax upon the blanket, now.

OLD JOE: His blanket?

CHARWOMAN: Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say.

OLD JOE: I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?

CHARWOMAN: Don't you be afraid of that. I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about for such things, if he did. Ah! It's the best he had. Ha, ha! He frightened every one away from when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!

SND Q 21 29-31 sec set sad cratchit

SCROOGE: Spirit, If there is any person in the town, who feels emotion caused by this person's death, show them to me, Spirit, I beseechyou!

FUTURE: *You have brought this on yourself. Look and feel Ebenezer Scrooge.* Ghost points and this line is not spoken but implied >>>>>>>

SND Q 22 14-16 Tim dead.

MARTHA: *(reads aloud)* . . . And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them. Shall I stop reading now mother?

MRS CRATCHIT: No, no It's the colour, it hurts my eyes. They're better now. The candle-light makes my eyes weak; and I wouldn't for the world show weak eyes to your father when he comes home. It must be near his time.

MARTHA: Past it rather. *(closes the book)* But I think he's walked a little slower than he used to, these few last evenings, mother. Shall I get you some tea mother?

MRS. CRATCHIT: Thank you dear but I will wait a little longer for your father. I have known him walk with -- I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

MARTHA: And so have I.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Ah there's your father.

MARTHA: Don't mind it, father. Don't be so grieved.

MRS CRATCHIT: You went to-day, then, Robert?

CRATCHIT: Yes, my dear. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. I promised him that I would walk there every Sunday. My little, little child. My little child! I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim -- shall we?

MARTHA: Oh father, We won't forget. We will never forget him

SND Q 23 15-17 sec *(The Phantom points towards the headstone.)*

SCROOGE: 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 shadows of things that May be, only?

FUTURE: *Still the Phantom points downward to the grave)*

SCROOGE: If the courses of these shadows be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me! *Scrooge falls to her knees when she sees her name on gravestone.)* No, Spirit! Oh no, no! Spirit! Hear me! I am not the person I was. I will not be the person. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Good Spirit. Assure me that I may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! *(talking to himself)* I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. *(turns back to spirit as saying next line and discovers spirit is gone)* Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!

SND Q 24 8-10 sec screech lightening

SND Q 25 20-24 sec

<Scene 7 A changed person>

SCROOGE: Oh Jacob! Heaven, and Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, on my knees! (*Scrooge feels bed*) I am changed. I don't know what day of the month it is! I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I don't know what to do! I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, A merry Christmas to every-one! A happy New Year to all the world! (*He pauses as the church bell rings out the hour.*) I don't even know what day it is. Heh there boy. What is today?

BOY: Eh?

SCROOGE: What's to-day, my fine fellow?

BOY: To-day? Why, Christmas Day.

SCROOGE: (*to himself*) It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. (*to the boy*) Hallo, my fine fellow!

BOY: Yes Sir..

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

BOY: I should hope I did.

SCROOGE: (*to himself*) An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! (*to the boy*) Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey; the big one?

BOY: What, you mean the one as big as me?

SCROOGE: (*to himself*) What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. (*to the boy*) Yes, my young buck!

BOY: It's hanging there now.

SCROOGE: Is it? Go and buy it.

BOY: Ha

SCROOGE: No, no, do not leave. I am in earnest. Come back with the man to bring the turkey, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown! I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. I'll need to pay a visit to that young nephew of mine. He will be so surprised. I need to bring a gift for that beautiful wife of his. I'm feel as giddy as a school boy.

<Scene 8 Back to the beginning story>

Narrator: And Ebenezer Scrooge was better than his word. He did everything he said he would, and much more. Tiny Tim did not die. And Ebenezer was like a second father to him. He became as good a friend, as good a teacher, and as good a person as any could hope to know. It was always said of Mr. Scrooge that if anyone knew how to keep Christmas well, it was him. If only that could truly be said of all of us. Merry Christmas.

SND Q 26 curtain call 50-60 sec