A Christmas Carol
by
Charles Dickens
Adapted for the stage by
Rick Vanderwall
Teacher Copy

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Notes

Sound Effects

1. Wind
2. Clock strikes [6]
3. Wind Chime
4. Marley’s Chains, Thunder Voices of Woe
5. Wind, Chains, Thunder
6. Chimes (12)
7. Wind Chime
8. Wind Chime
9. Fezziwig dance music
10. Chimes [1]
11. Wind
12. Chimes [12]
13. Wind
14. Chimes (4)
15. Chimes (9)

Music Cues

1. God Rest Ye
2. Holly and the Ivy
3. Fanfare
4. Holly and the Ivy
5. God Rest Ye
6. God Rest Ye
Cast list For *A Christmas Carol*  (listed in order of appearance)

Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3
Voices of Woe Choir (off-stage sound)
Fred, Scrooge’s Nephew
Scrooge
Farnsworth
Crimsley
Cratchit
Marley’s Ghost
Ghost of Christmas Past
Fan
Young Ebaneezer
Young Man Ebaneezer
Fezziwig
Fezziwig Daughters
Mrs. Fezziwig
Fezziwig Dancers and friends
Belle
Ghost of Christmas Present
Want and Need
Mrs. Cratchit
Belinda
Peter
Martha
Tiny Tim
Mrs. Fred, Niece
Topper
Sister
Other Sister
Want
Need
Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come
Businessman 1
Businessman 2
Businessman 3
Mrs. Sykes
Old Joe
Mrs. Dilber
Boy
Grocer
Stave 1: Marley's Ghost

At Rise: The stage is set for Scrooge and Marley’s Counting House. The cast enters and sings. At the end of the song all exit except Scrooge and Cratchit who are both hard at work. The narrators enter.

[M-#]= music cue, [S-#]=sound cue

[M-1]

N3
Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt what so ever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman,

N1
Old Marley was as dead as a doornail. Scrooge knew he was dead?

N2
Of course he did. How could it be otherwise?

N3
Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name.

N1
There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge!

N 1,2,3
Once upon a time

N2
Of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve –

N3
Old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house.

[S-1]

N1
It was cold,

N2
Bleak,
Biting weather. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk,

Bob Cratchit, who was in a dismal little cell beyond Scrooge’s desk and was copying letters.

Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal.

[Enter Scrooge’s Nephew, Fred]

Fred
A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

Scrooge
Bah! Humbug!

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

Scrooge
I do, Merry Christmas! What right or 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
Don't be cross, Uncle

Scrooge
What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! 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!

Fred
Uncle!
Scrooge
Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

Fred
Keep it? But you don't keep it.

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

Fred
I believe that Christmas, among the rest, has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

[Cratchit involuntarily applauds, becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he quickly returns to work.]

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.

Scrooge
Good afternoon.

Fred
I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

Scrooge
Good afternoon!

Fred
I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So, a merry Christmas, Uncle!

Scrooge
Good afternoon.

Fred
And A Happy New Year!

Scrooge
Good afternoon!

Fred
Merry Christmas, Bob.
Cratchit
The same to you and yours, sir.

Scrooge
There's another fellow, my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. Humbug!

[Scrooge's nephew lets two other people in as he exits.]

Farnsworth
Scrooge and Marley's, I believe, 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.

Crimsley
We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner.

Farnsworth
At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute.

Crimsley
Many thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

Scrooge
Are there no prisons?

Both
Plenty of prisons.

Scrooge
And workhouses? Are they still in operation?

Both
They are.

Crimsley
I wish I could say they were not.

Scrooge
I'm very glad to hear it.
Farnsworth
A few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. What shall I put you down for?

Scrooge
Nothing!

Crimsley
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; those who are badly off must go there.

Farnsworth
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. It's not my business. Good afternoon, gentlemen!

[Crimsley and Farnsworth exit, lights dim slightly.]

Narrator 3
Meanwhile, the fog and darkness thickened so, that people went about with torches.

Narrator 2
The cold became intense.

Narrator 1
The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed.

[Singers appear outside of the counting house and sing.]

[M-2]
[Scrooge tries not to listen but eventually goes out and chases them away. When he returns the clock strikes 6:00 PM. [S-2] Cratchit gets up and prepares to leave.]

Scrooge
You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

Cratchit
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.

Cratchit
Its 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.

[Scrooge exits Scrooge moves about the stage as if he were walking home. The stage clears. A door appears up stage left]

Narrator 1
Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and, having read his banker's-book, went home to bed.

Narrator 2
He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms.

Narrator 3
Now, it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence.

[Scrooge crosses to door.]

Narrator 1
Let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any change -- not a knocker, but Marley's face.

[S-3]

Narrator 2
As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

Narrator 3
Up Scrooge went. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it.

Narrator 2
He closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in.

[As door unit is removed Scrooge’s bed appears. Scrooge remembers the knocker.]
Scrooge

Humbug! I won't believe it.

[S-4]

[Enter Marley’s Ghost with the clanking of chains and lighting effects. The Voices of Woe are heard as the sound cue develops]

Scrooge

I know him; Marley's Ghost! How now! What do you want with me?

Marley

Much!

Who are you?

Scrooge

Ask me who I was.

Marley

Who were you then?

Scrooge

In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley… You don't believe in me.

Marley

I don't.

Scrooge

Why do you doubt your senses?

Marley

Because, you may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!

[At this the spirit raises a frightful cry.]

Scrooge

Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

Marley

Do you believe in me or not?
Scrooge
I do, I must. But why do you come to me?

Marley
It is required of every man, that he go forth in life, or his spirit is condemned to do so after death. I am doomed to wander through the world -- oh, woe is me! -- and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth!

[Again the spectre raises a cry, and shakes its chain.]

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. Do you not recognize it? The weight and length of yours was as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago.

Scrooge
Jacob, speak comfort to me, Jacob!

Marley
I have none to give. A very little more, is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. -- mark me! -- in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!

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

Marley
Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business. Hear me! My time is nearly gone.

Scrooge
I will. But don't be hard upon me!

Marley
I am here tonight 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.

Marley
Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, 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 toll. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.

[S-5]
[Marley exits with great effect.]

Scrooge
Humbug!

Stave 2: The First of the Three Spirits

Narrator 1
When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark he could scarcely distinguish the walls of his chamber.

[S-6]

Narrator 2
So, he listened for the hour. [Chimes begin to ring.] The heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve.

Narrator 3
Then, it stopped.

Scrooge
Why, it isn't possible that I can have slept through a whole day.
[S-7]
[Enter The Ghost of Christmas Past with sound effects of tinkling bells.]

Scrooge
Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me.

Ghost of Christmas Past
I am.

Scrooge
Who, and what are you?

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

Scrooge
Long past?

Ghost of Christmas Past
No. Your past.

Scrooge
What business brings you here?

Ghost of Christmas Past
Your welfare. Your reclamation. Take heed. Rise and walk with me.

Scrooge
I am mortal, and liable to fall.

Ghost of Christmas Past
Bear but a touch of my hand there and you shall be upheld.

[Set and lighting Change – wind chime]

[S-8]

[Solitary boy bouncing a ball, Young Ebenezer]

Scrooge
Good Heavens! I was a boy here.
Ghost of Christmas Past
Your lip is trembling, and what is that upon your cheek.

Scrooge
It is nothing but a speck of dust, pay it no mind. Let us go on.

Ghost of Christmas Past
These are but shadows of the things that have been. They cannot see or hear us.

Narrator 2
They come to a school. The school is not quite deserted. A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.

Scrooge
I know this boy is there no one come for him?

Ghost of Christmas Past
He is as we find him.

Scrooge
Poor boy. I wish… but it's too late now.

Ghost of Christmas Past
What is the matter?

Scrooge
Nothing, there was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something: that's all.

Ghost of Christmas Past
Let us see another Christmas.

[As Scrooge and the Ghost travel about the stage there is a change of scene and mood, a desk appears.]

[Young Ebenezer is seated at a school desk. Fan, his slightly older sister enters.]

Fan
Dear, dear brother. I have come to bring you home, home. Father is ever so much kinder now.

Young Ebenezer
Home, Fan?

Fan
Yes, home, for good and all. Home, forever and ever.
Young Ebenezer
Oh, Fan, it’s what I dreamed of all these many months.

Ghost of Christmas Past
Always a delicate creature, but she had a large heart.

Scrooge
So she had.

Ghost of Christmas Past
She died before her time and had, as I think, children?

Scrooge
One child.

Ghost of Christmas Past
True, your nephew.

Scrooge
Yes.

[Fezziwig’s desk in – stage transforms into the Fezziwig warehouse, Fezziwig is hard at work at his desk, Ghost and Scrooge enter.]

Ghost of Christmas Past
Do you know this place?

Scrooge
Know it! Was I apprenticed here. Why, it's old Fezziwig. Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again.

Fezziwig
Yo ho, there. Ebenezer. Dick.

[Enter Ebenezer as a young man with Dick Wilkens.]

Scrooge
Dick Wilkins, to be sure. He was very much attached to me, was Dick.

Fezziwig
Yo ho, my boys. No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, boys. Let's have the shutters up. [The warehouse is again transformed into a bright party room – desks out, garland posts in.]

Fezziwig
Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room. Mother Fessiwig, Daughters come in and join the festivities!
[Dancers and party goers arrive and a bright musical air is started. Enter Mrs. Fezziwig, and the two Miss Fezziwigs and all, a party begins. Dancing, toasting, much merriment begin. Young Man, Ebenezer pays particular attention to Belle, a sweet young woman. When the clock strikes eleven, Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig take their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she leave, wishing him or her a Merry Christmas. At the end of the dance the stage slowly returns to the warehouse.]

[S-9]
(Fezziwig dance music)

Ghost of Christmas Past
A small matter, to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.

Scrooge
Small. The happiness he gives was quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

[Scrooge wipes away a tear]

Ghost of Christmas Past
What is the matter?

Scrooge
Nothing in particular.

Ghost of Christmas Past
Something, I think.

Scrooge
I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That’s all.

Ghost of Christmas Past
My time grows short, quick.

[Young Man Ebenezer enters he is not alone, he is by the side of Belle]

Narrator 1
Again, Scrooge saw himself. He was 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. He is not alone, but by the side of a young girl in whose eyes there were tears which sparkled in the light that shown out of the Ghost of Christmas Past

Belle
It matters little. Something has replaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to be unhappy.
Young Man Ebenezer
What idol could have replaced you?

Belle
A golden one.

Young Man Ebenezer
This is just the way of the world. There is nothing so hard as poverty.

Belle
You fear the world too much. All your hopes have merged into the hope of being a man of means. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, has consumed you.

Young Man Ebenezer
I am not changed towards you. Am I?

Belle
You have changed, you were another man.

Young Man Ebenezer
I was a boy.

Belle
I release you from your promise, Ebenezer.

Young Man Ebenezer
Have I ever sought release?

Belle
In words. No. Never.

Young Man Ebenezer
In what, then?

Belle
In a changed nature; in everything that made me of any worth or value in your sight. If you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can you say you would you choose me? [He is unable to respond.] You will have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will gladly forget it as an unprofitable dream. May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

[She exits, Young Man Ebenezer watches her go. He starts to go after but turns away.]

Scrooge
Spirit, show me no more. Take me home. Why do you delight to torture me.
Ghost of Christmas Past

These are shadows of the things that have been.

Scrooge

Remove me. I cannot bear it.

[They exit and Scrooge’s bed returns. Scrooge sinks into a heavy sleep.]
Stave 3: The Second of the Three Spirits

Narrator 1
Awaking in the middle of a very loud snore

Narrator 2
And sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together

[S-10]

Narrator 3
[Chimes begin to ring]
Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of one. The moment Scrooge sat up a strange voice called to him to get out of bed.

Narrator 1
He obeyed.

[M-3]

Ghost of Christmas Present
Come in! Come in. and know me better, man. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present, look upon me. You have never seen the like of me before.

Scrooge
Never!

Ghost of Christmas Present
Have you never walked with the younger members of my family?

Scrooge
I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?

Ghost of Christmas Present
More than eighteen hundred.

Scrooge
A tremendous family to provide for. Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night and I learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have something to teach me, let me profit by it.

Ghost of Christmas Present
Touch my robe.

[Scrooge and Ghost of Christmas Present travel down stage as the scene changes to the home of Bob Cratchit. Mrs. Cratchit enters assisted by Belinda and Master Peter.]
Narrator 2
Scrooge and Ghost of Christmas Present watch as Mrs. Cratchit, dressed in a poorly, twice-turned gown, decorated in brave ribbons prepares a meager Christmas feast.

Mrs. Cratchit
What has ever got your precious father then? And your brother, Tiny Tim. Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day.

Belinda
Here's Martha, mother.

[Enter Martha]

Peter
You’re such a goose, Martha.

Mrs. Cratchit
Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are.

Martha
We had work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother.

Mrs. Cratchit
Well, never mind so long as you have come. Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm.

Peter and Belinda
There's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide.

[Martha hides. Enter Bob Cratchit with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.]

Bob
We are home at last Mrs. Cratchit.

Mrs. Cratchit
So, you are at last.

Bob
Why, where's our Martha?

Mrs. Cratchit
Not coming.

Bob
[Obviously disappointed]
Not coming? Not coming upon Christmas Day.
Martha
[Enters from hiding, taps him on the shoulder to his surprise]

Mrs. Cratchit
And how did little Tim behave?

Bob
As good as gold. Tim, we have forgotten something [Tim smiles and nods] What could it be?

Children
The goose, the goose, father you have forgotten the goose.

Bob
Yes, that’s it the goose. What have we done with it, Tim? [Tim shrugs his shoulders] Could it be outside? Check the door Peter.

[Door is opened and Peter returns with a small goose.]

Peter
Here it is, father!

Bob
Have you ever? Why, there never was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, and size are unequaled.

[They eat. The actors don’t really eat here but pantomime instead]

Scrooge
Spirit, is this small goose meant to feed all of the Cratchits?

Ghost of Christmas Present
Yes and lucky they are to have it. Thousands go hungry everyday. Why, is there something you wish to do?

Scrooge
I was only thinking of the prize goose in the butcher shop. How can they be so happy with so little?

Mrs Cratchit
My, my you have eaten it all.

Bob
And now one and all it is time for Mrs. Cratchit’s yearly triumph, the annual Christmas Pudding!
All

Hurrah For Mother!

[Martha and Belinda exit to get the pudding.]

Mrs. Cratchit

Oh, I am so nervous. What if it didn’t turn out. What if it is burned?

[Enter pudding to great acclaim.]

Mr. Cratchit

Oh, A wonderful pudding. It is the greatest success of all. Congratulations Mother. A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us.

God bless us everyone!

Scrooge

Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

Ghost of Christmas Present

I see a vacant seat, and a crutch without an owner.

Scrooge

No, no, say he will be spared.

Ghost of Christmas Present

If these shadows remain unaltered by the future then the child will die. Did you not say “If he is going to die he had better do it and decrease the population.”?

Scrooge

Spirit, I am so ashamed.

Bob

[Rises to give a toast] I give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast.

Mrs. Cratchit

Founder of the feast indeed! I wish I had him here I’d give him a piece of my mind to feast on.

[Scrooge hangs his head]

Bob

My dear, the children, Christmas Day.

Mrs. Cratchit

I’ll drink his health for your sake not for his.
Belinda

Let’s sing a song.

All

Yes, yes let’s do.

[M-4]

[All sing…]

Ghost of Christmas Present

[Motions to Scrooge to leave. The Cratchit set exits.]

Scrooge

Oh, spirit must we leave?

Ghost of Christmas Present

We must. We have another place yet to visit.

Scrooge

Then lead on. I am ready to be instructed.

[S-11]

[Wind]

[Set and lighting change as Scrooge and Ghost travel the stage]

Narrator 3

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness whose secrets were as profound as Death:

Narrator 1

It was a great surprise to Scrooge to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's.

Narrator 2

And to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability.

Fred

Ha, ha. Ha, ha, ha, ha. He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live. He believed it too.

Niece

More shame for him, Fred.

Fred

He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth: and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.
Niece
I'm sure he is very rich, Fred, at least you always tell me so.

Fred
What of that, my dear. His wealth is of no use to him. He does no good with it.

Niece
I have no patience with him.

Fred
Oh, I have. I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers but himself, always. Indeed, I think he has lost a very good dinner. What do you say, Topper?

Topper
A bachelor is a wretched outcast!

Fred
Come, lets have a bit of fun how about a game?

All
Yes, a game.

Topper
Yes, Blindman’s Bluff!

[They play. Topper is it and cheats by peaking over his mask and chases one young woman around until she allows herself to be caught. All collapse in laughter.]

Niece
I know, lets play Yes and No, Fred you think of something and we will ask the questions.

Fred
Oh yes, I have the perfect idea. Go ahead.

Niece
Is it an animal?

Fred
Yes.

Topper
A disagreeable animal?

Fred
Yes. Oh how right you are! [laughs]
Sister
Does this animal walk about the streets of London?

Fred
Yes!

Other Sister
Is it a horse?

Fred
No, not a horse,
[laughs even harder]

Niece
I have found it out. I know what it is, Fred. I know what it is.

Fred
What is it?

Niece
It's your Uncle Scrooge.

Fred
Yes that’s it. [All laugh] He has given us plenty of enjoyment, I am sure, it would be ungrateful not to drink his health I say, "Uncle Scrooge."

All
Well. Uncle Scrooge.

Fred
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, wherever he is.

[Scrooge and the ghost exit and the scene changes.]

Narrator 1
Uncle Scrooge had become so happy that he would have thanked them if the Ghost had given him time.

Narrator 2
But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew;

Narrator 3
And he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Scrooge
Are spirits' lives so short?
Ghost of Christmas Present
My life upon this globe, is very brief, it ends tonight.

Scrooge
Tonight?

[S-12]

Ghost of Christmas Present
Tonight at midnight. [chimes sound] Hark, The time is drawing near.

Scrooge
I see something strange protruding from your gown.

Ghost of Christmas Present
Look here.

Scrooge
Spirit, are they yours?

Ghost of Christmas Present
Do you not recognize them? They are Man's. And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. 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 doom written unless the writing be erased.

Scrooge
Have they no refuge or resource?

Ghost of Christmas Present
Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? [Scrooge reacts with guilt]

[S-13]
[The bell strikes twelve the Voices of Woe. Enter Phantom.]
Stave 4: The Last of the Spirits

[Scrooge bends down upon his knee.]

Scrooge
I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?

[The Spirit nods in agreement.]

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?

[Phantom nods.]

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, and, as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me.

[The hand points straight ahead.]

Scrooge
Lead on, lead on. The night is going fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. lead on.

Narrator
The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge knew these men. They were men of business: very wealthy, and of great importance. He had always made a point of standing well in their esteem: in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

[Enter 3 Businessmen]

Businessman 1
How are you.

Businessman 2
How are you.

B1
Well, Old Scratch has got his own at last. Cold, isn't it.

B2
When did he die?

B1
Last night, I believe.
What was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die.

God knows.

What has he done with his money?

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

It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it.

I don't mind going if a lunch is provided, I must be fed, if I am to go. [they laugh]

[Businessmen exit.]

They left the busy scene, and went into a part of town with a bad reputation.

A place Scrooge had never been before.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of a rough-looking man and two women with heavy bundles.

[Enter a motley group.]

Let me be the first. Let the laundress be the second; and let the undertaker's man be the third. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first.

[Old Joe, chalks the sums he will give for each on the wall, and adds them up]

That's what I will pay and I wont give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next.

And now undo my bundle, Joe.

I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself. That's your account. Don’t ask me for another penny. What do you call this?
Mrs Dilber

Bed-curtains.

Old Joe

You don't mean to say you took them down, rings and all, with him lying there.

Mrs Dilber

Yes I do, why not?

Old Joe

You were born to make your fortune, and you'll certainly do it. His blankets?

Mrs Sykes

Whose do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without them, I dare say.

Old Joe

I hope he didn't die of any thing catching.

[Exit]
[Enter bench with body and sheet.]

Scrooge

Spirit, I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. Merciful Heaven, what is this. [realizes that it is a body] I fear to know who lies underneath this sheet Spirit, this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go.

[Still the Ghost points with an unmoved finger to the head.]

Scrooge

I understand you, Spirit. I have not the power to look. Spirit, I beseech you. Let me see some tenderness connected with a death.

[Ghost nods and Scrooge and the Ghost exit, the set changes to Crachit set.]

Narrator 1

The Phantom relents and takes Scrooge back to a familiar place. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house; the dwelling he had visited before; and found the mother and the children seated at the table reading from the Bible.

Peter

And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them. [Mrs. Cratchit breaks down.]

Mrs. Cratchit

This sewing hurts my eyes. They're better now again. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.
Peter
Past it rather, but I think he has walked a little slower than he used to, these few last evenings.

Mrs. Cratchit
I have known him walk with – [she breaks down] I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.

Peter
And so have I, often.

Belinda
And so have I. He was very light to carry, it was no trouble, no trouble.

Mrs. Cratchit
There is your father at the door. [Goes to meet Bob] Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved. You went today, then, Robert?

Bob
Yes, my dear, I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. [He breaks down.] My little, little child, my little child. [He quickly regains his composure.] Mr. Scrooge's nephew Fred was ever so kind. I have only seen him a few times yet when he met me in the street he said, “I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit, and heartily sorry for your good wife.”

Mrs. Cratchit
I'm sure he's a good soul.

Bob
Now, my dears, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim -- shall we?

All
Never, father.

Bob
I am very happy, I am very happy. [Cries]

[Scene fades]

Scrooge
Spectre, something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. Tell me who was that man whom we saw lying dead.

[The Phantom points downstage and a gravestone appears.]
Scrooge
Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they shadows of things that may be?

[Still the Ghost points downward to the grave.]

Scrooge
Am I that man who lay upon the bed?

[The Ghost points from the grave to Scrooge, and back again.]

[S-14]
[Chimes 4]
Scrooge
No, Spirit. Oh no, no. Spirit, hear me. I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I have been. Why show me this, if I am past all hope. Good Spirit, I will not shut out the lessons I have learned. Oh, tell me I may change the writing on this stone.

[Scrooge collapses – Blackout]

Stave 5: The End of It

[As lights come up we are back in Scrooge’s bedroom. He awakens and sees where he is he jumps up and runs around the room.]

Scrooge
Yes! My bedpost. My bed! Oh, and my lovely room! What day is it? Oh, I hope it is not too late. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley, heaven be praised for this. I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees. I don’t know what to do. I am as light as a feather! [Opens window.] A merry Christmas to everybody. A happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here. Whoop, hallo.

[Bells begin to ring]
I don’t know what day of the month it is. I don’t know how long I’ve been among the Spirits. [shouts to boy] What’s today?

Boy

Scrooge
It’s Christmas Day. I haven’t missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. Hallo, my fine fellow.

Boy
Yes, sir?
Scrooge
Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?

Boy
Oh, yes I do.

Scrooge
An intelligent boy. A remarkable boy. Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging there?

Boy
The one as big as me?

Scrooge
What a delightful boy. Yes, my good man!

Boy
It's still hanging there now.

Scrooge
Go and buy it.

Boy
Sir?

Scrooge
Go and buy it, and tell them to bring it here. Come back with the grocer in less than five minutes and I'll give you half-a-crown. [Exit Boy] I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He won’t know who sent it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim! Oh, the look on Bob’s face when he sees it [he laughs] I shall love it, as long as I live. --Here's the Turkey. [Enter Boy] Hallo. Whoop. How are you. Merry Christmas. Is this the finest turkey money can buy?

Grocer
Oh, yes sir, without a doubt.

Scrooge
Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town. You must have a cab.

[Man exits with boy and turkey. Carolers enter.]
You there, sing a Christmas song while I dress. Here’s for your trouble. [throws coins]

[M-5]

[Scrooge’s bed exits as carolers move forward and sing. Scrooge enters dressed after the song and meets Farnsworth and Crimsley.]
Scrooge
My dear sir, how do you do? I hope you collected well yesterday. A merry Christmas to you, sir.

Farnsworth
Mr. Scrooge?

Scrooge
Yes, That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. Please allow me to mend my error of yesterday I would like to donate [whispers].

Crimsley
Lord bless me. My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?

Scrooge
If you please, not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you.

Both F&C
My dear sir. What can we say?

Scrooge
Don't say anything please, come and see me.

Crimsley
We will.

Scrooge
Thank you, I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you.

[Scrooge crosses to door and knocks. Fred answers]

Scrooge
Fred?

Fred
Who's that? Why bless my soul.

Scrooge
It's I. Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?

Fred
Let you in? Why of course! Everyone, it’s Uncle Scrooge come for dinner make him welcome!

[Lights fade as the narrator speaks. When they come up we are at the Counting house.]
Narrators
Scrooge had never had a merrier time.

Narrator 1
The first of many in the home of his nephew.

[Lights up on Scrooge and Counting House.]

Narrator 3
He was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was very early.

Narrator 2
If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late. That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

[S-15]
[Chimes 9]

Narrator 3
The clock struck nine. No Bob.

Narrator 1
A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time.

Narrator 3
Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the door.

[Bob enters quickly, glancing at Scrooge.]

Scrooge
What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

Bob
I am very sorry, sir, I am behind my time.

Scrooge
You are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

Bob
It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

Scrooge
Now, I'll tell you what, my friend, I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore . . . and therefore, I am about to raise your salary! A merry Christmas, Bob, A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year. Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another “I”, Bob Cratchit.

[Company enters in a festive air]
All Narrators

Scrooge was better than his word.

Narrator 1

He did it all, and infinitely more.

Narrator 2

To Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father.

Narrator 3

He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew. Some people laughed to see the change in him, His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

Narrator 1

He had no further to do with Spirits, and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas 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…

Tim

God bless us, every one!

[M-6]

[Group sings as curtain call.]