

Side 1

Scrooge & Cratchit

~~NARRATOR. But in all those seven years, the sign above the door remained "Scrooge and Marley." Scrooge never painted out Marley's name. That was the name of the firm, after all, and Scrooge couldn't be bothered to change it. People sometimes called Scrooge "Scrooge," and they sometimes called him "Marley," but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.~~

~~(SFX: Church bells/chimes ring three times.)~~

~~(SFX: Carriages, footsteps on stone pavement.)~~

~~(SFX: Carriage passing by.)~~

START

NARRATOR. It was cold, bleak, biting weather that day. Scrooge could hear the people going up and down the street outside his counting house, stamping their feet on the pavement to keep warm. The clocks had only just struck three, but it was quite dark already. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole.

(SFX: Wind.)

NARRATOR. The door of Scrooge's office was open so that he could keep his eye on his clerk, Bob Cratchit, who sat in a cold and dismal little room just beyond, working on his ledgers, wrapped up to his nose in the scarf his wife had lovingly knitted for him, and trying to warm himself by a single candle...with little success.

(SFX: Quill pen writing on ledger.)

BOB CRATCHIT. ...nineteen, twenty, twenty-one... (Sings to himself:) ...let nothing you dismay...twenty-three, twenty-nine, carry two... (Sings to himself:) ...on Christmas Day!

(SFX: Coins slammed down on table.)

SCROOGE. Cratchit!!

(SEX: Quill pen runs off page.)

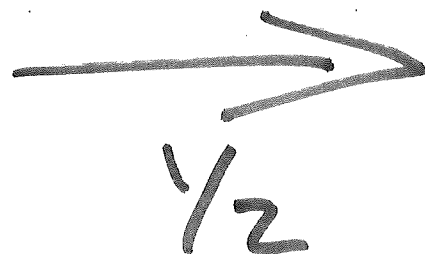
BOB CRATCHIT. Y-y-yes, Mister Scrooge?

SCROOGE. Stop that infernal caterwauling! Let me hear another sound out of you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, sir, Mister Scrooge. Very sorry, sir. I was caught up in the Christmas spirit.

SCROOGE. Christmas. Bah. Humbug!

BOB CRATCHIT. Christmas a humbug, Mister Scrooge? Oh, I'm sure you don't mean that.



SCROOGE. I mean exactly that! Much good Christmas has ever done you, Bob Cratchit. Why, what's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills with no money, and for finding yourself a year older, but not a penny richer.

BOB CRATCHIT. Why, I've always thought of Christmas time as a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. A season of hospitality, merriment, songs, dances, holly, and mistletoe.

(SFX: Coins being stacked.)

SCROOGE. Hmpf! If I could have my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips would be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart! Back to your ledger, Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, sir, Mister Scrooge.

(SFX: Quill pen scratching on ledger.)

SCROOGE. You keep Christmas in your way, Bob Cratchit, and let me keep it in mine. *(Under his breath.)* Christmas. Bah. Humbug.

(SFX: Knock at the door.)

~~**SCROOGE.** Who's there? ———~~

~~*(SFX: Door with bell opens and closes.)* ———~~

~~**NARRATOR.** In came a portly gentleman, hat in hand. ———~~

~~**GENTLEMAN.** Have I the pleasure of addressing Mister Scrooge or Mister Marley? ———~~

~~**SCROOGE.** Marley's dead. ———~~

~~**GENTLEMAN.** Oh, I'm very sorry to hear that. ———~~

~~**SCROOGE.** I'm Mister Scrooge. ———~~

~~**GENTLEMAN.** Ah, Mister Scrooge, then. At this festive time of year, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some food and drink, and means of warmth. Many thousands of the poor are in want of common necessities, and suffer greatly at the present time. ———~~

~~**SCROOGE.** Are there no prisons? ———~~

~~**GENTLEMAN.** Why, yes, Mister Scrooge. Plenty of prisons. ———~~

~~**SCROOGE.** And the workhouses? Are they still in operation? ———~~

~~**GENTLEMAN.** They are, sir, although I wish I could say they were not. ———~~

END

Scrooge
Cratchit
2/2

START

NARRATOR. The bells had barely stopped ringing when Scrooge heard the front door.

(SFX: Door creaks open slowly.)

(SFX: Wind.)

(SFX: Door slams shut.)

SCROOGE. How is that possible? I locked that door myself.

(SFX: Heavy footsteps on stairs, continues under following.)

(SFX: Chains dragging, continues under following.)

NARRATOR. And then he heard footsteps on the stairs, and the sound of dragging chains. Closer it came.

MARLEY. *(Distant:)* Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE. Who...who's there...?

(SFX: Scrooge's spoon rattling in bowl.)

NARRATOR. And closer still.

MARLEY. *(Closer:)* Ebenezer Scrooge!!

SCROOGE. Who's there, I say!

(SFX: Footsteps drawing closer.)

(SFX: Chains dragged on floor.)

NARRATOR. And into the room it came!

MARLEY. *(In the same room:)* Ebenezer Scrooge!!!

(SFX: Chains dropped on floor.)

(SFX: Scrooge's spoon dropped in bowl.)

NARRATOR. And there it was, standing directly before him. A dreadful, ghostly-white apparition, wrapped all around in chains, cash-boxes, padlocks, and keys, and it was staring at Scrooge with death-cold eyes.

SCROOGE. Who...who are you?

MARLEY. In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE. But Jacob's dead. He died seven years ago.

MARLEY. Seven years ago this very night.

SCROOGE. Marley a ghost? I don't believe it. It's humbug!

(SFX: Thunder.)

(SFX: Loud wind.)

#2
Cont'd

(SFX: Rattling chains.)

MARLEY. (Wails:) Oooooooooohhhhhh!

SCROOGE. (Wails like MARLEY:) Oooooooooohhhhhhhh! Mercy, dreadful apparition! Mercy! (Calming himself:) Very well, then...Jacob. But why do you come to me?

MARLEY. Listen to me, Ebenezer! I am condemned to wander the earth without rest, traveling far and wide forever, doomed to witness the happiness I cannot share, doomed to the incessant torture of remorse, knowing that I can never make amends for my life's misused opportunities.

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

(SFX: Rattling chains.)

MARLEY. Business?! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business. Charity, mercy, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the ocean of my business.

SCROOGE. Dead these seven years, and traveling all the while?

MARLEY. Aye, all the while. And weary journeys yet lie before me.

SCROOGE. But...but why do you carry these chains?

MARLEY. I wear the chains of greed I forged in life, link by link, and yard by yard. I made it of my own free will, as you have done. Your chain was as full and heavy as mine these seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since, and it has grown even more ponderous than my own.

(SFX: Rattling chains.)

MARLEY. Hear me, Ebenezer!

SCROOGE. Y-y-yes, Jacob.

MARLEY. I am here to warn you, and to tell you that you still have a chance and hope of escaping my fate.

SCROOGE. You were always a good friend to me, Jacob. Tell me, Jacob. Tell me.

MARLEY. Tonight you will be visited by three spirits.

SCROOGE. Three? Spirits? Is this the chance and hope you mentioned?

MARLEY. It is.

SCROOGE. Then I think I'd rather not.

END

Marley
Scrooge

Side 3 Fezziwig's Ball

START

~~brought in laden with food and drink. When all was ready, Fezziwig clapped his hands again...~~

(SFX: Hands clap twice.)

FEZZIWIG. Ho, there!

NARRATOR. ...and in glided Missus Fezziwig.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Merry Christmas, Mister Fezziwig.

FEZZIWIG. Merry Christmas, Missus Fezziwig!

NARRATOR. Then in pirouetted the three Miss Fezziwigs, followed by the six young men whose hearts they had broken. Then came all the young men and women employed in the business, and the housemaid, and the baker, and the cook, and the milkman, and the boy from across the way, and anyone else within hearing distance of the place.

FEZZIWIG. Welcome, everybody! Welcome!

NARRATOR. And in they all came, one after another, until the room was overflowing with life.

(SFX: Door with bell opening and closing.)

FEZZIWIG. Ah, the fiddler! Welcome, my lad, welcome.

NARRATOR. And in came the fiddler with his music book, and he went straight up to the lofty desk, and tuned his fiddle like fifty stomach-aches.

(SEX: Fiddle tuning up.)

FEZZIWIG. Music, maestro, if you please!

(MUSIC: English country dance, continues under the following.)

NARRATOR. And away they all went, hands around and back again, down the middle and up again, round and round, and round and round. There were dances, and more dances. There was cold roast, and cake, and mince pies enough for all, and more. Then the fiddler struck up the Squire's dance, and old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Missus Fezziwig. And dance they did!

FEZZIWIG. (In time with the music:) Up and back and back again. Arm in arm and round again. Ho, ho, Missus Fezziwig!

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Ho, ho, Mister Fezziwig!

NARRATOR. What a party it was! Such laughter and merriment as old Scrooge had ever known. Music and dancing late into the night...

~~(MUSIC: Country dance ends.)~~

~~(SFX: Church bells toll in the distance, eleven times.)~~

END

Side 4 SCROOGE & Belle

START

~~older now, restless and dissatisfied, wearing the signs of care, and greed.~~

~~GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. And look there, Ebenezer. Do you remember?~~

NARRATOR. The Spirit pointed ahead to a fair young lady sitting alone under a tree. In her eyes were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone from the Spirit.

SCROOGE. Belle? Belle!

BELLE. Ebenezer, another idol has replaced me in your heart.

YOUNG SCROOGE. My dear, Belle, whatever do you mean? What idol has displaced you?

BELLE. A golden one. I have watched your nobler aspirations fall away one by one, until now, you care only for money. You have no room left in your heart for me.

YOUNG SCROOGE. No, Belle. I am not changed towards you.

BELLE. I would gladly think otherwise if I could. When we were betrothed, you were a different man, Ebenezer. We were both poor, and content to be so. But your feelings have changed. Now you seek only fortune. So I must release you from your promise to marry me.

YOUNG SCROOGE. My dear Belle...

BELLE. I release you with a full heart, Ebenezer, for the love of him you once were. May you be happy in the life you've chosen. May your love of wealth cheer and comfort you in the years to come, as I would like to have done. Goodbye, Ebenezer.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Oh, Belle. Belle.

NARRATOR. But Belle was gone.

~~SCROOGE. Spirit, why do you torture me with this? Please, no more.~~

~~GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. One more shadow of Christmas past, Ebenezer.~~

~~(SFX: Motif for Ghost of Christmas Past.)~~

~~NARRATOR. And the years passed before Scrooge's eyes, and Scrooge and the Ghost were in another time and another place. And there was Belle, not the forlorn willowy girl Scrooge had left behind, but a woman now, with a beautiful daughter at her side...a daughter who might have been Scrooge's own, had he cared for Belle more, and money less. Into this happy scene walked Belle's husband.~~

END

Side 5

Scrooge & Ghost of Christmas Present

Start

~~NARRATOR. When no spirit appeared, Scrooge was taken with a violent fit of trembling. He lay upon his bed and waited. And trembled. And waited. And trembled. Gradually, he became aware of a ghostly reddish glow all around him.~~

This was even more alarming than a dozen ghosts.

Scrooge gathered what little wits he had left, and came to realize that the ghostly red glow was coming from the next room. Summoning his courage, Scrooge got up, shuffled to the door, opened it, and peeked in.

(SFX: Door slowly creaks open.)

(SFX: Sound of roaring fire.)

SCROOGE. (Tentatively:) Hallooo? Who's there?

NARRATOR. Scrooge hardly recognized the room as his own. The room glowed red from the roaring fire. The walls and ceiling of the room were decorated with holly and mistletoe and evergreens of all kinds. Every inch of floor was covered with food and gifts of all shapes and sizes. And in the center of it all, high on a stately throne, sat a giant of a man.

(SFX: Sleigh bells.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE. (With a muffled sound of fright:) Ah!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (Laughing:) Come in! Come in, Ebenezer! Look upon me and know me better, man. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!

(SFX: Sleigh bells.)

NARRATOR. The genial giant was clothed in a simple green robe, bordered all around with white fur. On his head, a huge wreath of holly decorated with shining icicles, and in his hand, a glowing torch.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. You have never see the like of me before, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE. Never, spirit. Never in my life.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. There have been more than eighteen hundred of my brothers before me, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE. More than eighteen hundred? A tremendous family to provide for, to be sure.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. But you've not made your acquaintance of even one of them.

→
1/2

#5

SCROOGE. Im sorry to say I have not.

NARRATOR. The Ghost of Christmas Present rose to his full height, his torch held high.

SCROOGE. Spirit, conduct me where you will. If you have anything to teach me, let me know.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (*Laughing:*) Here, Ebenezer. Touch my robe.

(*SFX: Sleigh bells.*)

(*SFX: City sounds, church bells, horses, carriage wheels.*)

(*MUSIC: Carolers sing "Good King Wenceslas."*)

NARRATOR. Scrooge did as he was told, and in an instant the bounteous room and everything in it disappeared, and old Scrooge and the Spirit of Christmas Present stood in the middle of the city, in the midst of people coming and going, calling to one another, laughing and talking joyfully on Christmas morning.

(*SFX: Sleigh Bells.*)

NARRATOR. They walked unseen past the bakers and the grocers, then past the poulterers, with the prize turkey proudly displayed in the window. In time, the shops were closed up, and everyone went home to their families for Christmas dinner.

(*SFX: Sleigh Bells.*)

NARRATOR. And then, there they were, standing right in front of Bob Cratchit's humble home. Through the frost-edged window they could see Missus Cratchit hard at work, surrounded by dozens and dozens of little Cratchits...or so it seemed. Missus Cratchit was laying the tablecloth.

(*SFX: Snap of tablecloth.*)

NARRATOR. Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor while Belinda delicately sweetened the applesauce and Martha set the plates and silverware.

(*SFX: Plates and silverware.*)

NARRATOR. Scrooge and Spirit entered, invisible to the many inhabitants.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Why, bless your hearts, my dears.

(*SFX: Door opens and closes.*)

MRS. CRATCHIT. And here's your father, and Tiny Tim.

BOB CRATCHIT. Merry Christmas, my dears!

End

Scrooge & Ghost of Christmas Present
3/2

~~(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)~~

~~NARRATOR. The Phantom stood beside him, quiet and dark. Scrooge felt its unseen eyes looking at him keenly, and it made him shudder and feel suddenly very cold.~~

~~NARRATOR. Once again, the Phantom pointed before them, and moved ahead.~~

~~(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)~~

START

NARRATOR. Scrooge and Phantom left the busy city scene, and went down foul and narrow streets into a wretched part of town where Scrooge had never been before, although he knew of its reputation for crime, filth, and misery.

(SFX: Howling cats, barking dogs, slamming shutters.)

NARRATOR. They stopped at a dark and dingy shop, where all manner of ill-used and ill-gotten goods were bought and sold. Just inside, among the heaps of greasy and grimy wares, sat an old gray-haired rascal in faded black, smoking his malodorous pipe by a dim, sputtering oil lamp.

(OLD JOE coughs and mumbles to himself.)

NARRATOR. As Scrooge and Spirit watched, an old charwoman slunk into the shop, laden with a heavy bundle, which she threw down on the floor.

(SFX: Heavy bag dropped on floor.)

OLD WOMAN. Right, then, Old Joe. Open that sack, then, an' let me 'ave the value of it.

OLD JOE. Oh, an' what 'ave we 'ere, now?

OLD WOMAN. Go on, then. Open it up.

(SFX: Contents of bag dumped out on the floor.)

NARRATOR. The old man carefully picked through her offerings.

OLD JOE. (Coughing and mumbling to himself:) Aye, a pencil-case, is it? Sleeve buttons. Towels. Sheets. 'Ere, now. What d'you call this, then?

OLD WOMAN. Them there, my dear, is bed curtains.

OLD JOE. (Laughs and coughs:) Bed curtains?

OLD WOMAN. Aye, they are. I pilched 'em meself.

OLD JOE. You don't mean t' say you took 'em down with 'im lying there?

#6

OLD WOMAN. An' why not? 'E shoulda 'ad somebody to look after 'im when 'e was struck with Death, eh, instead of lying there all alone by 'isself.

OLD JOE. An' 'is blankets, too?!

OLD WOMAN. 'e isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say. Not where 'e's goin'!

(OLD JOE and OLD WOMAN laugh.)

SCROOGE. I see, Spirit. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way of late.

(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)

(SFX: Wind.)

NARRATOR. The Phantom lifted Scrooge away from the shop.

~~(SFX: Cat scratching at the door, rats squeaking and rustling about.)~~

~~NARRATOR. Scrooge and Phantom were in an empty house, in a darkened room, standing at the foot of a bare, uncurtained bed. By a pale light, Scrooge could see, on the bed, beneath a ragged sheet... a man's body. Scrooge turned away from the sight.~~

~~SCROOGE. Spirit, this is a fearful place. Take me away from here.~~

~~(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)~~

~~NARRATOR. The Phantom pointed to the body's covered head.~~

~~(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)~~

~~SCROOGE. No, spirit, I cannot.~~

~~NARRATOR. And still the Spirit pointed to the body's head.~~

~~(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)~~

~~SCROOGE. I have not the will to look upon its face. I cannot!~~

~~(SFX: Robe suddenly unfurled)~~

~~(SFX: Loud wind.)~~

~~(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)~~

~~NARRATOR. The Phantom spread its dark robe as if it had been annoyed, and lifted Scrooge back to the city, through familiar streets, to Bob Cratchit's house.~~

~~(SFX: Small crackling fire.)~~

~~NARRATOR. This time, the house was quiet. Very quiet. Mother and children were seated around the fire.~~

END

2/2

START

MRS. CRATCHIT. It must be near time for your father, my dears. He's walked a little slower than he used to, these last few evenings. I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed. But Tim was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble...no trouble. Poor little Tiny Tim.

(SFX: Door opens and closes slowly.)

MRS. CRATCHIT. Ah. Bob, my dear.

BOB CRATCHIT. Good evening, my dear. Good evening, children.

MRS. CRATCHIT. You went today, then, Bob?

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, my dear. I wish all of you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised Tim that we would visit him there, every Sunday. My dear little child.

NARRATOR. Father sat down in the midst of his grieving family, and drew them close around him.

BOB CRATCHIT. Let's all of us remember how good little Tim was, and patient, and brave, though he was just a little, little child. I know, my dears, that however and whenever we part from one another, I'm sure we shall none of us ever forget poor Tiny Tim, shall we?

SCROOGE. *(Quietly:)* Dear Tiny Tim. Dread Spirit, take me away from here.

~~*(MUSIC or SFX: Mysterious.)*~~

~~*(SFX: Wind.)*~~

~~**NARRATOR.** The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed Scrooge as—
before, through the streets, to another part of town.—~~

~~**SCROOGE.** There it is! My counting-house. Down that lane. Come, Spirit. Let
me see what lies ahead in days to come.—~~

~~*(SFX: Quick footsteps on stone pavement.)*~~

~~**NARRATOR.** Scrooge hurried ahead down the lane, leaving the Phantom
behind. But Scrooge stopped short.—~~

~~**SCROOGE.** But where's the sign? "Scrooge and Marley"? Nowhere to be seen.~~

~~**NARRATOR.** Scrooge looked into the window of his office.—~~

~~**SCROOGE.** Why, what's happened? What's this? All different. And who is that
in my chair?—~~

END