

# Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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## *A Christmas Carol*

By  
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From the book by  
Charles Dickens

*A Christmas Carol* was originally produced by The Guthrie Theater in 2009.

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**Characters (in order of appearance):**

- Ebenezer Scrooge
- Bob Cratchit
- Fred
- Blakely
- Mr Forrest
- Tiny Tim
- Jacoby Marley
- Mrs. Grigsby
- Ghost of Christmas Past
- Young Ebenezer (boy)
- Fan
- Schoolmaster (Mr. Queue)
- Fezziwig
- Dick Wilkins
- Young Ebenezer (young man)
- Belle Crawford
- Mrs. Fezziwig
- Susan the Cook
- Ghost of Christmas Present
- Peter Cratchit
- Tom Cratchit
- Mary Cratchit
- Mrs. Cratchit
- Belinda Cratchit
- Martha Cratchit
- Cecil
- Topper
- Mrs. Fred
- Dorothea
- Edwards
- Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come
- Grasper
- Snarkers
- Joe
- Mrs. Dilber
- Undertaker
- Nellie
- Maid

Ensemble: Narrators, Carolers, Pallbearers

**ACT ONE**  
**STAVE ONE: MARLEY'S GHOST**

[SNOW ON THE STREETS BRINGS ALL CAST ON STAGE AND AT THE END OF  
SONG, MARLEY'S OPEN COFFIN WITH MARLEY IN IT UP FROM TRAP]

**SOLO**

*From far away we come to you,  
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,  
To tell of great tidings strange and true.*

**FULL CAST**

*Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor;  
From far away we come to you,  
To tell of great tidings strange and true.*

[THUNDER]

**NARRATOR**

[MARLEY SITS UP AND SPEAKS.]

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. And Scrooge's signature was as good as gold —

**NARRATORS**

For he was an excellent man of business.

Old Marley was as dead as a door nail.

[THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.]

**NARRATOR (MARLEY)**

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole inheritor, his soul friend and his soul mourner.

[COFFIN COVERED — LID HAMMERED ON.]

**NARRATOR**

But even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, for on the very day of the funeral he went to the royal exchange and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

[WE SEE TWO STOCKBROKERS.]

**SQUEEZE**

I see old Scratch has claimed his own at last. The fellow's dead.

[BOY SINGS GOD REST YE AS COFFIN DESCENDS.]

[MORE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING-RAIN]

**CAST NARRATION**

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge.

A squeezing/

wrenching/

grasping/

scraping/

clutching/

covetous old sinner!

Secret/

self-contained/

and solitary as an oyster.

**NARRATORS**

Well there's a thing. There is no doubt Marley was dead.

Dead as a door nail!

Just so. You must distinctly understand this or nothing wonderful can come of the story we are going to relate.

**ALL (SUNG)**

[WE ARE SHIFTING INTO THE OFFICE.]

*Cold is the morning and bleak is the day;  
Warm are our hearts as the sunshine of May!*

**NARRATORS**

Scrooge had never painted out old Marley's name.

[SIGN APPEARS.]

There it stands seven years later: Scrooge and Marley.  
Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge, Scrooge, and sometimes Marley.

But he answered to both. It was all the same to him.

**ALL (HUMMING)**

*Sing, little children, sing in your gladness,  
Let Christmas pleasures banish your sadness,  
Love, joy and peace to you.*

**NARRATOR (OVER HUMMING)**

For what did he care? To edge his way along the crowded paths of life warning all humankind to keep its distance was the very thing he liked!

[SCROOGE RINGS BELL; BOB REACTS, ETC.]

**NARRATOR**

Once upon a time — of all good days in the year, on Christmas Eve — old Scrooge was busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather — foggy withal; but Scrooge carried his own low temperature always about with him.

**NARRATOR**

No warmth could warm him, no wintry weather chill him.

[BELL STRIKES THREE.]

**NARRATOR**

Three o'clock, but it was quite dark already. It had not been light all day.

[**SCROOGE IS AT HIS DESK. CRATCHIT IS AT HIS OWN COUNTER, SCRIBBLING AWAY. HIS FINGERS ARE NEARLY FROZEN. HE TRIES TO WARM THEM AT A CANDLE. FUTILE. CRATCHIT SNEEZES, SCROOGE GLARES.**]

**NARRATOR**

As the fire was very small — one coal — and as Scrooge kept the coal box — his clerk, Bob Cratchit, could not replenish the heat.

[**SCROOGE KICKS THE LID CLOSED.**]

**NARRATOR**

Wherefore the clerk tried to warm himself at his candle, but not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

[**FRED ENTERS.**]

**FRED**

A merry Christmas, Uncle. God save you!

**SCROOGE**

[**PAYS NO ATTENTION.**]

Bah! Humbug!

**FRED**

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

**SCROOGE**

I do. I do! Look at you — what right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

**FRED**

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!' What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer?

**FRED**

Yes, but —

**SCROOGE**

If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with a 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly in his heart —

**FRED**

Uncle!

**SCROOGE**

Nephew! You 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. How has it ever profited you?

**FRED**

There are many things from which I have not profited, Uncle, Christmas among the rest. But I've always thought it a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. The only time in the long calendar of the year, in fact, when men and women open their shut-up hearts freely. And so, 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 APPLAUDS.]

**SCROOGE**

[TO BOB:]

Let me hear another sound from *you*, Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas looking for a new situation.

[TO FRED:]

There's another lunatic — 15 shillings a week and five mouths to feed.

**CRATCHIT**

Six.

**SCROOGE**

You're such a powerful speaker, Nephew, I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

**FRED**

Come to dinner tomorrow, Uncle.

**SCROOGE**

I'll see you in Hell first!

**FRED**

But why? Why? You have yet to meet my wife.

**SCROOGE**

Why did you ever get married?

**FRED**

Because I fell in love.

**SCROOGE**

Because you fell in love?! The only one thing in the world more ridiculous than Merry Christmas is falling in love.

**FRED**

Nay, Uncle. You never came to see me before I married, why give it as a reason for not coming now?

**SCROOGE**

Good afternoon!

**FRED**

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

**SCROOGE**

Ha!

**FRED**

Why are we enemies? We're family.

**SCROOGE**

[DISMISS **FRED** WITH BELL.]

Good afternoon —

[TO **BOB**:]

Sit down!

**FRED**

I'm sorry with all my heart to find you so resolute against me. But I came here in homage to Christmas, and I *will* keep my Christmas humor to the last. And so ... a merry Christmas, Uncle —

**SCROOGE**

Good afternoon.

**FRED**

And a happy New Year — !

[**SCROOGE** HURLS HIS PAPERWEIGHT AT **FRED**, WHO CATCHES IT.]

**SCROOGE**

Good afternoon!

**FRED**

Why, thank you, Uncle, I shall treasure this fine paperweight.

[**SCROOGE** COMES AFTER **FRED** — **FRED** CROSSES TO DOOR, SHOUTING OUT FOLLOWING].]

Greetings of the season, Bob.

**CRATCHIT**

And the same to you.

**FRED**

And to your good wife and your family.

**CRATCHIT**

Thank you, Mr. Fred.

[**FRED** EXITS AS TWO CHARITABLE CITIZENS OF BEATIFIC COUNTENANCE ENTER. **BLAKELY** IS QUITE ROUND, **MR. FORREST** IS LEAN. **SCROOGE** ALMOST PLOWS INTO THEM.]

**CRATCHIT**

Two visitors for you, sir.

**SCROOGE**

Of course for me. You don't receive visitors.

**BLAKELY**

Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

**SCROOGE**

Addressing Mr. Marley would be no pleasure. He's been dead for seven years. Seven years ago, this very night.

**BLAKELY**

Sir, we have no doubt his generosity has survived in his partner.

**SCROOGE**

Oh? Why?

[**SCROOGE** RESUMES SCRIBBLING AWAY AT WORK.]

**FORREST**

Mr. Scrooge, Mr. Marley: at this festive time of year it is with urgency that we provide for the poor and destitute. Many thousands are in want of the basic necessities. Hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir —

**SCROOGE**

Are there no prisons?

**BLAKELY**

Plenty of prisons.

**SCROOGE**

And the work houses? They still exist?

**BLAKELY**

I wish I could say they did not.

**SCROOGE**

And the Treadmill? The Poorhouse? They're still in full vigor?

**FORREST**

Both very busy, sir.

**SCROOGE**

Thank heavens — I was afraid from what you said at first that they had been stopped in their most useful course. I am very glad to hear it.



**FORREST**

We are raising a fund to buy the poor some food and means of warmth, Mr. Marley —

**BLAKELY**

Mr. Scrooge.

**FORREST**

Just so!

**BLAKELY**

Forrest! Mr. Scrooge! At this time of year, want is felt keenly, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?

**SCROOGE**

Nothing.

**BLAKELY**

Ah, you wish to remain anonymous?

**SCROOGE**

I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, that is my answer. I don't make myself merry at Christmas and I cannot afford the luxury of making idle people merry. I am taxed — outrageously taxed — to support those fine old institutions: the workhouse, prison, and poorhouse — those that are badly off must go there.

**BLAKELY**

Many can't go there, sir, and many would rather die than go there —

**SCROOGE**

If they had rather die, they had better do so, and decrease the surplus population.

[CANDLE GOES OUT AND WE HEAR "EBENEZER SCROOGE."]

**SCROOGE FEELS A PRESENCE IN THE ROOM NONE OTHERS SENSE.]**

Who calls my name?

**BLAKELY**

Sir?

**SCROOGE**

Eh?

**BLAKELY**

Many people can't...

**SCROOGE**

[RECOVERS.]

Besides, I don't know what you say to be true.

**FORREST**

But you should know it, sir.

**SCROOGE**

It's none of my business, and as mine occupies me profitably enough ... good afternoon.

**BLAKELY**

Mr. Scrooge.

**SCROOGE**

Good afternoon. Vultures.

[**BLAKELY PULLS FORREST OUT THE DOOR. SCROOGE AND CRATCHIT RESUME WORK.**]

**NARRATORS**

The fog and darkness thickened.

[DURING ABOVE QUARTERS CHIME AND WE SEE A BOY COMING INTO THE OFFICE OF THE COUNTING HOUSE.]

**CAROLER**

*God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay.  
For Jesus Christ, our savior, was born upon this day.*

**SCROOGE**

[CHASING BOY WITH RULER.]

Get out! Get out!

[BOY RUNS. BELL FROM ABOVE CHIMES SIX OVER FOLLOWING:]

[**BOB PUTS AWAY WORK, HAT AND COMFORTER ON, AND HEADING FOR THE DOOR AS SCROOGE GETS COAT.**]

**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 deduct half a crown for your holiday, you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound!

**CRATCHIT**

Yes, sir.

**SCROOGE**

But you don't think me ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

**CRATCHIT**

It's only once a year, sir.

**SCROOGE**

A poor excuse for picking my pockets every December 25<sup>th</sup>. I am a victim — a victim of humbug! Oh, take your Christmas, Cratchit, but be here all the earlier next morning.

**CRATCHIT**

I shall, sir. Thank you, Mr. Scrooge, and a merry — Good evening.  
[**CRATCHIT WRAPS HIS MUFFLER ROUND HIS NECK AND RACES OUT OF THE OFFICE LIKE A BOY RELEASED FROM SCHOOL.**]

**TINY TIM**

Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge.

[STREET ACTIVITY. MUSIC AND SONG.]

*Masters in this Hall, Hear ye news today  
Brought from over sea, And ever I you pray:  
Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell sing we clear!  
Holpen are all folk on earth, Born is God's son so dear.*

**NARRATOR**

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and went home to bed.

**NARRATOR**

The fog and frost so hung about the house that it seemed the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, had to grope his way.

**NARRATOR**

Now it was a fact that there was nothing particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large.

**NARRATOR**

It was also a fact that Scrooge had seen it night and day during his whole residence in that place.

**NARRATOR**

And then let any man explain, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge saw in the knocker *not* a knocker, but —

**MARLEY'S VOICE**

Ebenezer Scrooge.

**SCROOGE**

Jacob Marley! No, it can't be you, you're dead.

**NARRATOR**

As Scrooge stared at it ... it was a knocker once more.

**NARRATOR**

He half expected to see Marley's pigtail on the other side of the door

**SCROOGE**

Pooh, pooh.

**NARRATOR**

He lived in a gloomy set of chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner, Jacob Marley. No one lived there now but Scrooge.

[TAKING OFF HIS COAT AND SHOES.]

**NARRATOR**

It was dark, but Scrooge cared not a button for that.

**SCROOGE**

I like the dark. Darkness is cheap, and cheapness is tonic for the sensible man.

**NARRATOR**

Nor for the cold.

**SCROOGE**

I like the cold. It nips the bones and keeps the blood from overheating.

[WE HEAR A CREAK.]

**NARRATOR**

Nor the loneliness.

**SCROOGE**

I like solitude. No one can make demands on me, no one can do me injury, there's nothing I need share. I deem solitude to be a state of bliss!

**MARLEY'S VOICE**

Ebenezer Scrooge.

**SCROOGE**

Who calls my name? Grigsby!

**MRS. GRIGSBY**

Sir?

**NARRATOR**

Thus secured against surprise, he put on his dressing gown and sat and read lovingly from his favorite volume – his banking book.

[**MRS. GRIGSBY** ENTERS, BRINGING A BOWL OF GRUEL **SCROOGE** SITS IN HIS CHAIR.]

**NARRATOR**

As he sat before the fire, a disused bell, that hung in the room began to ...

[AN OLD BELL BEGINS TO RING. HE GETS UP TO LOOK AT IT. IT STOPS RINGING. HE SITS DOWN. THE BELL STARTS TO RING AGAIN]

**SCROOGE**

Is a man not to have a decent night's sleep?!

[A CACOPHONY OF BELLS.]

[SUDDENLY THERE COMES A HORRIBLE CLANKING AND RATTLING OF CHAINS.]

**SCROOGE**

How now, what do you want with me?

**MARLEY**

Much.

**SCROOGE**

Who are you?

**MARLEY**

Ask me who I was.

**SCROOGE**

You're very particular for a ghost. Well, who were you?

**MARLEY**

In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

**SCROOGE**

Jacob! You don't look at all well. Can you — Can you sit down?

**MARLEY**

I can.

**SCROOGE**

Do it then.

**MARLEY**

You don't believe in me.

**SCROOGE**

No, I don't.

**MARLEY**

What evidence would you have of my reality besides your senses?

**SCROOGE**

I don't know.

**MARLEY**

I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day. Then why do you doubt your senses?

**SCROOGE**

Because little things affect them. You might be the result of my dinner — an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, an undercooked potato.

**SCROOGE**

— there's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!

**SCROOGE**

Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

**MARLEY**

Man of the worldly mind, do you believe in me?

**SCROOGE**

I do. I must. But, why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?

**MARLEY**

It is required of every man that his spirit must walk among his fellow men and travel far and wide. And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. Doomed to wander through the world and witness what it might have changed to happiness.

**SCROOGE**

But you're chained and fettered, Jacob? Tell me why?

**MARLEY**

I wear the chain I forged in life ... Is its pattern strange to you? You have your own chain, Ebenezer, and yours is as heavy as mine was seven Christmas Eves ago ...

**MARLEY**

I cannot tell you all I would. A very little time is permitted to me.

**SCROOGE**

Please, please — Jacob — Jacob Marley, speak comfort to me.

**MARLEY**

I have none to give.

**MARLEY**

Nor have I time. 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. Now I have roamed for seven years and weary journeys lie before me.

**SCROOGE**

Seven years dead, and traveling the whole time?

**MARLEY**

On the wings of the wind — no rest, no peace.



**SCROOGE**

Then your debt should have been paid up by now.

**MARLEY**

Oh blind man! Blind man! No amount of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused. Yet such was I, 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, benevolence were all my business. The dealings of our trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of our business. Heed me, for my time is nearly gone.

**SCROOGE**

I will, but don't be so hard on me, Jacob.

**VOICE CALLING**

Jacob Marley.

**MARLEY**

I come tonight to warn you. You have a final chance and hope of escaping my fate ... it is a chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.

**SCROOGE**

You were always a good friend to me, Jacob. Thank'ee.

**MARLEY**

You will be haunted by three Spirits.

[SCROOGE'S COUNTENANCE FALLS.]

**SCROOGE**

Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?

**MARLEY**

It is.

**SCROOGE**

I ... think I'd rather not.

**MARLEY**

Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls one.  
The second on the next night at the same hour.

**SCROOGE**

Couldn't I take 'em all at once and have it over with?

**MARLEY**

No, the third on the third night, when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread.

[FRENCH TRAP OPENS — SMOKE AND LIGHT AND SOUNDS OF LAMENTATIONS. **MARLEY** GESTURES **SCROOGE** TO APPROACH TRAP AND STOPS HIM AT SOME POINT.]

**MARLEY**

Heed the visits of these three Spirits, Ebenezer, remember what has passed between us and look to see me no more.

[**MARLEY** DISAPPEARS DOWN THE TRAP. **SCROOGE** TURNS BACK INTO THE ROOM, CHECKS IT OUT]

**SCROOGE**

Jacob! Jacob. Humbug. Humbug.

[HE CLIMBS INTO BED AND CLOSES THE BED CURTAINS.]

**NARRATOR**

Being much in need of repose, Scrooge went straight to bed and fell asleep upon the instant.

**BOY**

[HUMS]

*Oh Come, Oh Come Emmanuel ...*

**END STAVE ONE.**

## STAVE TWO: THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

[THE STAGE IS DARK. SLOWLY SCROOGE'S BED COMES INTO RELIEF, AND THE BELLS OF A NEARBY CHURCH BEGIN TO CHIME. SCROOGE PEEKS THROUGH HIS BED CURTAINS.]

### SCROOGE

Ten ... eleven ... twelve — but it was past two when I went to bed — Is it possible I've slept through a whole day-and-a-half. Is it possible that it's now twelve noon and something's happened to the sun?! Was it a dream? Or not? "Expect the first ghost when the bell tolls one."

[THE CHURCH BELL CHIMES THE FIRST QUARTER.]

A quarter past twelve.

[THE BELL CHIMES THE HALF-HOUR.]

Half past the hour.

[THE BELL CHIMES THE THIRD QUARTER.]

Quarter to it.

[THE BELL CHIMES THE HOUR, THEN STRIKES ONE.]

The hour itself —

[TRIUMPHANT:]

And nothing! Ha, I knew it!

[PAST UP TRAP.]

### SCROOGE

Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?

### PAST

I am.

### SCROOGE

Who and what are you?

### PAST

I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

### SCROOGE

Long past?

### PAST

No, your past. I am your memory, your transport, your history — come, walk with me.

### SCROOGE

What business brings you here?

### PAST

*Business?* Your welfare.

[BED AND ROOM GO AWAY. LIGHTS CHANGE. MIST.]

**SCROOGE**

A good night's sleep might have been more beneficial to my welfare.

**PAST**

Your reclamation then.

**SCROOGE**

This reclamation, how much will it cost me?

**PAST**

Take heed!

[**PAST CLASPS HIM BY THE ARM.**]

**SCROOGE**

But the weather's not fit for walking. I have a head cold. I'm freezing.

**PAST**

Shut me out at your peril! I have come about the *business* of your reclamation.

**SCROOGE**

But, Spirit, I'm mortal and liable to fall.

**PAST**

No, you shall be upheld. Bear but a touch of my hand there, on your heart.

[**PAST LEADS SCROOGE FORWARD.**]

[**THE COUNTRY. A BURST OF SILENT ACTION. MANY PEOPLE CROSS THROUGH — STUDENTS WITH THEIR PARENTS — CALLING OUT TO EACH OTHER "HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS" ETC.**]

**SCROOGE**

Good heavens, I know this place.

**PAST**

The things you will see are shadows of things that have been — they will have no consciousness of us.

**NARRATION**

He was conscious of a 1,000 odors floating in the air — each one connected with a 1,000 thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten.

**SCROOGE**

Look, it's my old school ... I was a boy here.

**PAST**

But the school is not quite deserted. A solitary, friendless boy is left there still.

**SCROOGE**

I know.

[**HE SOBS.**]

And look, my books, my dear, dear books. My Robinson Crusoe — such adventures we had together. So many exotic voyages. And Cinderella. Such magic.

**PAST**

Your lip is trembling ... and what's that on your cheek?

**SCROOGE**

It is snow ... snow.

[HE READS OVER THE BOY'S SHOULDER:]

Ah, "The Arabian Nights" ...

**YOUNG EBENEZER**

Look, it's Ali Baba!

**SCROOGE**

Dear old Ali Baba —

**YOUNG EBENEZER**

Are you prepared to rescue the princess?

**SCROOGE AND YOUNG EBENEZER**

The sultan has her locked in the tower.

[FAN ENTERS.]

**FAN**

Ebenezer!

**SCROOGE**

The princess.

**FAN**

Ebenezer.

**YOUNG EBENEZER**

Fan! Is it really you?

**SCROOGE**

Look, Spirit, it's my sister, Fan!

[SCROOGE COMES CLOSE TO HER, STUDIES HER.]

Fan! Isn't it odd? You're so young and I'm so old —

**FAN**

Ebenezer! I have come to bring you home, dear brother. Home!

**EBENEZER**

Truly, Fan?

**FAN**

Yes. Home for good and all. Home forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, and when I asked him if you might come home, he said yes.

**EBENEZER**

He said yes?

**FAN**

He did. We'll be together all Christmas long. And look, Ebenezer, I've brought you a present.

**EBENEZER**

A present? What is it?

[SHE HANDS HIM A BOX, INSIDE IS A ROUND GLOBE.]

What's this?

**FAN AND SCROOGE**

A paperweight.

**FAN**

You put it on top of papers, to keep them from blowing away.

**EBENEZER**

It's beautiful. Thank you, Fan.

**FAN**

You're welcome. And look what Father gave me?

[SHE OPENS A MUSIC BOX, WHICH PLAYS *THE HOLLY & THE IVY*.]

**PAST**

Your sister Fan. She was a delicate creature, was she not? And possessed of a generous heart.

**SCROOGE**

So she was, Spirit.

**PAST**

She died a young woman, and had, as I recall, children?

**SCROOGE**

One child.

**PAST**

Your nephew Fred.

**SCROOGE**

Yes. Fred. Yes.

**SCHOOLMASTER**

Bring down Master Scrooge's trunk. So ... I hear you're leaving us?

**EBENEZER**

Yes, Mr. Queueze.

**SCHOOLMASTER**

On to better things?

**EBENEZER**

Yes, sir. I'm going home.

**SCHOOLMASTER**

Home? Your father writes me that he has found you a situation.

**EBENEZER & FAN**

What's a situation?

**SCHOOLMASTER**

A job! Work! In a bloody Boot Blacking Factory.

**EBENEZER**

But I want to go home.

**SCHOOLMASTER**

Home? You're going to London.

**EBENEZER**

London? Fan — ? Fan!

**FAN**

[SHE IS FADING:]

Ebenezer ... dear brother.

[FAN AND EB ARE EACH LIFTED UP ON CHAIRS (COACHES) AND TRAVEL DIFFERENT WAYS AS CAST CREATES THE BUSTLE AND NOISE OF LONDON STREET VENDORS, ETC.]

**NARRATORS**

The boot blacking warehouse was by the Thames.

Gloomy/Rat infested/ 12 years old/ 10 hour days/ 6 shillings a week.

Ebenezer's childhood died in that dismal place.

**SCROOGE**

But I learned.

**PAST**

You learned, yes. You learned to save your shillings and pence.

**SCROOGE**

I learned to be self-sufficient. The dark stain of poverty never stuck to me — let us go, Spirit, I have seen enough.

**PAST**

Enough. You don't know the meaning of 'enough'.

**NARRATION [PAST]**

And at once Scrooge and the Spirit found themselves in a busy thoroughfare of a city dressed for Christmas.

[WASSAILERS SING — MUCH STREET NOISE INCLUDING BELLE AND GIRLS IN SLEIGH AND OVER THIS: EBENEZER WITH FOOD BASKET FEZZIWIG SIGN UP]

**NARRATION**

The stars were particularly bright in the sky that night, and the laughter, unable to keep within the confines of the houses, crept beneath the door jambs and echoed in the streets. And about everything there hung an air of expectation.

**PAST**

Do you know this place?

**SCROOGE**

Know it? Was I not apprenticed here?

[**FEZZI** ENTERS AT DESK RINGING HIS BELL AND SAYS.]

**FEZZIWIG**

Hilli-ho, hilli-ho.

**SCROOGE**

Why it's old Fezziwig, bless his heart!

**FEZZIWIG**

[LOOKS AT WATCH]

Bless my soul! Hilli ho, Dick, Ebenezer.

**SCROOGE**

Old Fezziwig alive again — the finest master a lad could have.

[**WILKINS** ENTERS.]

**FEZZIWIG**

Ho there, Dick!

**SCROOGE**

Look, Dick Wilkins —  
He was very much attached to me, was Dick Wilkins.

**FEZZIWIG**

Ebenezer!

**EBENEZER**

Here I am, sir. Merry Christmas, Dick.

**SCROOGE**

Good lord! It's me!

**FEZZIWIG**

Ho, my boys, no more work tonight. It's Christmas Eve, lads. Let's have the shutters up and do it before a man can say —



## FEZZIWIG AND BOYS

Jack Robinson!!

[THEY RUN OFF]

### FEZZIWIG

Hillo – ho! Christmas Eve. Clean up the warehouse and do it before a man can say —

### ALL

Jack Robinson!!

### NARRATION

[AS OTHERS ENTER:]

The floors were swept and watered.

The lamps were trimmed.

And fuel was heaped upon the fire.

In came the fiddler,

With his fiddle, which he tuned like fifty stomach aches.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one glorious, substantial smile.

In came the two Misses Fezziwig, beaming and loveable.

### FEZZIWIG

And ...Music Sam!

### FEZZIWIG, MRS. FEZZIWIG, PETUNIA & MARIGOLD

In came what seemed like all of London.

[MUSIC. THE GUESTS ENTER, MINGLE/DANCE]

### FEZZI GUESTS (SING)

*“DANCE TO THE TUNE NOW WE, DANCE TO THE TUNE NOW WE,  
DANCE TO THE TUNE NOW WE, ALL ON A CHRISTMAS EVE. –REPEAT-  
EAT AND DRINK WE SHALL MERRY BE, EAT AND DRINK WE SHALL MERRY BE,  
EAT AND DRINK WE SHALL MERRY BE, ALL ON A CHRISTMAS EVE.*

*A WASSAIL, A WASSAIL THROUGHOUT ALL THIS TOWN!  
OUR CUP IT IS WHITE AND OUR ALE IT IS BROWN;  
OUR WASSAIL IS MADE OF GOOD ALE AND TRUE,  
SOME NUTMEG AND GINGER, THE BEST WE COULD BREW*

*FOL THE DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL,  
FOL THE DOLDYDEE, FOL DAIROL LOL THE DADDY,  
SING TOO-RAL AYE DO!*

*THERE’S MASTER AND MISTRESS SIT DOWN BY THE FIRE.  
WHILE WE POOR WASSAILERS DO WAIT IN THE MIRE;  
SO YOU, PRETTY MAID, WITH YOUR SILVER HEAD PIN,  
PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR AND LET US COME IN*

*FOL THE DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL,  
FOL THE DOLDYDEE, FOL DAIROL LOL THE DADDY,  
SING TOO-RAL AYE DO! –REPEAT-*

*FOL THE DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL, FOL THE DOLDYDEE,  
FOL THE DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL, FOL THE DOLDY DOL, FOL THE DOLDYDEE DEE”*

### FEZZIWIG

[AS DANCE ENDS IN A MESS.]

Well done!

[AND DANCERS GO INTO A SLOW WALTZ TABLEAU AS EBENEZER COMES  
‘OUTSIDE’ WITH TEA. BELLE FOLLOWS.]

### SCROOGE

Belle, it’s Belle.

### BELLE

Merry Christmas.

### EBENEZER

[STARTLED —SPILLS AND STANDS AWKWARDLY.]

I beg your pardon?

I said ‘Merry Christmas’.

**BELLE**

Indeed.

**EBENEZER**

Très Belle.

**SCROOGE**

Your sleeve is wet ... here let me wipe it off.

**BELLE**

No. No, it’s perfectly dry.

**EBENEZER**

Sorry.

**BELLE**

Sorry. I just came out here to ...

**EBENEZER**

What?

**BELLE**

It’s not important ...

**EBENEZER**

Are you hiding, young man?

**BELLE**

**PETUNIA & MARIGOLD (OFFSTAGE)**

Ebenezer!

**EBENEZER**

Well, I ... Yes.

**BELLE**

Dear! Oh Dear! No wonder you’re hiding. Don’t you love Christmas?

**EBENEZER**

Love Christmas? Well...yes. Yes, indeed.

**BELLE**

Are you hungry?

**EBENEZER**

Starving, but I’d be sure to do something stupid ... spill my tea ...

**BELLE**

Butter your cravat... My name is Belle. Belle Crawford.

**EBENEZER**

And I’m Scrooge — Ebenezer Scrooge.

**BELLE**

Come. You're staring — is something wrong ... my dress?

**EBENEZER**

You look like a princess in a fairy tale — you're ...

**BELLE & SCROOGE**

Cinderella?

**EBENEZER**

Exactly ...

[THEY LAUGH.]

And at midnight does your gown turn to rags?

**BELLE**

Nearly. Before midnight I must get home to my three young girls.

**EBENEZER**

[CRESTFALLEN.]

Ah. ... Well I'm sure you have a handsome family, madam.

**BELLE**

Oh? Oh! My dear Mr. Scrooge you are quite mistaken. The girls are my charges; I am their governess.

**EBENEZER**

You work for a family?

**BELLE**

The Hogarths, yes.

**EBENEZER**

I'm so glad!! Well not that you must work, but I mean Heavens!

[MR. AND MRS. FEZZIWIG COME UP TO THEM.]

**FEZZIWIG**

Ah! Ebenezer. I see you have met our Miss Crawford.

**EBENEZER**

*Miss Crawford* — Indeed.

**MRS. FEZZIWIG**

Belle is my third cousin once removed.

**FEZZIWIG**

[TO MRS. FEZZIWIG]

He seems dazzled, positively dazzled!

**MRS. FEZZIWIG**

Belle, you appear to have hypnotized the young man.

[MUSIC STARTS.]

**BELLE & EBENEZER**

[TAKING EBENEZER'S HAND]

Music Sam!

**NARRATION (MR. AND MRS. FEZZIWIG)**

And Ebenezer danced every dance with Belle.  
Without treading on her toes.  
And by the next Christmas party, they were both in love.

[EBENEZER AND BELLE KISS. FRIENDS RUN ON TO CHEER AND  
CONGRATULATE THEM AND THEN THEY SING AND LEAD US INTO:]

**FEZZIWIG**

Ah, my friends. Merry Christmas, my friends. Tonight we'll do it! We'll make  
merry and dance away the night. We'll have a thorough celebration!

[FIDDLER FLOURISH. ALL CHEER.]

**MRS. F.**

Mr. F has such a way with words.

**FEZZIWIG**

My wife, my beautiful, bountiful wife — yes, I mean you, Mrs. F. Now don't be  
modest, you're as handsome as the day I met you.

**MRS F**

Get on with you!

**FEZZIWIG**

And our daughters, Petunia and Marigold. You all know our little flowers: Petunia  
she came first. And Marigold, our second.

**MRS. F**

Don't they look a treat, Mr. F?

**FEZZIWIG**

Blooming, positively blooming.

**FEZZIWIG**

But none can compare with their dear old mum.

**MRS. F**

He's such a rake!

**FEZZIWIG**

And now friends, for the feast! And such a feast it will be!

[TABLE COMES UP TRAP.]

Savory meat pies and a blazing crown of good English beef. And pickles, of course. And sweets and puddings! Hot mulled wines and plenty of beer! And Mrs. F's rich mince pies — magnificent!

And, of course, the goose!

[SUSAN THE COOK BRINGS OUT GOOSE AND DO THE GOOSE BIT.]

[ALL EXIT AFTER THE GOOSE. A WALTZ BEGINS.]

**SCROOGE**

Such a splendid party, Spirit.

**PAST**

A small matter to make these silly folk so full of gratitude.

**SCROOGE**

Small?

**PAST**

Why! He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money, three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserve such praise?

[FEZZIWIG HAS COME BACK OUT AND GIVES ENVELOPES TO EBENEZER AND DICK.]

**SCROOGE**

It isn't that. It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome. The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

**PAST**

What's the matter?

**SCROOGE**

Nothing in particular.

**PAST**

Something, I think?

**SCROOGE**

No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to Bob Cratchit just now! That's all.

**EBENEZER**

... And when we're married, we'll be so rich —

**BELLE**

So happy — with 10 children —

**EBENEZER**

So very rich. You'll have a new gown for every day of the week.

**BELLE**

No need.

**EBENEZER**

Oh, Belle. Don't you love Christmas?

[THEY KISS]

**SCROOGE**

Love!

**PAST**

Love, indeed. Romance, hope — a healthy percentage of mortals' time is spent on love. You're a man who respects figures — why do you suppose they do it?

**SCROOGE**

Because they're fools. Love's a humbug! It's a useless commodity, love. It produces nothing but excess children. And excess pain.

**PAST**

Pain? Indeed.

[JACOB ENTERS WITH PAPERS. SEES BELLE & EBENEZER]

**JACOB**

Ebenezer!

**SCROOGE AND EBENEZER**

Jacob!

**JACOB**

Mr. Scrooge.

**EBENEZER**

Mr. Marley. You remember my fiancé. Miss ...

**JACOB**

Miss Crawford, of course. Greetings of the season, Miss Crawford.

**BELLE**

And to you, Mr. Marley.

**EBENEZER**

Did you obtain the mortgages?

**JACOB**

At a price you'll like.

**EBENEZER**

All three buildings?

**JACOB**

As of this evening all three buildings are ours.

**EBENEZER**

Wonderful.

[BEGIN TO EXIT.]

**JACOB**

The present tenants will have to leave tonight ...

**BELLE**

On Christmas Eve?

**EBENEZER**

We needn't evict them on Christmas Eve?

**JACOB**

Of course not. Tomorrow morning then.

**EBENEZER**

Come Belle!

[SHE FOLLOWS.]

**PAST**

My time grows short! Quick!

[WE SHIFT TO OFFICE, SCROOGE'S DESK — **EBENEZER** IS DRESSED AND CHANGED ON STAGE BY **NARRATORS**.]

**NARRATORS**

Again Scrooge saw himself  
Older now — a man in the prime of life  
Scrooge and Marley prospered.  
While Fezziwig declined.  
Ebenezer's face began to wear the signs of care and avarice.  
For the passion had taken root.

[**BELLE** ENTERS.]

**SCROOGE**

Spirit, show me no more. I remember, I cannot bear to watch.

**PAST**

It happened, do not blame me.

**BELLE**

It matters little — to you very little. Another love has displaced me in your heart.

**EBENEZER**

Never! Who? What love has displaced you?

**BELLE**

A golden one.

**EBENEZER**

Nonsense!

**BELLE**

Money.

**SCROOGE**

Listen to the girl!

**EBENEZER**

How hypocritical, Belle! There's nothing so cruel in the world as poverty, and yet the world says it condemns nothing as much as the pursuit of wealth.

**BELLE**

That pursuit is the only passion you permit yourself. It blinds you. I think you see nothing of the cruelty of poverty.

**EBENEZER**

Humbug!

**BELLE**

Listen to me! Ebenezer, you fear the world too much. You wish to be beyond its reach.

**EBENEZER**

I've grown wiser. What then? I'm not changed toward you. Am I? Am I?

**BELLE**

Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and contented to be so. It was made when you were a different man.



**EBENEZER**

I was a boy!

**BELL**

Ebenezer, I will release you from your vow.

**EBENEZER**

I've never sought release.

**BELLE**

In words, no.

**EBENEZER**

In what, then?

**BELLE**

In a changed nature, an altered spirit, in everything that made my love of any value in your sight. Tell me, if you were free today, would you choose a girl without a dowry?

**SCROOGE**

Yes! Yes! Tell her you would!

**EBENEZER**

You think not?

**SCROOGE**

You fool!

**BELLE**

I would gladly think otherwise, if I could.

[SHE HANDS HIM RING.]

**BELLE**

I release you with a full heart, for the love of a man you once were. May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

[**BELLE** EXITS.]

**SCROOGE**

[**TO EBENEZER:**]

Don't let her go! Go after her!

[OFFICE DISAPPEARS. BED ON. SNOW.]

**EBENEZER**

Humbug! Love is a humbug! It's all humbug!

[**HE** LEAVES.]

**SCROOGE**

[TRYING TO CATCH PAST.]

Spirit, remove me from this place! Remove me, I cannot bear it!

**PAST**

[TURNING AND GOING DOWN TRAP.]

I told you these were but shadows.

**SCROOGE**

Haunt me no longer. Leave me, take me home.

[BIG BELL SOUNDS ONE.]

**SCROOGE**

Snow! I'm alone in the snow.

But it's soft, and warm, and Bright!

**END STAVE TWO.**