

# **A CHRISTMAS CAROL by Charles Dickens**

## ***TECHNICAL SCRIPT***

### **Lighting States**

**A - Centre Spot** - Steel Blue (Lee 117)

**B - Middle Warm** - Warm Interior - (Chocolate Lee 156)

**C - Wide Warm** - Warm Interior - (Chocolate Lee 156)

**D - Vertical Spot** - Open White

**E - Wide Cold** Cold Exterior - (Steel Blue Lee 117)

**F1 - SR Floor Birdie** - (Steel Blue Lee 117)

**F2 - SC Floor Birdie** - (Steel Blue Lee 117)

**F3 - SL Floor Birdie** - (Steel Blue Lee 117)

**F4 - SC Floor Birdie** - (Red 106)

### **Sound States**

All sound provided on Apple Macbook running QLab.

General Amplification from front of house.

Foldback on stage for sound only, NOT mic.

Lapel Mic required

**THREE** effects required:

**FX 1** (Ghosts) - Church Reverb

**FX 2** (Scenes) - Slight Reverb

**FX 3** (Echo) – Repeater Echo

**Mic Signal should be set PRE-FADE** so that the signal from the mic can be muted on the desk by pressing an on/off button (stopping the signal to the effects monitor) while leaving the mic and the effects ON throughout the show.

**SOUND CUES** **LX CUES** **EFFECT PREP CUES**

**ALL MIKED LINES ARE IN GREEN** CUES ARE **Mic ON** OR **Mic OFF**

**SFX 1 - PRESHOW Medley of Victorian Carols**

**LX 1 - Preshow - D at 50% & HL**

AT CLEARANCE

**SFX 2 - Opening Music** AND **LX 2 - Fade H/L 90s**

**Follow 91s LX 2.5 - Fade Stage to black 10s**

[Actor enters in blackout]

**Follow 26s LX 3 - Snap to A** [On climax of music]

Marley was dead... 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 was Chief Mourner, and Scrooge's name was good in the city for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail - Though coffin-nail would be, to me, far more appropriate.

**PREP FX 1**

And 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 assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner... and even though Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnised it with an undoubted bargain. Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door:

‘Scrooge and Marley’. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge - ‘Scrooge’, and sometimes ‘Marley’, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him. **LX 4 - E 12s**

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge; a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin-lips blue; and he spoke out shrewdly in a grating voice.

External heat or cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him... No wind that blew was bitterer than he...

**SFX 3 - Scrooge Office** & **LX 5 - B (Warm) 7s**

Once upon a time - of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve - old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. **SFX 4 - Bell Toll 3** It was cold, bleak, biting weather - fog everywhere. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already. It had not been light all day, and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air.

The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense, that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open so that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell, a sort of tank, 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. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room, and so as surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that ***It might be 'necessary for us to part...*** wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed. **SFX 5 - Door Knock**

***A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!***

Scrooge's nephew... who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

***Bah Humbug!***

***Christmas a 'humbug', Uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure.***

***I do! 'Merry Christmas'? Out upon 'Merry Christmas'! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer... a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? 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!***

***Uncle!***

***Nephew..! Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine!***

***Keep it? But you don't keep it, Uncle!***

***Let me leave it alone, then! Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!***

***There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say Christmas among the rest - but I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time... the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really are fellow-passengers***

*to the grave, and not just another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me some good and I say, God bless it!*

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded but, becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire... and extinguished the last failing spark forever.

*Let me hear another sound from you Cratchit and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.... As for you nephew... You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.*

*Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow .*

*I'll see you in the other place first.*

*But why?*

*Why? Why did you get married?*

*Because I fell in love.*

*Because you 'fell in love'! Good afternoon!*

*I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I have made this trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So 'A Merry Christmas', Uncle!*

***Good afternoon!***

***And A Happy New Year!***

***Good afternoon!***

His nephew left the room without an angry word... and he stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was still warmer than Scrooge, and he returned them cordially.

***There's another fellow, Bob Cratchit... A mere clerk with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a 'Merry Christmas'. I'll retire to Bedlam!***

The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, let two other people in... portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, who now stood with their hats off, in Scrooge's office and books and papers in their hands. They bowed to him.

***Scrooge and Marley's, I believe..? Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr Scrooge or Mr Marley?***

***Mr Marley has been dead these seven years. SFX 6 - Strange 1 He died seven years ago, this very night.***

***At this festive season of the year, Mr Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common***

*necessaries... hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.*

*Are there no prisons?*

*Oh yes, plenty of prisons.*

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

*Indeed they are. But under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when 'Want' is keenly felt, and 'Abundance' rejoices. What shall I put you down for?*

*Nothing!*

*You wish to be anonymous?*

*I wish to be left alone. And since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and workhouses and they cost enough... and those who are badly off must go there.*

*Many can't go there, and many would rather die.*



***If they would rather die, they had better do it...  
and decrease the surplus population... Good  
afternoon, gentlemen!***

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen **SFX 7 - Wind** withdrew.

**LX 6 - E (wide cold) 7s**

Foggier yet, *and* colder... piercing, searching, biting cold, the owner of one scant young nose - gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold - as bones are gnawed by dogs - stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol:

***God bless you, merry gentleman, May nothing  
you dismay!***

But Scrooge seized his ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and the more congenial frost.

**SFX 8 - Fade Wind** & **LX 7 - B 6s**

At length, the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived and, with an ill-will, Scrooge tacitly admitted this fact to the expectant clerk who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

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

***Er yes... If quite convenient, Sir.***

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

***But it's only once a year, Mr Scrooge.***

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

And Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office **SFX 9 - Door & Lock** was closed in a twinkling **LX 8 - E 5s** and Bob Cratchit **SFX 10 Scrooge Bridge** with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill twenty times - WOH-HOO! - in honour of its being Christmas Eve and then *ran* home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt to play at Blindman's Buff. **LX 9 - B 5s**

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern... and, having read all the newspapers and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's-book went home to bed. **LX 10 - E @ 20% 7s**

He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner, Marley. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of buildings up a yard. It had so little business to be there that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house playing at hide-and-seek with other houses and have forgotten the way out again!

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 in that place. Also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called *fancy* about him as any man in the City of London... yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door **SFX 11- Marley's Knocker 1** saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face!

Marley's face... with a dismal light about it... like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look... but with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead... **SFX 12 - Marley's Knocker 2** As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon... it was a knocker again. To say that he was not startled or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation (to which it had been a stranger from infancy) would be untrue, but he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished, **SFX 13 - Scrooge Door** turned it sturdily, walked in and lighted his candle. **LX 11 - B @ 20% 3s**

He did pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door, and he did look cautiously behind it first, as if he half-expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall, but there was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on...

**Pooh, pooh!** **SFX 14 - Door Slam**

The sound of the slamming door resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above and every

cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. But Scrooge was *not* a man to be frightened by echoes.

He fastened the door **SFX 15 - Door Bolts & Locks** walked across the hall and up the stairs... slowly too, trimming his candle as he went, for it was *very* dark.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that...

***Darkness is cheap and I like it!*** but before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of Marley's face on the door-knocker to desire to do that.

***Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room... all as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa, a small fire in the grate, spoon and basin ready, little saucepan of gruel upon the hob. (I've got a little cold in my head.) Nobody under the bed, nobody in the closet, nobody in my dressing-gown... which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall...***

Quite satisfied, he closed his door **SFX 16 - Door Shut & Lock** and locked himself in... *double-locked* himself in, which was *not* his custom... **LX 12 - B @ 30% 7s**

Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his night-cap, and sat down before the fire to get warm.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell - a disused bell - that hung in the room and communicated for some-purpose-now-forgotten with a chamber in the highest story of the building. **SFX 17 - Marley's Tingle 3** It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing and soon **SFX 18 - Room Bells** it rang out loudly... and so did *every other* bell in the house... Then the bells ceased, as they had begun... together. **SFX 19 - Marley's Chains** And they were succeeded by a *clanking* noise deep down below... as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar. **SFX 20 - Cellar Door**

The cellar-door flew open and then he heard the noise much louder... on the floors below... then coming up the stairs... then coming straight towards his door... Then, without a pause **LX - 13 Add F1 7s** it came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes! **SFX 21 - Marley's Tingle 4** Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried: *I know him! Marley's Ghost!* and fell again.

**CHECK FX 1**

The *same* face! The very *same*... Marley in his pig-tail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long and wound about him like a tail, and it was made, (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys,

padlocks, ledgers, deeds and heavy purses wrought in steel.

His body was transparent so that Scrooge, observing him and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no guts but he had never believed it until now. LX 14 - B + F3 10s

*How now... what do you want with me?* Mic ON

*Much!* Mic OFF

Marley's voice! No doubt about it.

*Who are you?* Mic ON

*Ask me who I was.* Mic OFF

*Who were you then?* Mic ON

*In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.* SFX 22 - Strange 2

*You don't believe in me.* Mic OFF

*I don't.* Mic ON

*What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses? Why do you doubt your senses?* Mic OFF LX 15 - B + F1 10s

*Because any little thing affects them! A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. 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 gravy than grave about you, whatever you are!*

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish. The truth is that he tried to be smart as a means of distracting himself and keeping down his terror.

But how much greater was his horror when, taking off the bandage round its head as if it were too warm to wear indoors, the phantom's lower jaw dropped down **SFX 23 - Chomp 1** upon its breast!

***Mercy! Dreadful apparition! Why do you trouble me?***

***Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?*** **Mic ON**

***It is required of every man*** **LX 16 - B+ F3 10s** ***that the spirit within him should walk abroad 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. It is doomed to wander through the World - Oh, woe is me! - and witness what it cannot now share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness.*** **Mic OFF**

***You are fettered, tell me why?*** **Mic ON**

***I wear the chain*** **LX 17 - B + F1 10s** ***I forged in life. I made it link by link and yard by yard... I girded it of my own free will and of my own free will I wear it. Is its pattern strange to you? Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was as full as heavy and as long***

*as this seven Christmas Eves ago and you have laboured on it since... LX 18 - B + F3 10s It is a ponderous chain! Mic OFF*

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable... but he could see nothing.

*Jacob. Old Jacob Marley, tell me no more.. or speak comfort to me Jacob. Mic ON*

*I have none to give, LX 19 - B + F1 10s Ebenezer. It comes from other regions and is conveyed by other ministers to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all that is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. LX 20 - B + F3 10s My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house... Mark me! - in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole and weary journeys lie before me! Mic OFF*

*You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years, Jacob! Mic ON*

*Oh, Ebenezer...! LX 21 - B+ F1 10s Captive, bound, and double-ironed, not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh... such was I. Hear me! LX - 22 B + F3 10s My time is nearly gone. Mic OFF*



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

*Don't be flowery, Jacob!* **Mic ON**

*I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate.* **LX - 23 B + F1 10s**

*A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.* **Mic OFF**

*You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee!* **Mic ON**

*You will be haunted by three spirits.* **Mic OFF**

*Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?* **Mic ON**

*It is.* **Mic OFF**

*I - I think I'd rather not.* **Mic ON**

*Without their visits* **LX - 24 B + F3 10s** *you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate.* **LX - 25 B + F1 10s**

*Look to see me no more, and look, for your own sake, that you remember what has passed between us!* **Mic OFF**

The spectre took its wrapper from the table and bound it round its head as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made **SFX 24 - Chomp 2** when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. The apparition walked slowly backward from him, and at every step it took **SFX 25 -Windows Opening** the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre

reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned to Scrooge to approach, which he did. **SFX 26 - Fade Marley** **LX 26 – B @ 30% 7s**

The spectre floated out through the self-opened window into the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge closed the window **SFX 27 - Window Close** and examined the door by which the ghost had entered. It was still double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed!

**Bah Hum...** **SFX 28 - Bah Humbug**

And, being from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or the unnerving conversation with the ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed without undressing **LX 27 - B to 10% 7s** and fell asleep on the instant...

When Scrooge awoke it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber.

Suddenly **SFX 29 - Bell Strike 1** **LX 28 - A Snap** light flashed up in the room upon the instant, the curtains of his bed were drawn aside, and Scrooge **LX 29 - Add F2 5s** starting up into a half-recumbent attitude found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them. **SFX 30 - Static**

It was a strange figure... like a child, yet not so like a child as like an old man viewed through some supernatural medium which gave him the appearance

of having receded from the view and being diminished to a child's proportions.

Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age, and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light by which all this was visible... which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

***Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?*** Mic ON

***I am!*** Mic OFF

***Who, and what are you?*** Mic ON

***I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.*** Mic OFF

***Long past?*** Mic ON

***No. Your past. The things that you will see with me are shadows of the things that have been.***

***They will have no consciousness of us. Rise and walk with me.*** Mic OFF

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes, that the bed was warm LX 30 - E @ 20% 20s and the thermometer a long way below freezing, that

he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown and nightcap, and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted... but finding that the spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

***I am a mortal, and liable to fall.*** Mic ON

***Bear but a touch of my hand and you shall be upheld in more than this!*** Mic OFF LX 31 - E 8s

And as the words were spoken, they passed through the wall... SFX 31 - Sad Pastoral and stood on an open country road, with snow upon the ground.

***Good Heaven! I was bred in this place!***

***I was a boy here!*** Mic ON

***You recollect the way?*** Mic OFF

***Remember it? I could walk it blindfold. Strange to have forgotten it for so many years.***

They walked along the road... Scrooge recognising every gate and post and tree, until a little market-town appeared in the distance with its bridge, its church and winding river... and school.

Mic ON ***The school is not quite deserted... a solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.*** Mic OFF

At one of the desks a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire, and Scrooge was shaken to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

***Poor boy! I wish... but it's too late now.*** Mic ON

***What's the matter?*** Mic OFF

***Nothing... 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.***

And at that moment, the school faded.. and they were now in the busy thoroughfares of the City!

The ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door. Mic ON

***You know this place?*** Mic OFF

***Know it!? I was apprenticed here!*** LX 32 - C @ 50% 10s

They SFX 32 - Fade Streets went in... and an old gentleman sat behind such a high desk that had he been two inches taller he might have knocked his head against the ceiling.

PREP FX 2

***Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart... it's Fezziwig alive again!***

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven, he rubbed his hands, adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself from his shoes to his organ of benevolence Mic ON ***YoHoHoHoHoHo!*** Mic OFF and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: Mic ON

***Yo ho there ! Ebenezer! Dick!*** Mic OFF

and Scrooge's former self came briskly in,  
accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

***Dick Wilkins, to be sure! Bless me, yes. There he  
is! He was very much attached to me was Dick!  
Poor Dick! Dear, dear!*** Mic ON

***Yo ho my boys! No more work tonight! Christmas  
Eve, Dick! Christmas Ebenezer! Let's have the  
shutters up before a man can say 'Jack  
Robinson'.*** Mic OFF

And how those two fellows went at it! SFX 33 - Fezziwig's Theme  
They charged up the street with the shutters;

One, two, three - had 'em up in their places! Four,  
five, six! - barred 'em and pinned 'em! Seven, eight,  
nine! - and came back before you could have got to  
twelve, panting like race-horses. [pant pant] Mic ON

***Hilli Ho!*** Mic OFF

And Old Fezziwig skipped down from the high desk  
with wonderful agility. Mic ON

***Clear away my lads and let's have lots of room  
here! Hilly Ho, Dick! Chirrup Ebenezer!*** Mic OFF

Clear away? There was nothing they *wouldn't* have  
cleared away or *couldn't* have cleared away with Old  
Fezziwig looking on! It was done in a minute! Every  
movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from  
public life for evermore. The floor was swept and

watered, the lamps were trimmed **LX 33 - C 3s** fuel was heaped upon the fire, and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night!

In came a fiddler with a music book and went up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it **SFX 34 - Fiddler Tuning** and tuned like fifty stomach-aches!

In came Mrs Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came three *Miss* Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook with her brother's *particular* friend, the milkman. In they *all* came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, sitting, pushing, some pulling - in they *all* came, anyhow and everyhow - and *away* they all went. **SFX 35 - Fezziwig's Dance**  
[Dance 1] There were twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way, down the middle and up again, round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping.

Old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, Old Fezziwig, clapped his hands **SFX 36 - Fade Dance** to stop the dance. **Mic ON**

**Well done! Well done everybody!** Mic OFF

and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of

porter Mic ON **Baloobaloobalobaloo!** Mic OFF

especially provided for that purpose. SFX 37 - Fezziwig Background

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold-roast, and there was a great piece of cold-boiled, and there were mince-pies and *plenty* of beer.

SFX 38 - Fade Background

But the great effect of the evening came *after* the roast and boiled when the fiddler struck up again

SFX 39 - Fiddle Slow and old Fezziwig stood out to

dance with Mrs Fezziwig, top couple too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them, three or four and twenty pair of partners, people who were not to be trifled with, people who could dance and had *no* notion of walking.

But if they had been *twice* as many - ah, *four* times - old Fezziwig would have been a match for them... and so would Mrs Fezziwig. As to her, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term.

SFX 40 - Fiddle Fast [Dance 2]

A positive light appeared to issue from the Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons! You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next! And when



they'd gone all through the dance - hold hands with your partner, advance and retire, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place, Old Fezziwig *CUT* - cut so deftly, that he appeared to *wink* with his legs! **SFX 41 - Stop Dance**

And when the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up: Mr and Mrs Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her **Mic ON**

***A Merry Christmas!*** **Mic OFF**

And when everybody had retired but the two prentices, they did the same to them: **Mic ON**

***Thank you Dick! Merry Christmas! Ebenezer! Well***

***done! Well done! Merry Christmas!*** **Mic OFF** **LX 34 - B @ 50% 15s**

and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds which were under a counter in the back-shop. **Mic ON** *[Coat On]*

**PREP FX 1**

***A small matter to make these silly folks so full of gratitude...*** **Mic OFF**

***Small?*** **Mic ON**

***Why... is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money... three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?*** **Mic OFF**

***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... a pleasure or a  
toil... Ohhhhh!* **Mic ON**

*What's the matter?* **Mic OFF**

*Nothing particular.* **Mic ON**

*Something, I think?* **Mic OFF**

*No, no... I should like to be able to say a word or  
two to my clerk just now, that's all.* **LX 35 - B @ 25% 10s**

And he watched his former self turn down the lamps  
as he gave utterance to the wish. **Mic ON**

*My time grows short.* **Mic OFF SFX 42 - Pastoral Slow**

And now **LX 36 - E 3s** Scrooge and the ghost stood  
side by side in the open air... and Scrooge saw  
himself again, but older... a man in the prime of life.

**PREP FX 2**

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young  
girl in a black dress, but in whose eyes there were  
tears which sparkled in the light that shone from the  
ghost. **Mic ON**

*It matters little, Ebenezer... To you, very little...*

*Another idol has displaced 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 grieve.*

*What idol has displaced you, Belle?*

*You know very well... A golden one... Money.* **Mic OFF**

**PREP FX 1**

*Spirit show me no more!*

*Why do you delight to torture me?* **Mic ON**

**One shadow more.** Mic OFF LX 37 - C 3s SFX 43 - Belle's House

And now they were in another scene and place... a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort.

Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed she was the same until he saw *her* - now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter.

PREP FX 2

The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge, in his agitated state, could count, but no one seemed to mind. On the contrary, mother and daughter laughed heartily. SFX 44 - Door knock

Such a rush immediately ensued that the daughter was borne towards the source of the noise, the centre of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, laden with Christmas toys and presents.

Oh, the shouts of wonder and delight with which every package was received! Then the terrible announcement that the baby had been *taken* in the act of putting a doll's frying pan into his mouth, but was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter - and the *immense* relief of finding this a false alarm!

By degrees, the children were got out of the parlour, and by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house where they went to bed... and so the excitement subsided. LX 38 - B 7s SFX 45 - Sad Pastoral

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever as the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside... and when Scrooge thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father and been a springtime in the haggard winter of his life, he sobbed. **Mic ON**

*Belle... I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon.*

*Oh... Who was it?*

*Mr Scrooge!*

*Mr Scrooge?*

*Yes... I passed his office window, and as it was not shut up and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner, Mr Marley, lies upon the point of death, I hear, and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.* **Mic OFF** **QUICK TO FX 3**

*Oh, Remove me, spirit, I cannot bear it!* **AUTO - LX 39 - E @ 10% 15s**

*Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!* **Mic OFF**

And as he struggled, he was again conscious of being exhausted and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness and being back in his own bedroom

**PREP FX 1**

**ONLY IF INTERVAL AUTO - LX 39.1 - B/O 7s**

he had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

**ONLY IF INTERVAL AUTO (after 7s) – LX 39.2 – D + HL 7s**

**IF INTERVAL****[Check with actor that all is okay]****ACT 2 CLEARANCE****SIMULTANEOUS CRITICAL:****LX 39.3 – B/O 0s & SFX 47 - ACT 2****IF NO INTERVAL CONTINUE AUTOMATICALLY****Snore... Snore... Snore... SNORE! AUTO (ON CHIME) LX 40 - Snap to A**

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore as the bell struck One, Scrooge lay upon his bed, the very core and centre of a blaze of ruddy light which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour. He got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door...

**CHECK FX 1**

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock.

**SFX 48 - Door Open****Mic ON****Scrooge.... Come hither... Mic OFF LX 41 - B 7s**

It was his own room - there was no doubt about that - but it had undergone a surprising transformation; the walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney - as that dull petrification of a hearth had *never* known in

Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many a winter season gone for that matter.

Heaped up upon the floor to form a kind of throne were turkeys, geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. **LX 42 - Add F2 6s** **SFX 49 Tinkly Long**

In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's Horn, and held it up... high up... to shed its light on Scrooge as he came peeping round the door. **Mic ON**

***Come in! Come in and know me better, man..! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me!*** **Mic OFF**

It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare. Its feet were also bare, and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free... free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanour, and its joyful air. **Mic ON** **SFX 50 Tinkly Long 2**

*You have never seen the like of me before?* **Mic OFF**

*I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not, spirit...  
But conduct me where you will. I went forth last  
night on compulsion and I learnt a lesson which  
is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to  
teach me, let me profit by it.* **Mic ON**

*Hold my robe!* **Mic OFF**

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

**SFX 51 Tinkly Long 3** **LX 43 - E 20s**

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all slowly vanished. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night. **SFX 52 - Sad Pastoral** and they stood in the City streets on Christmas morning.

The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were *radiant* in their glory: There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen lolling at the doors and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence.

There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by and glanced, demurely, at the hung-up mistletoe.

**PREP FX 2**

There were pears and apples clustered high in blooming pyramids... there were great bunches of grapes made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed... there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods and pleasant shufflings, ankle deep, through withered leaves...

There were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner.

The Grocers'! oh the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one... but through those gaps such glimpses! The customers were all so hurried and so eager that they *tumbled* up against each other, and when there were angry words between some who had jostled with each other the spirit shed **SFX 53 - Sprinkling 1** a few drops of water on them from his torch and their good humour was restored directly. **Mic ON**

***It be a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day!***

***And so it is, God love it, so it is!*** **Mic OFF**

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in the showing of this power of his, or else it was his



own kind, generous, hearty nature and his sympathy with all poor men **SFX 54 - Sad Pastoral 2** that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's, for there he went and took Scrooge with him, holding on to his robe, and on the threshold of the door the spirit smiled and blessed Bob Cratchit's dwelling **SFX 55 - Sprinkling 2** with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen bob a-week, pocketed on Saturday - but fifteen copies of his Christian name - and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house! **LX 44 - B 10s** & **SFX 56 - Cratchit's Bridge**

Now up rose Mrs Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons - which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence - and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar - Bob's private property conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day - into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits - boy and girl - came tearing in: **Mic ON** *Outside the baker's we smelled the goose, and know it for our own!* **Mic OFF** and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and

exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although *his* collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled. **Mic ON**

***Well... whatever has got your precious father then? And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!***

***Here's Martha, mother!*** **Mic OFF** said another daughter, appearing as she spoke. **Mic ON**

***Here's Martha, mother!*** **Mic OFF** cried the two young Cratchits. **Mic ON** ***Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!***

***Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are... Well... Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!***

***No no! There's father coming! Hide Martha, hide!*** **Mic OFF**

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob Cratchit, the father, with at least three feet of comforter - exclusive of the fringe - hanging down before him and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable... and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame. **Mic ON**

***Why, where's our Martha?***

***Not coming!***

***Not coming?*** Mic OFF

There was a sudden declension in his high spirits... for he had been Tiny Tim's blood-horse all the way from church and had come home rampant! Mic ON

***Not coming upon Christmas Day?*** Mic OFF

But Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, even if it were only in joke... so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door and ran into his arms while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper. Mic ON

***And how did little Tim behave? Mr Cratchit?***

***As good as gold, and better, Mrs C. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church because he be a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see! Yes.... our little Tim grows strong and hearty, Mrs C!*** Mic OFF

But Tiny Tim's active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back he came before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister, to his stool beside the fire.

Bob, turning up his cuffs as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made *even more* shabby,

compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer... while Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose... with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs Cratchit made the gravy (readied beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot...

Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour...

Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce...

Martha dusted the hot plates...

Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table...

The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody (not forgetting themselves) and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped!

At last the dishes were set on and grace was said - which was succeeded by a breathless pause... as Mrs Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast... but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one *murmur* of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by his naughty brother and sister, beat on the table with the handle of his knife; **Mic ON Hurrah! Mic OFF**

There never was such a goose cooked.. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the applesauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family... indeed, as Mrs Cratchit said with great delight - surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish; **Mic ON**

***We haven't ate it all at last!*** **Mic OFF**

Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows.

But now, as the plates were being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs Cratchit left the room alone - too nervous to bear witnesses - to take the pudding up and bring it in. **Mic ON**

***Suppose it should not be done enough?***

***Suppose it should break on turning out...***

***Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it?*** **Mic OFF**

A supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! **Mic ON** ***NO!!!*** **Mic OFF** **SFX 57 - Steam**

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper! **Mic ON**

***A smell like a washing-day!*** **Mic OFF**

That was the cloth! **Mic ON**

*A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other with a launderess's next door to that!* **Mic OFF** that was the pudding!

In half a minute Mrs Cratchit entered, flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quart of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top! **Mic ON**

*Oh, a wonderful pudding, Mrs C! Your greatest success since our marriage!*

*Well I did have my doubts... about quantity of the flour!* **Mic OFF**

Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for such a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

But at last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. **SFX 58 - Bob's Fire**

The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovel-full of chestnuts heaped upon the fire. **SFX 59 - Fire Popping**

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle - meaning half a one - and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass - two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as *any* golden goblets would have

done and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. **Mic ON SFX 60 - Sad Theme**

*A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!*

*A Merry Christmas to us all!*

*God bless us, every one!* **Mic OFF**

**QUICK TO FX 1**

said Tiny Tim, the last of all. **LX 45 - Add F2 4s**

*Spirit... Tell me if Tiny Tim will live.* **Mic ON**

*I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future... the child will die.* **Mic OFF**

*No, no! Oh no, kind spirit, say he will be spared!* **Mic ON**

*If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. What then? If he be like to die he had better do it and decrease the surplus population...*

**STAND BY!!!**

*And will you, Ebenezer Scrooge, decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that, in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child.* **Mic OFF QUICK TO FX 2 Mic ON LX 46 - B 3s**

[BEAT]

*Mr Scrooge! I give you Mr Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!*

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

*My dear, the children! Christmas Day! It should be Christmas Day, I'm sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr Scrooge.*

*You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!*

*My dear, Christmas Day!*

*Well, I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's... not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a happy new year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!* **Mic OFF**

Even the children drank the toast after her but it was the *first* of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it.

Tiny Tim drank it last of all **Mic ON**

*A Merry Christmas and a happy new year!* **Mic OFF**

but he didn't care tuppence for it.

**PREP FX 1**

Old Scrooge was the ogre of the family and the mere mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party which was not dispelled for full five minutes. **SFX 61 - Cratchit Bridge 2**

But after it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before. They were happy, grateful,



pleased with one another, and contented with the time... **LX 47 - B @ 30% 10s** and when they faded they looked happier yet **SFX 62 - Sprinkling 3** in the bright sprinklings of the spirit's torch... and at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last. **SFX 63 - Wind Whistle**

**LX 48 - E @ 40% & F3 3s** [Coat On]

Without a word of warning from the ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor.

***What place is this, spirit?*** **Mic ON**

***A place where miners live who labour in the bowels of the earth.*** **Mic OFF**

A light shone from the window of a hut and swiftly they advanced towards it and, **LX 49 - B @ 50% 4s** **SFX 64 - Wind Moan** passing through a wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children.

**PREP FX 2**

The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song...

But the spirit did not tarry here **LX 50 - E @ 50% 4s** and passing on above the moor **SFX 65 - Sea & Wind** sped out to sea.

To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land - a frightful range of rocks - behind them, and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, and joining hands over the rough table, wished each other **Mic ON Merry Christmas!** **Mic OFF** in their can of grog. **SFX 66 – Laughter**

And it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, to hear such a hearty laugh. **SFX 67 - Fade Sea**

And it was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognise it as his own nephew's **LX 51 - C & F2 7s** and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the spirit standing and smiling by his side. **LX 52 - C 7s**

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour. **SFX 68 - Laughter 2**

When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he, and their assembled friends being not a bit behind-hand, roared out, lustily. **Mic ON**

***He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!***

***He believed it too!***

***More shame for him, Fred!*** **Mic OFF**

Scrooge's niece was very pretty: *exceedingly* pretty... with the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw. **Mic ON**

*Ahhh He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth!  
And not so pleasant as he might be!*

*But I'm sure he is very rich, Fred!*

*What of that, my dear? His wealth is of no use to  
him. He doesn't do any good with it.*

*Well, I have no patience with him.*

*Oh, I have! I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry  
with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims?  
Himself. Always. He takes it into his head to  
dislike us and he won't come and dine with us?  
What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much  
of a dinner!*

*Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner!*

*Well! I am very glad to hear it, because I haven't  
any great faith in these young housekeepers.*

*What do you say, Topper? **Mic OFF***

Now, Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of  
Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered: **Mic ON**

*A bachelor is a wretched outcast who has no  
right to express an opinion on the subject! **Mic OFF***

whereat Scrooge's niece's sister - the plump one with  
the lace tucker - blushed. **SFX 69 - Topper's Party 1**

After a while they played at forfeits - for it is good to  
be children sometimes, and never better than at  
Christmas!

There was first a game at blind-man's buff - of course there was - and you could no more believe Topper was *really* blind than believe he had eyes in his boots! The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature!

Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains... Wherever *she* went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was! He wouldn't catch anybody else! If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and *stood* there, he would make a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would be an affront to your understanding, and would instantly sidle off in the direction of the plump sister! **Mic ON**

**Stop! Please! It isn't fair!** **Mic OFF**

and it wasn't! **SFX 70 - Topper's Party 2**

And when, at last, he caught her... when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable, for his pretending not to know her, his pretending that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and, further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile... monstrous... and no doubt she told him her opinion of it... for when another blind-man

was in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

***Ahhh here is a new game! One half hour more, spirit! Only one!***

It was a game called 'Yes and No', where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed, elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal. **Mic ON**

***A live animal? F - Yes***

***An agreeable animal? F - No***

***A tame animal? F - No!***

***Does it growl and grunt? F - Yes!***

***Does it talk sometimes? F - Yes!***

***Does it live in London? F - Yes!***

***And walk about the streets? F - Yes!***

***Is it led by anybody? F - No!***

***Does it live in a menagerie? F - No!***

***Was it ever killed in a market? F - No!***

***Is it a horse? F - No!***

***An ass? F - No!***

***A cow? F - No!***

***A bull? F - No!***

***A tiger? F - No!***

*A dog? F - No!*

*A pig? F - No!*

*A cat? F - No!*

*A bear? F - No!*

*I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred!*

*I know what it is!*

*What is it, then?*

*It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!*

*Hahahahahaha! He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure... A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!*

*Uncle Srooge!* **Mic OFF LX 53 @40% - E + F1 + F2 + F3 7s**

But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew **SFX 71 - Bridge 2** and Scrooge and the spirit were again upon their travels.

**PREP FX 1**

Much they saw and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sick-beds - and they were cheerful... on foreign lands - and they were close at home... by struggling men - and they were patient in their greater hope... by poverty, and it was rich....

But **SFX 72 - Tinkly Long** when looking at the spirit as they stood together in an open place, Scrooge noticed that its hair was now grey. **SFX 73 - 12 Chimes**

*Are spirits' lives so short?* **Mic ON**

***My life upon this globe is very brief... It ends tonight... Tonight at midnight.*** Mic OFF LX 54 - E @ 40% 4s

As they stood there the clock struck twelve. Scrooge looked about him for the ghost, but saw it not... and as the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley LX 55 - Add F4 (red) 10s SFX 74 - Sinister 1 and lifting up his eyes beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible, save one outstretched hand.

PREP FX 2

***Ahhhh... am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?*** The spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

***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 your company and do it with a thankful heart. Lead on, lead on, the night is waning fast and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, spirit!*** LX 56 - E @ 60% 7s

They scarcely seemed to *enter* the City for the City rather seemed to spring up about them, but there they were, in the heart of it, amongst the merchants.

The spirit stopped beside one little knot of businessmen and observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk. **Mic ON**

*No... I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead.*

*When did he die?*

*Last night, I believe.*

*What has he done with his money?*

*I haven't heard. He hasn't left it to me, that's all I know!* **Mic OFF**

Scrooge was surprised that the spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial. They could scarcely have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and *this* ghost's province was the Future...

He looked about in that very place for his own image... but *another* man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes...

Finally, they left the busy scene **LX 57 - B @ 50% 10s** and went into an obscure part of the town... to a low-browed, beetling shop, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought by a grey-haired rascal of great age who stood smoking his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement. **SFX 75 - Fade Sinister 1**



A woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop, but she had scarcely entered when another woman, similarly laden, came in too, and she was closely followed by a man in faded black...

After a short period of blank astonishment they, all three, burst into a laugh. **Mic ON**

***Well... let the charwoman alone to be the first!***

***Yeah? Let the laundress alone to be the second!***

***And let the undertaker's man alone to be the third!***

***Look here, old Joe, here's a chance... if we haven't all three met here without meaning it!***

***You couldn't have met in a better place, my dear!***

***Come in... come in!*** **Mic OFF**

The charwoman threw her bundle on the floor in a flaunting manner and stared with a bold defiance at the other two. **Mic ON**

***What odds then, eh?! What odds? Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose!***

***No, indeed! If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime?***

***Yeah... If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death***

*instead of lying there alone, gasping out his last, by himself!*

*Open that bundle, old Joe, let me know the value of it. Speak out plain now! I ain't afraid to be the first. Nor afraid for them to see it. Mic OFF*

Old Joe bent down for the greater convenience of opening the bundle and dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff. Mic ON

*What do you call this? Bed-curtains?*

*Yeah! Bed-curtains!*

*You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?*

*Yes I do, Why not? Don't you drop that ash upon the blankets, now!*

*His blankets?*

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

*Well, I hope he didn't die of anything catching, eh?*

*Don't you be afraid of that, Joe, I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things if he did. And you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache but you won't find no hole in it nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it if it hadn't been for me.*

***What do you call wasting of it?***

***Putting it on him to be buried in! Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. Well, if calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it ain't good enough for nothing. This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive to profit us when he was dead! He heee!*** **Mic OFF SFX 76 - Sinister 2**

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

**[SIMULTANEOUS] SFX 77 - Sinister 3 & LX 58 - A & F4 2s**

***Merciful Heaven, what is this?***

A bare, uncurtained bed on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced **SFX 78 - Cat** in awful language. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone.

***Spirit this is a fearful place. In leaving it I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!***

The ghost pointed with an unmoving finger to the head.

***I understand you! And I would do it if I could, but I have not the power, spirit, I have not the power! Let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or this dark chamber, spirit, will be forever present to me.*** **LX 59 - E @ 50% 5s**

So the ghost conducted him through several more streets familiar to his feet and, as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself but *nowhere* was he to be seen. **LX 60 - B @ 50% 5s**

They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house - the dwelling he had visited before **SFX 79 - Fade sinister 3** and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

All was quiet. Very quiet. **SFX 80 - Tiny Tim's Theme**

The mother laid her work down. **Mic ON**

*The colour hurts my eyes... It makes them weak by candle-light... and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home for the world. It must be near his time.*

*Past it rather, mother, but I think he has walked a little slower than usual these few last evenings.*

*I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed but he was very light to carry and his father loved him so it was no trouble. No trouble. **Mic OFF***

*Was...? Ah no... Poor Tiny Tim!* **SFX 81 - Slow Knock**

And little Bob in his comforter - he had need of it, poor fellow - came in. **Mic ON**

*You went today again then, Robert?*

*Yes my dear... I wish 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 him that we'd walk there on a Sunday. My little child. My little, little child. Mic OFF***

He couldn't help it.

PREP FX 1

**SFX 82 - Sinister Reprise**

***Spectre... something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead? LX 61 - A @ 50% 10s***

The phantom gave no answer but led him to a churchyard. Here then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place, walled in by houses, but overrun by grass and weeds.

The spirit stood among the graves and pointed down to one.

***Spirit... before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question... Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they shadows of the things that might be only?***

Still the ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

***Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends to which, if persevered in, they will lead, but if those courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!***

But the spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards where the ghost pointed, trembling as he went and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave, his own name: EBENEZER SCROOGE. **SFX 83 - Ghost Sting**

***Am I that man who lay upon the bed? No, spirit! Oh, no, no, spirit, hear me! I am not the man I was! I will not be the man I would have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope?***

***Good spirit, your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life!***

The ghost's hand trembled.

***I will honour Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present, and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me! I will not shut out the lessons that they teach! Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!***

And in his agony **SFX 84 - Ghost Howl** **LX 62 – D @ 50% + F4 (RED) 1s** he *caught* the spectral hand... The spirit sought to free itself, but Scrooge was strong in his entreaty, and detained it... but the spirit, stronger yet **SFX 85 - Ghost Repulse** repulsed him...

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, Scrooge saw an alteration in the

phantom's hood and dress: **LX 63 - B 15s** **SFX 86 - Fade Sinister**

It shrank... collapsed... and dwindled down into a bedpost!

*[Pause]*

Yes... the bedpost was his own! The bed was his own! The room was his own! Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in! He scrambled out of bed.

***I will live in the past, the present, and the future!***

***I will live in the past, the present, and the future!***

***I will live in the past, the present, and the future!***

***The spirits of all three shall strive within me!***

***Oh Jacob Marley, Heaven and the Christmas-time***

***be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old***

***Jacob, on my knees!***

***My bed curtains! They are not torn down! They***

***are not torn down! Rings and all they are here!***

***I am here! The shadows of the things that would***

***have been may yet be dispelled. They will be!***

***I know they will!*** **SFX 87 - Happy Scrooge**

His hands were busy with his garments, turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them.

***I don't know what to do! I'm as light as a feather,***

***as happy as an angel, as merry as a school-boy,***

***as giddy as a drunken man! A Merry Christmas to***

***everybody! A happy New Year to all the world!*** **SFX 88 - Lusty Peals**

***Hallo there! Whoop! Halloooo!***

And all the churches rang out the lustiest peals he had ever heard.

He ran window **SFX 89 - Windows Opening** opened it and put out his head. **LX 64 - E + C 3s**

No fog! No mist! Clear, bright, shining, golden sunlight!

He called downward to a boy in Sunday clothes who perhaps had loitered in to look about.

***Ho there! What's to-day?***

***B - Eh?***

***What's today, my fine fellow?***

***B - Today?***

***Yes!***

***B - Why, Christmas Day, of course!***

***It's Christmas Day...? Christmas Day!!!! I haven't missed it! The spirits have done it all in one night! They can do anything they like! Of course they can! Of course they can! Hallo? Hullo there my fine fellow! SFX 90 - Fade Peals***

***B- Yeah?***

***Do you know the poulterer's, in the next-street-but-one at the corner?***

***B - I should hope I do!***

***Intelligent boy! Remarkable boy! Say... do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that***



*was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey, the big one?*

***B - What, the one as big as me?***

*Delightful boy! Such a pleasure to talk to you!*

*Yes, you my buck!*

***B - It's hanging there now!***

*Is it? Go and buy it!*

***B - What?***

*No no, my dear boy, I am in earnest. Go and buy it and tell 'em to bring it here that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, I'll give you half-a-crown!*

Scarcely had Scrooge uttered the words, the lad was already nearly there...

But what a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird! He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute - like sticks of sealing-wax.

***I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's... He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim!***

Finally, Scrooge dressed himself all in his best and at last got out **SFX 91 - City Streets** into the streets.

He had not gone far when, coming on towards him, he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into

his counting-house petitioning alms the day before...  
and taking his hands in his:

***My dear sir, how do you do? I do hope you  
succeeded in your petitions yesterday. It was very  
kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!***

***G - Er... Mr Scrooge?***

***Yes... that is my name and I fear it may not be  
pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon.  
And will you have the goodness to...***

***G - Lord bless me! My dear Mr Scrooge, are you  
serious?***

***If you please... not a farthing less! A great many  
back-payments are included in it, I assure you.  
Will you do me that favour?***

***G - My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such  
munif...***

***Don't say anything, please! Come and see me.  
Will you come and see me?***

***G - I will... I will!***

***Thank'ee, thank'ee! I am much obliged to you, Sir!  
I thank you fifty times. Bless you!***

And then Scrooge went to church... and walked about  
the streets... and in the afternoon... he turned his  
steps towards his nephew's house. **SFX 92 - Fade Streets**

He passed by the door a dozen times before he mustered the courage to go up and knock. But finally... he made a dash, and did it. **SFX 93 - Door Knock & Open**

Here was indeed a *nice* girl... Very.

***Ahhh... Is your master at home, my dear?***

***Girl - Yes, sir!***

***Where is he, my love?***

***Girl - He's in the dining-room, Sir, along with Mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please.*** **LX 65 - C 5s**

***Thank'ee. Thankee... Er... He knows me...***

***F - Why bless my soul! Who's that?***

***T'is I, your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner.***

***Will you let me in Fred?***

Let him in? It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off, and Scrooge was at home in five minutes. **SFX 94 - Fred's Party**

And nothing could be heartier. His exceedingly pretty niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister when she came. So did everyone when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness! **LX 66 - B 7s**

But Scrooge was early at the office next morning! **SFX 95 - Clock 9**

Ohhhh he was early there! If he could just be there *first* and catch Bob Cratchit coming *late*! *That* was the thing he had set his heart upon!

And he *did* it, yes he did! The clock struck nine... No Bob... **[Count 2] SFX 96 - Clock 1**

A quarter past... No Bob.

No indeed! Bob Cratchit was full eighteen minutes and a half *behind* his time... but **SFX 97 – Door** his hat was off *before* he opened the door, his comforter too and he was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

***Hallo! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?***

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

***You are. Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please.***

***But it's only once a year, Mr Scrooge! It shall not be repeated! I was making rather merry yesterday, sir!***

***Now, I'll tell you what, my friend... I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer... and therefore...***

And Scrooge leapt forward and gave Bob such a dig in the waistcoat with his ruler that Bob staggered back into the tank again...

***And therefore... I am about to raise your salary!***

But Cratchit trembled, and as he got a little nearer to the ruler, he had a momentary idea of knocking

Scrooge down with it, holding him and calling to the people in the court for help.... and a strait-jacket!

***A Merry Christmas, Bob!***

And he clapped him on the back. ***A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, I'll endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we'll discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of Smoking Bishop, Bob! Make up the fires and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another 'i', Bob Cratchit!*** LX 67 - A 60s

And Ebenezer Scrooge was *better* than his word.

SFX 98 - Tiny Tim to Finale

He *did* it. He did it *all*, and *infinitely* more...

And, Tiny Tim? Ahhh, Tiny Tim... did *not* die, and Scrooge was like a second father. And he became as good a *friend*, as good a *master*, and as good a person as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the whole good old world.

Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh and little heeded them. His *own heart* laughed... and that was quite enough for him.

And after that night, Scrooge had no further intercourse with spirits... No indeed... He lived ever afterwards in utter respect for the 'Total Abstinence Principle'...

And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed that knowledge.

And may that be truly said of us, and *all* of us!

And so, as Tiny Tim observed: **Mic ON**

*God bless us, every one!* **Mic OFF** **LX 68 - Fade to Black 7s**

**[AS FINALE MUSIC COMES IN] & LX 69 - C 5s**

(CURTAIN CALL 1)

**[As actor leaves stage] LX 70 - Blackout 4s**

**THEN AUTO FOLLOW LX 71 - C 4s**

(CURTAIN CALL 2)

**[As actor leaves stage] LX 72 - E 30% + HL 7s & SFX 99 - Fade**