

A CHRISTMAS CAROL by Charles Dickens

(GUY MASTERSON) TEK SCRIPT - WITH INTERVAL

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)
- E2 - Middle Cold** Cold Exterior - (Steel Blue Lee 117)
- F1 - S-Right Floor Birdie** - (Steel Blue Lee 117)
- F2 - S-Centre Floor Birdie** - (Steel Blue Lee 117)
- F3 - S-Left Floor Birdie** - (Steel Blue Lee 117)
- F4 - S-Centre Floor Birdie** - (Red 106)
- G - Profile Slitted down** on Hanging coat (Lee 117)

Sound States

All sound provided via QLab (Laptop Can be provided.
General Amplification from front of house.

Foldback on stage for sound only, NOT mic.

Lapel Mic & Transmitter Provided

Three Mic effects required - Mic on PRE-FADE

FX 1 (Ghosts) - Large Hall Reverb (VITAL) #7

FX 2 (Scenes) - Wood Room Reverb (VITAL) #15

FX 3 (Echo) - Repeater Echo (NOT VITAL) #58

Except in Large Venues, the mic is NOT use for general amplification only for EFFECTS.

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 (or Mute) button prior to the signal passing through the effects thereby stopping the signal to the effects monitor – but not stopping the effect being played through the system. The mic is therefore ON throughout the show but operated on/off at the desk.

SFX 1 (PRESHOW - Medley of Victorian Carols)

LX 1 - PRESHOW - D + G + HL @ 50%

HAZE ON LIGHTLY

AT CLEARANCE

SFX 2 (OPENING) SIMULTANEOUS LX 2 G (only) to Full (30s)

LX 2.5 AUTO (or at 97s into SFX 2) B/O (10s) & HAZE BOOST 20S

[Actor enters in blackout]

LX 3 AUTO (or at 112s into SFX 2) A (Snap)

Marley was dead... There's 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.

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 @ 50% (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 @ 50% (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 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.

Now, 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 leave me
to 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 so I say, God bless it!

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded but, becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked **SFX 6 (Poker)** 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, Uncle, 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!

But 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! SFX 7 (Door)

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 8 (Strange 1) ***He died seven years ago, this very night.***

Ahhh... Er... 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 necessities...
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. Now... what shall I put you down for?

Nothing!

Ahhh, 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 9 (Wind)** withdrew. **LX 6 (E @ 50% 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 **AWAY WITH YER..!** that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and the more congenial frost.

SFX 10 (Fade Wind) & **LX 7 B @ 50% (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, is it? 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 11 (Lock Door)** was closed in a twinkling **LX 8 E @ 50% (5s)** and Bob Cratchit, 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 @ 50% (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.

SFX 12 (Fade Tavern) & **LX 10 E @ 15% (7s)**

Now, Scrooge 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 had 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 **SFX 13 (Key)** having his key in the lock of the door 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 14 (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 15 (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...

Oh pooh, pooh! **SFX 16 (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 17 (Door Bolts)** hung up his coat, 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... **LX 11.5 Add G @ 50% (10)**

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 at the ready, a little saucepan of gruel (I've got a little cold in my head) upon the hob.

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 bedroom door **SFX 18 (Door Shut)** and locked himself in. **LX 12 B @ 30% (7s)** *Double-locked* himself in, which was *not* his custom...

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.

It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread **SFX 19 (Tingle 3)** that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing and soon **SFX 20 (Bells)** it rang out loudly... and so did *every other* bell in the house... Then the bells ceased, as they had begun... together. **SFX 21 (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 22 (Cellar Door)**

Now he heard the noise much louder... on the floors below... then coming up the stairs... then coming along the hallway... Then, without a pause **LX 13 Add F2 (7s)** it came on through the heavy door and passed into the room before his eyes!

SFX 23 (Tingle 3) Upon its coming in the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried: ***I know him! Marley's ghost!*** and fell again.

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.

S-BY MIC FX1 and 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 1 ON**

Much! **MIC 1 OFF**

Marley's voice! No doubt about it.

Who are you? **MIC 1 ON**

Ask me who I was. **MIC 1 OFF**

Alright! Who were you then? **MIC 1 ON**

In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley. **SFX 24 - Strange 2**

You don't believe in me. **MIC 1 OFF**

I don't. **MIC 1 ON**

What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses? Why do you doubt your senses? **MIC 1 OFF**

LX 15 B + F2 (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!*

Now, 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 upon its breast!

SFX 25 (Chomp 1) LX 16 B + F1 (10s)

***Mercy! Dreadful apparition! Why do you trouble me?
Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come
to me?*** **MIC 1 ON**

***It is required of every man 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 1 OFF**

You are fettered, tell me why? **MIC 1 ON**

***I wear the chain 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 17 B + F2 (10s)**

It is a ponderous chain! **MIC 1 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... Speak comfort to me Jacob! MIC 1 ON

I have none to give LX 18 B + F3 (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 19 B + F2 (10s) **My spirit never walked beyond our counting house...** SFX 26 (Sting) **Mark me! - in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole and weary journeys lie before me!** MIC 1 OFF

You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years, Jacob! MIC 1 ON

Oh, Ebenezer... LX 20 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! My time is nearly gone.** MIC 1 OFF LX 21 B + F2 (10s)

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

Don't be flowery, Jacob! MIC 1 ON

I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer. MIC 1 OFF LX 22 B + F3 (10s)

You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee! MIC 1 ON

You will be haunted by three spirits. MIC 1 OFF

Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? MIC 1 ON

It is. MIC 1 OFF

I - I think I'd rather not. MIC 1 ON

Without their visits LX 23 B + F2 (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. Look to see me no more, and look, for your own sake, that you remember what has passed between us!*** MIC 1 OFF LX 24 B + F1 (10s)

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 27 (Chomp 2)** when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. LX 25 B + F2 (10s)

The apparition walked slowly backward from him, and at every step it took, **SFX 28 (Windows)** 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... LX 26 B @ 30% (15s)

SFX 29 (Fade Marley) The spectre floated out through the self-opened window into the bleak, dark night...

Arrrgggghhh... Oohhhhh... Ahhhh!

Scrooge closed the window **SFX 30 (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... but **SFX 31 (Bah Humbug)** he could not finish...

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 D @ 10% (7s)** and fell asleep upon the instant... **[Pause]**

And 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... **[Pause]**

Suddenly... **SFX 32 (Bell Strike 1) & LX 28 A + D (Snap)**

... light flashed up in the room upon the instant, the curtains of his bed were drawn aside **LX 29 Add F2 (5s)** and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them! **SFX 33 (Static)**

Waaaaahhhhh! 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... and 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 1 ON**

I am! Mic 1 OFF

Who, and what are you? Mic 1 ON

I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. Mic 1 OFF

Long past? Mic 1 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. Walk with me. Mic 1 OFF

LX 30 E Mids Only @ 20% + F2 (20s)

Now, 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 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 1 ON

Bear but a touch of my hand... and you shall be upheld in more than this! Mic 1 OFF

And as those words were spoken: **SFX 34 (Woosh)** & **LX 31 E (8s)**

... they passed through the wall... and were stood upon an open country road, with snow upon the ground.

Good Heaven! I was bred in this place! I was a boy here! Mic 1 ON

You recollect the way? Mic 1 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 1 ON **The school is not quite deserted... A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.** Mic 1 OFF

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

Poor boy! I wish... but it's too late now. Mic 1 ON

What's the matter? Mic 1 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 1 ON

You know this place? Mic 1 OFF

Know it!? I was apprenticed there! LX 32 (C @ 50% ()

They **SFX 35 (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.

Why, it's Old Fezziwig! Bless his heart... It's Old Fezziwig alive again! QUICK CHANGE TO MIC FX2

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 2 ON HaHaHaHaHaHaHa! Mic 2 OFF** and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: **Mic 2 ON**

Yo ho there ! Ebenezer! Dick! Mic 2 OFF

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

That's 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 2 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 2 OFF**

And how those two fellows went at it! **SFX 36 (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... **Mic 2 ON**

***Pant Pant Pant - Hilli Ho!* Mic 2 OFF**

And Old Fezziwig skipped down from the high desk with wonderful agility. **Mic 2 ON**

Clear away my lads, let's have lots of room here! Hilly Ho,

***Dick! Chirrup Ebenezer!* Mic 2 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 37 (Fiddler)** 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 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 38 (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 to stop the dance... **SFX 39 (Fade Dance) & Mic 2 ON**

Well done! Well done everybody! **Mic 2 OFF**

And the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter **Mic 2 ON**
Baroubarouba! **Mic 2 OFF** especially provided for that purpose.

SFX 40 (Fezziwig Background)

Well, 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 n enormous piece of cold-boiled, and there were mince-pies and *plenty* of beer... I wish it were... Cheers! **SFX 41 (Fade Background)**

But the great effect of the evening came *after* the roast and boiled when the fiddler struck up again **SFX 42 (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'd 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 43 (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 had gone all through the dance - advance and retire, hold hands with your partner, bow and curtsy, thread-the-needle, corkscrew, and back again to your places, Old Fezziwig *CUT* - cut so deftly, that he appeared to *wink* with his legs! **SFX 44 (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 2 ON** *Merry Christmas!* **Mic 2 OFF**

And when everybody had retired but the two prentices, they did the same to them **Mic 2 ON**

A Merry Christmas Dick, Thank you! Ebenezer... Thank you, my lad.

Merry Christmas! **Mic 2 OFF** **LX 34 B @ 50% (15s)** **QUICK - MIC FX1**

...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 1 ON**

Well... A small matter to make these silly folks so full of gratitude... **Mic 1 OFF**

Small? **Mic 1 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 1 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... Ohhhh! **Mic 1 ON**

What's the matter? **Mic 1 OFF**

Nothing particular. **Mic 1 ON**

Oh, something, I think? **Mic 1 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 @ 20% (10s))**

And he watched his former self turn down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish... **Mic 1 ON**

My time grows short. **Mic 1 OFF** **SFX 45 (Pastoral)**

And now **LX 36 E (3s)** Scrooge and the ghost stood side by side in the open air... **CHANGE TO MIC FX2** And Scrooge saw himself again, but older... a man in the prime of life. 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 2 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 2 OFF**

QUICK CHANGE TO MIC FX1

Spirit show me no more!

Why do you delight to torture me? **Mic 1 ON**

One shadow more. **Mic 1 OFF LX 37 (B 3s) SFX 46 (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...

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 47 (Door knock)**

... and 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! **PREP MIC FX2**

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 @ 60% (7s) & SFX 48 (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 he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him 'father' and been a spring-time in the haggard winter of his life, Scrooge sobbed. **Mic 2 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 2 OFF

QUICK CHANGE TO MIC FX3 (ECHO)

**Arrrggghh! Remove me, Spirit, I cannot bear it! Leave me!
Take me back!** LX 39 D @ 10% (15s) & Mic 3 ON

Haunt me No Longer! Mic 3 OFF

And as he struggled, he was again conscious of being exhausted,
and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and further, of being
back in his own bedroom **[ONLY IF INTERVAL] LX 39.1 B/O (7s)**
he had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

IF INTERVAL - ACTOR LEAVES STAGE IN B/O

LX 39.2 Add Houselights + D @ 50% (7s)

SFX: interval music comes on automatically

CHANGE TO MIC FX1 & ADD HAZE

IF NO INTERVAL - ACTOR REMAINS IN SEAT

S-BY After 3 Snores... ON SFX BELL STRIKE

LX 40 (SNAP A)

ACT 2 - AT CLEARANCE - CHECK MIC FX1

SFX - 49 (ACT 2 START) & LX 39.3 B/O (25s)

LX 39.4 AUTO (or at 21s into SFX 49) D @ 10% (5s)

LX 40 AUTO (or at 56s into SFX 49) Snap A & D (ON BELL STRIKE)

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...

The moment Scrooge's hand **SFX 50 (Door Open)** was on the lock: **Mic 1 ON Scrooge. Come hither! Mic 1 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.

SFX 51 (Fade Glitter) 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 52 (Tinkles 1)

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 1 ON**

Come in! Come in and know me better, man..! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! **Mic 1 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 1 ON** **SFX 53 Tinkles 2**

You have never seen the like of me before? **Mic 1 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 1 ON ***Hold my robe!*** **Mic 1 OFF**

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast. **LX 43 E (20s)**

SFX 54 Tinkles 3 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 55 - 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. **PREP MIC FX2**

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.

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 a few drops of water on them from his torch **SFX 56 (Sprinkling 1)** and their good humour was restored directly. **Mic 2 ON**

It be a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day!

- And so it is, God love it, so it is! Mic 2 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 57 (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 58 (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 59 (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 **SFX 60 (Potatoes)** 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 **Mic 2 ON**

To show my linens in the fashionable parks! Mic 2 OFF

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in: **Mic 2 ON**

Outside the baker's we smelled the goose, and know it for our own! Mic 2 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 **SFX 61 (Potatoes 2)** 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 2 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 2 OFF** said another daughter, appearing as she spoke. **Mic 2 ON**

Here's Martha, mother! **Mic 2 OFF** cried the two young Cratchits... **Mic 2 ON** **Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!**

- Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are... Well... Ne'er 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 2 OFF**

So Martha hid herself **SFX 62 (Door)** 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 2 ON**

One, two, three, four, five... Why, where's our Martha?

- Not coming!

Not coming? **Mic 2 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 2 ON**

Not coming upon Christmas Day? **Mic 2 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 **Mic 2 ON**

That he might hear the pudding singing in the copper!

- 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 seen 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! **SFX 63 (Crutches)**

Yes... our little Tim grows strong and hearty, Mrs C! **Mic 2 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 **SFX 64 (Stirring)** stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer... while Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits **Mic 2 ON**

Went to fetch the goose! Mic 2 OFF with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs Cratchit made the gravy **SFX 64.1 (Stirring 2)** - readied beforehand in a little saucepan - hissing hot...

Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour...

Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce... Mic 2 ON

One, two... three, four! Mic 2 OFF

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, of course - and, mounting guard upon their posts crammed spoons into their mouths Mic 2 ON

Lest we should shriek for goose before our turn comes to be helped! Mic 2 OFF

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 into 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 2 ON

Hurrah! Mic 2 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 left upon the dish... **Mic 2 ON**

Well, we haven't ate it all at last! **Mic 2 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 2 ON**

Suppose it should not be done enough?!

- Suppose it should break in turning out?!

Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it?! **Mic 2 OFF**

A supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid!

Mic 2 ON ***Noooooooo!*** **Mic 2 OFF** **SFX 65 (Steam)**

Hallo! A great deal of steam! **Mic 2 ON**

The pudding is out of the copper!

- Mmmm! A smell like a washing-day! **Mic 2 OFF**

That was the cloth! **Mic 2 ON**

A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other!

- With a laundress's next door to that! **Mic 2 OFF**

That was the pudding!

In half a minute Mrs Cratchit returned, 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 2 ON**

Oh, that is wonderful pudding, Mrs C! Your greatest success since our marriage!

Well I did have my doubts... about the quantity of the flour! Mic 2 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 66 (Bob's Fire)**

The compound in the jug being tasted and considered **Mic 2 ON**
Perfect! Mic 2 OFF

... apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovel-full of chestnuts heaped upon the fire. **SFX 67 (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. **SFX 68 (Sad Theme)** Mic 2 ON

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

- A Merry Christmas to us all!

God bless us, every one! Mic 2 OFF **QUICK to MIC FX1**

said Tiny Tim... the last of all. **LX 45 B @ 50% + F2 (4s)**

Spirit... Tell me if Tiny Tim will live. Mic 1 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 1 OFF

No, no! Oh no, kind spirit, say he will be spared! Mic 1 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... And will you, Ebenezer Scrooge, decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be, in the sight of Heaven, that you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Mic 1 OFF

QUICK TO MIC FX2 & **LX 46 B (lose F2) (3s)**

[PAUSE as he mimes pouring a glass] Mic 2 ON

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's Christmas Day, I'm sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr Scrooge.

- Well, 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 2 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 2 ON** *A Merry Christmas and a happy new year!* **Mic 2 OFF** & **PREP MIC FX1** but he didn't care tuppence for it. Old Scrooge was the ogre of the family and the mere mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the whole party - which was not dispelled for full five minutes. **SFX 69 (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 as they faded they looked happier yet in the bright **SFX 70 (Sprinkling 3)** sprinklings of the spirit's torch... and at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last...

SFX 71 (Wind Whistle) & **LX 48 E @ 40% & F2 (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 1 ON**

A place where miners live who labour in the bowels of the earth. **Mic 1 OFF**

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it **LX 49 B @ 50% (4s)** & **SFX 72 (Wind Moan)** and 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 MIC FX2

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 73 (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 2 ON** *Merry Christmas!* **Mic 2 OFF** in their can of grog. **SFX 74 (Laughter)**

And it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, to hear such a hearty laugh. **SFX 75 (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 76 (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 2 ON**

Hahaha! He said... he said that "Christmas was a humbug!", as I live! He believed it too!

- More shame for him, Fred! **Mic 2 OFF**

Now, Scrooge's niece was very pretty: *exceedingly* pretty... with the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw. **Mic 2 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's 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'm 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, 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 2 OFF

Now, Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered: Mic 2 ON

A bachelor is a wretched outcast who has no right to express an opinion on the subject! Mic 2 OFF

...whereat Scrooge's niece's sister - the plump one with the lace tucker - blushed. SFX 77 (Topper's Party)

After a while they played at forfeits - for it's 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 that 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'd fallen up against him, as some of them tried, 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 2 ON**

Stop! Please! It isn't fair! **Mic 2 OFF**

And it wasn't! **SFX 78 (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. For 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, Spirit! 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 2 ON**

Is it a live animal? - Yes!

An agreeable animal? - No!

A tame animal? - No!

Oooh, does it growl and grunt? - Yes!

Does it talk sometimes, Fred? - Yes!

Does it live in London? - Yes!

And walk about the streets? - Yes!

Is it led by anybody? - No!

Does it live in a menagerie? - No!

Was it ever killed in a market? - No!

Is it a horse? - No!

An ass? - Errrr, no!

A cow? - No!

A bull? - No!

A tiger? - No!

A dog? - No!

A pig? - No!

A cat? - No!

A bear? - No! (Laughs!)

I've found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!

- Go on then.. What is it, then?

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

- Ahahaha! 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 Scrooge! Mic 2 OFF

THEN LX 53 E @ 40% & F1, F2 + F3 (7s)

But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last words spoken by his nephew... **SFX 79 (Bridge 2)** and Scrooge and the spirit were again upon their travels. **PREP MIC FX1**

Much they saw, far they went, 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.

LX 54 E @ 40% + F2 (only) 7s)

But **SFX 80 (Tinkles)** when looking at the spirit as they stood together in an open place, Scrooge noticed that its hair was now grey.

Are spirits' lives so short? Mic 1 ON

My life upon this globe is very brief... It ends tonight... tonight at midnight. Mic 1 OFF

Argghhh! Spirit, Is that... is that a claw protruding from your robe? Mic 1 ON & **SFX 80.1 (Fade Tinkles)**

It might be a claw, for flesh there is upon it! Look here. Two miserable young wretches - abject, frightful, hideous - kneeling and clinging at my feet...

A boy and girl; yellow and meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; yet prostrate in their humility...

Where graceful youth should fill their features out and touch them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand has pinched and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds.

Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurk, and glare out menacing...

Indeed, no change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread. Mic 1 OFF

Spirit..! Are they yours? Mic 1 ON

No, they are Man's... They cling to me appealing for their fathers... This boy is 'Ignorance'. This girl is 'Want'. Beware them both and all of their degree, for on their brow you will see that written which is 'Doom'... unless the writing be erased. Mic 1 OFF

Doom? Mic 1 ON

Would you Deny it? Or slander those who tell it ye? Or make it worse and bide the end! Mic 1 OFF

But have they no refuge? Have they no resource? Mic 1 ON

Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? Mic 1 OFF

SFX 81 (12 Chimes) & LX 54.1 E @ 40% (10s)

And at that moment, the clock struck twelve. **HAZE BOOST 30s**

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 **SFX 82 (Sinister 1)** & **LX 55 Add F4 Red (10s)** and, lifting up his eyes, now 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 MIC 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 so 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 @ 40% (7s) & SFX 83 (Fade Down Sinister 1)

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 2 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's he done with his money?

Haven't heard. He hasn't left it to me, that's all I know! Mic 2 OFF

Now, 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 even 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, and went into an obscure part of the town... **LX 57 B @ 40% (10s)** 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 there smoking his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement. **SFX 83.1 (Fade OUT 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 2 ON**

Well, let the charwoman alone to be the first!

- Oh yeah? Well, let the laundress alone to be the second!

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

Look here, Old Joe, here's a chance, if we 'aven't all three met here without meaning it!

- Well, you couldn't have met in a better place, my dear.

Come in, come in! Mic 2 OFF

The charwoman threw her bundle on the floor in a flaunting manner and stared with a bold defiance at the other two. **Mic 2 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 (laughs) 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 2 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 2 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? And 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.

Yeah? Well, let's hope he didn't die of nothing catching, eh?

- Oh, 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 can 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, a fine one too. They'd 'ave wasted it if it hadn't been for me.

Oh yeah? What d'you call 'the wasting of it'?

- Putting it on him to be buried in! Well, 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 2 OFF THEN SFX 84 (Sinister 2)**

LX 57.1 - E @ 40% + F2 (7s) *Spirit I see, I see! The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now...*

[SIMULTANEOUS!] SFX 85 (Sinister 3) & LX 58 D & F4 Red (SNAP)

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 86 (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. Please, let us go!

The ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

I understand you! I understand you, Spirit and I would do it if I could, but I have not the power, Spirit, I have not the power!

Please let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or this dark chamber, Spirit, will be forever present to me.

LX 59 E @ 40% + F2 (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 @ 40% (5s)**

They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house - the dwelling he had visited before **SFX 87 (Fade sinister 3)** and found the mother and the children seated around the fire. All was quiet. Very quiet...

The mother laid her work down. **SFX 88 (Tiny Tim)** **Mic 2 ON**

The colour... hurts my eyes... 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 last few evenings, Mother.

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

No trouble. **Mic 2 OFF**

Was...? Ah no! Poor Tiny Tim! **SFX 89 (Slow Knock)**

...and little Bob, the father, in his comforter - he had need of it, poor fellow - came in. **Mic 2 ON**

You... 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 2 OFF**

He couldn't help it. **LX 60.1 E @ 40% + F2 (5s)** & **SFX 90 (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 E (Mids Only) @ 40% + F2 (7s)**

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 got to his knees and crept towards where the ghost pointed, trembling as he went and, following the finger, read upon the stone of that neglected grave his own name:

EBENEZER SCROOGE! **SFX 91 (Ghost Sting)**

Am I that man who lay upon that 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 these things if I'm past all hope?

***Good Spirit, your nature intercedes for me and pities me!
Assure me 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 he **SFX 92 (Ghost Howl)** & **LX 62 A @ 40% + F4 (1s)**
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 93 (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 @ 60% (15s)** & **SFX 94 (Bedpost)** It shrank...
collapsed... and dwindled down into a bedpost!

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!

***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! My bed curtains! They are not torn down!
They're 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 95 (Happy Scrooge)**

His hands were busy with his garments all this time, 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 96 (Lusty Peals)**

Hallo there! Whoop! Halloooo!

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

He ran to the window, **SFX 97 (Window)** **LX 64 E + C (3s)** opened it, and put out his head.

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?

Eh?

What's today, my fine fellow?

Why, it' Christmas Day, of course!

It's Christmas Day...? It's Christmas Day!!!!

***I haven't missed it! I haven't missed it... The spirits have
done it all in one night! Well they can do anything they like!
Of course they can!*** **SFX 98 (Fade Peals)** ***Of course they can!***

Hallo? Hullo there my fine fellow! Do you know the poulterer's, in the next-street-but-one at the corner?

Well I should hope I do!

Intelligent boy! Remarkable boy! Say... do you know if they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey, the big one?

What, the one as big as me?

Delightful boy! Such a pleasure to talk to you! Yes, you my young buck!

It's hanging there now!

It is? Well... go and buy it!

Huh?

No no, my dear boy, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, 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 those words, the lad was already nearly there!

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

I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's house. 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 **SFX 99 (City Streets)** out 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!

Er... Mr... Scrooge?

Yes... that is my name... I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And, er... will you have the goodness to... (whispers in ear)

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?

My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such munif /-

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

I will... I will!

Thank'ee, thank'ee! I am much obliged to you, Sir! I thank ye fifty times. God bless you!

And then Scrooge went to church... and then he walked about the streets... and then, in the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house. **SFX 100 (Fade Streets)**

He must have 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 101 (Door Knock)**

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

Errrm... Is your master home, my dear?

Yes, sir!

Errr... Where is he, my love?

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... he knows me.

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 102 (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 @ 50% (7s)**

But Scrooge was early at the office next morning. **SFX 103 (Clock 9)**

Ohhhh was he 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 104 (Clock 1) A quarter past... No Bob.

No indeed! Bob Cratchit was full eighteen minutes and a half *behind* his time... but his hat was off *before* he opened the door, **SFX 105 (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.

Therefore... I'm about to raise your salary!

But Cratchit trembled, and as he got a little nearer to the ruler, he had a momentary idea of grabbing it, knocking Scrooge down, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help... and a strait-jacket!

A Merry Christmas, Bob! 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 106 (Tiny Tim) 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... little heeded them. His *own heart* laughed... and that was quite enough for him. **CHECK FX 1**

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 Scrooge, 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 1 ON **God bless us, every one!** Mic 1 OFF

LX 68 Fade to Black (7s)

LX 71 AUTO (or with Finale Music) LX 69 C - CURTAIN CALL 1 (5s)

As actor leaves stage **LX 70 Blackout (4s)**

LX 71 AUTO (or Follow) C - CURTAIN CALL 2 (5s)

Actor returns for 2nd CC & CD speech

Fade music on signal, but not off.

As actor leaves stage **LX 72 D + HL (7s)**

Fade up Music for payout