Side #1: Brokers

BROKER #1

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

BROKER #2

When did he die?

BROKER #1

Last night, I believe

BROKER #2

Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die.

BROKER #1

God knows!

BROKER #2

What has he done with his money?

BROKER #1

I haven't heard. Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know.
(They laugh.)
It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

BROKER #2

I don't mind going if a lunch is provided, but I must be fed if I volunteer.

SCROOGE

Have these men no sense of decency or decorum? Spirit, what is this? Why am I seeing this?

BROKER #1

Well, I am the most disinterested, after all, for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we passed.

(they exit)

Side #2: Fred/Bess/Party Guests

SCENE 4

(The HOLLOWELL home. FRED, BESS and their guests enter laughing wildly.)

FRED

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

BESS

More shame for him, Fred!

FRED

He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth, and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.

BESS

I'm sure he is very rich, Fred. At least you always tell me so.

FRED

What of that, my dear! His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking that he is ever going to benefit *us* with it.

BESS

I have no patience with him.

FRED

Oh, I have I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims! Himself, always. Here, 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.

BESS

Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner.

FRED

Well! I'm very glad to hear it, because I haven't great faith in these young housekeepers. What do you say, Topper?

BESS

Do go on, Fred. He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!

FRED

I was only going to say, that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy of office or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it if he finds me going there, year after year, in good temper, and saying, "Uncle Scrooge, how are you?" If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, that's something; and I think I shook him yesterday. A Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is! He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!

GUESTS

Uncle Scrooge!

BESS

How about a game, everyone? What shall it be?

GUEST

Yes and No!

FRED

Excellent choice. Does everyone know the rules to Yes and No?

BESS

Yes, of course they know. Do go on, Fred.

FRED

Alright... I have something.

GUEST

Is it a mineral?

FRED

No.

GUEST

An animal?

FRED

Yes!

GUEST

A live animal?

FRED

Yes.

GUEST

A savage one?

FRED

Yes- and rather disagreeable.

GUEST

Does it growl?

FRED

It does...

BESS

And grunt?

FRED

Sometimes...

GUEST

A pig!

FRED

No.

GUEST

Does it talk?

FRED

Yes!

GUEST

Does it live in London?

FRED

Yes.

GUEST

Does it walk the streets?

FRED

Yes.

GUEST

Is it made show of?

FRED

It is not.

GUEST

It is led by anyone?

FRED

Never.

GUEST

Does it live in a menagerie?

FRED

No

GUEST

Is it ever killed in a market?

FRED

No, but it might kill in a market.

GUEST

Is it a horse?

FRED

No.

GUEST

Is it an ass?

FRED

No.

GUEST

A cow?

FRED

No.

GUEST

A bull?

FRED

...no.

GUEST

Is it a dog?

FRED

No.

GUEST

Is it a bear?

FRED

No.

BESS

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

FRED

What is it?

BESS

It's your Uncle Scrooge!

FRED

Yes!

TOPPER

Well, then you shouldn't have said "no" to "is it an ass!"

(All GUESTS burst into laughter.)

Side #3: Old Joe/Laundress/Mrs. Dilber

OLD JOE

One at a time. One at a time! You couldn't have come to a better place. Don't be shy, we're all suitable to our calling. We're well matched, to be sure! Ha ha!

LAUNDRESS

What odds then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber? Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did.

MRS DILBER

That's true, indeed! No man more so.

LAUNDRESS

Why then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?

MRS DILBER

No, indeed! I should hope not.

LAUNDRESS

Very well, then! That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose. If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, the wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.

MRS DILBER

It's the truest word that ever was spoke. It's a judgment on him.

LAUNDRESS

I wish it was a little heavier judgment, and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else.

MRS DILBER

Open my bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We know pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe.

JOE

I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself. That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half-a-crown.

LAUNDRESS

And now undo my bundle, Joe! I was the first.

JOE

What do you call these? Bed-curtains!

LAUNDRESS

Ah!

(laughing)

Bed-curtains!

JOE

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

LAUNDRESS

Yes I do. Why not?

JOE

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

LAUNDRESS

I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as He was, I promise you, Joe. Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now.

JOE

His blankets?

LAUNDRESS

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

JOE

I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?

MRS. DILBER

Don't you be afraid of that. I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did.

LAUNDRESS

You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a 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.

JOE

What do you call wasting of it?

LAUNDRESS

Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure. Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one.

JOE

Four pounds, six shillings and twopence—and not a penny more if I was to be boiled for it!

MRS DILBER

Ha, ha! 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! Ha, ha, ha!

Side #4: Cratchit Family Home, Future

SCENE 4

(The CRATCHIT home. Carolers sing a sad version of Silent Night in the distance. PETER reads from a Bible while MRS CRATCHIT is knitting.)

PETER

"And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them. And he said to them, 'Whenever you welcome a little child, you welcome me.'"

MRS CRATCHIT

The color hurts my eyes. They're better now again. It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.

PETER

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

MRS CRATCHIT

I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.

PETER

And so have I, often.

MARTHA

And so have I.

BELINDA

And so have I.

MRS CRATCHIT

But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble: no trouble. I think I hear father coming now!

(CRATCHIT enters.)

CHILDREN

Hello, father.

CRATCHIT

Hello, my dears.

MRS CRATCHIT

You went today, then, Robert? Is that why you are so late?

CRATCHIT

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 I would walk there every Sunday, to visit... My little, little child!

(recovers his composure)

I saw Fred Hollowell, Mr. Scrooge's nephew, on the street today. And he, seeing that I looked a little—'just a little down you know,' inquired what had happened to distress me. On which, for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. And he said to me, 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit, and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know.

MRS CRATCHIT

Knew what, my dear?

CRATCHIT

Why, that you were a good wife.

PETER

Everybody knows that!

CRATCHIT

Very well observed, my boy! I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us.

MRS CRATCHIT

I'm sure he's a good soul!

CRATCHIT

You would be surer of it, my dear, if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation.

MRS CRATCHIT

Only hear that, Peter.

MARTHA

And then, Peter will be keeping company with someone, and setting up for himself.

PETER

Get along with you!

CRATCHIT

It's just as likely as not, one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?

CHILDREN

Never, father!

MRS CRATCHIT

And I know, I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.

CHILDREN

No, never!

CRATCHIT

I am very happy, I am very happy!

Side # 5: Caroline / Thomas

SCENE 3

CAROLINE

Thomas! Thank goodness you're home. Is it good? or bad?

THOMAS

What? Bad.

CAROLINE

Are we quite ruined? Did he deny our plea? Will we lose our home?

THOMAS

No. There is hope yet, Caroline.

CAROLINE

Then he did relent? Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened.

THOMAS

He is past relenting. He is dead.

CAROLINE

Dead? God be praised! Oh!... Lord forgive me!

THOMAS

What Mrs. Dilber told me, when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay; and what I thought was merely an excuse to avoid me; turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill then, but dying.

CAROLINE

To whom will our debt be transferred?

THOMAS

I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be a bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!

Side #6: Cratchit Home, present (Tiny Tim narrates)

SCENE 2

(The CRATCHITS' home. SCROOGE and PRESENT make their way up SR.)

PRESENT

Do you know this house?

SCROOGE

It is not familiar to me, no.

PRESENT

It is the home of your clerk, Bob Cratchit.

SCROOGE

Is it, now?

MRS CRATCHIT

What has ever got your precious father then? And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour.

(MARTHA enters, out of breath.)

BELINDA

Here's Martha, mother!

PETER

Hurrah! There' *such* a goose, Martha!

MRS CRATCHIT

Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

PETER

Not too late though. The goose is not yet cooked.

MARTHA

We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother!

MRS CRATCHIT

Well! Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!

PETER

No, no! There's father coming. Hide, Martha, hide!

(MARTHA hides.)

CRATCHIT

(Enters with TINY TIM.)

Merry Christmas, everyone!

(notices MARTHA is missing)

Why, where's our Martha?

MRS CRATCHIT

Not coming.

CRATCHIT

Not coming? Not coming upon Christmas Day?

TINY TIM

But it isn't Christmas if we are not all together!

MARTHA

(Can't help herself.)

Here I am!

TIM

Oh Martha! You are home.

MARTHA

I'm sorry dearest little brother, we could not resist.

(Teasing.)

TIM

It's no matter so long as you sit beside me now.

MARTHA

I would rest myself nowhere else.

TIM

Will you tell me stories of your adventures in London?

MARTHA

I would rather hear of yours about with father.

TIM

On our way to church, we spoke to an old man selling chestnuts. We hadn't any change, but he gave me a taste and oh how delicious they were! He was very kind and seemed quite lonely. I said a prayer in church that he might have as merry a Christmas as we shall.

Tiny Tim

MRS CRATCHIT

And how did our Tiny Tim behave?

CRATCHIT

As good as gold, and better.

Side #7: Fezziwig/Ebenezer

SCENE 3

(The Warehouse some years later)

FEZZIWIG

I don't think you understand, my dear boy; if you do this, the company will be dissolved. Our clients depend on us.

EBENEZER

I have granted you extension after extension, but you have failed to make the required payments.

FEZZIWIG

Think of all those who will lose their jobs, their livelihoods! Times are hard and jobs scarce. It is the dead of winter. Where will they go? How will they feed their children? These are your friends- our family.

EBENEZER

Perhaps *you* should have thought of them when you were balancing your books. Over half your accounts are on credit. It was your own lax attitude towards collection that caused this state of affairs.

FEZZIWIG

My boy, please… Another month. I will get the money. Think on the good times we had here. Please reconsider, I'm begging you.

EBENEZER

I am sick of your pleadings! It was I who convinced the firm to lend you the money in the first place. They warned me your business was doomed and not worth saving. My sentimentality blinded me to the fact that they were right. I'll not make the same mistake again. You will remove yourself and any personal effects from the premises by noon tomorrow. If your workers are of any value, I'm sure they will have no trouble finding employment elsewhere. Good day, sir.

PAST

My time grows short, quick!

Side #8: Ghost of Christmas present

(The CRATCHIT family exits, singing "Here We Come A Wassailing".)

SCROOGE

They seem so happy with so little.

PRESENT

I see a place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth. But they know me. A light shines from the window of a hut. Inside there is a cheerful company around a glowing fire. There is an old, old man, his wife, their children, and their children's children, all in gay holiday attire. The old man is singing a Christmas carol.
Across the dark moors the thundering sea rolls and rages and roars among the crags. Upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, there stands a lonely lighthouse. Inside I see two men joining their calloused hands across the table at which they sit, drinking their grog, wishing each other a Merry Christmas.
Above the dark and heaving sea, aboard a sailing ship, the helmsman is a the wheel, the officers on watch, the lookout on the bow, dark ghostly figures in their several stations. Each is humming a Christmas carol, each recalling some remembered Christmas among the loved ones at home. They all know me.

Side #1: Ghost of Christmas Past

ACT II
SCENE I
(SCROOGE'S chambers. A single bell peals as the lights come up. A radiant figure stands before SCROOGE.)

SCROOGE
Are you the Spirit, whose coming was foretold to me?

PAST
I am!

SCROOGE
Who, or what are you?

PAST
I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE
Long Past?

PAST
No. Your past.

SCROOGE
What business brings you here?

PAST
Your welfare!

SCROOGE
I am much obliged, but I cannot help feeling that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end.

PAST
Your reclamation, then. Take heed!
(The spirit extends its hand and approaches)
Rise! and walk with me!

SCROOGE
In the middle of the night? I'm not dressed… I may catch my death of cold…

PAST
Bear but a touch of my hand there.
(lays a hand on SCROOGE's heart)

and come with me.

Side #10: Fan / young Ebenezer

What is the matter?

SCROOGE

Nothing, nothing.

(PAST does not accept this answer.)

There was a boy singing a Christmas Carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all.

PAST

Let us see another Christmas!

FAN

(YOUNG EBENEZER hops off his stool to meet her for a big hug)

Dear, dear brother! I have come to bring you home, dear brother! To bring you home, home, at last!

YOUNG EBENEZER

Home, little Fan?

FAN

Yes! Home, for good and all. Home forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home is like Heaven now! He spoke so gently to me one night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, and sent me in a coach to bring you.

YOUNG EBENEZER

You are quite a woman, little Fan!

FAN

And you're to be a man! And are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world.

YOUNG EBENEZER

Let's ask the Schoolmaster for my box?

(FAN takes him by the hand and they run off)

PAST

Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered. But she had a large heart!

SCROOGE

So she had. Only a heart of that magnitude could have swayed my father. Dear Fan.

PAST

She died a woman, and had, as I think, children.

Side #11: Mr/Mrs. Fezziwig

SCENE 2

PAST

Do you know this place?

SCROOGE

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

(as the clock strikes, FEZZIWIG can hardly control his joy. He abandons his work and calls)

FEZZIWIG

Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!

(EBENEZER and DICK WILKINS enter.)

SCROOGE

Dick Wilkins, to be sure! Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick.

FEZZIWIG

Yo ho, my boys! No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Hilli-ho! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!

(INSERT DANCE)

FEZZIWIG

Excellent well done, chaps!

MRS. FEZZIWIG

Let's have another turn about the floor!

FEZZIWIG

Now dearest, let's have a moment to rest.

MRS. FEZZIWIG

Rest? Mr. Fezziwig! Who would rest when the music is so gay and the company so delightful? Look at these beautiful young ladies and handsome young men. Quite a picture they make. Our home that much warmer for their presence.

FEZZIWIG

Warmer for their dancing! If this weren't a holiday party, I would swear it were the hottest summer's eve.

MRS. FEZZIWIG

Look there, Mr. Fezziwig. See how Ebenezer looks at Belle and she at him. I do believe they are tempting each other with longing glances.

FEZZIWIG

Shall I engage them in a waltz and see how closely their steps match?

MRS. FEZZIWIG

Ay, do! And while you're about it, you might take me on a turn about the floor.

FEZZIWIG

You are a clever woman.

MRS. FEZZIWIG

Eager, moreover, to dance with the most dashing man in town.

FEZZIWIG

Then we are well suited, my dear.

(FEZZIWIG and MRS. FEZZIWIG dance to EBENEZER and FEZZIWIG whispers something to Ebenezer, gesturing toward BELLE. EBENEZER crosses to her as FEZZIWIG and MRS. FEZZIWIG stand by smiling.)

PAST

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

SCROOGE

Small?!

PAST

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 such praise?

SCROOGE

It isn't that. It isn't that, at all, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

PAST

What is the matter?

SCROOGE

Nothing particular.

PAST

Side #12:

MARLEY

(Screams)

Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed, not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused. Yet such was I!

SCROOGE

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

MARLEY

Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business! At this time of the rolling year, I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me?*

Side #13

BELLE

Their suffering matters little to you. Very little. A golden idol has displaced me in your eyes. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrossed you. You *are* changed. And so, dear Ebenezer, I release you from our bond. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were. You may have pain in this—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!