

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Adapted of the book by Charles
Dickens.

Prologue

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

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

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 and his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say with gladsome looks: "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked.

Once upon a time, of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal. And you could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three but it was quite dark already.

ACT ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

SCENE ONE: counting-house

(Scrooge, nephew, clerk Bob Cratchit, gentleman 1, gentleman 2)

Nephew: A merry Christmas uncle! God save you!

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!

N. : Christmas a humbug, uncle. You don't mean that I am sure?

S. : I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry?
What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

N. : Come then. What right have you to be dismal? What reason
have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

S. : Bah! Humbug!

N. : Don't be cross, uncle.

S. : What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools
as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas!
What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills
without money. 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 ~~steak~~
of holly through his heart. He should.

N. : Uncle!

S. : Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it
in mine.

N. : Keep it. But you don't keep it.

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

N. : Christmas time has always been a good time, a kind,
forgiving, charitable, pleasant time to me. And therefore
uncle, I say 'God bless it.'

(clerk applauds)

S. : Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. (to the clerk)
You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament. (to his nephew)

N. : Don't be angry, uncle. Come, dine with us tomorrow.

S. : Humbug! I don't come.

N. : But why? Why?

S. : Why did you get married?

N. : Because I fell in love!

S. : Because you fell in love! Good afternoon!

N. : Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

S. : Good afternoon.

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

S. : Good afternoon.

N. : I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So, a merry Christmas, uncle!

S. : Good afternoon!

N. : And a Happy New Year!

S. : Good afternoon!

(the clerk sees N. to the door) —————

N. : A Merry Christmas!

C. : A merry Christmas!

S. : There is another fellow. My clerk with fifteen shillings a week, and wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.

042 * (the clerk brings in two gentlemen)

- G.1 : Scrooge and Marley's, I believe? Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?
- S. : Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night.
- G.2 : We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner. (Scrooge frowns)
- G.1 : 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 the destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time.
- G.2 : Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.
- S. : Are there no prisons?
- G.1 : Plenty of prisons!
- S. : And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation?
- G.2 : They are still.
- S. : I am very glad to hear it.
- G.2 : A few of us are trying to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. What shall I put you down for?
- S. : Nothing!
- G.1 : You wish to be anonymous?
- S. : I wish to ^{be} left alone. Good afternoon, gentlemen.

(Scrooge sees the gentlemen to the door, and then addresses his clerk)

- S. : You'll want all day, tomorrow, I suppose?
- C. : If quite convenient, sir.
- S. : It's not convenient, and it's not fair that I have to pay a day's wages for no work.
- C. : It's Christmas only once a year, sir.
- S. : A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!

C. : I will do that, Mr. Scrooge. A merry Christmas.

S. : Humbug!

(Scrooge sees his clerk to the door. He tidies and leaves the office)

CURTAIN (Music, change of scenery)

Narrator1 : Scrooge closed his office and took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern and afterwards he went home to sleep. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner.

Narrator2 : Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker, except that it was very large.

Narrator1 : It is also a fact , that Scrooge had seen it night and morning, during his whole residence in this place.

Narrator2 : Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley, since his last mention of his partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having put his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Narrator1 : To say that he was not startled, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key and walked in. He walked through his rooms to see that all was right. Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room. Nobody under the bed. Nobody under the sofa. Nobody in the wardrobe.

ACT ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

SCENE TWO: bedroom of Scrooge

(Scrooge, Marley)

Scrooge : Humbug!

(Scrooge goes and sits down. A clock strikes. A heavy noise as of chains comes from below. The cellar-door flies open with a booming sound)

S. : How now. What do you want from me?

Marley : Much!

S. : Who are you?

M. : Ask me who I was.

S. : Who were you then?

M. : In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

S. : Can, can you sit down?

M. : I can.

S. : Do it then.

M. : You don't believe in me.

S. : No.

M. : ~~What evidence of my reality do you want, unless that~~
of your senses?

S. : I don't know.

M. : Why do you doubt your senses?

S. : Humbug, I tell you. Humbug!

(Marley raises a frightful cry. Scrooge falls upon his knees)

S. : Mercy, dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

M. : Man of the wordly mind, do you believe in me or not?

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

- M. : It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide. If it doesn't do it in its lifetime, it's doomed to do it after death.
- S. : You're chained. Tell me why.
- M. : I wear the chain I forged in life. Your own chain was as heavy and as long as this one, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it since. It is a ponderous chain.
- S. : Jacob, old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob.
- M. : I have none to give. It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge.
- S. : But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.
- M. : Listen to me. My time is nearly gone.
- S. : I will, but don't be hard upon me!
- M. : You will be haunted by three Spirits.
Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first one tomorrow, when the bell tolls one.

(Scrooge undresses)

- S. : Humbug!
-

ACT TWO

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

SCENE ONE: bedroom of Scrooge , *boy Scrooge*

(Scrooge, Ghost Past, narrator1, narrator2,
boy Scrooge, Fanny, boys)

(The clock strikes twelve. Scrooge wakes up. Goes to the
window.)

Scrooge : Why, it isn't possible, that I can have slept through
a whole day and far into another night. It isn't
possible that anything has happened to the sun, and
this is twelve at noon!

(Scrooge goes to bed again. After a while the bell tolls.)

: Ding, dong

S. : A quarter past.

: Ding, dong.

S. : Half past.

: Ding, dong.

S. : A quarter to it.

: Ding, dong.

S. : The hour itself and nothing happens.

(Light! The Ghost Past materializes.)

S. : Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold
to me?

Gh.P. : I am.

S. : Who, and what are you?

Gh.P. : I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

S. : Long Past?
GH.P. : No, your Past. *
S. : What business brings you here?
GH.P. : Your welfare.
S. : Thank you. That's very kind of you.
GH.P. : Rise and walk with me. * /
S. : I am a mortal and liable to fall.
GH.P. : Give me your hand. *

N1 : They passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country -road; with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. It was a clear, cold winter day, with snow upon the ground.

S. : Good heavens, I was bred in this place. I was a boy here.

GH.P. : Your lips are trembling.
And what is that upon your cheek?
You remember the way?

S. : Remember it? I could walk it blindfold.

GH.P. : Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!
Let us go on.

N2 : They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post and tree; until a little market-town appeared in the distance , with its bridge, its church and winding river. Some boys now were seen, who called to other boys. Scrooge knew them all.

S. : Look! There! And there! Hello! Hello! Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!

GH.P. : These are the shadows of the things that have been.
They have no consciousness of us.

(Scrooge weeps)

GH.P. : What's the matter?

S. : 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.

GH.P. : Let us see another Christmas.

MUSIC

*

(The ghost leads Scrooge to his old school, where he
sees himself as a lonely and desperate boy. Suddenly
a little girl comes in, and hugs him.)

Fanny : I have come to bring you home, dear brother. To bring
you home, home, home!

Boy S. : Home, little Fan?

F. : Yes, home, for ever and ever. And you're never to
come back here! And we're to be together for Christmas
and have the merriest time in all the world!

Boy S. : You're quite a woman, little Fan!

(Fanny hugs him again)

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

S. : So she had. You're right. I'll not say anything
against it, Spirit, God forbid.

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

S. : One child.

GH.P. : True. Your nephew.

S. : Yes. (briefly and uneasy)

GH.P. : Come, let's go on. *

SCENE three:

MUSIC *wdjh*

Scrooge as an apprentice

(the ghost takes Scrooge to a warehouse floor)

Act TWO

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

SCENE ^{three}TWO: Scrooge as an apprentice

(Scrooge, Ghost Past, Scrooge apprentice, Dick, the fiddler, Mr. Fezziwig, Mrs. Fezziwig, Three Fezziwig daughters, three young men, some other people such as milkman, housemaid,... if necessary)

(The ghost takes Scrooge to a warehouse door.)

Gh.P. : Do you know it?

S. : Know it? Was I apprenticed here?

(They enter. The light now falls on Fezziwig who is sitting behind a high desk. He is wearing a Welch wig.)

S. : Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!

(Old Fezziwig lays down his pen, looks up at the clock, which points to the hour of seven. He rubs his hands and calls out in a warm and jovial voice.)

Fez. : Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!

(Ebenezer and Dick come in.)

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!

Fez. : Yo ho, my boys! No more work tonight.
Christmas Eve, Dick!
Christmas, Ebenezer!

(skips down from the high desk)

Fez. : Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room
here!
Hilli-ho, Dick!
Chirrup, Ebenezer!

(Ebenezer and Dick clear everything away.)

A fiddler comes in with a music-book and starts tuning.

Mrs. Fezziwig comes in with a big smile.

The three Miss Fezziwigs come in, followed by three young men.

Some other people, such as the milkman, the housemaid,... can
join the party, if necessary.

They all get something to eat and to drink.

Fezziwig clapps his hands, sign for the dancing to begin.

Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are the top couple.

One or more dances.

The clock strikes eleven.

Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig take their stations at the door and shake
hands with all guests, wishing them a Merry Christmas.

Dick and Ebenezer are the last ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig leave.

The two apprentices put everything back to normal.

Meanwhile heart and soul of Scrooge are clearly in the scene.

When the party is over Scrooge suddenly becomes conscious of
the ghost looking upon him.)

Gh.P. : A small matter to make these silly folks so full of
gratitude.

S. : Small!?

(The ghost signs to him to listen to the two apprentices.)

Eben. : A good old fellow, our Fezziwig!

Dick : Right you are!
Long may he live!

Gh.P. : 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?

Scrooge : It isn't that, it isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to make us happy or unhappy. The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

Gh.P. : What is the matter ?

Scrooge : Nothing. I should like to say a word or two to my clerk just now, that's all.

(Ghost takes Scrooge to a new place).

ACT TWO

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

SCENE *three* : young Scrooge

(Scrooge, Ghost Past, young Scrooge, fiancée)

(The ghost takes Scrooge to a new place. Scrooge sees himself as a young man with his fiancée; a sweet, young girl.)

Fiancée : It matters little. Another idol has taken my place.

Young S. : What idol has displaced you?

F. : A golden one.

Young S. : There is nothing on which the world is so hard as on poverty.

F. : You fear the world too much. I've seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, Money, engrosses you.

Young S. : What then? I am not changed towards you, am I?

F. : Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so. When it was made, you were another man.

Young S. : I was a boy.

F. : I can release you now.

Young S. : Have I ever sought release?

F. : In words? No. Never.

Young S. : In what then?

F. : In a changed nature; in an altered spirit, in another atmosphere of life. If you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday; can I believe that you would choose a poor girl - you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain, by Money. I release you with a full heart for the love of him you once were. May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

Scrooge : Spirit, show me no more. Conduct me home. Why do you
delight to torture me?

GH. P. : I told you that these are shadows of things that
have been. That they are what they are is not my fault.

S. : Leave, take me back! Haunt me no longer!

(Ghost takes Scrooge back.)

MUSIC

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

SCENE ONE: bedroom of Scrooge

(Scrooge, Ghost of Christmas Present)

(Bell tolls one. Scrooge wakes up. On the floor, as if to replace a throne, a pile of Christmas food. On it a jolly giant, holding a burning torch in the shape of Plenty's Horn. The room is decorated with holly e.g.)

GH.Pr. : Come in! Come in! And know me better, man!
I am the ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me!
You've never seen the like of me before?

S. : Never.

GH. Pr. : Have never walked forth with the younger members of
my family?

S. : I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not. Have
you had many brothers, Spirit?

GH.Pr. : ~~1988.~~ 1994

S. : A tremendous family to provide for.
Spirit, conduct me where you will, I went forth last
night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is
working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me,
let me profit by it.

GH.Pr. : Touch my robe.

CURTAIN

Music

ACT THREE

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

SCENE TWO: at the clerk's house

(Narrator1, Scrooge, Gh.Pr., Bob Cratchit, Mrs. Cratchit, little girl, boy1, boy2, Martha, Tiny Tim)

N1 : The Spirit took Scrooge straight to Scrooge's clerk's house. On the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and sprinkled it with his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen shillings a week and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Mrs. Cr. : What has got your precious father then? And your brother Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas.

girl : Here's Martha, Mother!

2 boys : Here's Martha, Mother! Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!

Mrs. Cr. : Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

(Kisses her daughter and takes off her shawl and bonnet)

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

Mrs. Cr. : Well! Never mind so long as you have come. Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm: God bless you!

Boy1 : No, no, Father's coming!

Boy2 : Hide Martha, hide!

Bob Cr. : Why, where's our Martha?

Mrs. Cr. : Not coming.

Bob Cr. : Not coming! Not coming on Christmas Day?

(Martha comes out and runs into her father's arms.)

Boys 1, 2 : Come and see the goose, Tim!

(They take Tiny Tim off the stage.)

Martha : And how did little Tiny Tim behave?

Bob Cr. : As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, Him who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

Oh, Tiny Tim is growing strong and hearty. (With a tremulous voice.)

(One can hear Tiny Tim's crutch on the floor as he comes back. The boys and sister escort him to his seat. Everybody becomes cheerful again. Martha serves the drinks.)

Bob Cr. : A merry Christmas to all of us, my dears! God bless us.

Whole family : A merry Christmas to all of us!

Tiny Tim : God bless us, every one.

Scrooge : Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

GH.Pr. : I see a vacant seat, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, Tiny Tim will die.

Scrooge : No, no. Oh no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared.

(The Ghost turns away.)

CURTAIN

ACT FOUR

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME

SCENE ONE : Bedroom of Scrooge

(Gloomy light. Scrooge is sleeping. Bell tolls one.
Solemnly, a black phantom comes near. Only visible is its
outstretched hand.)

Scrooge : Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet
To Come?

(The Ghost doesn't answer, but points with its hand.)

Scrooge : You are about to show me shadows of the things that
have not happened, but will happen in the time before
us. Is that so, Spirit?

(The Spirit inclines its head a little.)

Scrooge : Ghost of the Future, I fear you more than any other
Spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is
to do me good, I am prepared. Will you not speak to
me?

(The Ghost doesn't answer, but keeps pointing with its hand.)

Scrooge : Lead on, lead on. The night is waning fast, and it is
precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!

MUSIC (Funeral March)

CURTAIN

ACT FOUR

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME

SCENE TWO: in the city

(Scrooge, Ghost Future, Merchant1, Merchant2, Merchant3, Merchant4, Narrator2, Narrator1, Woman, Joe)

(Scrooge follows the Ghost. They meet a group of merchants. The Ghost points to them, and Scrooge advances to listen to their talk.)

M.1 : No, I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead.

M.2 : When did he die?

M.1 : Last night, I believe.

M.3 : Why, what was the matter with him? (taking a snuff out of a large snuff-box)
I thought he'd never die.

M.1 : God knows. (with a yawn)

M.4 : What has he done with his money?

M.1 : I haven't heard. Left it to his Company perhaps.
He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know.

(a general laugh)

M.2 : 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?

M.4 : I don't mind going if a lunch is provided.

(they all laugh)

Narrator2 : They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never been before. The ways were foul and narrow, the shops and houses wretched, the people half-naked, drunken, ugly.

(The Ghost leads Scrooge to a small shop. Behind a screen of rags sits a man. A woman holds a large bundle.)

Woman : And now undo my bundle, Joe.

Joe : What do you call these? Bedcurtains?

Woman : Ah! Bedcurtains!

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

Woman : Yes, I do. Why not?

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

(Joe takes the blankets now)

Joe : His blankets?

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

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

Woman : Don't be afraid of that.

(Joe takes the shirt)

Woman : Ah! You may look through that shirt until your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it. It's the best he had. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me.

Joe : What do you call wasting of it?

Woman : Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure. But I took it off again. He can't look uglier in mine than he did in that one. He, he! 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!

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

Narrator 1 : The scene had changed now, and Scrooge almost touched a bed, a bare uncurtained bed. A pale light fell straight upon it; and on the bed, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of a man. He lay in the dark empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child, to say that he was kind in this or that. A cat was tearing at the door and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone.

The journey went on. A churchyard. Here, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. The Spirit stood among the graves and pointed down to one.

Scrooge : Spirit, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?

(The Ghost keeps pointing to the grave. Light on the cross. On the cross the name of Ebenezer Scrooge becomes visible.)

Scrooge : No, Spirit! Oh, no! No, no! Spirit, hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been without the three spirits. Tell me that I can change these shadows. I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the P ast, the Present, and the Future.

(Scrooge grasps the hand of the Ghost. The Ghost frees itself and disappears.)

MUSIC

CURTAIN

ACT FIVE

THE END OF IT

SCENE ONE: bedroom of Scrooge
street

(Scrooge, young fellow, Gentleman1, Gentleman2,
Narrator 2 ,1)

(Scrooge wakes up in his own bed.)

Narrator 2 : YES! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his
own, the room was his own. Best and happier of
all, the Time before him was his own!

Scrooge : I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future.
The Spirits of all three will strive within me.
Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be
praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob
Marley, on my knees.

(touches the bed-curtains)

They are not torn down, rings and all!

(jumps up and dances around)

I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel,
I am as merry as a schoolboy!
A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to
all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hello!

(whirls around)

I don't know what day of the month it is! I don't
know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't
know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't
care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!

(Scrooge calmes down)

It's all right, it's all true, it all happened.
HA, HA, HA, HA! (laughs heartily)

Narrator 1 : Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs! .

(Scrooge puts his head out of the window.)

Scrooge : What's to-day?

Young F. : Eh?

S. : What's to-day, my fine fellow?

Young F. : To-day! Why, Christmas Day!

S. : It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!

Young F. : Hallo!

S. : Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street, at the corner?

Young F. : I should hope I did.

S. : An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the price turkey that was hanging up there?

Young F. : What, the one as big as me?

S. : What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!

Young F. : It's hanging there now.

S. : Go and buy it.

Young F. : WALK-ER!

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

(Boy hurries away.)

S. : I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sends it. It's twice as big as Tiny Tim.

(Curtain)

(Scrooge leaves his house, and meets one of the gentlemen out of the first act.)

S. : My dear sir, (shakes hands) how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir.

G.2 : Mr. Scrooge?

S. : Yes. That's my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness!

(Scrooge whispers something in his ears.)

G.2 : Lord, bless me! My dear Scrooge, are you serious?

S. : If you please. Not a farthing less.

G.2 : My dear sir, (shaking hands)

S. : Don't say anything please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

G.2 : I will!

S. : Thank'ee. I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you.

MUSIC

Narrator 2 : Scrooge went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head.

He had never dreamed that any walk could give him so much happiness.

In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house . He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it. Dear heart alive, how his nephew started. It's a mercy he didn't shake his hand off.

Narrator 1 : But he was early at his office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be the first and catch Bob Cratchit coming late!