

Scrooge

The Musical

Book, Music and Lyrics by

Leslie Bricusse

Note: that this text is taken from the 2004 Samuel French edition and includes the original stage directions which are still very much based on the movie. Our stage directions will be completely revised before rehearsals start.

CHARACTERS

Ebenezer Scrooge

Bob Cratchit

Nephew

Kathy Cratchit

Tiny Tim

Bess

Wine Merchant

Mr Carstairs

Hugo / Harriett Harty

Jocelyn Jollygoode (m/f)

Bissett, the butcher

Mrs Dilber

Miss Dilber

Beggar Woman

Urchins

Punch and Judy Man

Tom Jenkins

Jacob Marley

Phantoms

The Ghost of Christmas Past School Teacher

Jen

Ebby

Fezziwig

Young Scrooge

Dick Wilkins

Mrs Fezziwig

Isabel

The Ghost of Christmas Present Jack-in-the-Box

Mrs Cratchit

Peter Cratchit

Martha Cratchit

Belinda

Helen

Topper

Mary

Party Guests

The Ghost of Christmas Yet-to-Come

Boy with Sled

Mr Pringle, the toy shop owner

Mrs Pringle, his assistant

Tradespersons, Children, Barrel-rollers, Apprentice Boys, Bakery Girls, Winery Boys, etc.

ACT I

SCENE I

A London Street---Cheapside. Christmas Eve Church bells chime six o'clock

No. 1: Opening

The CURTAIN rises on a tableau of a Dickensian Christmas card--circa 1843 a crowd of Shoppers, Street Vendors and Children. A tumbling profusion of Christmas fare fills the street stalls and shops. The tableau comes to life

Kathy The first Noel, the angel did say...

Tom Jenkins God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay...

Jollygoode/Harty Good Christian men, rejoice with heart and soul and voice

Company O come, all ye faithful...
Good Christian men, rejoice with heart and soul and

Cratchit Silent night, holy night, silent night. .

Miss/Mrs. Dilber The first Noel...

Jollygoode/Harty The holly and the ivy, when they are both full grown

Jenkins Ding dong ding ding-a dong-a ding ...

All Sing a song of gladness and cheer,
For the time of Christmas is here!
Look around about you and see
What a world of wonder this world can be!
Sing a Christmas carol-
Sing a Christmas carol-
Sing a Christmas carol-
Like the children do!
And enjoy the beauty-
All the joy and beauty-
That a merry Christmas
Can bring to you!

The crowd mingle and wish each other a Merry Christmas

Sing a song of gladness and cheer,
For the time of Christmas is here!
Look around about you and see
What a world of wonder
This world can be!
Sing a Christmas carol-

Sing a Christmas carol-
 Sing a Christmas carol-
 Like the children do!
 And enjoy the beauty-
 All the joy and beauty-
 That a merry Christmas Can bring to you!

The people begin to disperse, revealing:

Scrooge's office

SCENE 2

Scrooge's clerk, Bob Cratchit, is asleep whilst writing at a tall desk in the corner of the dingy room. The front door crashes open and we see the figure of Scrooge

Scrooge CRATCHIT!

Bob jolts awake scattering his papers. Scrooge marches in, taking off his outdoor garments

I hate Christmas! Humbug! ... People? I hate people.
 Yuletide-loving, second-rate people ... It's all a load of
 humbug I tell you ...

We hear Urchins singing just outside Scrooge 's front door

Urchins *(in strident cacophony)* 'Ark the 'erald hayngels si-hing
 Glory to the new-born king!
 Peace on 'erf an' mercy mi-hild -

1st Urchin *(aggressively)* Jesus Christ, that little child!

They continue to sing as Scrooge mutters angrily to himself

Scrooge Infernal horrible caterwauling! Don't they know I'm
 trying to run a business here'?

There is a pounding on the door and Cratchit looks up fleetingly

Get on with yer work, Cratchit! Bah! Humbug! Insolent
 young ruffians, coming here with their Christmas
 nonsense ... bah!

*The singing gets louder and Scrooge grabs his walking stick and stomps
 towards the door*

Hell-fire and damnation! Why can't they leave a man in
 peace! (He pulls open the door)

A charming, elegant and smiling young man stands before him, his nephew, Harry. The Urchins run off, laughing

Scrooge (scowling) Oh, it's you.

Nephew Uncle Ebenezer, I cannot tell you what a joy it is to see your happy smiling face. And how are you, Bob?

Bob Cratchit Very well, thank you, sir.

Scrooge scowls his disgust and turns back to his desk. The Nephew follows him jauntily into the office and closes the door: He gives Cratchit a friendly nod and a wink and follows Scrooge to his desk.

Nephew A merry Christmas, Uncle Ebenezer! God, save you!

Scrooge God save me from Christmas! It's a lot of humbug!

(He swiftly and expertly counts up a handful of gold sovereigns, dumps them into the money box and slams it shut to underline the sentiment. He picks up the money box and carries it over to the safe)

The Nephew perches himself in carefree fashion on the corner of Scrooge's desk

Nephew Christmas a humbug? Come now, I'm sure you don't mean that!

Scrooge And I'm sure I do mean that! Merry Christmas, indeed! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough!

Nephew And what reason have you to be miserable? You're rich enough! Scrooge There's no such thing as rich enough! Only poor enough!

(He rams the money box deep into the safe and slams and locks the door with much clanging of metal)

Nephew Don't be so dismal, Uncle Ebenezer!

Scrooge What else can I be, when I live in a world of fools babbling "Merry Christmas" at one another? What's Christmas but a time for finding yourself a year older and not a day richer?

(He thrusts his face menacingly at his nephew)

If could work my will, Nephew, 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!

Nephew God forbid, Uncle!

Scrooge You keep Christmas in your way, and let me keep it in mine!

Nephew But you don't keep it!

Scrooge Then let me alone! And be good enough not to bother me, sir, during business hours. And get off me ledger-you'll ruin me binding!

The Nephew gets up off the desk and looks at his fob watch. Scrooge picks up the heavy ledger, examines the binding for possible damage and, with a reproachful glare at his Nephew, carries it across to a dusty bookcase and locks it away with a key from his watch-chain

Nephew Seven o'clock on Christmas Eve? That's not business hours! That's drudgery for the sake of it, and an insult to all men of goodwill!

Bob Cratchit *(muttering under his breath)* Hear, hear!

Nephew Thank you, Bob Cratchit!

Scrooge Another word from you, Cratchit, and you'll celebrate Christmas among the great unemployed.

Bob Cratchit Yes, sir. I'm sorry, Mr Scrooge.

The Nephew pulls a crusty face at his uncle, converting it into an instant smile as Scrooge turns to him

Scrooge You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into politics-you're fool enough!

The Nephew roars with laughter. Scrooge returns to his work

Nephew Come now, don't be angry! Dine with my wife and me tomorrow!

Scrooge There's another thing! As though you hadn't got enough problems, you went and got married! Now why in God's name did you do that?

Nephew Because I fell in love with the lady.

Scrooge *(opening another ledger with a growl)* Love! If there's one thing in the world more nauseating than "Merry Christmas", it's a happy marriage with some love-sick female! Good-afternoon, sir!

Nephew My offer stands. You are always welcome, Uncle-just like Christmas itself!

Scrooge I said good-afternoon!

Nº. 1a: starts (underscore)

Nephew I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you. Why can we not be friends?

Scrooge Good-afternoon!

Nephew Merry Christmas, Uncle. And you too, Bob Cratchit! And your family!

Bob Cratchit *(with a smile)* Thank you, sir. And to your good lady!

The Nephew exits, then reappears in a second, popping his head round the door

Nephew Oh, and Uncle!

Scrooge Hmmm?

Nephew A happy New Year!

Scrooge *(furiously)* Good-afternoon, sir!

The Nephew exits, grinning

Bob Cratchit, considerably cheered up, warms his hands on the candle on his desk. The chimes of a nearby church are heard

Bob Cratchit Excuse me, sir, but it's----- er-seven o'clock, sir.

Scrooge looks at his watch

Scrooge *(grudging(v))* Correct, Cratchit.

Bob Cratchit I don't wish to be impertinent, Mr Scrooge, but will it be too much trouble if I have my wages, sir?

Scrooge growls his disapproval and reluctantly stops work and takes out his purse, carefully counting out fifteen shillings as they talk. He counts it three times-twice in his own hand and finally into Cratchit's hand

Scrooge The trouble with you, Cratchit, is that all you think about is money! You'll be wanting the whole of Christmas Day off tomorrow, I suppose?

Bob Cratchit If it's convenient, sir.

Scrooge It is not convenient, sir. And it is not fair. And yet if I stopped your wages for it you'd think yourself ill-used, no doubt. Aren't I ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work'?

- Bob Cratchit** Well, it is Christmas Day, Mr Scrooge. And it is only once a year, sir.
- Scrooge** A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! I don't pay good money for you to be forever on holiday!
- Bob Cratchit** I appreciate your kindness, Mr Scrooge.
- Scrooge** That's my weakness-I'm a martyr to me own generosity! I give you one Christmas Day off and you expect' em all! Very well, take the day. But be here all the earlier next morning!
- Bob Cratchit** Oh, I will, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. And a merry Christmas, Mr Scrooge.
- Scrooge** A merry what!?
- Bob Cratchit** I mean, I beg your pardon, sir. No offence, sir.

Bob scuttles quickly out of the door

Scrooge immediately hurries across to blow out the meagre candle still burning on Cratchit's desk

- Scrooge** *(grumbling to himself)* There's another one. Fifteen shillings a week, a wife and five children, and still talks about a merry Christmas. Belong in a lunatic asylum, the lot of 'em... Humbug!

(He obsessively starts to lock, bolt, bar and chain every door, drawer, cupboard and window of his establishment He takes every possible precaution. even locking the sole remaining piece of coal in the coal-scuttle in his safe)

No. 2: M.O.N.E.Y.

- (Singing)* Everywhere you look, everywhere you turn
Someone's after every single penny that you earn!
Everyone's a thief! -that is my belief!
Anyone who says they're not is sure to come to grief.
I seek but I shall never find
A deeper peace of mind
'Cos I'm convinced that everyone is out to rob me blind!
Accumulating money is the quest of all mankind!

And God forbid that Ebenezer Scrooge be left behind!

There is only one God up in heaven on high,
And I'll worship his name till the day that I die!
He alone rules the world from a bright golden sky,
And our saviour's name is M.O.N.E.Y.!

There is only one power man can never deny.
There is only one force that we dare not defy.
Nothing else on this earth do we all glorify
As our one true master M.O.N.E.Y.

Other forms of worship,
They come and they go
And most of them fade in a flash
'Cos most of them are mere cant and trash!
The one faith to believe in, where there's no
misconceivin'
No nonsense and no grievin' is C.A.S.H. cash!
Rough and ready, strong and steady cash!

There is only one cause I can just justify
To make life here in Cheapside at least worth a try,
And since I've no desire to devour humble pie,
I devote my life to M.O.N.E.Y.

I shall spend my whole life gazing at,
Admiring and appraising, that amazing man-made
miracle
There's nothing it can't buy!
And that's the reason why I'll save it till I die!
M.O.N.E.Y.!

The music segues into No. 3: A Christmas Carol underscore

SCENE 3

A London street Cheapside

Outside in the busy street, a lame boy, Tiny Tim, stands with his sister Kathy, gazing in awe at the display window of a large toy shop. The centre-piece of the window is a magnificent model carousel, revolving to the melody of A Christmas Carol. Behind the carousel is a glittering Christmas tree, groaning beneath the weight of every conceivable Christmas toy and treat hanging from its branches

We see Bob Cratchit emerging from the bakery stall with a small parcel in his hands

Bob Cratchit Fourpence for a Christmas pudding-it's scandalous!

Baker Woman Sorry.

Cratchit joins his two children, clutching their meagre shopping, as they stare into the toy shop: window

Bob Cratchit Well, Kathy, my love, which one do you like best?

Kathy I like that doll in the comer.

Tiny Tim I like all of 'em!

Bob Cratchit Good boy! And why not one in particular?

Tiny Tim Well, you said I can't have none of 'em, so I might as well like 'em all!

Bob Cratchit Tiny Tim, you are a philosopher and a gentleman, and I've still got twelve shillings left in me pocket...

Kathy/Tiny Tim (*impressed*) Twelve shillings!

Bob Cratchit Twelve shillings, which says the Cratchit family will have as good a Christmas as the Lord Mayor of London 'imself.

He kisses the little boy's face and lifts him up on to his shoulder: As they move away from the window, the music starts under

Tiny Tim (in awe) Twelve shillings!

Kathy I do like that doll in the comer!

Christmas Children (No. 4) starts (underscore)

The Cratchits move on to a laden fruit stall

Bess With your lot to feed, Bob Cratchit, I'd say the apples at six a penny are the best bet.

(She puts the apples in Cratchit's basket)

Bob Cratchit (*handing her the money*) True, Bess, true.

Kath (*to Tim*) I'd rather have that dolly in the comer.

Tiny Tim I'd rather have the oranges.

They move on to the wine store. The Wine Merchant is serving a wealthy customer

Wine Merchant (*placing three bottles into a carpet bag*) Your change, Mr Carstairs. **Eighteen-forty is the best vintage in twenty years!**

Mr Carstairs At two shillings a bottle, it should be! A happy Christmas to you!

Wine Merchant And a happy Christmas to you, sir!

(He spots Bob Cratchit and fills an empty bottle from a stone jar)

This'll make the finest quality punch, Mr C, and only tuppence a pint.

Bob Cratchit takes the bottle and pays the two pence

Bob Cratchit Oh, thank you, sir. *(He smiles at Tim and Kathy)*
Christmas punch-a Cratchit speciality.

Tiny Tim pulls Kathy back towards the toy shop window

Tiny Tim Let's look at that toy theatre again, Kathy. I bet it costs about a million pounds!

Kathy The price tag says two pounds and ten shillings.

Tiny Tim Well, that's about a million, isn't it?

No. 4: Christmas Children

Bob Cratchit Christmas children peep into Christmas windows--
See a world as pretty as a dream.
Christmas trees and toys-
Christmas hopes and joys-
Christmas puddings rich with Christmas cream.

As they move along the street full of Christmas shoppers, the laden-down luxury of well-to-do shoppers contrasts with the meagre purchases of the Cratchits. A well-dressed mother and her two daughters emerge from the toy shop with a mountain of beautifully wrapped parcels, carried by their footman and coach driver

Christmas presents shine in the Christmas windows
Christmas boxes tied with pretty bows.

Kathy Wonder what's inside?

Tiny Tim What delights they hide?

Bob Cratchit But till Christmas morning no-one knows.

Kathy *(sighing)* Won't it be exciting if it snows?

Tim and Kathy gaze up at an enormous turkey hanging outside the butcher's shop

Company I suppose that children everywhere.
Will say a Christmas prayer...

Bob Cratchit picks up a somewhat scraggy goose and pays the butcher

Bob Cratchit Till Santa brings their Christmas things ...

(Speaking) There, my loves, I've brought the finest bird in the shop ... Well, the finest for one and fourpence!

Company Christmas children live in a Christmas daydream --
Waiting for the magic to unfold.

Tiny Tim Wondrous things to eat

Kathy Ev'ry Christmas treat

Bob Cratchit Rich or not, the Christmas pot of gold
Hypnotizes children young and old.

Bob surveys the scene around him with deep satisfaction

Company I suppose
That children everywhere
Will say a Christmas prayer...

Bob Cratchit Till Santa brings their Christmas things.

Company Christmas children hunger for Christmas morning.
Christmas day's a wonder to behold.
Young ones' dreams come true
Not-so-young-ones', too!

Bob Cratchit I believe that story we've been told

Company Christmas is for children young and old!

Piled high with packages, the Cratchits head happily home

Scrooge enters, scowls into the toy shop window, then spots two chortling ladies who are full of Christmas cheer, Mrs Dilber and Miss Dilber; owners of a knitwear stall.

Mrs Dilber *(fearfully)* Oh-it's Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge Two pounds five shillings, ladies.

Mrs Dilber Mr Scrooge, sir, we've been giving more credit than usual.

Scrooge So have I. Two pounds five shillings!

Miss Dilber As it's Christmas, sir, we've given people an extra week or two to pay...

Mrs Dilber Shhh ...

Scrooge Aha! Then I shall give you an extra week to pay!

Mrs Dilber (*incredulously*) Oh, thank you, sir...

Scrooge Which will cost you a further twelve shillings!

Miss Dilber Twelve shillings!

Scrooge Unless you would prefer me to confiscate your stall and its contents which is my legal right...

Mrs Dilber No, sir, we'll pay, sir.

Bissett, the Butcher, passes by, carrying a giant turkey

Scrooge Bissett!

Bissett Please, Mr Scrooge, a few more days.

Scrooge You've already had a few more days! If you can afford to stock turkeys like that, you can afford to pay me! You can give me two pounds of kidneys and I'll give you another three days.

The Butcher is resigned to the inevitable outcome

Bissett Very well, Mr Scrooge. Thank you, Mr Scrooge, two pounds of kidneys.

Scrooge Wrap 'em up and I'll take them home!

Scrooge makes his way to the Punch and Judy show, where a crowd of children are cheering Punch. Scrooge pushes past the children into the tiny Punch and Judy tent

Judy Oh, Mr Punch, I've lost my little baby. Where is she?

Scrooge He's here, Miller. And you owe me two pounds seven and six.

Punch and Judy Man Not now, Mr Scrooge-please.' I'm performing!

Their two heads appear filling in the tiny stage

Scrooge (*surveying the audience of children*) Pity it doesn't pay you better! Where's my money?

Punch and Judy Man Tomorrow, for sure, Mr Scrooge ... it's my best day of the year!

Scrooge Tomorrow it will be two pounds ten ... or your puppets belong to me!

The Children boo him. Scrooge scowls at them

Punch and Judy Man All right, Mr Scrooge. Two pounds ten!

The Children boo again. Judy points at the departing Scrooge

Judy (to Punch) That man's even meaner than you are.

Punch hits Judy with his stick. The Children laugh. The Punch and Judy Man continues his show. Scrooge spies another debtor, Pringle the Toyshop Owner. A Beggar Woman and her child proffer a begging bowl

Beggar Woman (carrying a baby) Merry Christmas, sir! A penny for the little one?

Scrooge Madam, the financial burdens of my life are already intolerable: pray don't add to them by asking me to pay for the upkeep and education of your entire family! (Calling) Pringle!

Pringle Mr Scrooge, sir!

Scrooge A word.

Father Christmas (No. 4a) starts (underscore)

Pringle reluctantly opens the door of his shop and the two men enter in to conduct their business in private

Tom Jenkins (sarcastically) There 'e goes - Father Christmas himself!

As Tom sings, other Tradespersons, victims of Scrooge's "Christmas Spirit" gather round the soup trolley to swap opinions. The number has a dark and threatening feel

(Singing) Father Christmas-Father Christmas-
'E 's the meanest man
In the 'ole wide world!
In the 'ole wide world'
You can feel it!

Miss Dither 'E's a miser!

Mrs Dilber 'E's a skinflint!

Tom Jenkins 'E's a stingy lout-
Leave yer stocking out
For yer Christmas gift-

Bess An 'e'll steal it!

They all roar with laughter

Tom Jenkins It's a shame - 'E's a villain!

Bissett What a game
For a villain to play...

Punch and Judy Man On Christmas Day!

Company After Christmas,
Father Christmas
Will be just as mean
As 'e's ever been...

Tom Jenkins An 'I'm 'ere to say
We all should send Father Christmas ...
On 'is merry Christmas way!

Another group of dissatisfied Traders have collected. The song builds into a full company production number, in which the people of Cheapside join Tom Jenkins and the Urchins in venting their spleen on the villainous and miserly Scrooge

Company On Christmas Day!

Beggar Woman 'E's a rascal!

Wine Merchant 'E's a bandit!

Tom Jenkins 'E's a mean old bean
As we all 'ave seen
An 'I'm 'ere to say
We should all send Father Christmas
On 'is merry Christmas -

They are cut off in mid-flow by Scrooge who enters from the toy shop, gleefully scribbling a sizeable addition to his accounts. He is followed by a grim-faced Mr Pringle

Scrooge peruses the toy shop window with scorn

Scrooge Dolls, toys, bows and arrows! Waste of money...
Christmas ! Humbug!

Pringle And a merry Christmas to you, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge consults his black book again and approaches the last stall, run by a personable young man. Tom Jenkins. The music continues quietly under

Tom Jenkins (to a customer) There we are, sir, thank you very much.

Wine Merchant Merry Christmas, Tom.

Tom Jenkins (*spotting Scrooge approaching*) Merry Christmas to you, sir.

Scrooge No.

Tom Jenkins Hot broth, Mr Scrooge ... a small token of Christmas esteem, with the compliments of Tom Jenkins!

Scrooge No.

Tom Jenkins (*hastily*) And there'll be a free can of broth every night throughout the coming year, sir...

Scrooge No.

Tom Jenkins In gratitude for your infinite kindness in giving me another two weeks to pay!

Scrooge One week.

Tom Jenkins Ten days.

Scrooge One week.

Tom Jenkins One week.

Scrooge And put a lid on that stuff-I'll take it home.

Tom Jenkins does as he is bid

Scrooge, muttering and grumbling, is suddenly aware of the two portly gentlemen, Jollygoode and Harty, standing behind him. He scowls suspiciously as they bow to him, smiling.

Jollygoode Good-evening, sir...

Harty Allow us to introduce ourselves ...

Jollygoode Jocelyn Jollygoode ...

Harty And Hugo Harty... Have we the pleasure of addressing Mr Scrooge or Mr Marley?

Scrooge Mr Marley has been dead these seven years; seven years this very night.

There is an ominous rumble of thunder. The company begin to pack up and make their way homewards

- Jollygoode** We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner.
- Scrooge** *(his eyes narrowing at the offensive word)* Liberality?
- Harty** Mr Scrooge, sir, at this festive season of the year, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and the destitute.
- Scrooge** Excellent. Then I suggest you do so.
- Jollygoode** You miss our point, sir. The poor suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities.
- Scrooge** Are there no prisons?
- Harty** Indeed there are, sir. That's one thing there's no shortage of!
- Scrooge** And the workhouses? Are they still in operation?
- Jollygoode** They are, sir, and I wish I could say they were not.
- Scrooge** The treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, I trust.
- Jollygoode** Both very busy, sir.
- Scrooge** I am very glad to hear it! For a moment, I was afraid something had occurred to stop them in their useful purpose!
- Harty** A few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth.
- Jollygoode** We choose this time because it is a time when want is keenly felt. and abundance rejoices. What may we put you down for, sir?
- Scrooge** Nothing, sir.
- Harty** You wish to be anonymous?
- Scrooge** I wish to be left alone, sir-that is what I wish. I don't make myself merry at Christmas, and I cannot afford to make idle people merry. I have been forced to support the establishments I have mentioned through taxation ... and those who are badly off must go there!

Jollygoode Many would rather die than go there!

Scrooge If they would rather die, then they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population! Yes, gentlemen ... decrease the surplus population!

Harty and Jollygoode drift away leaving Scrooge satisfied with his victory

No. 5: I Hate People

(Singing)

Scavengers and sycophants and flatterers and fools'
Pharisees and parasites and hypocrites and ghouls!
Calculating swindlers! Prevaricating frauds!
Perpetrating goodness as they roam the earth in
hordes! Feeding on their fellow men, reaping rich
rewards! Contaminating everything they see!
Corrupting honest men- Like me!

I hate people! I hate females!
Women are a maddening species
Watch one closely and you'll see she's
Out to make you see what she sees.
I hate women
Picked at random
I can't stand them.

Fools who have no money spend it
Get in debt and try to end it!
Beg me on their knees befriend them
Knowing I have cash to lend them!
Soft-hearted me!
Hard-working me!
Clean-living, thrifty and kind as can be!
Situations like this are of "interest" to me! Interest...

Scrooge	Company
I hate Christmas	Father Christmas!
I hate people!	Father Christmas!
Yuletide-loving, second-rate people That is why I treat them like vermin I delight in seeing them squirming Many fools have tried to determine What can his motive be?	
What's the reason?	He's a miser!

I hate Christmas - I hate people Women, children - 'Specially nasty, smelly children! Well, I'll tell you What's the reason It's because they all Hate me!	He's a skinflint! He's a rascal! He's a bandit! He's a mean old man!
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Scrooge whirls his stick as the crowd scatter in all directions

Scrooge Humbug!

A great crack of thunder as the Lights reveal the front door of

SCENE 4

The exterior of Scrooge's lodgings

Scrooge arrives at his own front door and he fumbles with his keys

Shivering with cold, Scrooge stands in the silent gloom of the doorway. A large gargoyle-head door-knocker glares at him inscrutably. Scrooge finds the right key and places it in the lock As he looks up, the gargoyle-head in the door-knocker becomes a human face. Suffused with a ghostly light, it stares at Scrooge and breathes his name in a deep mournful voice

Marley's face Scroo-0-0-0-ge ...

Scrooge (*transfixed with terror*) Marley? Jacob Marley?

Marley's face Scroo-0-0-0-ge!

The ghostly light fades. Scrooge shakes his head and goes inside

Scrooge Bah ... Humbug!

SCENE 5

Scrooge's hallway

Scrooge picks up a candle-holder from a table near the doorway and nervously lights the candle. The flickering flame casts macabre and eerie shadows on the walls. The wind gathers strength. Scrooge freezes again, candle and soup-can poised, as the bizarre sound reaches his ears. The wind howls around him, and a ghostly voice seems to call through it

Scrooge Humbug! It's voices in the mind! All voices in the mind!

Marley's voice Scroo-00-00-ooge ...

Scrooge (*gulping*) It's voices in the wind. Voices in the wind!

Marley's voice Scroo-o-ooge!

Scrooge It's not possible! Not possible!

Scrooge stands transfixed with terror as the volume of sound accumulates. Then he runs for his sitting-room and slams the door, his own footsteps augmenting and multiplying in sound until the entire building is reverberating with the deafening echoes of a thousand running footsteps. Scrooge locks, bolts and bars his door. then leans against it breathing heavily, listening to the retreating sound waves

SCENE 6

Scrooge's bedroom

The room contains Scrooge 's- bed, bedside table with an alarm clock, a straight backed chair. and a hob with a spoon and a bowl ready next to it. An old wing-backed armchair stands near the fireplace. A miserable fire burns.

Scrooge carries the soup-can and the candle across to the fireplace. He places the soup-can on the hob. A mournful wind moans in the chimney. and Scrooge remains ill-at-ease. He takes off his coat and hangs it and his high hat in a cupboard.

He pulls the armchair close to the hearth, pours the gruel from Tom Jenkins' soup-can into the bowl and settles back into his chair to enjoy it.

As he raises the first spoonful to his lips, his hand starts to shake uncontrollably, slopping the gruel back into the bowl. The wind moans mournfully in the chimney and seems to echo his name. Smoke suddenly billows out

Wind Scroo-00-0-ooge!

Scrooge (resolutely) It's humbug still! I'll not believe it!

Wind Scroo-00-0-ooge!

Scrooge stares wild-eyed at a bell beside the fireplace in front of him as it slowly starts to swing. At first it makes scarcely a sound. Then it gathers strength, swinging wildly back and forth. The sound of other bells fills the night with unaccustomed sounds. Scrooge puts down his bowl of gruel and clasps his hands over his ears as the bells reach a deafening crescendo

Suddenly there is total silence. Scrooges eyes dart suspiciously from side to side. He takes his hands from his ears and listens intently. A deep hollow clanking sound and heavy footsteps are audible outside his door. Scrooge rushes to the door and puts his ear to it. Reverberating echoes of dragging chains and creaking doors and dismal wailing and muffled footsteps are intermingled and orchestrated into a mounting nightmare of sound. Scrooge double-locks the door and hurries back to his chair, looking round the edge of it in unconscionable distress. He takes a cash box hidden in the fireplace and puts it under his pillow. He then sits in the chair again

His eyes widen in horror as first one holt of the door, and then anothe1; slide themselves open. The key in the door turns and unlock itself once, twice, without the aid of a human hand

Scrooge jumps to his feet again, grabs a poker from the fireplace to defend himself if necessary. then hurries towards the door as though to re-lock it. He stops short as he suddenly hears an increasing sound of rushing, howling wind assailing the door from outside. The door shakes and rattles under the strain. Scrooge emits a great wail of fear as the door suddenly flies open and a great rush of icy air blows across the room and framed in the doorway, he sees ... the fearful apparition of the ghost of Jacob Marley

Marley (wailing) Ebenezer Scroo-o-ooge!

The door slams shut

Whimpering with fear, Scrooge edges warily forward to the door, opens it and looks out into the blackness beyond. There is no-one there. The door is open 180 degrees

Scrooge Hallo? Hallo? *(He closes the door)* It's all humbug!

Standing behind the door inside the room. is Marley s ghost

Marley Ebenezer Scrooge!

Scrooge whirls round with a cry of terror

Marley is swathed in a great chain made up of cash-boxes, ledgers, keys, padlocks, deeds and heavy purses. Scrooge contemplates in horror this fearful reincarnation of his former partner

Scrooge H-how now! What do you want with me?

Marley Much!

Scrooge Who are you?

Marley Better to ask me who I was.

Scrooge Who were you, then?

Marley In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

Scrooge Jacob? Can you sit down? Marley Of course I can sit down.

Scrooge Please do so, then.

Marley sits, with much clanking and evident relief Scrooge averts his eyes

Marley You don't believe in me, do you?

Scrooge No, I don't.

Marley Why do you doubt what you see?

Scrooge Because I've had a slight stomach disorder. It has undoubtedly affected my vision. You're an hallucination, probably brought on by an undigested bit of beef, or a

blob of mustard. Yes, that's what you are-- you're a blob of mustard!

Marley I tell you, Scrooge, there's more of the grave than of gravy about me!

Scrooge You do not exist, Jacob Marley! Humbug, I tell you-- humbug!

Marley Humbug-eh? *(He pulls his chin away from his mouth)*
Now do you believe in me?

Scrooge Absolutely! I thank you for your visit and for your good counsel, and now, sir, *(he opens the door)* I bid you a fond farewell.

Marley closes the door with a hand gesture

But why do you walk the earth? And why do you come to me?

Marley I am doomed to wander through the world and witness what I **cannot** share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness. *(Again, he utters a desolate cry and shakes his chain, as though overwhelmed with remorse)*

Scrooge trembles

Scrooge And why are you fettered by that great chain?

Marley I wear the chain that I forged during my life on earth. I made it link by link and yard by yard, and now I can never be rid of it. Any more than you will ever be rid of yours.

Scrooge *(trembling)* M-m-mine?

Marley Imagine the weight and length of the mighty chain you are making for yourself. It was as heavy and as long as this seven Christmases ago! You have laboured at it mightily ever since! It's a terrible ponderous chain you are making, Scrooge.

Scrooge Jacob! Old Jacob Marley! Speak comfort to me!

He instinctively looks about his person for the chain and is relieved to find it not there.

Marley I have none to give. Very little is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere ...

When I lived, my spirit, like yours, never walked beyond the narrow limits of our counting-house.

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

Marley Business? Mankind is our business, Ebenezer. But how seldom do we attend to it! I know this because I have sat invisible at your elbow many and many a day in your office.

Scrooge (*shivering at the thought*) My office? Watching me?

Marley Hear me, my time is almost gone. I am here tonight to warn you. It is your only hope.

Before Scrooge can object, Marley throws a loop of his chain over his erstwhile partner's neck, and the door and windows slowly open allowing strange lights and mist to enter

Scrooge (*terrified*) No, Jacob! No-0-0-0!

The air around them is filled with moaning Phantoms, ghostly, ghastly figures like Marley, horrific to behold, green and grey and white and yellow, haunted half rotted skeletal figures, their faces and shapes grotesquely distorted by the eternal horrors that haunt them, and fettered like Marley with the appropriate symbols of their selfish lives

Scrooge, shaking with fear covers his eyes and whimpers like a frightened child. Marley pays him no heed. The Phantoms join him in a macabre song of foreboding

No. 7: Make the Most of This World

Marley (*with deep gloom*) See the phantoms filling the room around you!
They astound you, I can tell.
These inhabitants of hell.
Poor wretches
Whom the hand of heaven ignores.
Beware! Beware! Beware!
Lest their dreadful fate
Be yours!

Phantoms moan

Make the most of this world
The next world is worse!
If you think life is miserable now
But the life to come is better somehow
You had better put
All your thinking in reverse

And make the most of this world
For the next world is far, far worse!

Marley and Phantoms Make the most of this life
The next life's a curse!
The man who kicks the present aside
In a quest for things life doesn't provide
Had better know now this theory is perverse
And make the most of this life

Marley For the next life
Is far, far worse!

Let's talk about heaven a minute -
Men dream of it from birth.
Heaven-you idiot!
You're in it on earth!

Marley and Phantoms So, make the most of living -
'Cos dying is worse!
At times, you'll say life isn't worthwhile -
But there's more to life
Than travelling in style!

Marley It's better to walk
Than ride inside a hearse!

Marley and Phantoms So make the most of this world -
Embrace the universe!

Marley For I guarantee
The next world
Is far, far worse!

The Phantoms fade

The door and windows close. At the end of the song, Scrooge drops emotionally exhausted on to the bed and closes his eyes for a few seconds. Suddenly his eyes open wide. He listens. All is quiet

Scrooge *(smiling)* It was a dream!

Marley's ghost is sitting in the armchair, facing him

Marley It was not a dream, Scrooge.

Scrooge *(leaping to his feet)* For pity's sake, Marley, leave me in peace!

Marley It was for pity's sake that I came here. Pity for you! I leave you now with just the tiniest chance of escaping my fate!

Scrooge looks slightly cheerful for the first time since he met the apparition

Scrooge You were always a good friend to me, Jacob.

Marley You will be visited by three spirits.

Scrooge I - I think I'd rather not.

Marley The first will appear tonight when the bell tolls one.

Scrooge Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and get it over with?

Marley The second at two o'clock, and the third when the bell tolls three. Listen to them, and learn from them.

in the distance, midnight strikes

I must go now, for I am doomed to wander through the world in everlasting repentance.

Scrooge Marley, wait!

Marley Look to see me no more, and, for your own sake, remember what has passed between us! Farewell, Ebenezer Scrooge! Pray for me!

Marley raises his arm high above his head and rises into the air and disappears from view back up into the spirit world

Scrooge looks around the empty room. He lights a candle. Both he and the candle are shaking as he carries it nervously across the room towards his curtained four-poster bed. The music starts under as Scrooge undresses for bed, and he sings the song as he goes through the motions of changing into a long nightgown and a pom-pommed nightcap. He keeps on the heavy full-length winter underwear that is revealed when he removes his outer clothes. Bed-socks and slippers complete his night regalia. He then winds and sets the alarm clock on the table beside his bed

No. 7: It's Not My Fault!

Scrooge Damn you, Marley!
This is hardly
How you treat
A trusted friend!

Curse you, Jacob!
Can't you make
A better dream -
And change the end?

I suppose this gives you joy!
You no doubt think it's funny, eh?

Knowing you, it's all a ploy
For you to steal my money, eh?

(Speaking: hysterically) Well, you shan't have it! You shan't have it!
You can't just come back from the dead
An' dump your guilt on me!
Be gone! you and your phantoms, sir!
And leave the living be!
Especially me!
Especially me!

It's not my fault
You are dead and I'm alive!
It's not my fault
You succumbed and I survive!
Is it my fault
Fate has fashioned things this way?
Is it my fault
That tomorrow's Christmas day?
These things happen anyway!

You can't blame me
If the sun decides to shine!
So don't blame me
That the life I live is mine!

(Modestly) A life of quiet sobriety-
Of which I'm justly proud!
A credit to society-
Who shuns the vulgar crowd!
Who uses wisely all the gifts
With which he's been endowed!

(Smugly) A good man-a philanthropist-
Who's truly worth his salt!
No, it's not-my-fault!

Three ghosts? Three humbugs!

It's you who left our counting house-
To find a bigger vault
To find a bigger vault!
No, it's not-my-fault!

He kicks off his slippers and clambers into the four-poster bed, drawing the bed-curtains closed/or warmth and protection. He opens the Font curtains again almost immediately as a nearby church clock strikes the full chimes of one o'clock with a deep melancholy boom

(Counting each quarter of the chimes) A quarter past! ... Half past! ... A quarter to! The hour! ... and nothing else?

A blinding light fills the room as the Ghost of Christmas Past appears. She materializes miraculously out of the high-backed chair in which Scrooge was sitting.

Scrooge sits bolt upright in bed with a startled cry, staring at the unexpected figure that confronts him. It is a pretty, young woman

Who are you?

Christmas Past I am the Spirit whose coming was foretold to you.

Scrooge You don't ... look like a ghost.

Christmas Past Thank you.

Scrooge May I enquire more precisely who or what you are?

Christmas Past I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Scrooge Long past?

Christmas Past No. Your past. I am the ghost of all the loved ones you have lost.

Voices (off) The loved ones you have lost.

Scrooge And what business brings you here?

Christmas Past Your welfare.

Scrooge To be woken by a ghost at one o'clock in the morning is hardly conducive to my welfare.

Christmas Past Your redemption, then.

Scrooge gasps with fear and recoils as the Ghost reaches out and touches his arm

Come-walk with me.

Scrooge protests as the vice-like grip of the Ghost removes him gently but firmly from his bed

Scrooge Madam! It is a bitter cold night outside, and as you see, I am in my night apparel...

Christmas Past No matter.

Scrooge Where are we going?

Christmas Past We are going to look at your childhood.

Scrooge No!!

SCENE 7

A school-room

The room is sparsely furnished with a row of school benches. There is a pile of labelled suitcases nearby

A happy group of Schoolchildren are celebrating that uniquely wonderful, end-of-term, breaking-up-for-the-school-holidays feeling. The Children are conducted by their Teacher

No. 8: A Christmas Carol

Children and Staff Sing a song of gladness and cheer-
For the time of Christmas is here!
Look around about you and see
What a world of wonder this world can be!
And enjoy the beauty All the joy and beauty That a
merry Christmas Can bring to you!

Teacher Merry Christmas, boys.

Children (*chattering in unison*) Merry Christmas, Mr Bleak, sir!

The children cheer and disperse

Scrooge, his hands clasped in delight, stands with the Ghost of Christmas Past, re-living a moment of childhood

Scrooge This is my old school. I knew these people ...

The children exit as though in a dream, their voices fading back into the past

Christmas Past Look. The school is not quite empty, is it? A solitary boy, neglected by his father, is left there still.

Voice (off) Neglected by his father.

On the now empty stage, a lonely boy, Ebenezer, sits on a hard chair, reading, half curled up to protect himself from the cold. Scrooge sees his forgotten self as he used to be, and blows his nose.

Scrooge Poor little fellow! It's me! It's poor little me! (*To the Ghost*) But I could never join in those Christmas things ... I wish ...

Schoolroom (No. 8a) starts (underscore)

Christmas Past What is it?

Scrooge Nothing. Nothing.

Christmas Past What do you wish?

Scrooge There were some boys singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given them something, that's all. (He looks sadly at his former self)

The Ghost of Christmas Past smiles at him

Christmas Past But this Christmas was special.

Jen, Scrooges sister, runs in and embraces the little boy, kissing him fondly

Jen Ebby? Ebby?

Scrooge Oh, look, it's my little sister. (*Calling out and waving*) Jenny! ... Jen! Why doesn't she wave back?

Christmas Past She cannot see or hear you. These are but the shadows of things that have been.

Voices **(off)** Shadow of things that have been.

Jen Ebby, dear, dear brother, I have come to bring you home!

Ebenezer Home to Father? No.

Jen Father has paid off all his debts and is so much kinder than he used to be so I was not afraid to ask him if you might come home. He sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're going to be a man, Ebby, and never come back here again. We'll be together all Christmas long and have the merriest time in all the world. Collect your things.

Ebenezer picks up his few meagre possessions, and follows his sister off

Christmas Past (*watching them*) Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered. But she had a large heart.

Scrooge So she had, I'll not deny it.

Christmas Past She died a young woman, and had, I believe, children.

Scrooge She had one child.

Christmas Past Ah yes ... your nephew! Harry...

Nephew (off) I ask nothing of you. Why can we not be friends?

Scrooge (*a bit uneasy*) Yes ... My nephew...

Christmas Past (*looking into the distance, pointing*) Now there's a Christmas you really enjoyed!

Mr Fezziwig (off) Christmas you really enjoyed.

SCENE 8

Fezziwig's warehouse

December the 25th (No. 9) starts (underscore)

Two Young Men wheel in a desk so tall that the head of the plump, jolly, middle-aged gentleman sitting at it is near the ceiling. He looks at his fob watch, roars with laughter and rubs his hands with delight. The Young Men start to re-arrange the benches

Scrooge (amazed) It's old Fezziwig! I was his apprentice!

Fezziwig (raising his desk bell) Ebenezer! Dick!

Scrooge's former self, now a young man in his twenties, comes forward. He is played by the same actor who plays Scrooge's nephew. The y must not be too identical, but bear a strong family resemblance. He is accompanied by his fellow apprentice, Dick

Yo-ho, Ebenezer! Yo-ho, Dick! No more work today, my boys! Hilliho! Chirrup! It's Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Now come along, clear everything away before a man can say Jack Robinson and make some room here, before Mrs Fezziwig and me daughters arrive with the punch bowl.

Ebenezer and Dick leap into action. Other Apprentice Boys and Men swarm about.

Scrooge nudges the Ghost

Scrooge My word, I am a good-looking chap! And that other fellow! Dick Wilkins, his name was. Best friend I ever had.

Fezziwig scuttles up and down as the office and warehouse are transformed in an instant from a place of business to a party setting. Balloons and multi-coloured twists of ribbon are festooned around the warehouse signs, which read "Fezziwig s Fine Wines and Ales", and "Mrs Fezziwig s Famous Foodstuffs-Cakes and Pastries a Speciality"

The equally jolly Mrs Fezziwig approaches at the head of a Christmas party procession bearing all manner of delicious burdens. She erupts into the room. She has brought the entire party with her--food, drink, decorations and music, together with the Bakery Girls and Winery Boys as her party guests, laden with packages. Everybody carries something. A very pretty girl, Isabel, walks smilingly alongside Mrs Fezziwig, carrying a beautifully decorated, multi-tiered Christmas cake

Ebenezer *(nudging Dick Wilkins; indicating the girl)* That's Isabel, old Fezziwig's daughter. Isn't she wonderful? (He sighs dreamily)

Dick Wilkins *(grinning at him)* You've got about as much chance of getting close to her as I have ...

Isabel trips. The multi-tiered cake teeters alarmingly Both are about to fall. In a flash Ebenezer is beside her. He puts his arm around her waist to steady her, and with the other he steadies the cake. Everybody cheers

Fezziwig Well done, Ebenezer!

Isabel dazzles him with a grateful and flirtatious smile

Isabel Thank you, Ebenezer.

Dick Wilkins *(nudging Ebenezer)* You are a fast worker. Now you can have your cake and eat it, too!

The merriment redoubles as the embarrassed Ebenezer grins and shrugs awkwardly and re-joins Dick Wilkins. Fezziwig greets his wife with a smacking kiss and holds up his hand for silence

Fezziwig Mrs Fezziwig, my darling Isabel, my dear friends, thanks to our heroic Ebenezer there will now be happiness and contentment in this room, the like of which none of us has ever seen before!

Mrs Fezziwig (beaming) Consumption of fewer than six cakes and three beakers of punch per person will be penalized by instant dismissal from the party!

Everybody cheers

Fezziwig Splendid! Begin!

The Fiddler starts playing, and to a roar of approval from the Company. old Fezziwig launches into the opening song and dance of the party with his lady

Fezziwig Of all the days In all the year
That I'm familiar with -
There's only one
That's really fun

Chorus December the twenty-fifth!

Fezziwig Correct!

Mrs Fezziwig Ask anyone called Robinson or Brown or Jones or
Smith Their favourite day
And they will say

Chorus December the twenty-fifth!

Mrs Fezziwig Correct

Chorus December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth.
The dearest day in all the year
December the twenty-fifth!

Both Correct!

Scrooge, lost in reverie. taps his toe in time to the music

Christmas Past *(to Scrooge)* And why didn't you join in?

Scrooge *(embarrassed and crusty about it)* Because I couldn't dance.

Chorus December the twenty-fifth!

Fezziwig At times we're glad
To see the back
Of all our kin and kith

Mrs Fezziwig But there's a date
We celebrate

Chorus Fezziwig December the twenty-fifth!

Mrs Fezziwig Correct

Fezziwig At times our friends May seem to be
Devoid of wit and pith
But all of us
Are humorous

Chorus December the twenty-fifth!

Mrs Fezziwig Correct

Chorus December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth.
The dearest day in all the year
December the twenty-fifth!

The Ghost of Christmas Past points across the room to the lonely figure of the young Ebenezer watching the dance

December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth.
The dearest day in all the year
December the twenty-fifth!

Mrs Fezziwig If there's a day in history
That's more than any myth-
Beyond a doubt
One day stands out

Chorus December the twenty-fifth!

Mrs Fezziwig Correct!

Fezziwig I don't hear any arguments

Mr and Mrs So may I say forthwith

Fezziwig I wish that every day could be
December the twenty-fifth!

Chorus Correct!

Scrooge punches the Ghost's arm enthusiastically. The Ghost winces. The dance continues against the dialogue. The Fiddler controls the operation from atop Fezziwig's lofty desk, and the warehouse is now a whirl of dancing figures

Fezziwig and Company December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth.
The dearest day in all the year
December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth, me dears.
December the twenty-fifth!
Correct!

Scrooge *(speaking)* What a marvellous man!

Christmas Past He has merely spent a few pounds of your mortal money-
three or four, perhaps. What is that to be deserving of so
much praise?

Scrooge *(looking at her disapprovingly)* You don't understand. He
had the power to render us happy or unhappy-to make
our work a pleasure or a burden. It's nothing to do with
money! ... nothing to do with money!

He sees the Ghost looking at him knowingly

Happiness (No. 10) starts (underscore)

Christmas Past What's the matter?

Scrooge Thinking again.

Christmas Past Of what?

Scrooge Bob Cratchit.

Christmas Past Who's Bob Cratchit?

Bob Cratchit (off) It's seven o'clock. Can I have my wages, please, sir?

Scrooge (hastily) No-one.

He dismisses the matter and returns his attention to the festivities around him

The music of December the Twenty-fifth has now dissolved into Happiness, and the dancers waltz gently around the floor to its easy rhythm. Isabel is watching the young Ebenezer. Scrooge catches his breath. He cannot take his eyes from her. Isabel walks over to Ebenezer, inviting him to dance. Ebenezer's shyness borders on panic, but with a warm and reassuring smile she gently coaxes him on to the floor: He is gauche and uncoordinated, but Isabel nods her encouragement

The other dancers slowly disappear from view, until Isabel and Ebenezer are dancing alone

(*Whispering*) She taught me to dance ... Isabel... Ah, those were wonderful days, you know.

No. 10: Happiness

Ebenezer They say happiness is a thing you can't see
A thing you can't touch

Isabel I disagree.
Happiness is standing beside me.
I can see him. He can see me.
Happiness is whatever you want it to be.

Scrooge (speaking) She adored me. I can't say I blame her.

Isabel Happiness is a high hill.
Will I find it? Yes, I will.
Happiness is a tall tree.
Can I climb it? Watch and see.

Scrooge They say happiness is the folly of fools.
Pity poor me-one of the fools

Ebenezer Happiness is smiling upon me.
Walking my way, sharing my day.

Scrooge and Ebenezer Happiness is whatever you want it to be.

Scrooge (speaking) She was so sweet and kind.

Christmas Past Yes, she was. She still is. Adored by her family, her children, her grand-children. You missed it all, Scrooge, Why?

Isabel and Ebenezer Happiness is a bright star. Are we happy?

Isabel Yes, we are.

Isabel and Ebenezer Happiness is a clear sky
Give me wings and let me fly.
Let me fly.

Ebenezer kisses Isabel's hand

Scrooge, Ebenezer & Isabel (*sadly*) For happiness is whatever you want it to be.

Christmas Past Yes. happiness is whatever you want it to be.

As the song ends, Ebenezer slips a ring on to Isabel 's finger. Gazing lovingly into each other's eyes, they return to the slow waltz

Music segues into 10a: You - you underscore

10a: You - you underscore

Scrooge sniffs audibly and gazes wistfully at the Ghost of Christmas Past as the figures fade from view

Scrooge I did love her, you know.

Christmas Past Did you?

Scrooge Oh, yes. I loved her.

Christmas Past Then why did you let her go?

Isabel (voice off) Why did you let her go?

Scrooge smiles in sad bewilderment

Scrooge (*guiltily*) I didn't.

Christmas Past Really?

Scrooge She left me.

Christmas Past (*with some anguish*) Quick. My time grows short.

Scrooge No!!

Scene 9

Ebenezer's Office

A more mature-looking Ebenezer is engrossed in work at his desk as Isabel enters carrying a bunch of flowers

Isabel Ebenezer?

Ebenezer Yes. (He does not look up from his work)

Isabel picks out the fading flowers from the vase on Ebenezer's desk and replaces them with the fresh ones. Old Scrooge is right beside her, and now looks at her with a sadness greater than her own

Ebenezer is preoccupied

Isabel We have talked of marriage for quite some time. But there is still no plan for a wedding.

Ebenezer There will be a wedding when I have enough money to support such an enterprise.

Isabel When will that ever be, Ebenezer? How much is "enough"? I want to marry you, not your cash box.

Slowly Ebenezer looks up at Isabel as her words penetrate

Ebenezer I will decide when. I will know. Now I have work to do. Isabel shakes her head. She looks sadly at the ring Ebenezer gave her.

Isabel No. You have found another love to replace me - and she is much more desirable than I am.

Ebenezer I have no idea what you're talking about.

Isabel puts her hand in the open money box on the desk and lets a handful of golden sovereigns trickle through her fingers

Isabel This lady here.

Ebenezer puts his pen down and looks at the gold, and then at Isabel

Ebenezer How shall I ever understand this world? There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty, and there is nothing it condemns with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!

Scrooge He's right! It was true then and it's true now!

Isabel All your nobler dreams, that I loved, I have seen die off one by one, until only the desire for gain is left.

Ebenezer I am not changed towards you ... am I?

Isabel Yes, Ebenezer. You are. Your promise to me was made when you were poor, and content to be so. You were someone else then, I see that only too clearly, and so I can release you. *(She looks sadly again at the ring, then removes it from her finger and offers it to Ebenezer)*

Ebenezer does not take it

Ebenezer Have I ever asked to be released?

Isabel In words, no. But in a changed nature, yes. In everything that made my love of value to you, yes. If you met me today, you would not love me.

Scrooge *(vehemently)* I would! I do!

Christmas Past Ssssh!

Scrooge *(sadly)* I still do...

Ebenezer remains silent. Isabel touches the pair of scales on the desk, placing the little ring on one side, and a pile of gold coins on the other: The scale moves accordingly

Ebenezer Isabel, I find it impossible to discuss personal affairs during business hours. Now please.

Isabel You see? If you weigh me by gain, I weigh very little. And so I am not enough for you, and I release you - with a full heart, for the love of him you once were.

Ebenezer goes to speak, but Isabel turns away.

Scrooge Say something, you fool! Say something!

Ebenezer struggles to say something

Isabel You may have pain in this. But it will pass, and you will dismiss the recollection of it gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke.

Ebenezer shakes his head. Isabel kisses his cheek

Scrooge Don't go... It's a mistake ... don't go!

Isabel Be happy in the life you have chosen.

Isabel walks to the door and exits

Scrooge Isabel. Isabel!

Ebenezer Isabel...

But she has gone. Scrooge looks brokenly at Ebenezer

Scrooge Go after her!

Ebenezer I can't!

Ebenezer turns his back and walks away

Scrooge You fool! *(To himself)* You fool!

No. 11: You -You

Scrooge You - you were new to me
 You - you were spring.

Ebenezer You - you were true to me

Scrooge You - you were everything.

Ebenezer You-you were good for me.

Scrooge You were my day.

Ebenezer Did all you could for me.

Scrooge I let you go away.
 And now I can see -
 Now you're a dream gone by.

Both Oh, how could there be
 Such a fool as I?

Ebenezer returns to his desk and his work. Scrooge remains looking out after the lost Isabel

Both You-you were sweet to me,
 You filled my heart,
 Life seemed complete to me -
 I thought we'd never part.

 But now you are gone -
 And oh, what might have been!
 My life will go on -
 But what will it mean?

Ebenezer picks up the ring and looks at it sadly. Scrooge looks at the same ring, which he still wears, on a string around his neck

Ebenezer I, who must travel on,
 What hope for me?

Scrooge Dream where my past has gone -
 Live with a memory -

Both You, my only hope -
 You, my only hope -
 You - You -You...

Scrooge Spirit, remove me from this place. I can bear it no more.

Scrooge's bedroom reappears around them

SCENE 10

Christmas Past I have brought you home. I must leave you soon, and return to the other side.

Scrooge No, don't go. There is so much I need to talk about.

Christmas Past Well then, why do you not love your nephew, Harry?

Scrooge looks uncomfortable

Scrooge Harry?

Christmas Past He is my son.

Scrooge, horrified, recognizes the ghost as that of his dead sister

Scrooge Your son? Jenny? ... Jen. Is that you?

Christmas Past Yes, Ebby, my dear, dear brother.

She is called back to the other side

There is so little time ...

Scrooge Come back!

Christmas Past There's no coming back, Ebby ... which is why you must never hide your love from those you cherish.

Scrooge *(lost)* Jenny...

No. 11a: Love While You Can

Christmas Past Love while you can, all your life while you can -
Since the day time began, man's had no greater plan.
Don't be afraid to have love in your heart
Share your love with the world, it will not fall apart.
Use each magic moment well, while you are free to
choose them,
Make each precious friendship tell, only too soon you
lose them.

Scrooge *(speaking)* Jen-I don't want to lose you.

Christmas Past Take my advice let love drift through your life.
Make a gift to your life and befriend every man.
My bequest to you, the best that you can do is to love
while you can
Love while you can.

The Ghost of Christmas Past disappears through Scrooges mirror

Scrooge Jenny! Don't leave me again!

Christmas Past Goodbye, Ebby. My dear, dear brother. Don "t forget me,
don't forget me, don't forget me ...

*She has gone. Scrooge turns away from the mirror in revulsion and fear.
Heartbroken and dispirited. he is alone once more in his dismal bedroom*

Scrooge Then go ... but haunt me no longer!

SCENE 11

Scrooge's bedroom

No. 12: It's Not My Fault! (Reprise)

Scrooge It's not my fault
If I choose to live alone!
It's not my fault
If I'm happier on my own!

Is it my fault
That I lose the ones I love?
Is it my fault
Or some greater power above
Who enjoys destroying love?

You can't blame me
For the fickle ways of fate
So don't blame me
For the things I've come to hate

(Wistfully) There was a time I might have lived
A different kind of life
Sweet evenings with friends and things
With children ... and a wife!
But now to even think of it
Cuts through me like a knife!

He regains control and feigns anger

I can't just tum life upside-down
With one great somersault-
No ... no ... no
No, it's not-m y...

*The church bell strikes two o'clock. A strange glow of light pervades the
darkened room. Scrooge mutters to himself*

Two o'clock. "The second comes at two"!

After a few seconds of paralysis and indecision he swiftly slips out from the bed curtains. He sits waiting. Calling out

I'm ready for you, whatever you are! I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid!

The silence is overwhelming

(Trembling; terrified) There's nothing to be afraid of!

The room is still and silent, but the glow of light is stronger. Scrooge walks silently across the room. A deep, disembodied voice booms eerily through the house

Christmas Present (off) Ebenezer Scrooge!

Immediately Scrooge is back at the foot of the bed, his hands on his palpitating heart

Come here, Scrooge! I'm waiting for you!

Scrooge obediently leaps away from the bed again. He cowers in a corner

Scrooge (his eyes shut tight) Is that-er-you again, Jacob Marley, m-my old friend?

Christmas Present (off - thundering) No, it's not!

The glow of light intensifies. Scrooge, still whimpering, shields his face as deep menacing music builds to a climax and then stops. Scrooge opens his eyes-and to what a sight.

His entire bed, canopy and all, rises into the air to reveal a cornucopian feast and a setting of breath-taking opulence and abundance. The light softens. His room has been transformed into the very vision of Christmas. Holly, mistletoe and ivy hang everywhere. Heaped on the floor are turkeys, geese, game and poultry. Great joints of meat, suckling pigs, mince-pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, immense twelfth-cakes and seething bowls of punch that fill the room with steam

Enthroned amidst this glorious setting sits a superb and jolly Giant, wearing a magnificent deep green velvet robe bordered with ermine, and on his head a holly wreath, set with icicles that sparkle like outsize diamonds

Scrooge Who are you?

Christmas Present I am the Spirit of Christmas Present! Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!

Scrooge Never.

Christmas Present And yet how many of my brothers have you rejected in your miserable lifetime?

Scrooge I have never met your brothers, sir.

Christmas Present You have never looked for them! Scrooge How many of them are there?

Christmas Present What year is this?

Scrooge Eighteen hundred and forty-three.

Christmas Present Then I have eighteen hundred and forty-two brothers! This year it is my tum. Each year at this time, one of us visits this puny little planet to spread some happiness, and to remove as many as we can of the causes of human misery! (He leans closer to Scrooge, his voice a menacing rumble) Which is why I have come to see you, Ebenezer Scrooge!

Scrooge (suspiciously) And what do you want with me?

Christmas Present You're a funny-looking little creature! I must admit I found it hard to believe that you would be as horrible as my brothers said you'd be, but now that I look at you I can see they were understating the truth!

Scrooge (with dignity) Let me assure you, sir, that I am a man of the highest principles and the most generous spirit!

Christmas Present Generous spirit! You don't know the meaning of the phrase---but you are about to find out! Drink this! (He pours some white fluid into two huge chalices and hands one to Scrooge)

Scrooge What is it?

Christmas Present Taste it!

Cautiously Scrooge sniffs at the drink, then sips it. He pauses, then drains the chalice dry. The Ghost nods and smiles

Christmas Present Do you like it?

Scrooge It's wonderful! I've never tasted anything like it!

Christmas Present Of course you haven't!

Scrooge What is it?

Christmas Present The milk of human kindness. There are more good things in life, Scrooge, than you can possibly imagine!

Scrooge I'm sure there are! Can I have some more?

The Giant sings in a booming bass voice

No. 13: Finale Act I

Christmas Present Ebenezer Scrooge,
The sins of man are huge.
A never-ending symphony
Of villainy and infamy,
Duplicity, deceit and subterfuge.
And no-one's worse than Ebenezer Scrooge!

Though a man's a handy candidate for hell,
I must admit
Life sometimes has
Its brighter side as well!

I like life! Life likes me!
Life and I fairly fully agree
Life is fine! Life is good!
'Specially mine,
Which is just as it should be!

He tops up Scrooges goblet every, time Scrooge takes a drink, which is frequently

I like pouring the wine,
And why not?
Life's a pleasure That I deny not!
I like life! Here and now!

Life and I made a mutual vow.
Till I die, Life and I
We'll both try to be better somehow!
And if life were a woman,
She would be my wife!

Scrooge Why?

Christmas Present Why?
Because I Like life!

Scrooge (speaking) That's all very well for you! I hate life!

The Ghost roars with laughter and pours Scrooge another immense goblet of the milk of human kindness. Scrooge suddenly becomes morose and depressed. He is quite drunk

Christmas Present Nonsense, man. Why?

Scrooge Because life hates me! That's why!

Christmas Present Scrooge, you're an even bigger fool than I took you for!
You've had over sixty years on this earth in your long,
miserable, selfish existence, and you still don't even know
how to live! Now listen to me.

(Singing) I like life ... *(speaking)* well, go on.

Scrooge *(singing reluctantly)* I like life ...

As he sings. Christmas Present lavishes food and drink on Scrooge. who mellows visibly and gradually emerges from his gloom

Christmas Present That's better.

(Singing) Life likes me!

Scrooge Life ... *(he gulps)* ... likes me ...

Christmas Present *(speaking)* Good, good.

(Singing) I make life a perpetual spree!

Scrooge *(less than coherent)* Perpetual spree!

Christmas Present Eating food!

Scrooge Drinking wine!

Christmas Present Thinking who'd
Like the privilege to dine me!

Scrooge I like drinking
The drink I'm drinking!

Christmas Present That's better, Scrooge, and ...
I like thinking
The thoughts I'm thinking!
I like songs!
I like dance!
I hear music and I'm in a trance!

Scrooge Tra-la-la!

Christmas Present Oom-pa-pah!

Both Chances are
I shall get up and prance!

Christmas Present Where there's music and laughter,
Happiness is rife!

Scrooge Why?

Christmas Present Why?
Because I like ...

The music builds as the Giant raises his arms to heaven in a majestic gesture as Scrooges bedroom dissolves

Christmas Present Come on, Scrooge, we're going visiting. You're in for a few surprises!

The music continues

SCENE 12

A London Street-Cheapside. late on Christmas Eve

We see a church choir issuing out of church to collect charity money Jollygoode and Harty are with them. We see Harry and his wife delivering gifts. Street Urchins run about

We see Tom Jenkins, the Dilbers, and the Beggar Woman having drinks outside the pub "The Holly and the Ivy"

We see a troupe of street Entertainers bringing a brave splash of colour and enchantment to the street

We see the Cratchit family staring with amazement at the scene

Children Sing a Christmas carol

Men Sing a Christmas carol

Sop/Alto Sing a Christmas carol

Alto/Bass Like the children do

Sop/Ten Like the children do

Alto/Men Sing a song of gladness and cheer

Sop Sing a song, sing a song

Alto/Men For the time of Christmas is here

Sop Christmas is here

Alto/Men Look around about you and see

Sop See

Alto/Men What a world of

All Wonder this world can be

Women	Men
And enjoy the beauty	Sing a Christmas carol
All the joy and beauty	Sing a Christmas carol

That a merry Christmas	Sing a Christmas carol
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A II

Can bring to you

The music builds to an irresistible climax

Because I-like-life!

The Ghost fills Scrooge's chalice to overflowing as he and Scrooge laugh and laugh

CURTAIN