

ACT II

No. 14: Opening Act II

SCENE I

The same location: Cheapside. London street. 2am on Christmas Morning

As the Choirmaster says good night to Messrs Jollygoode and Harty, a great noise is heard from inside "The Holly and the Ivy ". A very merry Tom Jenkins comes from the pub, with the Dilbers, Lamplighter, Street Entertainers, Beggar Woman and Pub Landlord, Christmas Present observes

No. 15: The Milk of Human Kindness

Tom Jenkins The milk of human kindness is the loveliest drink in the world,
The loveliest drink in the world, that's what people think in the world!
The other drinks that people drink like rum 'n' scotch 'n' gin,
Maybe all right upon the night, but sooner or later they do you in!
An' that is a terrible sin! A terrible, terrible sin!

Boozers But the milk of human kindness is the answer to all the above,
A potion with oceans of love, as cosy an' warm as a glove!
So, when you think you need a drink to help you see the sun,
The milk of human kindness is the only one.
Yes, it's the only one!

Tom Jenkins Before today,
I have to say,
I had no use for milk,
A drink at which I bilk,
Like others of its ilk!
An' human kindness also--
Not at all my cup of tea!
But put the two together, though,
An' suddenly I see
The perfect drink for me!
As smooth an' soft as silk!

Boozers The milk of human kindness
Is the nicest libation on earth-

The best celebration on earth-
The greatest sensation on earth!

Landlord

The other drinks that people drink-
Like Armagnac or port-

Tom Jenkins

May be all right upon the night
But sooner or later you've drunk a quart!
Tomorrow you end up in court!

Both

A shockin' an' 'orrible thought!

Even some of the choir are sucked into the celebration

All

But ... The Milk of Human Kindness
Is a source o' salvation for all-
A nectar for Hector or Paul-
It's like bein' wrapped in a shawl!
So any night you choose to booze,
An' not be on the run-
The Milk of Human Kindness
Is the only one,
Yes, it's the only one!
Yes, it's the only one!
Cheers!

*Mr Harty has found a Peeler who manages to clear away all the revellers to their homes,
revealing a very merry Scrooge*

Scrooge

So any night you choose to booze
Before you see the sun
The Milk of Human Kindness
Is the only one
Yes, it's the

The Ghost of Christmas Present snaps his fingers, leaving Scrooge suddenly sober

The set changes to reveal the kitchen parlour of the Cratchits 'house

Scrooge

What am I doing in the middle of the street in me
nightclothes?

Christmas Present

Never mind about your nightclothes. Come. I want you
to see the world as it really is.

Scrooge

Who lives in this miserable hovel?

Christmas Present

Behold the lavish abode of Robert Cratchit, Esquire.

Scrooge

(*lamely*) Looks quite nice, really ... for a wages clerk ...
Can I look through the window?

Christmas Present It will cost you nothing, which I'm sure will be good news for you.

Scrooge Will they be able to see me?

Christmas Present No, which I'm sure will be good news for them!

Scrooge I could do with another one of them drinks.

Christmas Present Later. For the time being it's better that you see things as they really are. Touch my robe.

Scrooge does so. There is a blinding flash of light, and Scrooge and Christmas Present are inside the Cratchit family's kitchen-parlour, unseen by them

SCENE 2

The Cratchits 'house

Mrs Cratchit, Bob's pretty wife, lifts the lid of the copper and fishes out a rather undernourished muslin-wrapped plum pudding with her copper-stick, sniffs it approvingly and lowers it with loving care back into the bubbling cauldron. Bob Cratchit is carefully assembling and mixing the ingredients for his home-made punch. Three more of the Cratchit children, two boys and a girl, chase one another noisily around the kitchen. Bob finally holds up his hands to silence them

Bob Cratchit (*gently*) Now listen, my dears. Your mother and I want you all to have a good time, but you don't have to wreck the house and kill each other to do it, all right?

The children calm down and nod

Nectar! Pure nectar! And at tuppence a pint you can't really complain.

Martha The stuffing's ready, Mother.

Mrs Cratchit That's lovely, Martha ...

Bob promptly sets down his wooden spoon. With immense pride, he carries across to the parlour table a crockery platter on which sits the scrawny, poorly plucked goose. The pile of stuffing is bigger than the goose

Bob Cratchit The marriage of roast goose and sage and onion stuffing a la Cratchit is one of the culinary miracles of our day, a living legend throughout the length and breadth of Camden Town! (*He sets the platter down upon the table*) The only remaining problem, my dears, is whether to put the stuffing inside the goose or the goose inside the stuffing.

This is greeted with renewed gusts of mirth from the family

But since the ultimate intention is to put them both inside ourselves, I don't suppose it much matters!

Kathy and Tiny Tim enter. looking highly delighted with life

Kathy Come along, Tim.

Bob Cratchit And here they are-the one-and-only carol-singing Cratchits, newly returned from their triumphant musical tour of Regent's Park and the Euston Road.

The entire family cheers and applauds itself Bob Cratchit leaves what he is doing, picks up his son and kisses him, and hugs Kathy

Mrs Cratchit How did you do - Tiny Tim?

Tiny Tim Tuppence ha'penny!

Redoubled cheers as he proudly displays his handful of copper coins

Mrs Cratchit Well done! And you too, Kathy!

Bob Cratchit Another fantastic coup by young Timothy Cratchit, the financial wizard! At only seven years of age, the youngest millionaire in the vast Cratchit empire! Let's put the pennies in the jar...

Beautiful Day (No. 15a) starts (underscore)

Mrs Cratchit *(to Kathy)* And how did little Tim behave?

Bob Cratchit sets Tiny Tim on a chair at the parlour table and begins to arrange the pouring of punch into tiny glasses and eggcups

Kathy Good as gold, Mother. When we sang outside the church, he let them see he was a cripple, to remind them at Christmas who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

Mrs Cratchit He gets thoughtful. sitting by himself so much.

Bob Cratchit Ladies and gentlemen, if I may steal a moment of your valuable time, I would like you to drink to the sparkling good health of the two gentlemen whose industry and generosity have made possible our sumptuous Christmas repast-Master Timothy Cratchit -

They all raise their glasses

- and Mr Ebenezer Scrooge.

They all lower their glasses. Scrooge mutters a surprised and pleased reaction to the mention of his name in this context-until he sees the smiles fade from the children's faces, and Mrs Cratchit looking at her husband as though he is mad

Mrs Cratchit Mr Scrooge? What are you trying to do - spoil our Christmas?

Bob Cratchit His money paid for the goose, my dear.

Mrs Cratchit No! Your money paid for the goose, my dear.

Bob Cratchit But he paid me the money!

Mrs Cratchit Because you earned it, my love! Believe me! Fifteen shillings a week at threepence an hour, and not a penny rise in eight years. You earned it!

Bob Cratchit Mr Scrooge assures me that times are hard.

Mrs Cratchit He's right. For you, they are! But not for himself!

Bob Cratchit Nonetheless, he is the founder of our feast, and we shall drink to him!

Scrooge (*nodding in agreement*) Quite right!

Mrs Cratchit The founder of our feast, indeed! I wish I had him here! I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and he'd have indigestion for a month!

Bob Cratchit Ethel, my dear, the children! Christmas!

Mrs Cratchit It needs to be Christmas Day, Bob, to drink to a rotten, stingy old miser like Scrooge!

Scrooge gives the Ghost an embarrassed smile. The Ghost chuckles

Bob Cratchit But, Ethel –

Mrs Cratchit You know he is, Bob. Nobody knows it better than you, my poor love.

The sparkle seems to have left Bob Cratchit. Tiny Tim hobbles over to him and hands him his glass of punch. Bob touches his wife's-hand, smiles at her sadly and raises his glass to her

Bob Cratchit To Christmas, my dear.

Mrs Cratchit Children, we shall drink to your father, for all the love and happiness he gives us, and to Tiny Tim, for the health we wish him ... (*She catches Bob's eye*) And for the sake of your father, I'll even drink to that old miser Mr Scrooge. Long life to him, and to us all!

Bob Cratchit A merry Christmas to us all.

Children Merry Christmas.

Bob Cratchit God Bless us.

Tiny Tim God Bless us, every one.

They drink. Bob Cratchit squeezes Tiny Tim's hand

Christmas Present What an unpleasant child! You know, there are few things more nauseating than a happy family enjoying themselves at Christmas! Do you not agree, Scrooge?

Scrooge I think Bob Cratchit's really rather fond of me!

The Ghost roars with laughter

Christmas Present So's his wife! Couldn't you tell?

Scrooge She doesn't really know me.

Christmas Present That is one of the few things wherein Fate has blessed her.

Bob Cratchit As I said to the Lord Mayor, if Her Most Gracious Majesty is feeling bored, I said, you just wheel her over to Camden Town, I said! We'll have her back on her regal feet in no time, I said, with a glass of Bob Cratchit's hot punch ... and a song from young Tiny Tim.

All heads turn to Tiny Tim. Tim blushes, but finally responds to the vociferous urging of his brothers and sisters. Bob Cratchit lifts him up to stand on the table. The family cheers and applauds. Everyone falls silent.

No. 16: The Beautiful Day

Tiny Tim On a beautiful day
 That I dream about
 In a world I would love to see
 Is a beautiful place
 Where the sun comes out-
 And it shines in the sky for me.

On this beautiful winter's morning,
If my wish could come true somehow,
Then the beautiful day
That I dream about
Would be here
And now.

Tiny Tim continues singing sotto voce under the following scene between Scrooge and Christmas Present who continue their dialogue

On a beautiful day

That I dream about
In a world I would love to see
Is a beautiful place
Where the sun comes out-
And the sun shines in the sky for me.
On this beautiful winter's morning,
If my wish could come true somehow,
Then the beautiful day
That I dream about
Would be here,
And now.

Scrooge wipes a tear from the corner of his eye as they walk away

Scrooge What will become of him ... Tiny Tim?

Christmas Present What's this? Concern over a sick child? Have you taken leave of your senses?

Scrooge Don't mock me, Spirit. Is the child very sick? Not that it's of any great importance to me whether he is or not... but is he?

Christmas Present Well, of course he's sick!

Scrooge You mean he's seriously ill? Will he ... live?

Christmas Present stares caustically down at Scrooge who gets angry

well, will he?

Christmas Present What does it matter to you, Ebenezer Scrooge? If he is going to die, then he had better do it, and decrease ...

Both ... the surplus population!

Scrooge hangs his head to hear his own words quoted. Focus back to the Cratchits for the end of the song

Cratchits Then the beautiful day that I dream about
Would be here and now.

Christmas Present Of course the boy will die! Unless the future changes in an unforeseen fashion. But who are you to decide who is surplus? I suspect there are many of the opinion that it is you who are surplus!

Scrooge I should like to go home now.

Christmas Present No. We have one last call to make. Touch my robe.

As the Cratchits end the refrain The Beautiful Day, Scrooge touches Christmas Present 's robe. There is a blinding flash of light

I like life (No. 16a) starts (underscore)

SCENE 3

Scrooge's Nephew's sitting-room

A warm, cosy Christmas, the room illuminated by firelight and candle-glow

As the lights cross fade, there is a contrasting, uplifting swirl of music, and a tumble of rowdy, happy Children in bright party clothes bounce across the stage to the music of I Like Life. They are playing Blind man 's Buff, laughing, giggling and screaming with delight. The Adults follow, among them Scrooge's nephew, Harry, and his pretty wife, Helen (played by the same actress who was Isabel, whom Scrooge never quite sees). Blindfolded is Harry's best friend, Topper As he gropes and stumbles about, he always seems to seek out the same attractive and buxom lady, named Mary

Helen I think Topper can see through that blindfold! He keeps chasing Mary!

Nephew Well, you can't blame him, can you?

Helen Oh Harry, you're outrageous!

Topper makes a final lunge for Mary and grabs her in an elaborate embrace. Mary whips off his blindfold

Topper *(in mock surprise)* Good heavens! Mary, it's you!

Helen Right! Mary and Topper, you choose the next game. Harry, you top up everyone's glasses. Grown-ups all stay here! Children follow me! Hot mince pies and milk in the nursery!

The Children cheer and follow Helen like the Pied Piper

Harry refills the drinks. The Ghost o/Christmas Present sits on a large sofa and beckons Scrooge to sit beside him. Scrooge hesitates

Christmas Present Come on, Scrooge! It's all right! I'm the Guest of Honour! *(He points to himself)* Christmas!

Scrooge sits down

Nephew Ladies and gentlemen, will you please honour me with your undivided attention? That famous moment has arrived that I know you all look forward to in this house every Christmas Eve, when I ask you to drink to the good health and long life of my celebrated Uncle Ebenezer!

The Friends respond to the proposal-albeit with no great show of enthusiasm-and toast Scrooge. Scrooge's face lights up. He nudges the Ghost

Scrooge Did you hear that? Maybe I've misjudged the boy.

Topper Harry, I've visited you every Christmas for the past five years, and to this day I can never understand this extraordinary ritual of drinking to the health of your Uncle Ebenezer! Everybody knows he's the most miserable old skinflint that ever walked God's earth!

Guests Hear, hear ...

Scrooge Who's he?

Christmas Present Oh, just a friend.

Nephew My dear Topper, it's very simple. He is indeed the most despicable old miser -- worse than you could ever possibly imagine ---

The Ghost chuckles

Scrooge You find this amusing?

Christmas Present Believe it or not, he likes you!

Nephew But I look at it this way—if I can wish a merry Christmas to him, who is beyond dispute the most obnoxious and parsimonious of all living creatures --

Guests Hear, hear!

Christmas Present is helpless with laughter

Nephew ... then I know in my heart I am truly a man of goodwill!
Scrooge The scoundrel!

Topper Now that I'll drink to!

Scrooge, beside himself goes over to Topper and glares at him

Scrooge I don't like you at all!

Christmas Present Wait, there is more to come!

Nephew Besides, I like old Scrooge.

Scrooge perks up

Christmas Present What did I tell you?

Guests Nonsense! ... Oh no! ...

Nephew I truly do! God knows, I have little enough reason to do so after the way he treated our family, but I can't help feeling that hidden somewhere inside that loathsome old

carcass of his ... there is a different man fighting to get out!

Topper Careful, Harry-he may be even worse than the one you know! Laughter from everyone except Scrooge

Nephew God forbid! Anyway, that's why I invite him to come here every Christmas, in the forlorn hope that one day he might just drop by and pick up enough goodwill to raise his clerk's wages by five shillings a week! God knows, it's high time he did!

Guests Hear, hear! Bravo!

Scrooge You're very free with other people's money.

Mary All right, Harry, now that's enough! I refuse to have my Christmas haunted by your silly old Uncle Ebenezer!

Scrooge finds this amusing

Scrooge If only you knew, my dear!

He walks over to her, shrieks a mock ghostly shriek and pulls a face at her. Christmas Present roars with laughter

Mary All right, what shall we play'!

Lizzi Charades ...

Lucy Secrets ...

Stuart Sardines ...

Charles Murder ...

Sarah Hunt the Thimble .. .

Topper Postman's Knock .. .

Mary I know-we'll all sing The Minister's Cat.

Approval from the Guests

No. 17: The Minister's Cat

Scrooge As for you, Nephew, if you were in my will, which you're not, I'd disinherit you. Raise my clerk's wages! Humbug!

Christmas Present Scrooge, come over here. You need some more of this.

(He produces a silver goblet out of nowhere and pours a drink)

Scrooge brightens up immediately and sits on the sofa next to Christmas Present. The music begins

Scrooge I know that tune! I used to sing it when I was at old Fezziwig's! Ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum, ti-tum ...

Christmas Present nods approvingly and munches an oversized leg of turkey waving it like a conductor's baton as he watches Scrooge

Mary All right. I'll conduct Now remember, one line each. Let's see if we can get through the whole alphabet without a mistake. Ready, steady, A!

Mary calls out at the start of each line "A ... B ... C .. "etc, and points to a Guest who has to sing in turn, one line each

Guests (singing) The minister's cat is an Affable cat.
The minister's cat is a Boring cat.
The minister's cat is a Charming cat.
At one o'clock on a Monday.

The minister's cat is a Darling cat.
The minister's cat is an Evil cat.
The minister's cat is a Frightful cat.
At two o'clock on a Tuesday.

The minister's cat is a Grumpy cat.
The minister's cat is a Hungry cat.
The minister's cat is an Idiot cat.
At three o'clock on a Wednesday.

The minister's cat is a Jealous cat.
The minister's cat is a Kindly cat.
The minister's cat is a Lonely cat.
At four o'clock on a Thursday.

Nephew (speaking) The minister's cat is a mmmm ... er ... M ... M ... Oh gosh!

Scrooge (yelling) Merry! Say merry!

The music keeps the tempo going while the Guests hold their breath or giggle in delight

Mary You've got three seconds ... three ... two ... one ...

Nephew (floundering) Mi ... ma ... mem ... (Furious with himself) Aaaaagh!

Mary You're out! Right-keep it going! N!

Guests (continuing in turn)
The minister's cat is a Naughty cat.
The minister's cat is an Oval cat.
At five o'clock on a Friday.

Harry, laughing, steps out of the circle, and pours himself a glass of port. Scrooge, deeply caught up in the game, follows him. The song continues under the following

Scrooge *(furiously)* I told you to say "merry"! What's the matter with you? Why are you so stupid!? *(To Christmas Present)* He's always been stupid. *(To Harry)* You could have said merry, or monstrous, or miserable. monastic, maniacal, moronic ... That's what you are-moronic!

Nephew Moronic!

Guests The minister's cat is a Perfect cat.
The minister's cat is a Quirky cat.
The minister's cat is a Reverent cat.
At six o'clock on a Saturday.

The minister's cat is a Silky cat.
The minister's cat is a Tiresome cat.
The minister's cat is a Useless cat.
At seven o'clock on a Sunday.

Scrooge Useless, that's what you are, useless ...

*Scrooge joins in as the song builds to a climax, singing just the adjective for each letter
He is the centre-piece of the song's finish*

The minister's cat is a Vicious cat.
The minister's cat is a Worldly cat.
The minister's cat is an X-traordinary cat.
A Yellow-eyed cat.
A Zippy Zany Zanzibar cat.

Mary And what do you make of all that?

All We'll tell you what we make of that!
The minister truly, truly has
An absolutely most remarkable cat!

The company bursts into a roar of self-congratulatory applause and delight at their achievement. Scrooge joins in.

December the Twenty-Fifth (No. 17a) continues (underscore)

Scrooge Wonderful! Absolutely marvellous! My word, that was lots of fun. We used to sing that at old Fezziwig's parties ... *(To Harry)* I can't believe how stupid you are!

Topper Harry, lovely evening. It's late. We must go. Christmas in the morning.

Scrooge No, no, no! Don't go! Must you really? Oh, dear ...

The Guests take their leave. Scrooge lines up with the hosts, chatting amiably as he bids the Guests farewell during the following

Helen reappears with the by-now sleepy Children, a large basket of presents draped over her arm. She hands a gift-wrapped little package to each Guest as they leave

Harry, unaware of Scrooge, continues to chat to his Guests during Scrooge's speech. The furniture is cleared away.

Going already? What a pity! But it was a wonderful evening! And I loved that Minister's Cat thing- I thought I was rather good at it! Good-night... Good-night ... Thank you for coming ... I can honestly say I haven't enjoyed a Christmas as much as this since I was a young apprentice at old Fezziwig's-oh, so many years ago, ... What Christmasses we used to have in those days! Fantastic, they were ... He had this daughter ...

Nephew ... Good-night, Mary.

Mary Good-night.

Nephew Merry Christmas, Topper-I'll try to get Uncle Ebenezer here for you next year!

Topper Don't bother!

Scrooge (*as Topper passes*) I really don't like you at all!

Nephew (*waving*) Merry Christmas, everybody.

Guests Merry Christmas!

The Guests leave

Happiness (Reprise) (No. 18) starts (underscore)

Christmas Present gently leads Scrooge away from the party. The Guests fade from view the sound of their laughter drifting off into the darkness.

Harry and Helen waltz off together to the music of "Happiness"

The Lights cross fade to:

SCENE 4

Scrooge's bedroom

Scrooge continues talking, moved by his memories. He does not realize where he is. His thoughts are far away from this time and place. His eyes fill with tears as he speaks

For a few moments, we see Isabel and Ebenezer together, young again, like Scrooge's voice, as he remembers this happy time gone by.

The music of "Happiness" continues to play gently under. Scrooge looks around him vaguely, as the bedroom returns around him.

Scrooge (*singing*) Happiness was standing beside me ...
I could see her ...

She could see me ...
Happiness can be something you're too blind to see
...
(*Speaking*) Oh, Isabel...!

Music 18a: Happiness (Underscore)

Ebenezer and Isabel fade from view. Scrooge's voice trails away as he sees Christmas Present beside him, hunk in the bedroom

Christmas Present Scrooge, my time upon this little planet is very brief. I must leave you now.

Scrooge But we still have so much to talk about! Haven't we?

Christmas Present There is never enough time to say or do all the things we would wish. The thing is to try to do as much as you can with the time that you have.

A Better Life (No. 19) continues (underscore)

Scrooge Oh, just one more drink. ...

As Christmas Present speaks, his voice and his/arm vanish simultaneously

Christmas Present (*walking away*) Remember, Scrooge, time is short, and suddenly you're not there anymore ...

Scrooge shivers, and looks about him in the gloom

Scrooge No, wait! Don't go ... Don't leave me ... Where are you? Why is it so dark? I can't see ... I can't see ...

(*Singing*)
Do my eyes deceive me?
Can my reason lie?
Am I living here and now?
Or in some life-gone-by?
Is this world I'm seeing
The world I saw before?
Could there be another life?
That might have taught me more?
Am I merely dreaming?
Or am I awake?
Is my mind just playing games? Or showing me
A pathway I should take?
Do I just ignore it?
Do I break the spell?
Or do I take another look?
Open up a brand-new look?
Try to find a better life?
A bigger, brighter, better life?

And could I somehow learn
To live it well?
Only time ... only time ... will tell!
Can I find a better life-
And learn to live it well?

The church clock starts to chime three o'clock in the distance. Macabre and ghostly sounds fill the night. Scrooge buries his face in his hands, a man totally in the grip of terror

(Speaking) Three o'clock ... "The third at three". *(He looks up. startled)*

Looming over him is a shapeless black Phantom-a fearsome sight

Scrooge gulps and closes his eyes. The Phantom is immobile

Am I in the presence of The Ghost of Christmas Yet-to-Come? And are you to show me shadows of the things that will happen in the time before us?

The Phantom nods. Scrooge closes his eyes, summoning up his final reserves of inner strength.

Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any apparition I have ever seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company. Will you speak to me?

Still the Phantom gives no reply, but lifts one of its shrouded arms and points towards the window out into the night. Scrooge nods timidly and scrambles after him, nightcap askew.

The Lights cross-fade to:

Scene 5

The street outside Scrooge's office

Scrooge stands beside the Phantom, slightly removed from a crowd of people gathered outside his office. Tom Jenkins polishes the gleaming brass "Scrooge & Marley" nameplate with his shirt-sleeve

Tom Jenkins There it is, friends, shinin' as bright as the 'appy thoughts the mere mention of the name Scrooge brings to our minds! *(Addressing the Crowd)* Ladies and gentlemen. We are gathered 'ere today because we are united by a common bond –

The Crowd raises a cheer

namely our feelings of gratitude to Mr Ebenezer Scrooge.

The Crowd roars its raucous agreement

I don't think any one of us could ever' ope to find the words to describe the true depth of our feelings towards 'im!

Scrooge (to the Phantom) Is this the future'?

The Phantom nods. It is clear that Scrooge, already in a highly emotional condition, is deeply touched. He starts to move among the crowd.

Tom Jenkins (quietening the mob) All right, now, my friends, settle down, if you please.

Scrooge That's Tom Jenkins ... the hot soup man. Owes me six pounds. I must say he looks uncommonly happy for a man so deep in debt.

Tom Jenkins I completely understand' ow emotional you all feel about this most important celebration ...

Another rousing cheer from the Crowd. Scrooge observes in the Crowd the smiling faces of the Punch and Judy Man, and the Dithers, who run the knitwear stall, and others

Scrooge All these people owe me money. They love me, and I never knew.

Tom Jenkins But may I ask you to kindly 'old yer emotions in check. We're all deeply moved, and those of us what have been in debt to Mr S over the years will never forget the rare and beautiful thing 'E's just done for all of us, right?

Crowd Right!

The Crowd cheers. Scrooge is delighted at the Crowd's reaction. and questions them forgetting they can neither see nor hear him

Scrooge What did I do? What did I do? Whatever it was, it has made them truly happy. And I am the cause!

Tom Jenkins puts up his hands for silence as he enters the office

Scrooge steps up on to the mounting block in front of his office to address the Crowd

No. 20: Thank You Very Much

Scrooge Ladies and gentlemen ... I thank you from the bottom of my heart! I shall remember this moment until my dying day!

(Singing) May I say to all my friends
Who have assembled here,
That I'd merely like to mention, if I may,

My sincere and humble attitude
Is one of lasting gratitude
For what your words
Have done for me today!
And therefore, I would simply like to say

Tom Jenkins comes out of the office and produces Scrooges black note-book from which he proceeds to tear the pages, tossing them into the air

Thank you very much!
Thank you very much!
That's the nicest thing
That anyone's ever done for me!
I may sound double-dutch,
But my delight is such
I feel as if a losing war's
Been won for me!
And if I had a flag
I'd hang me flag out-
To add a sort of final victory touch!
But since I left me flag at home
I'll simply have to say
Thank you very, very, very much!

At a gesture from Tom Jenkins, four Men emerge from Scrooge's office carrying a coffin which they dump heavily and unceremoniously next to the unseen Scrooge

All

Thank you very much!
Thank you very much!
That's the nicest thing
That anyone's ever done for me!

It sounds a bit bizarre,
But things the way they are
I feel as if another life's
Begun for me!

And if I had a cannon
I would fire it-
To add a sort of celebration touch!
But since I left me cannon at home
I'll simply have to say
Thank you very, very, very much!
Thank you very, very, very much!

From the upper window of Scrooges lodgings, the Dilbers happily throw Scrooges possessions down into the street for everyone to help themselves

Mrs Dilber

Oi!

Scrooge & company

Thank you very much!
 Thank you very much!
 That's the nicest thing
 That anyone's ever done for me!
 It isn't every day
 Good fortune comes me way!
 I never thought the future would be fun for me.

A Woman shouts down from an upper window

Woman (speaking)

Will you be quiet?! My baby's tryin' ter sleep!

Scrooge (speaking)

I'm terribly sorry, Madam ...

Company

For 'e's a jolly good fellow!
 For 'e's a jolly good fellow!

Scrooge

For I'm a jolly good fellow!

Company

And so say all of us!

Scrooge	Tom Jenkins & Company
Thank you very much!	Thank you very much!
Thank you very much!	Thank you very much!
That's the nicest thing	Thank you very, very much!
That anyone's ever done for me	Thank you very much!
The future looks all right	Thank you very much!
In fact it looks so bright	Thank you very much!
I feel as if they're	Thank you very much!
Polishing the sun for me!	Vey, very much!

Scrooge & Company

And if I 'ad a drum
 I'd 'ave to bang it!

Company

To add a sort of rumpty-tumpty touch!
 But since I left me drummer at 'ome -
 I'll simply 'ave ter say
 Thank you very, very, very much
 Thank you very, very, very:
 He's a jolly good fellow:
 Thank you very much!

Willing hands heave Scrooge 's coffin merrily up onto to a handcart. The Crowd moves off pulling the handcart, cheering, with Tom Jenkins dancing round it

Scrooge, in a very good mood, hums Thank You Very Much to himself

Scrooge

Spirit, I shall not forget this lesson, trust me. May I go home now?

The Phantom shakes his head and then points upstage. Scrooge turns

The Lights cross-fade to:

SCENE 6

The Cratchits' house

No. 21: The Beautiful Day (Reprise) starts underscore

Scrooge Bob Cratchit's house. Why have we come here again?

Mrs Cratchit and the Children are seated around the kitchen table. The parlour is half-heartedly prepared for Christmas, and the sadness in the faces of the Cratchits is in depressing contrast to Scrooge's previous visit.

Mrs Cratchit and her daughters are sewing. while Peter is reading a book. Mrs Cratchit lays her work on the table, and puts her hand up to her face

Kathy Mother?

Mrs Cratchit The colour hurts my eyes, and I mustn't show weak eyes to your father when he gets home, It must be near his time.

Kathy Past it. But I think he has walked a little slower these past few evenings.

They are all very quiet again. At last Mrs Cratchit speaks in a steady, cheerful voice, that only falters once

Mrs Cratchit I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed.

Kathy So have I. Often.

Mrs Cratchit But he was light to carry, and his father loved him. So it was no trouble ... no trouble.

Scrooge looks at the empty chair which Tiny Tim previously occupied

Scrooge There is Tiny Tim's chair. But there is no Tiny Tim. (He stares coldly at the Phantom) Where is he?

The Phantom leads Scrooge off

The Lights cross-fade to:

Scene 7

The churchyard

The Phantom leads Scrooge to a simple graveyard, a bleak aspect of cold grey and black stone against a sombre slate sky.

Bob Cratchit is kneeling in front of a simple white wooden cross. The only splash of colour in the graveyard is the bunch of violets in his hands. He is infinitely sad, but he keeps a

brave face in front of Tiny Tim. He places the bunch of violets at the foot of the white cross, which is simply inscribed "Timothy Cratchit, 1837-1844-Aged 7 years"

We faintly hear a voice-over of Tiny Tim singing the song he sang for his family the previous Christmas.

No. 21: The Beautiful Day (Reprise)

Tiny Tim (voice-over) On a beautiful day

Bob Cratchit (speaking) I must go now, my little fellow. I promised your mother I'd help her with the Christmas dinner, but I'll come and see you again tomorrow ... same time, all right?

(Singing) On this beautiful winter's morning.
If my wish could come true
Somehow
Then the beautiful day
That I dream about
Would be here
And ...

(Speaking) Oh, Tim!

His voice breaks, and for a moment he bows his head, too heartbroken to move. Then he pulls himself together attempts his usual cheery smile and clambers to his feet. With a last sad look at the pathetic little grave, Bob Cratchit hurries away.

Scrooge (watching him go) Poor Tiny Tim! Spirit, you have shown me a Christmas yet to come that mingles great happiness with great sadness. Answer me one question. Are these the shadows of things that will be, or are they shadows of things that may be, only?

For answer, the Phantom points up to a large, grey flat slab or stone near Tiny Tim's grave, previously obscured in the gloom. Now clearly visible on it are the words EBENEZER SCROOGE. Scrooge utters a strangled oy. His face fill with terror as he hears a familiar voice calling him

Scrooge Ahhhhhh!

He turns back in horror to the Phantom, who points from Scrooge to the grave and then advances slowly towards him. Scrooge backs away, mesmerized with fear, his voice a hoarse whisper

Spirit! If you are indeed here to show me the errors of my past ways, tell me, so that I may, by my good deeds, sponge away the writing on this dreaded stone!

Marley appears to greet him, his hand extended. a thin welcoming smile on his gaunt face, his fearful chain clanking behind him

Marley Ebenezer Scrooge! We've been expecting you! You're early! Not that it matters in eternity. They apologize that your chain wasn't ready for your arrival, but it's so big they had to take on extra little devils at the foundry to finish it!

Four shambling figures approach them, bent double and groaning beneath the mighty weight of Scrooge's gigantic chain.

Ah, here it is now! It's even bigger than I thought it would be! My word, makes mine look like a watch chain!

Scrooge Oh, Sweet Spirit! Hear me, I pray you! I am not the man I was! I vow I will honour Christmas in my heart, and keep it every day of the year! I swear it! Only spare me, that I may live to prove it!

Marley Bah! Humbug! Merry Christmas, Ebenezer Scrooge!

Marley laughs as the Phantoms and the huge chain bear down on Scrooge

Scrooge Spirit, help me! (He clutches desperately at the black shrouded figure of the Ghost, pulling the winding-sheet from him)

The Ghost emits a spine-chilling banshee wail as he spins away from Scrooge, melts through the floor and vanishes

The Lights darken on the flailing figure of Scrooge. He continues to cry for help. His voice echoes and re-echoes away into the darkness as Hell disintegrates around him.

The Lights crossfade to:

SCENE 8

Scrooge's bedroom

His bed magically returns to him as the Lights come up. Scrooge, heavily entangled in sheets and blankets, is fighting to free himself

Scrooge Where am I? I'm in my own room I'm not dead! (He throws off the sheets.

No. 22: I'll Begin Again

Perhaps it didn't happen after all... perhaps it did ... But I'm alive! I've got a chance to change, and I will not be the man I was!

(Singing)

I'll begin again
I will build my life.
I will live to know
That I've fulfilled my life.

I'll begin today-
Throw away the past-
And the future I build
Will be something that will last.

I will take the time
I have left to live,
And I'll give it all
That I have left to give.

I will live my days
For my fellow men,
And I'll live in praise
Of that moment when
I was able to begin again!

I don't know what to do. I'm as light as a feather. I'm as happy as an angel. I'm as giddy as a drunken man. Oh, Jacob Marley, wherever you are, you shall see a change in me, I swear! A merry Christmas everybody! Merry Christmas!

He throws back the curtains and looks out at the world, a new man. Daylight floods into the room. He puts on his dressing-gown and bedroom slippers, and moves downstage. The bedroom dissolves behind him and he steps into the blinding light of a dazzling new day. He drinks in the glorious morning.

I'll begin again
I will change my fate!
I will show the world
That it is not too late!
I will never stop-
While I still have time-
Till I stand at the top
Of that mountain I must climb!

The Ghosts of Marley, Christmas Past and Present are seen through Scrooge's mirror, nodding approval

I will start anew,
I will make amends,
And I'll make quite certain
That the story ends
On a note of hope-
On a strong amen-
And I'll thank the world
And remember when

I was able to begin again!
I'll begin again!

Scrooge, still in his nightclothes, stands in the middle of the street, laughing and crying with joy, The church bells merrily chime nine o'clock.

The Lights cross-fade to:

SCENE 9

A London street-Cheapside

A small boy trudges through the snow along the street. He stops and stares in amazement at Scrooge in his nightclothes

Scrooge Boy,., Boy! What day is it?

Boy Today? Why, Christmas Day, o' course!

Scrooge *(letting out a bellow of triumph and clapping his hands)*
It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it!

Christmas Children (No, 22a) starts (underscore)

(He turns back to the boy) Do you know the butcher's shop in the next street but one?

Boy I should 'ope so!

Scrooge What an intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you happen to know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up in the window? Not the big one-the enormous one!

Boy You mean the one as big as me?

Scrooge What a delightful boy! So witty! It's a pleasure to talk to him! That's the one!

Boy It's still there.

Scrooge It is? Go and buy it.

Boy Wassat?

Scrooge Here's two sovereigns. Go and wake up the butcher and have him open up his shop. Meet me there in five minutes. Be holding that turkey, and I'll give you tuppence - sixpence - a shilling ... I'll give you half a crown! Go on, run - run -- run!

The Boy disappears like a shot Scrooge chuckles

Oh, what a lovely boy! I think I'm going to like children.
(He hurries next door to the toy shop and bangs on the door)

The toy shop owner, Mr Pringle, his face covered in shaving cream, emerges and stares at Scrooge in a state of shock. His wife follows, equally dumbfounded

Pringle Mr Scrooge?

Scrooge Good-morning, Pringle. A merry Christmas to you. I want some toys-lots of toys-for all my young friends on this joyous day.

Pringle T-t-toys?! You, Mr Scrooge?

Scrooge Yes. Well, don't stand there gaping, man-make a list.

Pringle A list. Yes. Of course, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge *(pointing at the carousel)* I want that and that and that. And two of those and the hobby horse and some flutes-some trumpets, oh, and that doll in the corner, and some bows and arrows!

Pringle *(dumbfounded)* Bows and arrows ...

Scrooge Oh yes, I must have a cricket bat, and these, and that horse and this piano ... I like that, oh, and this beautiful coach and several kites and these boats and some of these and I'll have that...

The traumatized Pringle scribbles at great speed, trying to keep up with Scrooge: dizzying selections. His small Boy Assistant is wide-eyed with wonder at the miracle he is witnessing. Mrs Pringle watches in amazement

Pringle Y-yes, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge And how much is all that?

Pringle I-I-I... how much? Er ...

Scrooge Never mind. Here are some sovereigns. You can keep the change.

Mr Pringle clutches the door and Mrs Pringle for support

Pringle I... er ... Th-thank you, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge And I shall require the services of several small boys-to help carry it all! Each boy will receive half a crown!

Mrs Pringle Half a-yes, Mr Scrooge!

A radiant Scrooge emerges from the toy shop to be met by Bissett, the Butcher, and the Boy, who is almost totally obscured by the gigantic turkey he is carrying.

Scrooge That's what I call a turkey! It's twice the size of Tiny Tim!
Come along, dear boy-thank you. Merry Christmas!

Bissett But Mr Scrooge-what's happened?

Scrooge What's happened? It's perfectly simple, Bissett. I've
discovered that ... I ... like ... life!

An ever-strengthening musical undercurrent-No. 23a. the prelude to the extended musical finale that is to come-begins to build from this point. The dumbfounded Bissett, still half asleep, turns to Mr Pringle in wonderment

Bissett That was old Scrooge, wasn't it?

They follow Scrooge in disbelief at what they are witnessing. Scrooge begins an eccentric, Pied-Piper-like procession through the streets of Cheapside

No. 23: Finale Act II

As Scrooge sings, Mr Pringle and his Assistants bring out a succession of gift-wrapped packages, while the Boy organizes the open-mouthed Urchins to provide handcarts to transport the mountain of purchases. Passers-by stop to stare in amazement at the scene.

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

Scrooge shops as he sings. He chooses several cases of wine from the astonished Wine Merchant

I like pouring the wine-(he does so)
And why not? (He tastes and approves it)
Life's a pleasure
That I deny not!

He hands bottles of wine at random to various Onlookers. The spirit of Christmas builds around him as the song progresses

Two portly Gentlemen, Jollygoode and Harty, approach

Scrooge Ah, Mr Harty! And Mr Jollygoode! Good-day, gentlemen.
Merry Christmas!

Jollygoode/Harty (caught off guard) Er ... Merry Christmas, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge Come to my office on Monday morning and I will give you one hundred guineas for your most worthy cause! And the same every Christmas!

The Crowd cheers as the two Gentlemen look appropriately staggered

Jollygoode B-b-but, Mr Scrooge ... Why?

Scrooge For a jolly good reason, Mr Jollygoode! (*He points to the Crowd*)

They will tell you why. Excuse me!

Scrooge giggles and dances away into a Christmas gift store as the happy Crowd sings to Harty and Jollygoode

Butcher, Pringle 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!

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

Jollygoode Why?
Because I like life!

A roar goes up as Scrooge emerges from the clothing shop, resplendent in a Santa Claus outfit. He hands his sack to the Urchins

Jollygoode/Harty (*in total shock*) I don't believe it!

Scrooge Farver Chris'mas!

Urchins, Scrooge & Ladies

Farver Chris'mas!
Puts a great big sack
On 'is dear old back
'Cos 'e loves us all
An 'e shows it!

They push Scrooge on to a sled and pull him around the stage

Company An 'e goes
For a sleigh-ride
If it snows
Then 'e may ride all night!
But that's all right!

In the mornin'

Christmas mornin' -
If yer lift yer eyes,
There's a big surprise!
On yer bed you'll see
There's a gift from Farver Chris'mas
From Farver Chris'mas -
That's 'ow Chris'mas oughta be!

SCENE 10

The Cratchits' house

The procession swirls around Scrooge

Scrooge (unseen) Ho ho ho!

The procession suddenly parts to reveal the assembled Cratchit family. The Cratchit Children are a-tremble with excitement at the sight of Santa Claus. Cratchit's jaw drops open when he sees Scrooge and his followers. But there is no glimmer of recognition of his employer.

Scrooge Robert Cratchit, Esquire'?

Bob Cratchit nods dumbly

A merry Christmas to you, sir, from Santa Claus himself!

Bob Cratchit Forgive me, sir, but I think you've got the wrong people.

Scrooge Nonsense! I haven't gone to the wrong people in eighteen hundred and forty-three years! *(He grabs the huge turkey from the Boy and turns to Mrs Cratchit. briskly)* Don't worry about that scrawny little goose of yours, Mrs Cratchit! You can use it as stuffing for this! *(He dumps the giant turkey in her arms, nearly knocking her off her feet).*

Mrs Cratchit (amazed) Thank you, sir! But how did you know about...?

Scrooge *(ignoring her)* Now, where are the other presents-the ones for the children?

Several Children in his retinue promptly step forward and Scrooge showers several gifts on four of the Cratchit children. chattering away all the time

This is for you, my dear ... and this one is for you. *(To Kathy)* And this pretty doll is for you.

Kathy It's the dolly in the comer!

Scrooge And those are for you, my boy.

Peter Thank you, sir.

Scrooge And these, Bob Cratchit, are for yourself and your good lady wife.

He presents the catatonic Cratchits with two leather purses, each jingling with gold sovereigns. The whole family is struck dumb by the onslaught. Scrooge chuckles and rubs his hands gleefully

Well, I must leave you now. As you may imagine, this is an extremely busy day for me, and I have many other calls to make! *(He turns to go)*

Tiny Tim, the only one of the family who hasn't received a present, is too disappointed to utter. Then Scrooge turns back. He kneels down in front of the gift less Tiny Tim and looks at him tenderly

Oh, I almost forgot. This is for you!

At the snap of the fingers from Scrooge, two Children place the last and the largest of the packages on the floor in front of Tiny Tim. Scrooge lifts off the wrapping that covers it, revealing the carousel that was the centrepiece of the toyshop window It is a hundred gifts in one, comprising animals and toys and sweets of every kind. Tiny Tim is awestruck but practical

Tiny Tim You didn't steal it, did you?

Scrooge *(chuckling)* A merry Christmas, Tiny Tim!

Tiny Tim puts his arms around Scrooge's neck and hugs him. Scrooge, deeply moved, kisses the child on the cheek then bounces back to his feet, smiling from ear to ear

You still don't recognize me, do you, Bob Cratchit?

Bob Cratchit (nodding and shaking his head in total confusion) Yes, no - I mean - you're Father Christmas!

Scrooge throws back his head and roars with laughter, utterly delighted. With a flourish he pulls his beard and whiskers off Mrs Cratchit and her three daughters scream in unison

Mrs Cratchit It's Mr Scrooge! He's gone mad!

Bob Cratchit It's all right, dear-there's nothing to be afraid of!

Scrooge No, I haven't gone mad! And on Monday, when your salary will be doubled -

Bob Cratchit He has gone mad!

Scrooge we'll sit together and discuss what I can do to help your family. To start with, we'll find the right doctors to get young Tiny Tim well. And we will make him well, you believe me, don't you, Bob?

Bob Cratchit *(nodding feebly)* Yes ... I believe you ... I believe anything.
Scrooge And may this be the merriest Christmas of all our lives!

And he is gone, covered in Children

Tiny Tim is the first to recover

Tiny Tim God bless us, every one!

Bob Cratchit opens wide his arms to embrace his wife, and with cries of infinite delight the Cratchit family joins the ever-growing, swirling Crowd and accompany Father Christmas on his merry Christmas way Bell-ringers join in the mounting Chorus

SCENE 11

A London street—Cheapside

Company In the m o m i n '
Christm a s m o r n i n g
If y e r l i f t y e r e y e s ,
T h e r e ' s a b i g s u r p r i s e !
O n y e r b e d y o u ' l l s e e
T h e r e ' s a g i f t f r o m F a r v e r C h r i s ' m a s
F r o m F a r v e r C h r i s ' m a s
T h a t s ' o w C h r i s ' m a s o u g h t a b e !

Scrooge and his entourage approach Tom Jenkins

Scrooge Tom Jenkins, about the six pounds you owe me!

Tom Jenkins You agreed to a few more days, Mr Scrooge-I just need -

Scrooge You can keep it! It's my Christmas present to you!

Tom Jenkins' legs give way under him

Tom Jenkins Oh! God bless you this Christmas Day, Mr Scrooge!

The music joins in as he starts to sing

Thank you very much!
That's the nicest thing
That anyone's ever done for me!

Scrooge It sounds a bit bizarre,
But things the way they are,
I feel as if another life's
Begun for me!

And that goes for anybody else who owes me money!
(He shows them all his little black book from which he tears out all the pages and throws them away) You can keep it... as of this day, all my debts are forgiven!

The Crowd goes mad with delight and gives a great cheer

Tom Jenkins An' if I 'ad a drum
 I'd 'ave to bang it
 To add a sort of rumpty-tumpty touch!

Scrooge But since I left me drummer at 'ome,
 I'll simply 'ave ter say

Company Thank you very, very, very much!

Scrooge ducks into the Punch and Judy tent as the music continues. Scrooge and the Punch and Judy man duet amicably, their two smiling faces filling the tiny Punch and Judy stage. The watching audience of Children cheer and applaud.

P & J Man Thank you very much!
 Thank you very much!

P & J Man, Scrooge That's the nicest thing
 That anyone's ever done for me!

The Dilbers It isn't every day
 Good fortune comes our way!

Scrooge I never thought
 The future would be fun for me!

Harry and his wife enter and stare at the singing, dancing, cavorting Scrooge in total disbelief

Nephew Uncle Ebenezer? Is that you?

Scrooge Merry Christmas to you, me dear boy, and to your
 enchanted bride! We were just on our way to your
 house ... with some presents. Here! these are from an old
 fool who deeply regrets all the Christmases gone by that
 he might have shared with you! *(To Helen)* And this is for
 you, my dear! A sort of belated wedding gift! *(He hands*
 the last and most elaborate package to Helen. He finds
 himself looking into a face hauntingly like Isabel's).

Helen Oh, Uncle Ebenezer, thank you! Christmas lunch is sharp
 at three. May we expect you?

Scrooge You may! I'll be there! My word, you are a pretty girl! You
 remind me of... someone I used to know! *(He wipes a*
 tear from his eye, kisses her again and smiles at his
 Nephew) Now, come with us, why don't you? We're
 giving people presents! It's a very ... nice thing to do.

(Singing) Happiness is a new friend
 One I truly recommend.

Nephew Happiness you will soon see

Helen and Nephew Makes us all a family

Scrooge (*nodding*) Now I see ...

Helen, Nephew and Scrooge

That Happiness

Is wherever love wants it to be.

The church choir, led by a Choirmaster, enters nearby, singing A Christmas Carol

Choir Sing a song of gladness and cheer
For the time of Christmas is here ...

The two groups overflow into one another and the two songs they are singing overlap in violent cacophony. Despite this, both keep going at full strength. so that the unlikely duet becomes almost a competition between Scrooge and his group and the Choirmaster and his Choirboys.

Scrooge & Parade	Choir
An' if I 'ad a cannon I would fire it To add a sort of Celebration touch	And enjoy the beauty All the joy and beauty That a merry Christmas Can bring To you! Goodness and joy
But since I left me Cannon at 'ome	
I'll simply 'ave to say- Thank you Very, very Very Much!	Sing a Ch1istmas carol Christmas is Here!

The Choirboys are quick to see that Scrooge 's group are having much more fun than they are. They surge forward, practically trampling the Choirmaster underfoot in their eagerness to join Scrooges Christmas Parade. Suddenly the two groups become one, both imbued with the gaiety of the Christmas spirit that is personified in Scrooge who, skipping and dancing merrily at the head of the mob, is having more fun than he has ever had in his life before.

All Thank you very much!
Thank you very much!
That's the nicest thing
That anyone's ever done for me!
I may sound double-dutch,
But my delight is such
I feel as if
A losing war's been won for me!

An' if I 'ad a flag I'd 'ang me flag out
To add a sort of
Final victory touch!

But since I left me flag at 'ome

Since I left me flag at 'ome

I'll simply 'ave ter say
Thank you very much!
Thank you very much!
Thank you very much!

The Crowd throw their hats in the air Church bells ring

Scrooge Merry Christmas, everyone! Merry Christmas! I have to go now and get ready ... *(He starts to move off, then turns to face the audience)* I'm spending Christmas *(his voice falters for a second, but he completes the sentence proudly)* ... with my family.

No. 23a: I'll Begin Again (Reprise)

I will start anew
I will make amends
And I'll make quite certain
That the story ends
On a note of hope
On a strong amen
And I'll thank the world
And remember when
I was able to begin again!
I'll begin again!

CURTAIN

CURTAIN calls:

The Company is revealed up stage

No. 24: Curtain Calls

Company 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!

The Children and Ensemble bow

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!

Mr and Mrs Fezziwig; young Ebenezer and Isabel; Tom Jenkins; Marley, the Ghost of Christmas Past, and the Ghost of Christmas Present; Bob and Mrs Cratchit and Tiny Tim; and Scrooge enter and bow to:

I like life!
Life likes me!
I make life a perpetual spree!
Eating food! Drinking wine!
Thinking who'd like the privilege to dine me!
I like living The life of pleasure
Pausing only
To take my leisure!

I like songs! I like dance!
I hear music and I'm in a trance.
Tra-la-la! Oom-pa-pah!
Chances are
I shall get up and prance.
Where there's music and laughter,
Happiness is rife!

Scrooge W h y?

Company Because I like life!

The Company bow

They present the orchestra

The Company bow

Scrooge, Ghosts of Christmas Past and Present, and Marley step forward

Scrooge steps forward

The Company all join hands and sing:

No. 24a: Thank You Very Much (Reprise)

Company Thank you very, very, very much!
Thank you very, very, very much!

The Company exit to the wings

Scrooge, The Ghost of Christmas Present and Marley link arms and exit upstage, dancing

No. 25: Payout

THE END