A Christmas Carol

by

Christopher Schario

Based on the story by Charles Dickens

A Christmas Carol
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Revised, 2003
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
To Bernard and Kathleen Schario.
The Spirits of all my Christmases,
Past, Present and To Come.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL by Christopher Schario, was first performed at The Public Theatre in Lewiston, Maine, on December 3, 1994. It was directed by Christopher Schario; scenery and lighting were designed by David Mortimer; the costumes were designed by Frederica Jepson; the production stage manager was Lisa Bragdon*. The cast was as follows:

ACTOR #1.................................................................JONATHAN BRADSHAW
Schoolboy, Dick Wilkins, Tiny Tim, Turkey Boy

ACTOR #2.................................................................MICHAEL O’BRIEN*
Bob Cratchit, Marley’s Ghost, Fezziwig, Old Joe

ACTOR #3.................................................................ALAN GALLANT
Fred, Christmas Present, Peter Cratchit

ACTOR #4.................................................................JANET MITCHKO*
Gentlewoman #1, Fan, Mrs. Fezziwig, Belle, Martha, Laundress

ACTOR #5.................................................................ANNE-MARIE CUSSON*
Gentlewoman #2, Christmas Past, Mrs. Cratchit, Charwoman

SCROOGE...............................................................MICHAEL BRADSHAW*

FIDDLER.................................................................GREG BOARDMAN

*Members of Actors’ Equity Association, the union of professional actors and stage managers in the United States.
INTRODUCTION

In the fall of 1993 I was looking for a version of A CHRISTMAS CAROL for my theatre company. Most adaptations of the story required such huge casts, lavish sets and special effects, that we couldn’t afford to produce them. I always felt that the charm of the story was in its simplicity, so I locked myself in our theatre with five actors and a fiddler, and we invented this version. We wanted to find a way to honor the story while avoiding the usual clichés and, finally, we decided to let the story speak for itself. Almost every word of this adaptation is Charles Dickens’ own beautiful language, which simply and directly tells the story of the redemption of a human soul.

The breakdown of characters in this script is for a company of six actors, a musician and someone to operate the live sound effects. The production should flow easily from scene to scene without stopping. Since all of the actors play many different roles, each should have a simple base costume to which accessories such as cloaks, hats, scarves, robes, etc. can be added quickly and effortlessly. All sound effects such as bells, gongs, wind and thunder, work best if executed in full view of the audience. Old-fashioned thunder sheets and wind machines work very well with the simplicity of this version. The scene changes are done by the actors. Scrooge’s office, the school, Cratchit's home, are all suggested by two small desks, two stools and a bench. A multi-level, unit set that offers many playing areas is suggested. Scrooge's bed chamber should be above the rest of the set and easy to isolate. The main playing area should be at floor level, surrounded by a series of levels so Scrooge and the Spirits can view the action of the scenes in the past, present and future as though from above. Sometimes they will enter these scenes, but they will always retreat to the higher levels during transitions.

The scenes are underscored and tied together by the Fiddler. The musical selections are ancient carols and traditional folk tunes chosen to create the proper atmosphere. We found that the narrations and transitions needed lots of underscoring but the scene work did not.

Narrations should be addressed directly to the audience. Standard American speech is best for the narrations. Appropriate upper, middle and lower class British dialects for the scene work are in order.

Actor #1 can be played by a boy or girl. The idea is that the child is reading the story for the first time. As she/he becomes caught up in the story, it becomes more and more real until the actor begins imagining her/himself playing certain roles. He/she will appear to be reading while other cast members perform the narration.

The most important element to remember is humor. There is a great deal of room for clever business and tongue in cheek attitude. Balancing the serious lessons of the story with the lighthearted elements is crucial for the success of the play. Your audience knows this story quite well so there is no need to pound the message home. In the end, we found that the warmth, charm and humor of our actors, sharing this exquisite tale on a dark winter’s evening, was all that our audience needed to find their own Spirit of Christmas.

Christopher Schario  
April, 2004
Preset: Light on FIDDLER’s stool UL; light on DR chair. On chair is a child’s backpack full of school stuff.

(In dim preset FIDDLER begins playing “O Come, O Come Emmanuel” off stage. He strolls on from SL while playing and sits on a stool USL. While he plays ACTOR #2 as CRATCHIT, ACTOR #3 as FRED, ACTOR #4 and #5 as the Gentlewomen, enter and meet at center in dim light. We should see them in their Victorian garb in silhouette. They pass a copy of a book amongst themselves, quietly talking though unheard by the audience. The actor playing SCROOGE enters and whoever has the book at this point hands it to him. During the final bars of “Emmanuel” the actor playing SCROOGE, creeps into shadows behind Chair DR and we see his arm slip into the light and drop the small book into the open backpack. As the Music fades out, the actors move into their places in the dark to begin. We should not see the faces of Actors #5 & #2 through the next few lines.)

ACTOR #5. (who also plays Mrs. CRATCHIT): Emily! (or whatever ACTOR #1’s name is) That’s it for TV tonight. (After a pause) Did you hear me?

ACTOR #1. OK...

ACTOR #2. (who plays BOB CRATCHIT): …Emily?

ACTOR #1. (Irritated) What?

ACTOR #2. Homework.

ACTOR #1. OK...(pause)

ACTOR #5. I mean it Em!

ACTOR #1. (Very irritated.) Alright!

(ACTOR #1 enters SR, flops down on Chair DR, rumbles around in the backpack, angrily dumping schoolbooks on floor. Suddenly ACTOR #1 discovers the book that SCROOGE put into backpack. Curious, he/she looks it over for a moment, opens it and begins to read. It’s especially important to remember during these first few pages that this is a ghost story. In a few minutes the tormented shade of SCROOGE’s dead partner will rise up out of Hell and pay him a visit. Set that up from the beginning.)

ACTOR #1. (To herself) Marley was dead, to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

(Lights come up on each actor as they add their piece of narration.)

ACTOR #2. (To audience) This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story we are about to relate.

ACTOR #1. (To himself) Scrooge knew he was dead.

ACTOR #3. (To audience) Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.
ACTOR #4.  **(To audience)** Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: SCROOGE & MARLEY. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge “Scrooge”, and sometimes “Marley”, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

**(Actor playing SCROOGE begins following narration as himself. As he moves through the speech he slowly transforms himself into SCROOGE by adding glasses, top hat, and cane, and by changing his voice and body language.)**

SCROOGE. Oh! But he was a tightfisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge. A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire. Secret and self contained, and solitary as an old oyster. The cold within him froze his own features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. He carried his own temperature always about with him; **(At this point the transformation is complete.)** he iced his office on the dog days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas!

**(SCROOGE raps his cane sharply on the floor, sending other actors scurrying. Through the following speech by ACTOR #1, ACTOR #4 and ACTOR #2 set up SCROOGE’s office which contains two small writing desks and two stools. ACTOR #3 prepares to enter as FRED. When office is set, ACTOR #4 joins ACTOR #5 offstage as Gentlewomen, ACTOR #2 takes his seat at BOB CRATCHIT’s desk, SCROOGE sits at his own desk. Through this ACTOR #1 continues to read from his book.)**

ACTOR #1. Nobody stopped him on the streets to say, "My dear Scrooge, how are you."

SCROOGE. No! (**As though replying to ACTOR #1 but moving into his office, handing coat, hat & cane to ACTOR #4.)**

ACTOR #1. No beggars asked him to bestow a trifle. No children asked him what it was o'clock.

SCROOGE. No!

ACTOR #1. No man or woman, ever once in all his life, inquired the way to thus and thus a place of Scrooge.

SCROOGE. No!

**(SCROOGE raps his cane again and glares at ACTOR #1 who jumps up from the chair and sees SCROOGE staring directly at him. There is an eerie beat as all of the Actors stare at ACTOR #1 and he stares back. As ACTOR #1 sits back down, ACTOR #5 moves quietly behind him, and in a soothing, motherly voice begins next speech. As she speaks, ACTOR #1 goes back to reading.)**

ACTOR #5. Once upon a time, of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. (**Sound effect of WIND** It was cold, bleak, biting weather; foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had just gone three, but it was a dark day already.

**(FRED enters office with an apple in his hand. Doorbells jingle. Every time someone enters or leaves SCROOGE’s office, they mime opening and closing the door and doorbells jingle.)**
FRED. A Merry Christmas Uncle Scrooge!

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

FRED. (Crossing to SCROOGE) Christmas a humbug Uncle? You don't mean that I am sure?

SCROOGE. I do. What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

FRED. Come then, what reason have you to be so dismal? You're rich enough!

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

FRED. Don't be cross Uncle.

SCROOGE. What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out on Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em presented dead against you? If I could work my will every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

FRED. Uncle!

SCROOGE. Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

FRED. Keep it! But you don't keep it.

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

FRED. There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited. Christmas among the rest. I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. When men and women seem to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of other people as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave. Therefore Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

(CRATCHIT, who has been eavesdropping on this conversation, applauds from the other side of the stage)

SCROOGE. (To CRATCHIT) Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! (As CRATCHIT buries his nose in his work SCROOGE returns to FRED) You're quite a powerful speaker, sir, I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

FRED. Don't be angry Uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow. (SCROOGE turns away with a snort) But why? Why?

SCROOGE. Why did you get married? (An old sticking point between them.)

FRED. Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE. (Mocking Fred) Because you fell in love! Good afternoon!

FRED. Nay Uncle, you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

SCROOGE. Good Afternoon.

FRED. I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?
SCROOGE.   Good afternoon.

FRED.   I am sorry, with all my heart to find you so resolute. But I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, (FRED leans over and plants a kiss on the top of SCROOGE’s head. SCROOGE cringes as if he’s been struck.) A Merry Christmas Uncle Scrooge! (FRED starts to exit.)

SCROOGE.   Good afternoon!

FRED.   (Turning back to SCROOGE) And a Happy New Year!

SCROOGE.   Good afternoon! (FRED stops to speak quietly with CRATCHIT and gives him the apple. SCROOGE mutters to himself) There's another fellow, my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, a wife and family, talking about Merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam.

(Doorbells jingle As FRED exits and ACTOR #4 and ACTOR #5 flutter in, dressed as Salvation Army ladies. They are unrelentingly chipper, earnest and can charm money out of a stone. They should never give up their Christmas cheer until SCROOGE throws them out.)

GENTLEWOMAN #1.   (ACTOR #4 with small pad of paper and pencil, checking off list.) Scrooge and Marley's I believe. (Crossing to Cratchit.) Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE.   Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night.

GENTLEWOMAN #2.   (As they scurry over to SCROOGE) We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner.

GENTLEWOMAN #1.   At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

SCROOGE.   Are there no prisons?

GENTLEWOMEN #1 & #2.   (In unison) Plenty of prisons.

SCROOGE.   And the union workhouses? Are they still in operation?

GENTLEWOMEN #1 & #2.   They are.

GENTLEWOMAN #1.   Still, I wish I could say...

GENTLEWOMEN #1 & #2.   ...they were not.

SCROOGE.   The Treadmill and the Poor Law?

GENTLEWOMEN #1 & #2.   Both very busy sir.

SCROOGE.   I'm glad to hear it.

GENTLEWOMAN #2.   (Lecturing him, but nicely.) They scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude. A few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices.

GENTLEWOMAN #1.   What shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE.   Nothing!

GENTLEWOMAN #1.   (Still hoping.) You wish to be anonymous?
SCROOGE. I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, ladies, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.

GENTLEWOMAN #2. But many can't go there; and many would rather die.

SCROOGE. If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. (GENTLEWOMEN gasp together.) Besides it is not my business. It is enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon! (SCROOGE gestures them to door. CRATCHIT scurries over to open it for them and gives them the apple he received from FRED. They accept his gift and exit as doorbells jingle.)

ACTOR #3. (To audience) The fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring lamps offering their services to go before horses and carriages, and conduct them on their way. (Wind.) The cold became intense. Foggier yet, and colder!

(ACTORS #3, #4 & #5 begin to sing “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen” very quietly in the background. The FIDDLER can also join in. ACTOR #1, caught up in the story, joins in the song quietly to himself as he reads. BOB CRATCHIT, hearing caroling outside looks up from his work and begins to hum along. Scrooge, scowling at CRATCHIT, runs to his door and flinging it open looks DSR at ACTOR #1 and snarls…)

SCROOGE. What are you doing there! Go away!

ACTOR #1. (Startled, looks up at SCROOGE. As SCROOGE closes office door ACTOR #1 turns back to the book.) Wow.

CRATCHIT. (Still humming “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen” as SCROOGE crosses back to his own desk.)

SCROOGE. Christmas carols. Bah! (CRATCHIT stops humming.)

ACTOR #3. At length, the hour of shutting up the counting house had arrived.

(Thru the following ACTOR #4 hands SCROOGE his coat, hat and cane as he prepares to go home. CRATCHIT puts desks and stools away.)

SCROOGE. You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

CRATCHIT. If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE. It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound?

CRATCHIT. Yes, sir.

SCROOGE. And yet, you don't think me ill used when I pay a day’s wages for no work.

CRATCHIT. It is only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE. A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have…. (exasperated) the whole day? (CRATCHIT nods yes) Be here all the earlier next morning.

CRATCHIT. (As SCROOGE exits) Yes sir. I promise!

(Fiddler reprises "God Rest Ye...".)
ACTOR #4. (To audience) Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the melancholy newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. (SCROOGE approaches his house) The yard was so dark that even SCROOGE who knew it's every stone, had to grope with his hand.

ACTOR #3. (To audience) Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on his door, except that it was very large.

(SCROOGE pauses before his door which is portrayed by ACTOR #2 holding a hand before his face. SCROOGE searches for his key.)

ACTOR #3. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that SCROOGE, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, not a knocker but...

(As ACTOR #2 drops his hands, Fiddle screams, thunder sheet rumbles, SCROOGE staggers back and gasps.)

ACTOR #1. (Looking up from his book.) Marley’s face!

ACTOR #5. As SCROOGE looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

(Actor #2 puts hand back in front of face)

SCROOGE. Pooh! Pooh!

(SCROOGE pushes ACTOR #2 aside and starts up toward his bed chamber. ACTOR #2 crosses back to others. Fiddler improvises spooky music throughout following until MARLEY’s first speech.)

ACTOR #4. He fastened the door and walked across the hall, and up the stairs. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

(SCROOGE mimes opening various doors as he searches through rooms)

SCROOGE. Sitting room...bedroom...lumber room...

(As he mimes opening the lumber room doors, Actors #2, 3, 4 & 5, who are sitting on the steps leading up to SCROOGE’s bedroom, smile and wave at him. SCROOGE closes doors, does double take and crosses back to his bed.)

ACTOR #4. All as they should be.

SCROOGE. (Looking in and under bed) Nobody under the bed; (mimes opening closet door) nobody in the closet... (hits dressing gown hanging on bedpost with his cane.)

ACTOR #3. Nobody in his dressing gown. (Actors #2, 3, 4 & 5 giggle quietly like school naughty kids)

ACTOR #5. Quite satisfied, he locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

(Actors #2, 3, 4 & 5 are huddled together. Along with the FIDDLER they make quiet, eerie sounds. SCROOGE gets up, looks around his room.)

SCROOGE. Humbug! (He sits again. Spooky music & noises fade out.)

ACTOR #2. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell. (Each cast member has a small bell which they begin to tinkle quietly and build to huge
racket, accompanied by thunder, wind and a screeching fiddle, by the end of speech.) As he looked he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house. (At the height of the din, ACTOR #2 gives a signal and it stops abruptly.)

ACTOR #1. Scrooge remembered then that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

(AGENT #4 & AGENT #5 rattle chains on floor.)

SCROOGE. (Yelling down to ACTOR #1) Its still Humbug! I won't believe it.

(Thru next speech ACTOR #2 as MARLEY’s GHOST crosses from UR to DR across C then up to SCROOGE’s bed chamber UL. With each step and movement of MARLEY’s GHOST, chains are rattled by Actors #4 & #5. One set of chains hits the floor with each step; one set of chains rattles when MARLEY moves any part of his body.)

ACTOR #3. It came through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. The same face! The very same . . .

SCROOGE. Marley!

ACTOR #1. (ACTOR #1 takes his book and runs after MARLEY’s GHOST. He stops at C turns to audience) This is so cool! (He crosses DL to a pool of light, sits on step and continues to read, occasionally looking up at the action in SCROOGE’s bedchamber.)

ACTOR #3. The chain he drew was clasped around his middle. It was long and made of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds and heavy purses wrought in steel.

SCROOGE. How now! What do you want with me?

MARLEY. Much.

SCROOGE. Who are you?

MARLEY. Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE. Who were you then?

MARLEY. In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley. You don't believe in me.

SCROOGE. I don't.

MARLEY. What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your own senses?

SCROOGE. I don't know.

MARLEY. Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE. Because, a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than grave about you, whatever you are.

(MARLEY lurches threateningly towards SCROOGE, shrieking and wailing. It's so much fun the rest of the cast joins in. The fiddle screams! Wind! Thunder! Clanking chains! SCROOGE falls to floor at the Ghost’s feet.)

ACTOR #1. (Buried in his book) Awesome!

SCROOGE. Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?
MARLEY. Man of the worldly mind. Do you believe in me or not?
SCROOGE. I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth? And why do they come to me?
MARLEY. It is required of every man, that the spirit in him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.
SCROOGE. You are fettered. Tell me why.
MARLEY. I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link and yard by yard. Is its pattern strange to you? Or would you know the weight and length of the long coil you bear yourself? It is a ponderous chain!
SCROOGE. Jacob! Old Jacob Marley, speak comfort to me, Jacob!
MARLEY. I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. In life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole.
SCROOGE. But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.
(On the word “business” thunder rolls ominously in the background.)
MARLEY. Business! (A little more of that ominous thunder) Mankind was my business. Charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. At this time of the year, I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a stable? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me? Hear me! (A little thunder and lightning here might be nice...) My time is nearly gone.
SCROOGE. I will, but don't be hard upon me, Jacob!
MARLEY. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day. I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope arranged by me, Ebeneezer.
SCROOGE. You were always a good friend to me.
MARLEY. You will be haunted by three spirits. (...and some thunder and lightning here...just a little...)
SCROOGE. I...I think I'd rather not.
MARLEY. Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls One.
SCROOGE. Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob? (a small bit of thunder here for his impertinence)
MARLEY. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and for your own sake, remember what has passed between us!
(MARLEY's Ghost and rest of cast scream as Ghost exits; Fiddler plays discordant music; lots of lightning, thunder and wind.)
ACTOR #3. (Over the noise.) Scrooge became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret. (SCROOGE is hopelessly bewildered by MARLEY's disappearance. He twirls around swatting at imaginary ghosts like they're
infernal mosquitos.) The air was filled with phantoms. Every one of them wore chains like Marley’s Ghost. The misery with them always, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

(The noise subsides and music fades, SCROOGE, finding himself alone once more...)

SCROOGE. Humbug.

ACTOR #3. (To audience) And whether from the emotions he had undergone; or the lateness of the hour; or his glimpse of the Invisible World; or the dull conversation of the Ghost; Scrooge, being much in need of rest, went straight to bed without undressing and fell instantly asleep.

ACTOR #4. (The quarter hour is plucked out by the FIDDLER) Scrooge awoke. (The half hour is plucked by FIDDLER) It was so dark... (A quarter to the hour; FIDDLER again) ...he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his room. (A gong tolls One) The hour itself.

(FIDDLER plays 1st few bars of "Greensleeves" as ACTOR #5, as the GHOST of CHRISTMAS PAST, enters SCROOGE’s bedchamber.)

SCROOGE. Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?
CHRISTMAS PAST. I am!

SCROOGE. Who, and what are you?
CHRISTMAS PAST. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE. Long past?
CHRISTMAS PAST. Your past.

SCROOGE. What business brings you here?
CHRISTMAS PAST. Your welfare!

SCROOGE. I am much obliged, but I cannot help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would be more conductive to that end.

CHRISTMAS PAST. Your reclamation, then. Take heed! Rise, and walk with me!

(CHRISTMAS PAST mimes opening shutters. SCROOGE looks down and steps back.)

SCROOGE. But I am a mortal, and liable to fall.

CHRISTMAS PAST. Bear but a touch of my hand, and you shall be upheld in more than this!

(SCROOGE takes her hand. As they move on the Fiddler plays "Pleasant & Delightful", an English folk tune. Lights come up to daylight.)

ACTOR #2. (To audience) As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand.

(SCROOGE looks out into the audience to see this world unfold. ACTOR #1 rises and crosses to DSL and also looks out amazed at what he sees.)

ACTOR #2. The city had entirely vanished. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

SCROOGE. Good Heaven! I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!
ACTOR #4.  (To audience) He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares long, long forgotten.
CHRISTMAS PAST.  Your lip is trembling, and what is that upon your cheek?
SCROOGE.  Nothing. Lead me where you will.
CHRISTMAS PAST.  You recollect the way?
SCROOGE.  Remember it! I could walk it blindfold.
CHRISTMAS PAST.  Strange, to have forgotten it for so many years. Let us go on.
("Pleasant & Delightful" segues into "Drops of Brandy").

ACTOR #3.  (To audience) They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market town appeared in the distance, with its bridges, church and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them, with boys upon their backs, who called to one another.

(Actors #2 & #4 make sound effects of cantering horses and call to each other.)

SCROOGE.  (Running to DC, looking out into audience, yelling at imaginary boys.) Ho Robert! James!

(As music fades SCROOGE looks back to CHRISTMAS PAST, confused.)
CHRISTMAS PAST.  These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us.

(Lights change. ACTOR #1 rises and crosses to Center on the following speech, face buried in book, he reads as he walks.)

ACTOR #4.  Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them and hear them give each other Merry Christmas? What was Merry Christmas to Scrooge? What good had it ever done to him?

(CHRISTMAS PAST gestures towards the school, SCROOGE follows.)

ACTOR #1.  (running after SCROOGE.) Hey! Wait!

(Thru the following narration ACTORS #2 & #3 intercept ACTOR #1, set up schoolroom using desks from office. Actor #2 leads the confused ACTOR #1 to one of the desks, hands him a book and seats him. ACTOR #1 as a SCHOOLBOY, begins to thumb through the book. From here to the end he will often become part of the action and play other roles. CHRISTMAS PAST gestures towards the school, SCROOGE follows.)

ACTOR #4.  (To audience while Actors #2 & #3 set up school) They left the high road by a well remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick. They went, the Ghost and SCROOGE, to a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire.

(SCROOGE crosses to stand behind the SCHOOLBOY at the desk and peers over his shoulder. The SCHOOLBOY is reading the book given to him and is completely unaware of SCROOGE and CHRISTMAS PAST. Fiddler improvises four quick bars of Middle Eastern music.)
SCROOGE. Why it's Ali Baba! It's dear old honest Ali Baba! One Christmas time, when this solitary child was left here all alone, he did come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy.

(SCHOOLBOY opens up another book left on the desk. Fiddler plays 4 bars of "Sailors' Hornpipe")

SCROOGE. It’s Robinson Crusoe! And there's the Parrot! There he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again, after sailing round the island.

SCHOOLBOY. (Croaking like a parrot) Poor Robin Crusoe...

SCROOGE & SCHOOLBOY. ...where have you been, Robin Crusoe? (They laugh. ACTOR #1 Puts book down and lays his head on desk.)

SCROOGE. Poor boy. I wish; but it's too late now.

CHRISTMAS PAST. What is the matter?

SCROOGE. Nothing. Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all.

CHRISTMAS PAST. Let us see another Christmas!

(Thru next speech lights cross fade to other side of schoolroom. SCROOGE crosses and sits at desk. ACTOR #1 rises, returns to his chair DR and resumes reading.)

ACTOR #2. (To audience) The room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling. There he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

(Enter ACTOR #4 as SCROOGE's sister, FAN)

FAN. Dear, dear brother. I have come to bring you home, dear brother! To bring you home, home, home!

SCROOGE. Home?

FAN. Yes! Home, for good and all. Home for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gentle to me one night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said “Yes, you should!” (FAN grabs SCROOGE in a huge bear hug and dances him around the stage.) And he sent me in a coach to bring you. And you are never to come back here; we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world!

(FAN races offs. SCROOGE follows a few steps, then watches her go as the memory fades.)

SCROOGE. Ah, she was quite a woman.

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

SCROOGE. So she had.

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

SCROOGE. One child

CHRISTMAS PAST. True. Your nephew.

SCROOGE. Yes.
(SCROOGE crosses back up to CHRISTMAS PAST. Fiddler begins "Lamplighters' Hornpipe" which will underscore all of FEZZIWIG scene until dance.)

ACTOR #3. They were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city. Here, too, it was Christmas-time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

CHRISTMAS PAST. Do you know this warehouse in London town?

SCROOGE. Know it! I was apprenticed here!

(Enter ACTOR #2 as FEZZIWIG.)

SCROOGE. Why it's Old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!

FEZZIWIG. Yo ho, there! Ebeneezer! Dick! (Calling to ACTOR #1 and SCROOGE) Yo ho, my boys! (ACTOR #1 enters scene and becomes Dick Wilkins.) No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebeneezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson!

(SCROOGE enters scene. He and Dick mime putting up shutters DC through the following.)

ACTOR #3. (To audience) You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters, one, two, three; had 'em up in their places, four, five, six; barred 'em and pinned 'em, seven, eight, nine; and came back before you could count to twelve, panting like race horses.

FEZZIWIG. Hilli-Ho! Clear away my lad, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebeneezer!

(SCROOGE and Dick clear away school desks and stools.)

ACTOR #3. It was done in a minute.

FEZZIWIG. (To audience) Every movable thing was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore. There were Christmas greens and Chinese lanterns, candles and a Yule log.

FIDDLER. (Entering the scene) In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. (ACTOR #4, to audience) In came Mrs. Fezziwig and the three Miss Fezziwig’s, beaming and lovable. Then came the six young men whose hearts they broke.

ACTOR #3. (To audience) In came all the young men and women employed in the business. The housemaid, the baker, the cook, and the milkman.

FEZZIWIG. There were dances and there were games…

MRS. FEZZIWIG. …and more dances!

ACTOR #3. (To audience) And there was cake, and a great piece of cold roast, and mince pies, and plenty of beer! (All cheer) But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and cakes, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverly".

(SCROOGE and the Spirit watch, clapping along, as FIDDLER plays "Sir Roger de Coverly" and the others dance. As the dance finishes the music ends and a gong strikes eleven.)

ACTOR #3. (To audience while gong strikes.) When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their station, one on either side of the door, shaking hands with every person and wishing them a Merry Christmas.
Actors #1 & #3 pass between Mr. and MRS. FEZZIWIG, exchanging Merry Christmases and good cheer. They go around two or three times each to make it seem like a bigger party. As ACTOR #1 finishes, he returns to his chair and reads again. As ACTOR #3 goes thru the last time, he drunkenly plants a kiss on MRS. FEZZIWIG’s cheek. Lastly, CHRISTMAS PAST enters the scene and passes between the FEZZIWIGs, wishing them a Merry Christmas.)

FEZZIWIG. (To MRS. FEZZIWIG, as the Spirit leaves.) Do we know her?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Merry Christmas Ebenezer!

FEZZIWIG. Merry Christmas, Ebenezer!

(The FEZZIWIGs exit playing area. SCROOGE is alone at center)

ACTOR #3. (Quietly.) Merry Christmas, Ebenezer.

ACTOR #1. (Turning page in book; to himself) Merry Christmas Ebenezer.

CHRISTMAS PAST. (After a pause.) A small matter, to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.

SCROOGE. Small! (He crosses up to CHRISTMAS PAST)

CHRISTMAS PAST. Why is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three of four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?

SCROOGE. It isn't that Spirit. He had the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. The happiness he gives is as great as if it cost a fortune.

CHRISTMAS PAST. What is the matter?

SCROOGE Nothing particular.

CHRISTMAS PAST Something, I think?

SCROOGE. No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all.

CHRISTMAS PAST. My time grows short. Look!

(Thru following speech FIDDLER plays soft, nostalgic tune. ACTOR #3 places a small bench DC. ACTOR #4 as BELLE, sits on bench. SCROOGE is reluctant to enter the scene.)

ACTOR #2. (To audience) Again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root.

(As the Music fades ACTOR #2 takes nightcap and gown from SCROOGE and gently pushes him towards BELLE. SCROOGE is now a young man. He and BELLE are clearly in the middle of an argument.)

BELLE. To you it matters little. Very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.

SCROOGE. (Defensive) What idol has displaced you?

BELLE. A golden one.
SCROOGE. This is the even handed dealing of the 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.

BELLE. You fear the world too much. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Greed, engrosses you. Have I not?

SCROOGE. What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, I am not changed towards you. Am I?

BELLE. Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor, and content to be so, until in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You are changed. When it was made, you were another man.

SCROOGE. (Scoffs) I was a boy!

BELLE. Your own feeling tells you that you are not what you were. I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I have thought of it, and can release you.

SCROOGE. Have I ever sought release?

BELLE. In words. No. Never.

SCROOGE. In what then?

BELLE. In a changed nature; in an altered spirit. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us, tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? (BELLE looks into his eyes for a long moment.) Ah, no.

SCROOGE. You think not.

BELLE. I would gladly think otherwise if I could. Heaven knows! But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can I believe that you would choose a poor girl … you who weigh everything by Gain or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance, and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. (SCROOGE starts to speak – stops.) You may have pain in this; the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

(BELLE exits in tears as FIDDLER quietly reprises Music from the top of this scene.)

SCROOGE. Spirit, Why do you delight to torture me? Show me no more!

CHRISTMAS PAST. I told you these are shadows of things that have been. They are what they are. Do not blame me!

(CHRISTMAS PAST exits. SCROOGE returns to his bedchamber, climbs in and falls asleep.)

ACTOR #2. (To audience as he strikes bench) He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and further of being in his own bedroom; and had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

(Bell tolls One, Fiddler plays 1st line of "Deck the Halls" as ACTOR #3 as CHRISTMAS PRESENT crosses up to SCROOGE's bed chamber and laughs heartily. SCROOGE snores loudly. CHRISTMAS PRESENT cues bell to toll One, cues Fiddler to repeat “Deck the Halls” and, as fiddler gets to end of first line of “Deck the Halls”, he laughs heartily again
as if cuing SCROOGE to wake up. SCROOGE snores loudly. One more time. CHRISTMAS PRESENT cues the gong and the fiddler and in the middle of his hearty laugh gives up, crosses to SCROOGE, swats him on the behind, which wakes him up. Then, finally, he laughs heartily announcing his presence to SCROOGE. He casually tosses an orange from hand to hand.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!

SCROOGE. Never, Spirit. Conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Touch my robe!

(CHRISTMAS PRESENT tosses orange to ACTOR #4. As the Spirit leads SCROOGE on, the FIDDLER underscores following scene with "Here We Come A Wassailing".)

ACTOR #4. (To audience, after catching orange.) They stood in the City Streets on Christmas morning. The shops were still half open, radiant in their glory. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids. (tosses orange to ACTOR #2)

ACTOR #2. (To audience, after catching orange.) There were bunches of grapes, made to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water as they passed. (tosses orange to ACTOR #5)

ACTOR #5. (To audience, after catching orange.) There were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods. (Puts orange into her basket) Everything was good to eat and in it's Christmas dress.

ACTOR #2. But the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them.

(Through the above narration Actors #4 & #5 meet at center, put down their baskets, greet each other warmly, pick up each other's baskets and hurry on. Then they realize they have the wrong baskets and return to each other to exchange, cheerfully laughing.)

ACTOR #4. (Through this speech Actors #2 & #5 quietly mime window shopping upstage) The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood, with Scrooge beside him, in a baker's doorway, and sprinkled incense on their dinners.

(CHRISTMAS PRESENT moves above ACTOR #2 and rings a tiny bell over his basket. ACTOR #2 stops, lifts cover and smiles as he smells the food inside.)

ACTOR #4. Now it was a very uncommon kind of incense, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner carriers...

(Actors #2 & #5 back into each other)

ACTOR #5. Hey! Watch out!

ACTOR #2. You watch where you're going you.

(CHRISTMAS PRESENT rings a small bell over them.)

ACTOR #5. (Stopping herself.) It's a shame to quarrel on Christmas Day.

ACTOR #2. So it is!
ACTOR #5.   God love, so it is!  (Gives the orange to ACTOR #2) Merry Christmas!

ACTOR #2. Merry Christmas!  (Music fades.)

SCROOGE. Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle on them?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. There is. My own.

SCROOGE. Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. To any kindly given. To a poor one most.

SCROOGE. Why to a poor one most?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Because it needs it most.

ACTOR #2.  (Putting on CRATCHIT's scarf, fingerless gloves and hat.) And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling.

(CHRISTMAS PRESENT rings his bell over CRATCHIT's door. Through the following ACTOR #5 sets up CRATCHIT house; using two desks pushed together as their table; adding a bench behind it and a stool at either end.)

ACTOR #5  (as Mrs. CRATCHIT) Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth.

ACTOR #4. And now the two smaller Cratchit's, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own.

MRS. CRATCHIT. What ever is keeping father and Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half and hour!

(ACTOR #4 adding a shawl, enters as MARTHA and helps her mother finish setting up the CRATCHIT house.)

MARTHA. Here's Martha mother.

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

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

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, never mind, so long as you are here.

ACTOR #2.  (as BOB CRATCHIT, holding Tiny Tim's crutch.) And then came Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

MRS. CRATCHIT. And how did little Tim behave?

BOB CRATCHIT. As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you have ever heard. He told me....
ACTOR #1.  (As ACTOR #1 reads, the CRATCHITs all turn to watch him.) ...I hoped that people saw me in the church, because I am a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

( ACTOR #1 closes book and notices CRATCHITS are looking at him. He crosses into the scene, takes the crutch from MRS. CRATCHIT and sits at TINY TIM’s place at the table. MRS. CRATCHIT and TINY TIM are on the US side of the table. MARTHA and BOB are on either end.)

BOB CRATCHIT.  Then Bob compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer.

MARTHA.  The two young Cratchit’s went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot.

MARTHA.  And Martha sweetened up the applesauce.  (The CRATCHITS bow their heads to say grace.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.  At last the dishes were set on. And grace was said. Succeeded by a breathless pause. (Throughout the meal the goose, pudding and eating are mimed.)

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; and when she did... (mimes cutting into the goose.)

ALL.  Aaaaaaaaahhhhh!!!!

MRS. CRATCHIT.  …the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth.

TINY TIM.  Hurrah!

BOB CRATCHIT.  There never was such a goose. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness (Mrs. CRATCHIT gives him a look!) were the themes of universal admiration.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.  Eked out by applesauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  (Breaks away from family and goes to get the pudding.) In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered with the pudding; like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half a pint of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.  (MRS. CRATCHIT crosses back to the table and as she mimes placing a pudding down...)

MARTHA & TINY TIM.  Ahhh...

BOB CRATCHIT.  Oh, what a wonderful pudding! I regard it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since our marriage.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Now the weight is off my mind. I had doubts about the quantity of flour.

MARTHA.  Everybody had something to say about it.

TINY TIM.  But nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

BOB CRATCHIT.  It would have been heresy to do so.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.  (lights down on CRATCHITS)
CHRISTMAS PRESENT.  (To SCROOGE) There is nothing of high mark in this. They are not a handsome family; they are not well dressed; their shoes are far from being waterproof; their clothes are scanty; and Bob might know the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they are happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

(Lights up on CRATCHIT’s laughing. Through MRS. CRATCHIT’s speech MARTHA & BOB strike desks, BOB also strikes his stool. MRS. CRATCHIT and TINY TIM remain seated on bench. MARTHA returns to her stool.)

MRS. CRATCHIT.  At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Apples and oranges were laid upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire.

BOB CRATCHIT.  Bob served hot stuff from the jug, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. (Raising his glass) A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!

TINY TIM.  God Bless us every one!

(Lights down on CRATCHIT family; Fiddler plays a melancholy tune.)

SCROOGE.  Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.  I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.

SCROOGE.  No, no. Oh, no, kind Spirit. Say he will be spared.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.  If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. What then? (Imitating SCROOGE) If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. (With great passion and sincerity) Man, if man you be in heart, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you to decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child.

(Music fades; Lights up on CRATCHITS, laughing again.)

BOB CRATCHIT.  Now, to the Founder of our Feast, a Merry Christmas to Mr. Scrooge.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  (Crossing to BOB) The Founder of the Feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

BOB CRATCHIT.  My dear, the children! Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow.

BOB CRATCHIT.  My dear, Christmas Day!

TINY TIM.  Christmas Day, Mama!

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Very well, I'll drink to his health for your sake, and the Day's, not for his. Long life to him. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. He'll be very merry and very happy I have no doubt!
BOB CRATCHIT. To Mr. Scrooge!

ALL. Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge!

(Lights fade on CRATCHITs. As Fiddler plays "Bread of Heaven", Actors #4 & #5 strike stools and benches. ACTOR #1 is left alone as the scene dissolves around him. He returns to his chair DR and begins to read again.)

ACTOR #5. (Removing her apron.) It was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the street, the brightness of the roaring fires in the kitchens, parlors and all sorts of rooms was wonderful. And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of crude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants. (Sound of wind, distant thunder play throughout this next section.)

SCROOGE. What place is this?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT A place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth; but they know me. See!

ACTOR #4. (To audience) They found a cheerful company assembled around a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, (referring to Actors #2 & 5 who are huddled together in a dim pool of light,) with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song.

ACTOR #2. (To audience) The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped to sea. (Actors scattered about stage in pools of light begin to sway slowly in rhythm with the waves.) Above the black and heaving sea, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out on the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by gone Christmas Day.

(Actors end the swaying and scatter to other parts of the stage. CHRISTMAS PRESENT takes SCROOGE around stage to various points where actors are huddled; cold, sick and hungry. At each stop he waves his hand over them, or gently touches them, and the become comforted)

ACTOR #5. (To audience) Much they saw, and far they went. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, the Spirit left his Blessing. ("Bread of Heaven" fades out.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (Urgently) Hurry! My time is growing short.

SCROOGE. Are Spirits' lives so short?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. My life upon this globe is very brief. It ends tonight.

SCROOGE. Tonight!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Tonight at midnight! Hark! The time is drawing near. O Man! Look there!
(Crossing DC, CHRISTMAS PRESENT points out into the audience. SCROOGE moves in
beside him, looking out. Fiddler plays "Lullay, Lullay")

ACTOR #5. A boy and girl. Ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility.
Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, a stale and shriveled hand, had
pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat
enthroned, devils lurked.

SCROOGE. Spirit, are they yours?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. They are Man's. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware
them both, for on their brows is written doom, unless the writing be erased.

SCROOGE. Have they no refuge or resource?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. (Loudly, harshly, echoing SCROOGE’s phrases with the
Gentlewomen.) Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?

SCROOGE. (Falling to his knees, covering his ears.) No! No!

(CHRISTMAS PRESENT exits. His jolly laugh has become a mocking cackle. The
FIDDLER’s rendition of "Lullay,Lullay" becomes a weird, disjointed parody of itself. The
gong tolls each stroke of 12:00 as the lights fade to a small pool DC with SCROOGE
kneeling in the center of it.; ACTOR #1 is now doing sound effects. The person who has been
doing sound effects is now The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come and stands on the US
platform, next to SCROOGE’s bed, in darkness. We shouldn’t see Christmas Yet to Come
until the light comes up on him.)

SCROOGE. (After the final gong of 12, "Lullay,Lullay" fades out and SCROOGE looks out
at the audience and addresses the Spirit who is actually above and behind him.) I am in the
presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? (Spirit doesn’t answer) You are about to
show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us.
Is that so, Spirit? (Spirit doesn’t answer) Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any
spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be
another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful
heart. Will you not speak to me? (Still, no answer.) Lead on Spirit.

(Spirit points; SCROOGE crosses US to the place CHRISTMAS YET TO COME pointed to;
the Spirit slowly crosses to SCROOGE, as music fades SCROOGE and Spirit watch the
scenes unfold.)

(ACTOR #2 runs on in thunder & lighting, holding an umbrella. Actors #4 & 5 huddle with
him.)

ACTOR #2. No, I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead.

ACTOR #4. When did he die?

ACTOR #2. Last night, I believe.

ACTOR #5. Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die. (They laugh
nervously. Thunder & lightning)

ACTOR #2. God knows.

ACTOR #4. What has he done with his money?
ACTOR #2. I haven't heard. Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for, upon my life, I don't know of anybody to go to it. (They laugh. Thunder & lightning) Suppose we make up a party, and volunteer?

ACTOR #4. I don't mind going if lunch is provided. (Actors #2 & #5 give her a look) Well, I must be fed. (They laugh again. More thunder and lightning.)

ACTOR #2. Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all, for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. (There's a pause, but no one volunteers.) When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met.

(They split up in thunder & lightning. Dark, brooding music begins again. Thru next speech ACTOR #5, ACTOR #4 & ACTOR #2 scurry like rats, picking up sacks and parcels. They meet in a poorly lit corner.)

ACTOR #3. They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never been before. The streets were foul and narrow; the people drunken, slipshod, ugly. The whole quarter reeked with crime, filth and misery. (Music fades.)

OLD JOE. (ACTOR #2) We couldn't have met in a better place.

CHARWOMAN. (ACTOR #5) Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did!

LAUNDRESS. (ACTOR #4) That's true, indeed! No man more so.

CHARWOMAN. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose?

LAUNDRESS. No, indeed.

CHARWOMAN. If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, the wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying there, gasping out his last breath, alone by himself.

LAUNDRESS. It's the truest word that ever was spoke. It's a judgment on him. Open that bundle, Old OLD JOE, and let me know the value of it.

OLD JOE. (Rummaging through it.) A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value.

LAUNDRESS. Sheets and towels, two old fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots!

OLD JOE. I always give too much to the ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself. That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half a crown. (Opens the second bundle) What do you call this? Bed curtains?

CHARWOMAN. Aye! Bed curtains!

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

CHARWOMAN. Yes, I do. Why not?

OLD JOE. (Burrowing further into sack.) His blankets?
CHARWOMAN. Who else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say.

OLD JOE. I hope he didn't die of anything catching. (Pulls out a shirt.)

CHARWOMAN. You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me.

OLD JOE. What do you call wasting it?

CHARWOMAN. Putting it on him to be buried in, but I took it off again. (OLD JOE tosses shirt back into sack.) If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one.

(Tey cackle grotesquely as lights fade on them.)

ACTOR #3. They sat grouped about their spoils, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, as though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

(As the lights come back up on them they cackle even louder.)

CHARWOMAN. Ha, ha, this is the end of it, you see! He frightened everyone away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead!

(As the lights change they move US, dump sacks and set up CRATCHIT home through SCROOGE's next speech.)

SCROOGE. Spirit! I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Spirit, this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go! Let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now will be forever present to me.

(Tiny Tim's music begins as CRATCHIT home is set up with stools and bench; no table. Mrs. CRATCHIT and MARTHA are sewing mourning clothes. Music fades as MRS. CRATCHIT stops sewing and buries her face in her hands. MARTHA crosses to her and tries to comfort her.)

MRS. CRATCHIT. (Hiding her tears) The black hurts my eyes. They're better now again. It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for all the world. It must be near his time.

MARTHA. Past it, rather. But I think he has walked a little slower these last few evenings, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT. I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed. But he was very light to carry, and father loved him so that it was no trouble - no trouble.

(Enter BOB CRATCHIT)

PETER. (ACTOR #3) Don't be grieved father.

BOB CRATCHIT. (To audience) Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. (To Martha as she returns to sit.) You'll be done long before Sunday.

MRS. CRATCHIT. You went today, to see them dig it?
BOB CRATCHIT.  Yes, my dear. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little child. My little, little child.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  (To audience) They drew about the fire and talked; the girls and mother working still.

BOB CRATCHIT.  I met Mr. Scrooge’s nephew in the street today, and seeing that I looked a little down, young Master Scrooge inquired what had happened to distress me. I told him. "I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit," he said, "and heartily sorry for your good wife." By the by, how he ever knew that, I don't know.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Knew what, my dear?

BOB CRATCHIT.  Why, that you were a good wife.

PETER.  Everybody knows that.

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

MRS. CRATCHIT.  I'm sure he's a good soul.

BOB CRATCHIT.  You would be sure of it, my dear, if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he got Peter a better situation.

MRS. CRATCHIT.  Only hear that Peter!

MARTHA.  (Teasing PETER) And then, Peter will be keeping company with some girl, and setting up for himself.

PETER.  Get along with you! (He pushes her.)

MARTHA.  Get along with you! (Pushes back.)

BOB CRATCHIT.  (Gently breaking up fight.) It's just as likely as not, one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that. But, however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget Tiny Tim, shall we; or this first parting that there was among us?

MARTHA.  No, father.

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

PETER.  No, never father.

(Lights fade on CRATCHITs. ACTOR #2 & ACTOR #3 clear CRATCHIT furniture and set up new office. ACTOR #3 sits at one of the office desks.)

SCROOGE.  Spectre, something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. (Spirit points and SCROOGE moves along. Spirit follows.) This court, through which we hurry now is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be in days to come! . (Lights come up on ACTOR #3)
ACTOR #2. Scrooge hastened to the window of his office and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. (Lights down on office) The Phantom pointed as before.

ACTOR #3. (Placing his stool DC as a tombstone. Fiddler plays "Dies Irae"). SCROOGE joined it once again, and accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. A churchyard. A tombstone.

(Wind howls as Spirit points to the tombstone.)

SCROOGE. Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they the shadows of the things that may be?

(CHRISTMAS YET TO COME continues to point toward the tombstone.)

ACTOR #2. Scrooge crept towards it and read upon the stone.

SCROOGE. Ebenezer Scrooge!

(Fiddle wails! Wind howls. SCROOGE collapses on floor in terror. “Dies Irae” soars.)

SCROOGE. Oh, Spirit! Oh, no, no! Spirit hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been. (SCROOGE rises and crosses up to Spirit who stands next to SCROOGE’s bed. As he pleads with the Spirit he kneels and clutches its robes.) Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Good Spirit, assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!

(CHRISTMAS YET TO COME moves away and disappears into the blackness. There is just a glimmer of light on SCROOGE who is sobbing on the floor next to his bed. As SCROOGE’s sobs subside, the music fades and lights slowly come up on his chamber and a bell tolls 6:00 AM. SCROOGE is suddenly aware of his surroundings.)

SCROOGE. This bed is my own. This room is my own. The time before me is my own to make amends in. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees! (SCROOGE's weeping turns into laughter) I don't know what to do. I am as light as a feather. I am as happy as an angel! I am as merry as a schoolboy! I am as giddy as a drunken man!

(SCROOGE mimes throwing open shutters. Full daylight explodes on the set. Fiddler plays 1st few bars of "Christmas Day in the Morning").

SCROOGE. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! (To someone audience cannot see out SCROOGE’s window) Hallo there! Hallo! What's today?

(Thru this next scene SCROOGE will talk to someone he sees out his window. He won’t be looking at ACTOR #1 sitting DR, who will be reading his lines aloud from his book.)

TURKEY BOY. (ACTOR #) What?

SCROOGE. What's today, my fine fellow?

TURKEY BOY. Today? Why Christmas Day!
SCROOGE. It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it! The Spirits have done it all in one night. Hallo, my fine fellow, do you know the poulterer's, in the next street at the corner?

TURKEY BOY. I should hope I did.

SCROOGE. Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey, the big one?

TURKEY BOY. What, the one as big as me?

SCROOGE. Yes, my buck!

TURKEY BOY. It's hanging there now.

SCROOGE. It is? Go and buy it.

TURKEY BOY. Go buy a turkey! Oh, right.

SCROOGE. No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it. Bring it back, I'll give you a shilling. Bring it back in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown! (closing shutter and crossing to chair to put on his coat, hat& cane.) I'll send it to Bob Cratchit’s. He shan't know who sent it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.

ACTOR #3. Scrooge went downstairs to open the street door, waiting for the coming of the turkey. And, as he stood there, the knocker caught his eye.

(ACTOR #2 becomes knocker.)

SCROOGE. I shall love it as long as I live! I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has on its face! (Knocker smiles) It's a wonderful knocker (Knocker nods in agreement then exits to become BOB CRATCHIT again. FIDDLER underscores following with "Here We Come A Wassailing").

ACTOR #5. By now the people of the town were pouring fourth, eager to share in the Holiday Spirit. Scrooge had not gone far, when, coming on towards him he beheld the gentlewoman who had walked into his counting house the day before.

(ACTOR #4 as GENTLEWOMAN #1, spies SCR OOGE and tries to make a break for it. SCROOGE stops her.)

SCROOGE. My dear madam, how do you do?

GENTLEWOMAN #1. (Warily) Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE. Yes. That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon, and will you have the goodness to accept a donation in the amount of (whispers in her ear)

GENTLEWOMAN #1. (Flustered, dropping notebook) My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?

SCROOGE. If you please, not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me a favor?

GENTLEWOMAN #1. My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such generosity.

SCROOGE. Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

GENTLEWOMAN #1. Oh, I will! I will!
SCROOGE. Thank you. I am much obliged to you. *(As she walks away, SCROOGE calls after her.) I thank you fifty times!

GENTLEWOMAN #1. Oh, thank you!

SCROOGE. Bless you!

GENTLEWOMAN #1. Bless you! *(She exits)*

ACTOR #5. In the afternoon, he turned his steps toward his nephew's house. He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

*(SCROOGE knocks by rapping his cane on floor. FRED mimes opening the door. Shocked at the presence of his Uncle he slams the door in SCROOGE's face)*

SCROOGE. Fred!

FRED. *(Gingerly opening door again)* Why, bless my soul! Who's this?

SCROOGE. It's I. Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. *(Plaintively)* May I come in?

FRED. May you come in? With much pleasure for me you may, Uncle! What a treat! *(Calling out to others)* Come in here everybody, and meet my Uncle Scrooge! He's come for our Christmas party!

ACTOR #4. It was a wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful happiness! But he was early at the office next morning. *(SCROOGE sets up a stool Center, looks at watch and paces)* If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming in late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon. And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine... *(Gong strikes once)*

ALL. No Bob.

*(BOB CRATCHIT races on out of breath. Don't forget to jingle the doorbells.)*

SCROOGE. *(With all the irascibility he can muster.)* What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

BOB CRATCHIT. I am very sorry sir. I am behind my time.

SCROOGE. You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way sir, if you please.

*(SCROOGE points to stool; BOB sits.)*

BOB CRATCHIT. It's only once a year sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

SCROOGE. Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand for this sort of thing any longer. And therefore, *(SCROOGE turns to ACTOR #5 who tosses him a small purse of money.)* I am about to raise your salary! *(Dropping purse into Bob's hand.)* A Merry Christmas Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon! Now make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another “i”, Bob Cratchit! *(CRATCHIT exits)*

ACTOR #1. *(Reading.)* Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more. And to Tiny Tim, *(turns page)* who did NOT die...
SCROOGE. (To ACTOR #1, and speaking as himself, not as SCROOGE.) He was a second father. (ACTOR #1 puts down his book and crosses to SCROOGE at center.) He became as good a friend, as good a master and as good a man as the good old City knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world.

ACTOR #2. (Rest of cast moves into final tableau, center.) And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us!

ACTOR #5. And as Tiny Tim observed.

ACTOR #1. God bless Us, Every One! (Closes book.)

ALL. God bless Us, Every One!

(Fiddler plays first four bars of "Christmas Day in the Morning" as he moves into tableau. As music ends, all bow.)

CURTAIN
BREAKDOWN OF CHARACTERS

All actors provide narration and play many smaller, though unnamed roles. The larger roles break down as follows.

ACTOR #1: Schoolboy, Dick Wilkins, Tiny Tim, Turkey Boy
ACTOR #2: Bob Cratchit, Marley’s Ghost, Fezziwig, Old OLD JOE
ACTOR #3: Fred, Christmas Present, Peter Cratchit
ACTOR #4: Gentlewoman #1, Fan, Mrs. Fezziwig, Belle, Martha Cratchit, Laundress
ACTOR #5: Gentlewoman #2, Christmas Past, Mrs. Cratchit, Charwoman

SCROOGE: Plays all versions of himself, younger and older, throughout.

FIDDLER: The Fiddler fiddles and has one line in the Fezziwig scene. If your musician isn’t comfortable with that line, give it to someone else.

SOUND EFFECTS: A non-acting performer appears to the side of the stage doing all the live sound effects: gongs, bells, thunder, wind, etc. Sometimes there is so much going on that the actors help out. This person plays CHRISTMAS YET TO COME

PROP LIST

Scrooge’s Bed chamber
- Bed w/ sheets, coverlet, pillow
- Dressing gown & nightcap hung on bedpost
- Arm Chair
Scrooge’s office & Schoolhouse
- 2 small writing desks, 2 stools
Cratchit’s house
- 2 writing desks (from above) are pushed together to form a table.
- 2 stools (from above) are placed at either end of table.
- 1 small bench is placed on US side of table.
1 Chair DR
1 Child’s backpack with a couple schoolbooks and notebook inside.
1 book (A Christmas Carol ACTOR #1 reads from throughout the play.)
Wind machine
Thunder sheet
Gong w/ striker
Stool or chair for Fiddler
Walking stick (SCROOGE)
Glasses (SCROOGE)
1 Apple (FRED)
Notepad & pencil (GENTLEWOMAN #1)
4 lengths of heavy chain (used in scene with MARLEY’S’S GHOST)
2 books (Ali Baba & Robinson Crusoe used in schoolhouse scene.)
4 bells, various sizes (used in scene with MARLEY’S GHOST)
1 Orange (*CHRISTMAS PRESENT*)
1 small bell (*CHRISTMAS PRESENT*)
Crutch
3 baskets (*for window shoppers in CHRISTMAS PRESENT scene*)
Black umbrella
2 black cloths (*mourning clothes for MARTHA & Mrs. CRATCHIT to sew*)
2 burlap sacks filled with stuff (*LAUNDRESS & CHARWOMAN*)
Bag of coins

**COSTUMES**

Each actor has a base costume. The men in our production wore dark trousers, white shirts with period collars, vests and various styles of cravats. The women wore long skirts, white blouses with long sleeves, buttoned at the throat. The following additions were used only when it helped to delineate character. Sometimes a person would play a new role without the addition of costume pieces.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scrooge</td>
<td>frock coat; top hat; scarf; nightgown; nightcap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred</td>
<td>coat; scarf; hat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cratchit</td>
<td>very long scarf; fingerless gloves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentlewomen #1 &amp; #2</td>
<td>bonnets; capes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas past</td>
<td>flowing white robe; circlet of flowers in hair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fezziwig</td>
<td>hat; coat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Fezziwig</td>
<td>apron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fan</td>
<td>cape with hood; fur muff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belle</td>
<td>shawl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas present</td>
<td>burgundy robe; crown of laurel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Cratchit</td>
<td>apron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha</td>
<td>shawl</td>
</tr>
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<td>Laundress</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charwoman</td>
<td>ragged shawl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas yet to come</td>
<td>cloak w/hood, black gloves, black mask</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>