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| 1. **Carollers/Narrators**
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| **Caroller/Narrator 1** |  |
| **Caroller/Narrator 2** |  |
| **Caroller/Narrator 3** |  |
| **Caroller/Narrator 4** |  |
| **Caroller/Narrator 5** |  |
| **Other singing Carollers** |  |
| 1. **Scrooges**
 |  |
| **Ebenezer Scrooge, an old miser (60)** |  |
| **Fred Scrooge, his nephew** |  |
| **Mrs. Fred Scrooge** |  |
| **May Scrooge, his sister** |  |
| **Boy Ebenezer Scrooge (aged 8)** |  |
| **Young Ebenezer Scrooge (aged 18-20)** |  |
| **Belle (his fiancé)** |  |
| 1. **Cratchits**
 |  |
| **Bob Cratchit, Scrooge’s clerk** |  |
| **Mrs. Cratchit, his wife** |  |
| **Martha Cratchit, his daughter** |  |
| **Belinda Cratchit, his daughter** |  |
| **George Cracthit** |  |
| **John Cratchit**  |  |
| **Tiny Tim Cratchit**  |  |
| 1. **Ghosts**
 |  |
| **Jacob Marley** |  |
| **Ghost of Christmas Past** |  |
| **Ghost of Christmas Present** |  |
| **Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come** |  |
| 1. **Philanthropists**
 |  |
| **1st Philanthropist** |  |
| **2nd Philanthropist** |  |
| 1. **Fred’s party guests**
 |  |
| **Florence** |  |
| **Tupper** |  |
| **Amelia** |  |
| **Amanda** |  |
| 1. **Working Class**
 |  |
| **Mrs Maggs** |  |
| **Mrs Delaney** |  |
| **Poulterer Girl** |  |
| 1. **Mr. Fezziwig’s office**
 |  |
| **Mr. Fezziwig** |  |
| **Mrs. Fezziwig** |  |
| **Dancing Lady 1** |  |
| **Dancing Gentleman 1** |  |
| **Dancing Lady 2** |  |
| **Dancing Gentleman 2** |  |
| **Dancing Lady 3** |  |
| **Dancing Gentleman 3** |  |
|  |  |

**Scene 1: Victorian London street. It gets busier and busier with people putting wreaths on doors, little boys begging for change, market sellers with goods multiplying.**

**Carol 1: Bleak Midwinter**

***Caroller/Narrator 1:*** Ladies and gentlemen! And especially to all my young friends (All Carollers): Good Evening!

***Caroller/Narrator 2:*** May I present our company of poor carollers who, tonight, with your kind permission will present a ghost story. A ghost Christmas story.

***Caroller/Narrator 3:*** And so a little Christmas Ghost music, please… Carollers sing in ghostly voices.

***Caroller/Narrator 4:*** So, come back with us in your imagination to the night of Christmas Eve, exactly one hundred and fifty years ago.

***Caroller/Narrator 5:*** Come with us to ice-covered streets, lit only with gas lamps, to a certain miserable street and a certain gloomy house in the heart of London town. Windy, miserable and cold is the weather but not as cold and not as miserable as the heart the man who sits inside.

***All carollers:*** Ebenezer Scrooge, the firm of Scrooge and Marley, dealers in money.

**Scene 2: Marley and Scrooge: 2 desks, Cratchit and Scrooge are sitting at their desks. Carollers are singing outside.**

***Scrooge:*** Damn that noise! Shut it, you, useless delinquents! (Carol stops).

***Scrooge*** (returning to his desk): A man is busy doing business, being busy with his accounts and they are – pah! – singing! They are having fun, little brats!

***Cratchit*** (in a very shy voice): It is Christmas Eve, Sir…

***Scrooge*** (Leaning over Cratchit, Cratchit gets even smaller at his desk): Christmas Eve?! Christmas Eve?! That is the last day when those who have borrowed money from me this year can pay it back! THAT is what Christmas Eve is for me!

***Cratchit*** (in a very shy voice): Yes, Mr Scrooge, Sir…

The clock strikes 5.

***Cratchit*** (in a very shy voice): Mr Scrooge…

***Scrooge:*** No!

***Cratchit*** (in a very shy voice): I was just going to observe that it was five o’clock, Sir…

***Scrooge:*** And your time is seven o’clock. You OWE me for two more hours of work! You ARE in MY DEBT.

***Cratchit*** (begging): May I be allowed home early, Sir… Just this once, Sir… I saw something bright and colorful and very cheap in the toyshop window. I would really like to get it for my boy, tiny Tim. The shop closes at six

***Scrooge:*** A toy shop? A toy shop? I must give you too much time off for you be able to visit such places! You time is seven and your boy Tim might die for all I care! Pah!

***Cratchit*** (in a very shy voice): Yes, Sir…

***Fred and Mrs Fred enter through the audience, laughing and chasing each other. Fred is climbing on stage to visit Scrooge, his wife calls after him.***

***Mrs Fred:*** Fred! Fred Scrooge!

***Fred:*** Darling it will only take a moment.

***Mrs Fred:*** But why, why are you doing it every year? He never ever comes.

***Fred:*** Everyone hates him. Even the blind men’s dogs know him and run away. He is the loneliest person in the world. He is my uncle and I must invite him!

***Mrs Fred:*** But he never…

***Fred enters Marley and Scrooge***

***Fred:*** Merry Christmas, uncle, God bless you!

***Scrooge:*** Humbug! What reason have you got to be merry? You are poor enough!

***Fred:*** And you are rich enough! What reason have you got to be miserable?

***Scrooge:*** What else should I be when the world is full of fools like you? What is merry about Christmas for you if not a time to find yourself a year older and not a single penny richer? Fool! Every idiot who goes about with “Merry Christmas” on his lips should be boiled in his own Christmas pudding! And buried with a stick of holly through his stupid heart.

***Fred:*** Come, have Christmas dinner with us, uncle!

***Scrooge:*** Not before I burn in Hell!

***Fred:*** But why, uncle? Why so cold hearted?

***Scrooge:*** Why did you get married to that stupid, non-glamorous, poor, simple girl after I forbade it?

***Fred:*** Because I fell in love!

***Scrooge***: (disgusted): You…fell…in love? You…fell…in love? Good afternoon, Sir!

***Fred:*** Well whether you accept it or not our invitation is here. (places an invitation on Scrooge’s desk). Merry Christmas!

***Scrooge***: (disgusted): Good afternoon!

***Fred:*** And a Happy New Year!

***Scrooge***: (disgusted): Good afternoon!

***Fred gives Cratchit a small coin***

***Fred:*** Merry Christmas to you, Bob Cratchit and to all your family.

***Cratchit*** (in a very shy voice): The very same to you, sir, compliments of the season.

***Scrooge***: (disgusted): Good afternoon!

***Carollers are singing louder. Carollers approach the office. Scrooge gets a candlestick (candelabra) from his desk and comes to the door. He waves candelabra in the air and opens door. There are 2 ladies philanthropists. One of them is holding a ledger and looks like an accountant.***

***1st philanthropist:*** The prosperous firm of Scrooge and Marley I believe? Am I addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

***Scrooge***: My partner Jacob Marley has been dead for 7 years. He died seven years ago on this very night.

***2nd philanthropist:*** We have no doubt that his generosity shall be well represented by his partner.

***Scrooge***: Generosity? Ge-ne-what?

***1st philanthropist:*** At this festive season it is more than usually desirable that we should provide for the poor who suffer greatly in this cold season! Hundreds and thousands of people are in great need in this city!

***Scrooge***: What do you mean: the poor are in need? Are there no prisons?

***2nd philanthropist:*** There are plenty of prisons, Sir…

***Scrooge***: What about workhouses, are they still in operation?

***1st philanthropist:*** But my dear sir, these hard institutions offer no comfort to those in need especially in this festive season. That is why a few of us, the philanthropists, are trying to raise some funds to buy some food and drink for the poor so that they can celebrate. So, what can I put you down for?

***Scrooge***: Nothing.

***2nd philanthropist:*** You wish to remain anonymous?

***Scrooge***: Anonymous? A-no-ny-mous? I wish to be left alone. I don’t make myself merry at Christmas and I will not help lazy people get merry this time a year. Through taxation (which I avoid but still) I help those in need. Those badly in need should go to workhouses.

***1st philanthropist:*** In workhouses families are split, parents never get to see their children, brothers and sisters never get to know each other, children are banned from learning to read and write, people are treated like animals. Many would rather die than go there.

***2nd philanthropist:*** Many would rather die!

***Scrooge***: Then they should die and decrease the surplus population!

***1st philanthropist:*** If you would come with us through the streets we have walked down tonight and see the poor and see the needy, see through their eyes the passers by in their overpriced vehicles, loaded with Christmas presents! You would know then!

***2nd philanthropist:*** You would know then.

***Scrooge***: It’s none of my business, ladies! Good afternoon!

***Scrooge and Cratchit write with their feathers.***

***Scrooge***: I suppose you would want a full day off tomorrow!

***Cratchit:*** That would be quite convenient, sir!

***Scrooge***: Convenient? Con-veni-ent? It’s not convenient at all: I have to pay you for a whole day that you would not work!

***Cratchit:*** It’s only once a year!

***Scrooge***: Still, a poor excuse for robbing a man of his money. Christmas! Pah! Humbug!

**Scene 3: Victorian London street. It’s Christmas eve, late at night.**

**Carollers are singling. *Caroller/Narrators are talking.* Scrooge is walking very slowly across the stage.**

***Caroller/Narrator 1:*** It was Christmas Eve one hundred and fifty years ago. Ebenezer Scrooge took his melancholy supper in his usual melancholy tavern where he read all FREE newspapers and did NOT tip the waiter, as usual.

***Caroller/Narrator 2:*** He then spent the rest of his evening looking lovingly at his accounts books especially at the names of people who still owed him money.

***Caroller/Narrator 3:*** Finally, Mr. Scrooge of Marley and Scrooge, Dealers in Money, set off on his journey home, to his melancholy house. When he approached his melancholy door, however, something else happened…

***Caroller/Narrator 5:*** Jacob Marley was dead. Imagine then the emotions of Ebenezer Scrooge when the door knocker which he had seen night and morning for many years had now not the appearance of the door knocker but that …. of Jacob Marley’s face…

***Scrooge***: Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

***Caroller/Narrator 5:*** And not a dead face either…

***Scrooge***: Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

***Caroller/Narrator 4:*** But then at once it was a door knocker again.

**All lights go. Darkness and change of scene.**

**Scene 4: Scrooge’s bedroom. A big bed (ideally four-poster) in the middle but somehow the (front) door is preserved. Scrooge is sitting on his bed, breathing heavily.**

***Scrooge***: It must have been that cheap cheese. Damn cheese on sale! Humbug!

***Ghostly voice***: Scrooooooooooooooooooooooooge!

***Scrooge***: Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**The sounds of ghostly church bells, ghostly carols, female screams, children crying.**

***Ghostly voice (it is coming from several places at once)***: Scrooooooooooooooooooooooooge!

***Scrooge***: Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**Scrooge falls on his knees and covers his ears with his hands.**

**All lights go. Darkness. Appears Jacob Marley – very pale, covered in heavy golden chains of various sizes including, well, golden chains. He comes over to Scrooge and taps his shoulder. Marley is standing with his ghostly face to the audience but behind Scrooge.**

***Jacob Marley (in most normal voice):*** Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge!

***Scrooge***: Oh, thanks God it was only discounted cheese. I must have been seeing things. He turns around and sees the ghost.

***Scrooge***: Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

***Jacob Marley:*** Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge!

***Scrooge***: Jacob? Jacob Marley? Go away, ghost. I don’t believe it, I won’t believe it! I will never buy cheese on sale! I will never pick free mushrooms in the woods!

***Jacob Marley:*** Scrooge! Come on!

***Scrooge***: God save me! I promise to stop drinking.

***Jacob Marle:*** Scrooge!

***Scrooge***: Ok, God, I promise to stop smoking.

***Jacob Marley:*** Yes, it’s me, your dead partner. Why do you doubt your senses, Scrooge?

***Scrooge***: Humbug! You are dead, you don’t exist. You are just a figment of bad cheese!

***Jacob Marley (in ghostly voice):*** Do you believe in me?

***Scrooge***: Yes, yes I do! I must! But do you walk on Earth as spirit and why did you come to me? And why are you chained?

***Jacob Marley:*** I wear the chain I made in life. With every dishonest piece of gold I earned in life I made this heavy golden chain for my afterlife. I have no rest, I have to fly from city to city and haunt other dishonest businessmen, and to wake up their consciousness.

***Scrooge***: Have you been doing it for seven years?

***Jacob Marley:*** Seven long years! And that is what awaits you!

***Scrooge***: Is it all THAT bad? Give me some hope, friend.

***Jacob Marley:*** Hope? Hope? Here is what I shall tell you: you will be haunted by three ghosts tonight BUT! you can still change your after life…

**Ghostly laugh. On the projector screen we see the clock. It’s 2 am. Clock strikes two.**

***Scrooge***: Noooo

**Ghostly laugh. All lights go. Darkness. There appears a tiny figure. It’s carrying a candle. We see Scrooge. Scrooge is sleeping in his bed. He is snoring. From the distance we hear “Jingle bells” sang by kids. Scrooge suddenly sits in bed. On the projector screen we see the clock. It’s midnight. Clock strikes midnight.**

***Scrooge***: Can’t be! It was two in the morning when I went to sleep!

He takes another Victorian-looking clock and shakes it.

***Scrooge***: The clock must be broken.

He notices tiny ghostly figure with a handle.

***Scrooge***: Aghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**Scrooge drops the clock**

***Scrooge***: Are you the ghost who is here to haunt me?

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** I am.

***Scrooge***: Who are you?

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

***Scrooge***: Long Past?

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** Your Past!

***Scrooge***: What brings you here?

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** Your well-being!

***Scrooge***: If you cared of my well-being you would leave me alone! It’s cold! I have a cold, the weather is terrible, please go away!

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** Come! Rise!

***Scrooge***: I cannot fly!

**The ghost of Christmas Past takes Scrooge by the hand, spreads out his arms covered with his robes so that there is an illusion of flying. They run off the stage.**

**All lights off. Darkness.**

**Young Scrooge is sitting on the bed with a closed picture book in his hands. His head is lowered, he looks sad.**

***Boy Scrooge***: Another Christmas I have to spend alone in my school. All my friends are with their families but my father leaves me here. He does not want to see me ever since my mother died giving birth to me!

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** Your father never forgave you, Scrooge, for LIVING while your mother died giving birth to you…

Scrooge is trying to run to the boy. Spirit stops him.

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** He cannot see you. He is just a shadow and so is everyone else here…

***Scrooge***: Poor lonely boy!

***May Scrooge’s voice:*** Ebenezer! Ebenezer!

**May runs in, they hug.**

***Boy Scrooge***: May! Sister? You have come? How?

***May Scrooge:*** I have come to take you home! I said to father that if you were not allowed home I wouldn’t come either. He says you can come. I am here to fetch you!

***Boy Scrooge***: May!

***May Scrooge:*** We’ll be together at Christmas!

***Boy Scrooge***: Home! Hurray!

***Scrooge***: Oh, May…

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** Never a strong girl. She died in childbirth just like her mother. She left a child I believe… You nephew Fred…

***Scrooge***: Spirit, stop!

**All lights off. Darkness. Lights back on – people at a party dancing waltz. Young Scrooge is dancing with a girl (Belle). Music stops, they look at each other, obviously in love.**

***Mr. Fezziwig:*** Come to the buffet, it is ready in the office for you, my friends. Eat all you like! Then we shall have some Champaign, it’s all paid for by the firm!

***Scrooge***: That’s my first employer, Mr. Fezziwig. He was so kind to all of us. He helped me become a successful businessman.

***The Ghost of Christmas Past:*** But he is being a fool! He is spending money on a party! Humbug! What an idiot.

***Scrooge***: He is spending money on more than just a party. He is making us happy! I wish I could go back and be nice to my clerk, Bob Cratchit right now!

**All lights off. Darkness. Lights back on – Scrooge and Belle and standing in the middle facing each other.**

***Belle:*** You used to say that Mr. Fezziwig was the best employer because he used to be nice to you. And now how are you treating people who work for you?

***Young Scrooge***: He was a fool! He wasted money. A pleasant fool, but still a fool.

***Scrooge***: Some respect, sir! Mr. Fezziwig is twice the man you will ever be!

**Scrooge slaps himself on the mouth.**

***Belle:*** You don’t love me anymore, Ebenezer. You worship an idol.

***Young Scrooge***: What idol?

***Belle:*** A golden one.

***Young Scrooge***: I haven’t changed towards you, though, have I?

***Belle:*** We got engaged when we were both poor. I am still a poor girl and you measure everything in pounds and pence. You would not ask a poor girl for her hand in marriage now. I give you freedom, Ebenezer.

***Young Scrooge***: Are you criticizing me for becoming richer and wiser?

***Belle:*** May you be happy with the life you have chosen.

**Belle goes.**

***Scrooge***: Go after her, you young fool! Why don’t you?

**Scrooge sobs.**

***Scrooge***: Why don’t you?

**Scrooge sobs harder.**

***Scrooge***: Take me home spirit! I cannot bear it!

**All lights off. Darkness. Lights back on – Scrooge is sleeping in his bed. The clock strikes twelve again.**

***Scrooge***: Another spirit is coming. Where are you? This time you will not take me by surprise.

**Scrooge looks under the bed. Light go off, some screams. Lights back on. Scrooge is under the bed. The light is on Ghost of Christmas Present.**

***Scrooge***: Spirit, leave me! I cannot bear another night like the one your friend showed me! The past is past. I cannot change it!

**Carollers sing a jolly carol. Deck the halls.**

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** Sings with the carollers. Don’t you just love Christmas spirit! Sing with us, Scrooge!

***Scrooge***: I, I, I … forgot the words…

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** Let’s have some roast goose and mince pies then. Let’s be merry!

***Scrooge***: I, I, I … am afraid I forgot how to be merry.

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** What? No Christmas cake, no wine?

***Scrooge***: I don’t know how to be merry!

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** Then I shall teach you! I can smell mince pies from every direction!

**The ghost take’s Scrooge’s hand and they fly. Lights out.**

**Scene 5: Bob Cratchit’s house. His wife and 5 children of different sizes are decorating a very poor table. There is a tiny Christmas tree with some tiny presents. But everyone is merry. Martha Cratchit walks in. Children run to her. Scrooge and Christmas Present are watching.**

***Cratchit Child 1***: Martha is here, Martha is here!

***Cratchit Child 2***: Martha, Mother has bought a goose! You want to see the size of it!

***Cratchit Child 3***: And we have wrapped ALL the presents! Look at them all.

**There are 2-3 tiny presents.**

***Mrs. Cratchit***: What kept you so long?

***Martha Cratchit***: We had to work all night and THEN till seven in the morning and THEN we had to tidy up the whole factory. You know HIM.

***Mrs. Cratchit***: Yes, indeed, I know HIM. And your father and Tim are still not back from the church.

***Belinda Cratchit (runs in)***: Father is coming, father is coming!

***Cratchit Children 1, 2 and 3***: Hide, Martha! Let him not see you. We shall tell him that you had to work.

***Mr. Cratchit (walks in with tiny Tim on his shoulder, a crutch in his hands, singing)***: I saw a ship come sailing by, come sailing by, come sailing by I saw a ship come sailing by on Christmas day in the morning…

***Cratchit Children 1, 2, 4 and 3***: Father!

**They hug.**

***Mr. Cratchit:*** Where is Martha?

***Cratchit Children 1, 2, 4 and 3***: Oh she had to work all day today even though it’s Christmas Day because of Mr. Scrooge! You know how he often makes people work all Christmas day.

***Scrooge***: Hm hm…

***Martha Cratchit***: I am here father!

**They all hug.**

***Mrs. Cratchit***: And how did tiny Tim behave in church?

***Mr. Cratchit:*** Oh, he was as good as gold, as good as gold. But you know he says the strangest things at times…

***Mrs. Cratchit***: What was it today, Bob?

***Mr. Cratchit:*** Well, his crutch was leaning against the church wall and one lady knocked it to the floor by accident. Then she picked it up and was looking at it for a long time.

***Mrs. Cratchit***: Why, Bob?

***Mr. Cratchit:*** Well, that is what I said to Tim. And then what did you say to me, Tim?

***Tiny Tim:*** I said that perhaps she was thinking of the man, whose birthday it was today and who could make lame children walk again…

***Scrooge***: Oh, spirit, I didn’t know…

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** Did you ever ask?

***Mr. Cratchit:*** But he is getting better my dear, he is getting stronger by the day! Aren’t you Tim?

***Scrooge***: Is this true, spirit? Is this true?

**Spirit shakes his head. Scrooge holds his head in his hands.**

**Cratchits are settling at the table. Tiny Tim sits at the top of the table. Child 1 and 2 and Mrs. Cratchit go off stage.**

***Tiny Tim:*** And here, my ladies and gentlemen comes the punch!

**Children 1 and 2 bring a transparent jar of water.**

**All clap and cheer.**

***Martha Cratchit***: It’s good enough for the Mayor!

***Tiny Tim:*** And here, my ladies and gentlemen, comes the goose!

**Mrs. Cratchit brings a tiny roasted bird.**

**All clap and cheer.**

***Tiny Tim:*** It’s huge!

***Mrs. Cratchit:*** Get out of here, it’s not enough for all of us.

***All Cratchit Children***: It’s big enough for the Queen. The Queen has never had a huge goose like this! The Queen has never had a yummy goose like this!

***Mr. Cratchit:*** It’s big enough to feed an army, isn’t it, Tim?

***Tiny Tim:*** Two armies and the navy too!

***All:*** Merry Christmas!

***Scrooge***: Please tell me spirit if Tiny Tim shall live!

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** I see an empty seat at the table and a crutch without an owner. If these shadows remain unchanged the child will die.

***Scrooge***: No, no, no! Please say he shall live!

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** And if he is to die, he should die and decrease the surplus population!

***Scrooge***: Nooooo.

**Lights out.**

***The Ghost of Christmas Present:*** And now I shall take you overseas to look at poor people all over the world.

***Scrooge***: Please don’t take me over the seas, I cannot swim!

**The ghost laughs. German and French scenes.**

**Scene 8: Fred’s Christmas party. Tupper, Florence and other dressed up guests; chairs.**

***Fred:*** And now my friend Tupper has requested a game: a blind man’s buff! He has also volunteered to be the first blind man.

***Amelia:*** We know why!

***Tupper***: Don’t argue, blindfold me and give me a good spin!

**Lady guests blindfold him and spin him. Tupper is chasing after them.**

***Scrooge***: Just to think that if I accepted Fred’s invitation they would let me chase girls too!

**Tupper catches Florence.**

***Tupper***: Now let me guess who this is! I have no idea! Amelia? Amanda? Florence?

**Guests cheer. Fred takes his blindfold off. Florence blushes…**

***Florence***: Let’s play another game. Yes or no game!

***Fred:*** Very well, yes or no game it is. I shall think of something or someone and you shall guess what it is. You can ask me questions but my answers can possibly be only Yes or No.

***Mrs. Fred:*** Let’s start. Is it in this room?

***Fred:*** No.

***Scrooge***: Is it St Paul’s Cathedral? A pancake? A Christmas pudding? An African Giraffe?

***Florence***: Is it a building?

***Fred:*** No.

***Tupper***: Is it a street? Is it this street?

***Fred:*** Yes and No.

***Florence***: Is it a district? A city? London?

***Fred:*** No.

***Amanda***: Is it alive?

***Fred:*** Yes.

***All guests:*** Hurray!

***Scrooge***: I knew it, it’s a giraffe, he always liked giraffes.

***Amelia***: Is it an animal?

***Fred:*** Yes.

***Amanda***: A wild animal?

***Fred:*** Yes.

***Mrs. Fred:*** A tiger?

***Fred:*** No.

***Mrs. Fred:*** A lion?

***Fred:*** No.

***Scrooge***: It’s a giraffe!

***Tupper***: A duck-billed platypus?

***Fred:*** What? No.

***Mrs. Fred:*** A leopard, an alligator, a Russian bear? Tupper’s dog Billy? A pig?

***Fred:*** No, no and no.

***Tupper***: Is it a nice animal?

***Fred:*** No.

***Tupper***: It lives in London, it’s not nice and it’s a wild animal? A human animal?

***Fred:*** Yes.

***Tupper***: I know: it’s your uncle Scrooge!

***Fred:*** Yes.

***Tupper***: But you said no to “Is it a pig?”

**Guests cheer. Lights out**

**Scene 9. Scrooge is snoring in bed. He suddenly sits up. On the projector screen we see the clock. It’s midnight again. The ghostly Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come is lit up in the corner. It’s a stooping figure, face covered. Al we can see is the wrinkly finger asking Scrooge to come. Scrooge comes over to the ghost.**

***Scrooge***: Are you the ghost of Christmas Yet To Come? Are you going to show me the future?

**Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come nods. Clock strikes twelve. Enters Mrs. Maggs with ONE huge laundry bag that says “Quality Clothes”.**

***Mrs. Maggs:*** Rag-a-bone! Rag-a-bone! Sell ya old rags; buy quali’y new clothes!

**Enters Mrs. Delaney with some koshelki. She chases after Mrs. Maggs.**

***Mrs. Delaney:*** Oi! Wait for me Mrs. Maggs. I ‘ave some merchandise for ya! It ain’t no rags either. It’s quali’y clothes!

***Mrs. Maggs:*** Where does it come from?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** Why does it matter where it comes from?

***Mrs. Maggs:*** I’ll put in another way for ya, dear. Whom did you steal it from?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** What a good guess, eh? All right, I’ll tell you the truth. The bloke who owned it won’t miss it!

***Mrs. Maggs:*** He won’t?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** He’s past missing anything. Do ya get me?

***Mrs. Maggs:*** Here, is it from that old man you clean for once a month?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** Ay. Here you see me point. Anyone who is too mean to have his house cleaned more than once a months don’t deserve no better. Get me point?

***Mrs. Maggs:*** What you got?

**Mrs. Delaney fishes in koshelki. Mrs. Maggs inspects the items.**

***Mrs. Delaney:*** If he’s been any kind of a man he would have had someone by his bed when he died. My point. He didn’t have a friend in the world as far as I know. Here, the sheets have some spots on them but that would wash…

***Mrs. Maggs:*** Mrs. Delaney you didn’t?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** What?

***Mrs. Maggs:*** Take it when he was still in there, did you?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** But he hasn’t been claimed! He’s still there, nobody came to fetch him.

***Mrs. Maggs:*** And you took these sheets! You’ve got some face!

***Mrs. Delaney:*** But all these would have gone to waste if it wasn’t for me. Some fool would have buried him in this and this was his best night shirt.

***Mrs. Maggs:*** He didn’t’ die of any disease, did he?

***Mrs. Delaney:*** Nah, no self-respecting disease would come near him. He just outlived his welcome. The old miser. Good riddance!

***Mrs. Maggs:*** Rag-a-bone! Rag-a-bone! Rag-a-bone! Rag-a-bone!

**Both exit. Lights out. On the screen the grave that says “Ebenezer Scrooge 1799-18…” Clock strikes 2. Scrooge wakes up in his bed screaming. Carollers are singing. Scrooge opens the door and gives them a coin each.**

***Scrooge***: I am alive! God bless you all! Merry Christmas!

***2 ladies philanthropists enter. Scrooge hugs and kisses them both and shoves a purse with money at them.***

***Scrooge***: Ladies, I trust you are doing the most noble work of collecting money for the poor?

***1st philanthropist:*** Mr. Scrooge?

***2nd philanthropist:*** Mr. Scrooge?

***Scrooge***: Yes, that is my name and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to beg your pardon and to offer you the sum of…

***Scrooge whispers something in their ears.***

***1st philanthropist:*** Mr. Scrooge?!

***2nd philanthropist:*** Mr. Scrooge?!

***Scrooge***: Yes, yes and not a penny less!

***1st philanthropist:*** Mr. Scrooge!

***2nd philanthropist:*** Mr. Scrooge!

***Poultry girl enters.***

***Poultry girl:*** Chicken pies! Chicken pies!

***Scrooge***: Hey, hey, do you work for the poultry shop around the corner?

***Poultry girl:*** I certainly do, sir!

***Scrooge***: Can you tell me if that prize goose has been sold yet?

***Poultry girl:*** The one that has been hanging in the corner? The really huge one?

***Scrooge***: Yes that one!

***Poultry girl:*** The one that has been hanging in the corner? The really huge one? As big as me?

***Scrooge***: What a clever girl you are! Yes that one.

***Poultry girl:*** No, it hasn’t been sold yet.

***Scrooge***: Then go back to the shop and tell them that I should buy it!

***Poultry girl:*** Mr. Scrooge buying a huge goose? They’ll never believe it!

***Scrooge***: Five shillings!

***Poultry girl:*** I am on my way, sir!

***Poultry girl exits.***

***Scrooge***: It’s twice as big as Tiny Tim. And now…

***Gets out Fred’s invitation. It’s all crumbled. Fred’s party scene.***

***Mrs. Fred:*** A leopard, an alligator, a Russian bear? Tupper’s dog Billy? A pig?

***Fred:*** No, no and no.

***Tupper***: Is it a nice animal?

***Fred:*** No.

***Tupper***: It lives in London, it’s not nice and it’s a wild animal? A human animal?

***Door bell. Enters Scrooge in new coat. Silence. One of the guests drops a glass.***

***Scrooge***: Fred. I have come to have dinner with you. May I?

***Fred:*** Uncle Scrooge? Is it really you? May you come? You, sir, will do us the honour of leading us into dinner. You have come just in time. Uncle, you place is all set!

***Scrooge***: Is it, Fred? Is it?

***Mrs. Fred:*** Uncle Scrooge?

***Scrooge opens his arms to Mrs. Fred. They hug.***

***Scrooge***: I think Tupper should lead the way and hold this girl’s waist really tight for me.

***Florence:*** Oh, Mr. Scrooge!

***Tupper:*** How does he know my name?

***Fred Party exit. Come carollers. They sing a carol.***

***Caroller/Narrator 1:*** And that was the beginning of the most wonderful day in Scrooge’s life.

***Caroller/Narrator 2:*** Wonderful party, wonderful guests, wonderful games.

***Caroller/Narrator 3:*** Scrooge became as good a man as this city ever new.

***Caroller/Narrator 4:*** And to Tiny Tim who did not die he was a second father.

***Caroller/Narrator 5:*** And it was always said of Scrooge that he knew how to keep Christmas if any man alive possesses the knowledge.

***All carollers:*** And as Tiny Tim said, “God bless us every one!”

***Another carol, all characters sing***