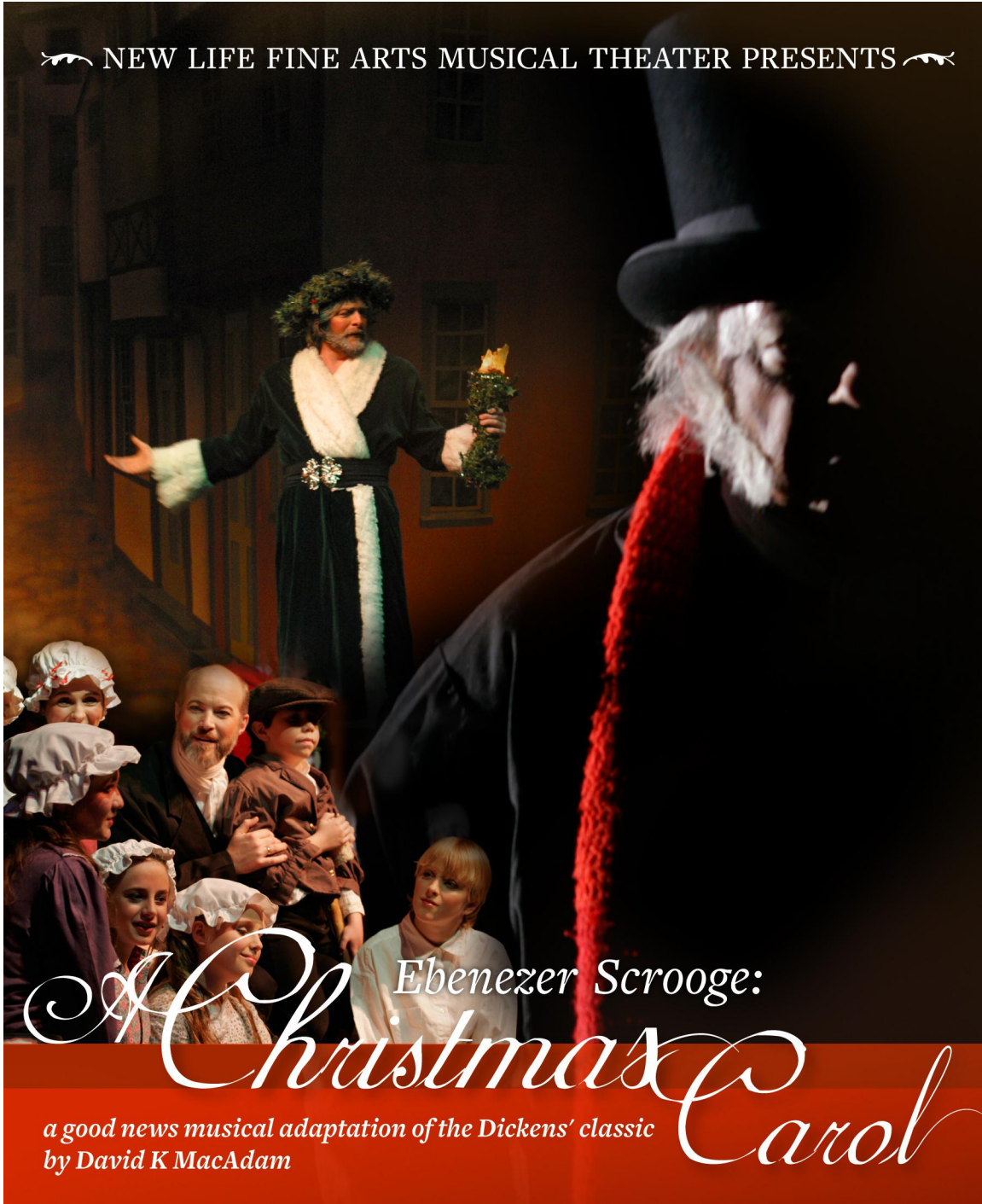


# Audition Sides

NEW LIFE FINE ARTS MUSICAL THEATER PRESENTS



*Ebenezer Scrooge:*  
*A Christmas Carol*  
*a good news musical adaptation of the Dickens' classic*  
*by David K MacAdam*

Ebenezer Scrooge: A Christmas Carol, a musical adaptation by David K. MacAdam C. 1984-2013  
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BEGGAR BOY

Outside Scrooge's Counting House Door

BEGGAR BOY: *(knocks at the door and sings)*

Please sir, can you spare a few shillings

A copper or two...

*(short pause)* Something for others less privileged?

SCROOGE: *(shouting)* Less privileged? They are only poor because they are lazy loafers who drown themselves in drink. CHRISTMAS! BAH!

BEGGAR BOY: Bless you Mr. Scrooge, and I'm sorry if I've been of any offense. May I wish you a Merry Christmas?

SCROOGE: HUMBUG! Calculating swindlers all of them! Humbug! Bah!  
*(He slams the door and goes to his ledger books)*

BOB CRATCHIT & SCROOGE  
Scrooge's Counting House Interior

SCROOGE: Humbug! *(directed to the carolers outside while preoccupied with his work.)*  
I'm so weary of their melodies. Cratchit! Are you finished with those accounts yet?

CRATCHIT: Almost, Mr. Scrooge. My fingers have gone blue with cold. Couldn't we have a little more heat?

SCROOGE: More heat! Haven't I given you a coal fire?

CRATCHIT: Yes Mr. Scrooge. But one coal ...

SCROOGE: Stop your complaining Cratchit, and give me those statements. I want to see who still owes me and I'll send you out to collect.

CRATCHIT: But it's Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge!

SCROOGE: They'll have a better conscience for their Christmas when they have fully paid their debts.

CRATCHIT: Here they are sir. *(Hands his papers over as SCROOGE looks through them).*

Mr Scrooge, I was thinking. Being that it's Christmas Eve, would it be possible for me to leave a little earlier to get something special for the family? After all, it is Christmas and the children will be expecting...

SCROOGE: Expecting their father to indulge their appetites for frivolity? Half of these people cannot pay their current bills in a timely manner. Lest they forget this fact and waste their money on all this Christmas malarkey, let us remind them of the true state of their affairs. On Christmas Eve you can serve them with these notices. *(He gives the papers back to Cratchit)*

Where do they think they will they get their money? Does it grow on Christmas trees?  
Well, Cratchit?

CRATCHIT: Hardly sir... It was just that...

SCROOGE: It's clear that you have more work to do. You'll remain here till the clock strikes seven and you'll be leaving no sooner. You were five minutes late this morning.

CRATCHIT: Yes, and forgive me! My son Tiny Tim was ill with this bitter cold! He is so frail, you know. And my dear wife worries about him so.

SCROOGE: Is that my fault? Do I command the weather? It is not our business to make men well. We are well enough when we are well off. You provide for life's necessities, food and shelter, by earning a living. You earn a living by working. Have I made myself clear, Cratchit? Now leave me alone and finish those invoices. I've got work to attend to. There are papers to be sorted. Accounts to keep track of ... Now what are you waiting for? To work! You are wasting my time.

NEPHEW VISITS SCROOGE  
Scrooge's Counting House Interior

*(Nephew enters through counting house door.)*

NEPHEW: A merry Christmas to you Uncle Ebenezer! And God bless you.

SCROOGE: What do you want?

NEPHEW: *(Hangs his scarf up)* Not to borrow money or to beg a mortgage, but just to wish you a Merry Christmas. *(He offers a gift; a scarlet scarf in a wrapped box)*

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug! *(He rejects the gift, but the NEPHEW unwraps it just the same)*

NEPHEW: Christmas, a humbug Uncle? You don't mean that. I'm sure. *(He offers the scarf)*

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

NEPHEW: *(In good humor)* Oh uncle! What right have you to be sad? You're rich enough!

SCROOGE: *(He starts to put money into his moneybox)*  
You're never rich enough, only poor enough. Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW: Don't be cross uncle!

SCROOGE: *(placing coins the money box)*  
What else can I be when I live in a world of fools such as yourself?  
What's Christmas time to you but a time for finding yourself a year older but not an hour richer.  
I would that every idiot who goes around with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips would be boiled in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly in his heart!

NEPHEW: Uncle Scrooge!

SCROOGE: *(returns the gift)* Keep your Christmas, nephew. It will do you no good.

NEPHEW: Ah, but uncle, I believe it has done me good. I like to think of Christmas, apart from its sacred name and origin, if anything can be apart from that, as a good time, and a joyous and forgiving time. Why, Christmas is a time when people are kind to each other, without counting the cost. It's a time when people open their hearts to the lost and the needy. Why Christmas is a wonderful time of the year. And although I admit it's never put a scrap of silver or gold in my pocket, I believe it has done me good and it will do me good. And I say, God bless it.

CRATCHIT: *(who has been listening, applauds)* Here, Here!

SCROOGE: Enough of your eloquence. This is not parliament *(turning to Bob)*  
And another sound from you and you will spend your Christmas looking for another job!

*(As if admitting his impropriety, CRATCHIT dutifully returns to work, and at times tries to rouse some flame from his dying coal fire by poking at it, nervously.)*

NEPHEW: Uncle, have dinner with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE: No, I think not.

NEPHEW: But why? My wife and I would love to have you spend the holiday with us.

SCROOGE: Yes, your wife. As if you didn't have enough problems. Why did you marry?

NEPHEW: Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE: *(incredulously)* Fell in love ... *(as if it were a notion as ridiculous as Christmas)* with a woman as penniless as yourself. She'll only add to your ruin.

NEPHEW: Why, I believe she's part of the making of me. Come and see for yourself!  
You do yourself a great disservice not to meet her, Uncle.

SCROOGE: No, you keep your Christmas your way and leave me to keep it mine.

NEPHEW: But you don't keep it. You've not discovered it.

SCROOGE: Good afternoon!

## LADY & GENTLEMAN SOLICITORS

### Scrooge's Counting House Interior

GENTLEMAN: (*Noticing that there are only two men inside the shop, and that the sign outside read 'Scrooge and Marley', he addresses Cratchit and Scrooge*) Scrooge and Marley, I presume.

SCROOGE: You do. Mr. Marley has been dead seven years. In fact, he died seven years ago this very night.

LADY: We have no doubt that his generosity is shared by his surviving partner, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: (*Wincing at the word 'generosity' he indicates they have the wrong man.*) Generosity?

GENTLEMAN: At this Christmas season it is more than usually desirable to give a provision to the poor and destitute.

SCROOGE: (*Interrupting*) Stop that talk. Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? Let the poor go there; I take it the poor houses still exist?

LADY: Oh but Mr. Scrooge, how much better for poor people to spend Christmas at home. Just a small contribution, Sir, and you could help a family to celebrate with joy. How much shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE: Nothing.

LADY: Nothing?

GENTLEMAN: You mean you wish to remain anonymous ...

SCROOGE: I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, that is my answer. I help to support the establishments, the poorhouses and the prisons ... they cost enough. Let those who are badly off go there.

GENTLEMAN: They are not very cheerful places.

LADY: Many would rather die than go there.

SCROOGE: Well let them die, and decrease this surplus population. There would be some less mouths to feed.

GENTLEMAN: Let them die?

SCROOGE: It's not my business nor is it my responsibility. Now you must excuse me. I'm very busy with my own affairs.

GENTLEMAN: Good day to you then, Mr. Scrooge, and may your Christmas be as happy as theirs!



MRS. DILBER & MR. SCROOGE

Scrooge's Front Parlor

*(MRS. DILBER, the chambermaid is tidying up the room. She brings in a tray with a bowl of stew and a covered dish with a special dessert she prepared in celebration of Christmas.)*

DILBER: Good evening, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Nothing particularly good about it, Mrs. Dilber.

DILBER: I should have expected you'd be at the office till the last minute. It's already gone 'alf eight. I left your dinner on the tray.

SCROOGE: *(unimpressed)* Did you?

DILBER: I trust it has kept warm. I know you're not one accustomed to surprises, but I'm leaving something special for 'afters'.

SCROOGE: You have no business going to the expense.

DILBER: Not to worry Mr. Scrooge. I made it myself. I do hope you like it ...  
Christmas pudding.

SCROOGE: I haven't the appetite.

DILBER: I'll leave it on the tray just the same. Who knows? It might warm your insides.

SCROOGE: Good evening, Mrs. Dilber.

DILBER: What's particularly good about it? *(beat)* It's Christmas, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: I leave you to it. Humbug. *(She leaves. He sits down to eat)*

JACOB MARLEY & SCROOGE

Scrooge's Front Parlor

MARLEY: Scrooooooge!

SCROOGE: Just a bit of undigested beef. (*accusing the apparition*)  
Some underdone potato! (*He sits back down to his stew*).

*(There is the sound of distant clanking chains and bell-like sounds.)*  
*(Marley appears bound in chains and bent with the weight of them.)*

MARLEY: Scrooge! (*Marley moans.*)

SCROOGE: Who...what...is it?

MARLEY: (*in a breathy moan*) Seven years...seven years

SCROOGE: (*flabbergasted*) Why what?...

MARLEY: Scrooge ... seven years of night...long, long night. Do you remember one Christmas Eve, I received these chains, forged for me by Jacob Marley's earthly life?

SCROOGE: Jacob Marley? Is that you?

MARLEY: Just a shadow of the real soul that suffers for eternity.

SCROOGE: My former partner, Jacob Marley. Why he's been dead... I'm certain...

MARLEY: Why, Scrooge, why did I never lift my eyes to the star that led the wise men to the Child? Why? For this I bear these chains...

SCROOGE: Oh, surely I must be dreaming. Oh, Ebenezer, come to your senses.

MARLEY: (*with an awful moan*) SCROOGE! I am not the product of your imagination.

I am a victim of your past. (*He slowly points to SCROOGE*)

One of the haunting figures that remain in the shadows of your consciousness.

In life I was your partner in greed. Now for eternity I bear the incessant torture of remorse, alive to my need yet eternally separated from satisfaction.

I missed my opportunity, Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Missed opportunity? Not Jacob. Marley was a good businessman, surely.

MARLEY: Business! What did he know of the real business of mankind?

He chose to be forever enslaved. He would bow to no one but himself and the idols you taught him to serve. You too are a slave, Ebenezer.

Do you not feel the weight of the chains that you now bear?

*(Wrapping SCROOGE in his chains as if they were his own)*

SCROOGE: *(falling to his knees in terror, the weight of Marley's chains upon him)*

Why of course not. I mean, I don't think so...I never thought...

MARLEY: Still you do not understand! Tonight on this Christmas Eve, the Spirit of Truth will give you an opportunity to be released from the chains that bind you.

He will send a messenger in three different guises. First, you must face your past, then the present, and *(moan)* the future.

So watch out Ebenezer, when the clock strikes one, he will come.

He will face you with the truth of Christmas past. He will call up from the forgotten oblivion of lost moments the real Scrooge you've betrayed...

There comes a time when all men will face their past. Your time has now arrived.

SCROOGE: I really must get my sleep, and I don't...I don't care for any visitors, thank you.

Oh dear.

MARLEY: Without these visits you cannot hope to escape the path I tread.

Expect the first encounter when the clock strikes one.

SCROOGE: Couldn't I have all three at once and have it done with?

MARLEY: Expect the second at the chiming of the following hour. And the third at three.

*(He disappears through the window)*

SCROOGE: Wait! Marleeeeeeeey! *(As if he would detain him for further questioning)*

MESSENGER of CHRISTMAS PAST & SCROOGE

Scrooge's Past: Outside a School in the English Countryside

SCROOGE: Where have you taken me?

MESSENGER: For you the way ahead is behind.

SCROOGE: What foolishness.

MESSENGER: Do you not know where you are?

SCROOGE: *(Moment by moment Scrooge reawakens to his senses)*

My heart pounds. What is it that I feel within my breast? What is that fragrance? Is it ...pine? I had forgotten the smell of the countryside.

MESSENGER: You have traveled in a world that seems hard and fast.

We have the chance to grow in understanding as we relive.

Few take the thoughtful route that the memory provides.

Do you know where you are?

SCROOGE: Why of course!

MESSENGER: You are where you were.

From our point of view, at the time where you were ... you have not yet seen where you are.

SCROOGE: Such philosophical gibberish!

*(Something catches his eye. SCROOGE crosses in front of the MESSENGER)*

Hey, I know this place. I was a boy here!

MESSENGER: Then you remember the way?

SCROOGE: I could walk it blindfolded.

MESSENGER: Strange to have forgotten it for so many years.

*(Scrooge stops dead in his tracks, unwilling to proceed. They are approaching a schoolyard. There are a few children playing whom he recognizes)*

SCROOGE: Look here come my schoolmates! What a day for a sleigh ride!  
They're headed home! Hello Nicholas! Richard! Will! John and Philip!

MESSENGER: (*pointing off towards the audience*) What's that over there?

SCROOGE: The school. How lonely and deserted it looks. Most everyone by now has gone.

MESSENGER: It's Christmas, you remember. They've gone to be with their families.  
And who is that boy there, alone... Do you know him? (*lights up on a young boy sitting reading*)

SCROOGE: Who could know him more? Poor, little boy.

MESSENGER: What do you mean?

SCROOGE: I wish... (*Fumbling as if he had pockets from which he could find some money.*)  
... but I suppose it's too late now.

MESSENGER: What is the matter?

SCROOGE: Oh nothing.  
A boy, most likely an orphan, came to collect for the less privileged today...  
I should like to have given him something; that's all.

MESSENGER: How did it feel Scrooge...Christmas after Christmas...  
If I remember your father was quite occupied...

SCROOGE: This was not a happy time. My mother died after giving birth to my sister, Fan.  
Father sent me here when he married again. The other boys went home for the holidays.  
All I had were my small collection of books to keep me company.

(*The Messenger touches the arm of Scrooge and points to the younger MASTER SCROOGE*)

MESSENGER: And what were you reading?

SCROOGE: Why it's Ali Baba. I remember one Christmas time he did come to me just like  
that...and Valentine and his wild brother Orson.. How I loved those stories; there they go!  
(*Pointing into the audience*)  
And 'what's his name? Robinson Crusoe! I remember. These were my friends.

## MASTER SCROOGE SONG

Reading in His Room Alone at Boarding School during the Holiday

*In a book of fantasy  
I have friends of lore  
To keep me company.  
(He acts out a swash buckling adventure; unsheathing his sword).  
Ali Baba and the forty thieves  
Here on Crusoe's isle  
I do as I please (as if he were king of his own island)*

*(realizing the reality of his desertion and loneliness)*

*Who will rescue me  
As I dream  
All alone  
Of my home?*

*Mother can you hear me?  
I know you've gone away.  
Father is too busy  
He has no time today.  
Is someone still waiting?  
To bid me to stay?  
I'll be home for Christmas!  
Take me home for Christmas!  
I'll be home for Christmas someday.*

*(The young boy closes his book gets off the stool and begins to pace; A young girl runs on stage and throws her arms around him. It is FAN, Ebenezer's sister)*

## FAN & MASTER SCROOGE

Inside Young Master Scrooge's Room at His Boarding School

*(Fan rushes into her brothers news excited to see him and share the wonderful news that he is to come home with her to celebrate Christmas with their family.)*

FAN: Dear, dear brother! Merry Christmas!

MASTER SCROOGE: Fan! You've come!

FAN: Yes, I've come to bring you home, dear brother. To bring you home, home, home!  
*(Clapping her hands and giggles with excitement)*

MASTER SCROOGE: Surely you don't mean that?

FAN: Yes! Home for good! Home forever and ever! Father's much kinder than he used to be. He spoke gently to me the other night, so I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said you should and sent me in a coach to fetch you.

MASTER SCROOGE: It's true then?

FAN: Yes, it's true. And we will have the merriest time in all the world!

MASTER SCROOGE: Why Fan! That's wonderful! And look at you!  
You're quite a little woman!

FAN: Quickly, we must get your things. The coach is waiting.  
*(She takes him by the hand and hurries him offstage to catch the coach)*

BELLE & YOUNG SCROOGE (Fall in Love)  
Fezziwig's Hall Christmas Eve Party

*(Belle pours glasses of punch for guests)*

SCROOGE: It's Belle!

*(She pours Young Scrooge a glass of punch)*

BELLE: Merry Christmas, Ebenezer *(offering him a drink)*

YOUNG SCROOGE: Why thank you, Belle. *(He drinks)*

SCROOGE: I had forgotten how beautiful she was.

YOUNG SCROOGE: You look quite lovely tonight.

SCROOGE: How long it has been since I've looked into your sparkling eyes.

BELLE: Why Ebenezer, it is a rare thing to see you without a quill in hand or about some matter of business. Actually, I'm quite relieved. Father says that you are his best employee...

YOUNG SCROOGE: He's pleased with me, then?

BELLE: Why of course! He says that you have great determination, a splendid mind and that he trusts you with his best customers. I'm sure he dreads that one day you will leave our small enterprise for something more grand.

YOUNG SCROOGE: More grand? Why Belle, what could be more grand than to be here with you? Come, let's dance.

*(YOUNG SCROOGE and BELLE dance alone, as if whisked away by their emotion to some place apart until they eventually integrate with the others in the country dance)*



BELLE & YOUNG SCROOGE (Breakup)  
Outdoors Walking the Park and Streets of London

*(BELLE is in conversation with YOUNG SCROOGE)*

BELLE: For you I suppose it matters very little that another has displaced me.

YOUNG SCROOGE: *(In disbelief)* Displaced you? Who has displaced you?

BELLE: It is not a question of whom but what.

YOUNG SCROOGE: I'm only doing what is best for all of us. Old Fezziwig is a kind soul indeed. But what future does he have here? In that case what future do we have here?

BELLE: I believe that you and your former schoolmate think more of your profits than ... you do of your own conscience.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Can't you see that this is the evenhanded dealing of the world! There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and nothing that it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth.

BELLE: Do you respect the world and its treasures more than the treasures of the heart? I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until little more than your material ambitions remain. Without any remorse you allow your employer to be bought out.

YOUNG SCROOGE: I must look after my own interests. Jacob will be a good partner and London is the best place to be now. I need to be more alert of business opportunities. Even if I have changed ... What of it? I have not changed towards you. *(BELLE shakes her head)* Have I?

BELLE: Our engagement contract was made while we were both poor and content to be so. If you were free today to choose a penniless girl, I doubt that you would do so. Or that she could make you happy. In your heart you know that you are not the man you were.

YOUNG SCROOGE: I was a boy.

BELLE: Your own feelings tell you that you are not who you were. That which promised us happiness when we were one in heart no longer does now that we are two. I cannot tell you how much I have thought about this. It is only fair that I should release you from our contract...

YOUNG SCROOGE: Have I ever sought release from my promise?

BELLE: In words, never.

YOUNG SCROOGE: In what then?

BELLE: In a changed heart. Tell me truly. If this engagement had not been made, would you seek me out and try to win me now? *(pause... OLD SCROOGE says "Don't just stand there. Tell her you lover her.")*

YOUNG SCROOGE: *(After pausing, with a struggle)* You think not. *(Young Scrooge turns away)*

## BELLE'S HEARTBREAK SONG

BELLE:

*I loved you more  
Than you'll ever know  
Was it so long ago I told you  
Was I so wrong?*

*To love you more  
Than all the worlds you promised me  
It was the heart I failed to see  
Was I so wrong?*

*We loved each other  
In the spring time of our youth  
But when time unveiled the truth  
My dreams were shattered*

*Soon the wind changed direction  
Springtime turned into fall  
Something stole your affection  
There was no summertime at all.  
(next column...)*

*(She goes to return the engagement ring and places it on Scrooge's desk. Bitter and preoccupied with his accounts, Scrooge ignores her. As she leaves, he picks up the ring thoughtfully, then suddenly and resolutely puts it back down on the desk and continues with his work.)*

BELLE:

*I loved you more  
Than you'll ever know  
Was it so long ago I told you  
Was I so wrong?*

*To love you more?  
Fortunes cannot guarantee  
That you will risk your heart to me  
I loved you more*

OLD SCROOGE & BELLE:

*We loved each other  
In the springtime of our youth*

BELLE:

*But if love must speak the truth...  
...I loved you more.*

ROBERT & BELLE  
Street Shelter

*(BELLE enters with ROBERT, her co-worker at a street shelter.)*

ROBERT: Belle, I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon.

BELLE: Who was it?

ROBERT: Guess!

BELLE: How can I? How am I supposed to know? Where were you?

ROBERT: In the bank district.

BELLE: Ebenezer Scrooge?

ROBERT: Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed by his office window. He had not closed the shutters, and as he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner, Jacob Marley, lies at the point of death, I hear; and there he set alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

BELLE: Poor, poor Ebenezer!

MESSENGER of CHRISTMAS PRESENT & SCROOGE

London Streets

MESSENGER: I must show you Christmas present!

SCROOGE: What is that torch you carry?

MESSENGER: I bear the flame of love. Life, love and light. They go together you know. You have already had many opportunities to consider what I have to show you. Sadly, you have given little attention to them. Tonight it will be different. You'll see that a sense of celebration is not to be scoffed at. It may surprise you how many receive my light. And what a difference it makes. Will you give me your attention then?

SCROOGE: Conduct me where you will. The last time I saw things of the past by compulsion. If you have something to teach me now, let me profit by it.

MESSENGER: Christmas, my dear Ebenezer, you may recall, although it has many traditions, gets its name from what the early followers of Jesus proclaimed during the winter solstice, the Roman festival of Saturnalia, each December. In the bleak mid-winter, the Romans worshipped the sun that rises in the sky and would triumph over darkness. In the words of the Hebrew prophet, "The Son of Righteousness shall arise"

The birth of God's Son heralds this news:  
Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace,  
Hail the Son of Righteousness,  
Light and Life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.

He has come to bring salvation to all who put their trust in Him.

## BUMPING LADIES

Outside the Shops on the Bustling Streets of London

*(2 ladies collide on the streets and as they do they drop their bundles).*

WOMAN 1: You clumsy oaf! Why don't you look where you are going?

WOMAN 2: Well I dare say, I was minding my own way.

WOMAN 1: Look at what you did to my bundles!

WOMAN 2: Well it serves you right for being so stupid.

*(The women freeze for a moment as the flame of the MESSENGER'S torch brightens and is extended between them. There is a corresponding sound effect. After a few seconds they come to life with a total change of heart, fully submitted to the Spirit, full of kindness and joy, yet unaware of Scrooge and the MESSENGER's presence.)*

WOMAN 1: Aaohh! How awful clumsy of me! I'm so sorry! I wasn't looking...

WOMAN 2: Why No dear! Pray tell it was my fault. Let me see if I can help you.

WOMAN 1: Why thank you.

WOMAN 2: Imagine us going at each other like a couple of old cats... and at Christmas time.

WOMAN 1: Can I help you on your way? Care to stop in for a cup of tea?

*(They help one another gather their dropped packages and go off arm in arm.)*

## HAPPY CRATCHIT FAMILY

### Cratchit Family Home

*(MRS. CRATCHIT is preparing a meal. PETER is setting the table. PETER secretly forks a potato, testing it before getting caught and promptly reprimanded with a slap to the wrist by mother. Three other children come running in.)*

BELINDA: Oh Mother, the smell of the roast goose is wonderful.

SARAH: What fun we had in the streets. They are all ice!

BELINDA: So we slid halfway down the hill.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I hope Tiny Tim will be all right. And where is your father?

SARAH: They were just behind us.

MRS. CRATCHIT: And where is Martha? She wasn't as late last Christmas as half an hour.

MARTHA: *(entering carrying a bundle)* Here's Martha, Mother!

CHILDREN: *(running to her with squeals of delight)* Martha!

MARY: There's such a goose, Martha!

BELINDA: It's so good to have you here.

PETER: We're going to have a wonderful Christmas.

MRS. CRATCHIT: My, we were beginning to wonder if you would make it home tonight, dear.

MARTHA: We had a great deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Well never mind, just as long as you're here.

Sit down by the fire and have a warm. *(gives a hug)* Bless you.

PETER: Oh, look it's father coming. Hide Martha, hide!

BELINDA: Quick! In the cupboard!

*(They pull on MARTHA from opposite sides, as if she were a wishbone)*

MARY: Behind the coats!

SARAH: Under the table!

*(MARTHA hides as BOB CRATCHIT enters with TINY TIM being carried on his shoulder, both singing the final phrases of 'GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN'. Tiny Tim is carrying his little crutch. BOB CRATCHIT puts Tim down on a stool.)*

BOB CRATCHIT: Where's our Martha?

SCROOGE: She's under the table you fool!

MRS. CRATCHIT: She's not coming.

*(The children try to look sad. Peter nearly gives the game away with a suppressed giggle.)*

BOB CRATCHIT: Not coming! Not coming for Christmas? Is she all right?

*(Martha, not liking to see him disappointed steps out and runs to her father to be hugged.)*

MARTHA: Merry Christmas Father! I can't bear to see you troubled!

BOB CRATCHIT: There she is, my darling daughter!

*(Then Martha goes to embrace Tiny Tim)*

MRS. CRATCHIT: How did little Tim behave?

BOB CRATCHIT: As good as gold and better. Singing in church has given him quite an appetite. Somehow he sees the world through grown up eyes. He said that he hoped that people who saw him in church might remember Who made the lame beggars walk and the blind to see.

And look how hearty he is! *(Tiny Tim runs with the crutch across the stage. Bob says to Martha:)* He'll see many a Christmas yet. *(He goes to the fire and sits down and rolls up his shirt cuffs.)* Come children. Come and get warm by the fire.

*(Children sit down. Music starts for "I Dreamed We Had A Christmas".)*

PETER: It's so exciting to think that Christmas is almost here.

MARTHA: *I dreamed we had a Christmas*

BELINDA: *with a fir tree full of stars*

SARAH: *twinkling shining bright for all to see*

PETER: *Beneath that tree were presents  
With colored paper wrapped for all*

MARY: *A crib inside a manger  
And toy oxen for the stall*

ALL: *And round the table gathered  
Every one to take a part  
In the feast where love was shared by all  
We celebrate the wondrous birth  
The Savior's humble start  
Real Christmas joy is not a toy  
But Christ born in the heart*

SCROOGE: *(as music continues and CRATCHIT plays with his children)*  
Why has Cratchit become so irrational this night?

MESENTER: Irrational? It's not a lack of reason that gives him his joy, but fullness of Spirit.  
It is this that you need to understand.

SCROOGE: Understand what?

MESENTER: Spirit. The Spirit gives meaning to things.

<p>ALL: <i>Tomorrow will be Christmas It's impossible to sleep Like wise men we will worship our true King Outside the world's a wonder Streets are quiet as it snows And when the morning wakes us What awaits us no one knows</i></p>	<p><i>And round the table gathered Every one to take a part In the feast where love was shared by all We celebrate the wondrous birth The Savior's humble start Real Christmas joy is not a toy But Christ born in the heart</i></p>
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BOB CRATCHIT: *(spoken)* And what's your dream Tim?

TINY TIM: *I dreamed that people everywhere ... Would have their share of love.*



MRS. CRATCHIT: Now come to the table. *(The children come to the table while Mrs. Cratchit pulls a plate of roast goose from the oven)*

MARY: What a lovely goose! *(The roast goose is placed on the table to all their admiration).*

CRATCHIT: It's turned out very well indeed.

BELINDA: What a feast.

BOB CRATCHIT: What we are about to gobble up is due to the goodness of my employer, Mr. Scrooge. *(SCROOGE approves)*

MRS. CRATCHIT: Mr. Scrooge! Well his goodness doesn't go very far, does it then? Fifteen shillings a week, for all your hard work. Why a goose costs at least seven shillings, five for the pudding, and three for the onions, sage and oranges. *(SCROOGE reacts)*

BOB CRATCHIT: There, there dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT: We'll gobble up the goodness of Mr. Scrooge in one meal. It's a whole weeks wages.

BOB CRATCHIT: Not to worry. I go back to work after Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT: He's such a hard, stingy, unfeeling man.

BOB CRATCHIT: But we are grateful to him.  
And to you my dear for the exquisite goose and trimmings.

BELINDA: And for Peter who mashed the potatoes.

MRS. CRATCHIT: The ones he didn't sample first.

BOB CRATCHIT: Yes to Peter, for whom I've been keeping my eye upon a possible situation, which would bring in, if obtained, a full five and sixpence weekly.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Why Master Peter that would be wonderful!

SARAH: Imagine Peter, a man of business!

PETER: I wonder what investments I could make with such a sum of money!

BELINDA: You could start with a pair of shoes perhaps. *(laughter)*

BOB CRATCHIT: And a Merry Christmas to us all my dears!  
We don't have all the gold in the world, but we are happy, and we do have each other.  
So on this Christmas Eve, A Merry Christmas everybody. And God bless us all!

TINY TIM: God bless us everyone!

## NEPHEW'S PARTY SPEECH

### Christmas Day Party at Scrooge's Nephew's Home

NEPHEW: I was only going to say that I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. He may not think much of us, but I'm sure we make better companions than his own thoughts, his moldy old office or his dusty chambers. He may rail at Christmas year after year, but I believe one day he might wake up to the love of God...Miracles can happen you know. Perhaps by continually visiting him in good temper, showing that I care about him, and wishing him a Merry Christmas, I might somehow shake him up a bit, or wear him down, at least so much that he might leave his poor clerk, Bob Cratchit, a few extra pounds at Christmas. That would be something, I should think!

BELLE & SICK WOMAN  
Street Shelter in of London

*(On stage right, there is a kettle of soup cooking over a fire. There are some sick people on cots. SCROOGE and the MESSENGER stand off to the right. BELLE is at the side of a patient. She takes a compress of a woman's forehead. Musical reprise of 'Whatsoever You Do')*

BELLE: There, does that feel better?

WOMAN: Oh yes mum.

BELLE: These extra blankets will help keep you warm.

SCROOGE: It's Belle. And how radiant she is.

MESSENGER: As radiant as ever.

BELLE: And we've got some lovely hot soup.

WOMAN: How can I ever thank you enough?

BELLE: It's my pleasure.

WOMAN: Caw! You make it look as if it really is a pleasure.

MESSENGER: Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things.  
Love never fails...

## SAD CRATCHIT FAMILY

### Cratchit Family Home

*(Peter and Martha are seated. Peter has been reading the Scriptures aloud to comfort his mother. Mrs. Cratchit is somewhat distracted. SCROOGE and MESSENGER are looking on.)*

PETER: For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

MRS. CRATCHIT: *(interrupting)* What time is it Peter?

PETER: It's gone half seven.

MRS. CRATCHIT: It is almost time your father were home.

MARTHA: *(walking to the window)*. He's coming now mother. He's walking slower these last few evenings than he used to.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I have known him to walk fast, even with Tiny Tim on his shoulders.

BELINDA: So have I.

MRS. CRATCHIT: There's your Father at the door now. *(BOB CRATCHIT enters)*  
Everything all right? You must be cold.

BOB CRATCHIT: *(In deep thought.)* Yes, dear. I wish you could have been with me as I stopped by the cemetery. It would have done you good to see what a green place it is. But you'll see it often. We shall not forget him. As I saw children running and playing outside, I thought about his short life with us, and how happy he must be now. It was as if we were treated to a special gift for those few years. My child, my little child *(He breaks into tears)*.

MARTHA: We came across this passage today Father. And it gave us great comfort. Here it is... "He took a little child and set him in the midst."

SCROOGE: Where have I heard those words? Surely I have not dreamed them. Why does she not go on?

MARTHA: I can imagine him with Jesus in the midst of the multitudes now. Read on Peter...

PETER: *(reading on)* "I say unto you that except you be converted and become as a little child you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

BOB CRATCHIT: I know none of us will forget how patient ... humble ... and trusting was our dear Tiny Tim.

PETER: Never father. *(The children echo his sentiments)*

BOB CRATCHIT: We were blessed to have known him. *(As he hugs his children)*  
I am a very happy man. Truly happy.

## MEN ON THE STREET

### Street Corner Waiting for a Carriage

*(MAN 1 is a businessman, rather stiff. MAN 2 is anxious to get home to his family. MAN 3 wants to go ice skating. MAN 4 is watching eagerly for a cab to pick them up. MAN 5 does not think much of the deceased.)*

MAN 1: No, I don't know much about it either. I only know that 'e's dead. *(takes snuff)*

MAN 2: When did he die then?

MAN 1: Last night, I believe.

MAN 3: Why? What was the matter with 'im? I thought 'e'd never die!

MAN 2: *(Man 2 looks at his pocket watch)* So did he, I dare say.....Cold, isn't it?

MAN 3: Quite seasonable for Christmastime. You're not a skater I suppose.

MAN 4: Where is our carriage? I don't like being late.

MAN 5: Well, Old Scratch\* *(the devil)* has got his own at last.

MAN 2: What did 'e do wif 'is money then?

MAN 1: I 'aven't heard. 'e couldn't take it with 'im, that's fer sure. Not even ol' tight-fist 'imself.

MAN 4: Left it to 'is Company, I should imagine. 'e 'asn't left it to me; that's all I know.

MAN 2: Maybe 'e tried to eat 'is own money?.

MAN 3: An' why not? He'd be closer to it! *(This pleasantry is received with general laughter)*

MAN 4: I see a cab!

MAN 3: It's likely to be a cheap funeral- for upon my life, I don't know anybody who would go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteered?

MAN 2: I don't mind going, as long as lunch is provided. After all, I must be fed. *(pats his stomach)*. If not, I'm staying home.

MAN 4 : I'll go if you go. Although I never wear black gloves and I never eat lunch.

MAN 1: When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure if I wasn't his most particular friend.

MAN 5 I didn't think he had a particular friend, save his moneybox.

MAN 2: At least he'll be able to afford a coffin.

MAN 4: Our carriage has arrived.

PERRYWINKLE'S PAWNSHOP

CHARWOMAN: *(Greets one of the exiting gentleman and then pickpockets his pocket watch.)*  
Gov'nah. *(Meanwhile DILBER takes advantage of her distraction and takes the first place in line outside Joe Perrywinkle's pawnshop. The CHARWOMAN sees DILBER)*

Oi! I was 'ere first.

MRS. DILBER: And who's to say that's true? My word's as good as yours!

CHARWOMAN: I was here first. You always push yourself to the front of the queue, you old hag.

DILBER: Scraggy old crow.

CHARWOMAN: Just because you're older, you always fink that you should come first. And where did you get your fings from? Off some beggar's back?

DILBER: Some gifts from a repootible gentleman.

WOMAN: Who then?

DILBER: Never you mind.!They ought to be worth somethink. You'll see.

SCROOGE: Well, if it isn't old Joe Perrywinkle's pawnshop?  
Hey, I believe he still owes me...and that's Mrs. Dilber... who cleans for me once a week!

*(PERRYWINKLE changes the sign from "Out to Lunch" to "Open for Business".  
In come 2 other men, dressed in faded black, the UNDERTAKER and his APPRENTICE.  
They are not pleased to have been preceded by the two ladies.)*

PERRYWINKLE: 'ello. What's this? The grim reapers 'ave arrived, 'ave they?  
Must be a coinky dink. Imagine the laundress, charwoman and undertakers all arriving here at the same time?

DILBER: What a chance! If we 'aven't all four met here wif'out meanin' it?  
*(DILBER, CHARWOMAN and UNDERTAKERS burst into laughter)*

PERRYWINKLE: Filfy scavengers! You couldn't have met in a betta- place.

CHARWOMAN: No indeed!

PERRYWINKLE: Who's first?

CHARWOMAN: Open me bundle Joe.

DILBER: (*interrupts throwing her bag in front of Charwoman*) Look here, old Joe!

PERRYWINKLE: Ladies! Mrs. Dilber first.

CHARWOMAN: Right. (*smirks*) A case of "'age' before 'booty'" (*kicking her bag.*)

DILBER: I've brought a couple of old coats from a most dearly departed.

PERRYWINKLE: So sorry to 'ear of it. Was it a close relative?

DILBER: Relatively speakin'. Don't ask me how I come by them. Who's the worse for the loss of a few old things? Not a dead man, I s'pose.

CHARWOMAN: No indeed!

DILBER: Everybody has a right to take care of themselves. He always did!

CHARWOMAN: That's true indeed!

(*NOTE to ALL: Speak the lyrics for the purposes of the audition rather than singing.*)

DILBER:

*Open me bundle, Perrywinkle*

*Gasping alone, he was struck wif' death*

*Nobody knowed when he blowed 'is last breath*

*The time come*

*to set'le his affairs.*

ALL:

*Poor unfortunates we*

*Left to our skills for pecuniary advantage*

*Why should we stand wif' our*

*'ands in our pockets*

*When wif'in reach is a*

*watch or a locket*

*And on the market*

*it's gold.*

DILBER: It'll fetch a good sum I should imagine.

PERRRYWINKLE: Let's see.

CHARWOMAN:

*Open me bundle, Perrywinkle!*

*I bought some blankets from off 'is bed*

*He won't catch cold*

*'e's as cold as dead*

*Don't fink we'll hear the bloke compl'ine*

*(music continues in the background)*

PERRYWINKLE: His blankets! I hope 'e didn't die of anyfing catchy!

CHARWOMAN: I ain't so fond of 'is company that I'd loiter about him for such fings if he did. If you catch my meaning.

PERRYWINKLE: A pencil case, a brooch and an old watch. Ah...looks good! *(Writes out a bill)*

SCROOGE: I believe I have one like that.

CHARWOMAN: Some sheets from off his bed, and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old fashioned teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, a few boots, and *(proudly)* his nightgown.

DILBER: 'is n'ghtgow'n?

APPRENTICE: 'is n'tgow'n?

PERRYWINKLE: You don't mean you left him to die wif-out his n'ght-gow'n?

CHARWOMAN: Well, he's n'ght gow'n' anywhere in particular, is 'e? *(They giggle at the joke)*

*(DILBER snatches her nightgown and goes running off with it. She is pursued by CHARWOMAN and UNDERTAKERS; PERRYWINKLE rounds the corner heading her off at the pass on the ramp, offers both ladies coins to appease them and presents DILBER with a bill of sale )*

PERRYWINKLE:

*How we scrape a living is anyone's business*

*Sign on the line. You don't need a witness*

ALL: *We're out for grabs and up for crime!*



UNDERTAKER: *(He brings in a large bundle; Perrywinkle turns around and bumps into him. UNDERTAKER sings apologetically.)* When I saw the body I was filled with grief.

APPRENTICE: *Stop tellin' lies, you wicked old fief!*

CHARWOMAN: *(as the UNDERTAKER unpacks the bag)* They're his bed curtains! You don't mean that you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?

UNDERTAKER: Yes I do, and why not? *(unpacks the blankets)*

PERRYWINKLE: *(Impressed)* Look at this shirt!

APPRENTICE: That's the one I left for him to be buried in!

UNDERTAKER: You were a fool enough to do so, but I took it off again. I left him a sack to be buried in. He couldn't look any uglier that he did in that!

ALL: *(They cackle madly and take out some more of their spoil)*  
*Forgotten in his will and his legacy*  
*We tapped his latent generosity*  
*And edged our way into the family line*

ALL: *(to Joe)*  
*So what will it be Joe?*  
*How much for these Joe?*  
*(They plunder some passerbys)*  
*We takes what we gets and we gets what we takes*  
*Opportoonity knocks*  
*and we fill up our plates*  
*We're 'entre-preneurs' before our time.*  
*(POLICEMAN walks by suspecting mischief. Thieves try to look inconspicuous; an awkward moment of silence. They sing nervously and slowly as they sneak back to the pawnshop.)*  
*Poor unfortunates we*  
*Left to our skills for pecuniary advantage*  
*(They pause till the policeman turns the corner. Realizing they are out of the policeman's sight, they sing the original upbeat tempo.)*  
*Why should we stand with our hands in our pockets*  
*When within reach is a watch or a locket*  
*And on the market*  
*it's gold?*  
*So what will it be Joe?*

## TURKEY BOY & SCROOGE

On the Street Outside Scrooge's Bedroom Window

*(A boy crosses the front of the stage)*

SCROOGE: *(addresses a passerby from his bedroom window.)* What's today boy?

BOY: Eh?

SCROOGE: What's today - my fine fellow?

BOY: T'daye? Why it's Christmas D'aye!

SCROOGE: Christmas! I haven't missed it. It all happened in one night! Boy!  
Do you know the shop down there?

BOY: I should 'ope I do.

SCROOGE: Intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they have sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? The big one, not the little one?

BOY: Whot, the one as big as me?

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

BOY: It's 'anging there now.

SCROOGE: Is it? *(He dips for money under his bed.)*

Fine fellow! Fetch it in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown. *(quietly)*

BOY: R'yte! *(Boy Runs off to fetch the POULTERER)*

SCROOGE: I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He won't know who sent it! It's twice as big as Tiny Tim!  
Ha! Ha! *(The BOY returns bringing the POULTERER who carries the turkey)*

Oh here it is. *(To the turkey:)* Merry Christmas old fellow!

Send it to Bob Cratchit. I've written down the address. When he asks who sent it, tell him it is from a friend who wishes to remain anonymous.

Now off you go as fast as you can. And there's a pound for you! Merry Christmas!

BOY: Merry Christmas! *(They start off)*

SCROOGE: I LOVE Children!

## SCROOGE VISITS HIS NEPHEW'S HOUSE

*(NEPHEW and his wife, Elizabeth are decorating their Christmas tree together. SCROOGE comes to the front door and knocks. He is carrying a large sack of gifts.)*

ELIZABETH: *(seeing SCROOGE coming to the door)* Now who could that be?

NEPHEW: *(Seeing Scrooge through the window.)* I can't believe it. It's my Uncle Ebenezer! What could he want? *(Opens the door.)*

SCROOGE: Nephew! *(extends a handshake)*

NEPHEW: Can I help you?

SCROOGE: Merry Christmas.

NEPHEW: *(Still doubtful)* Merry Christmas.

SCROOGE: *(looking to his wife)* And this must be you wife. Charming. How do you do?

NEPHEW: *(making introductions)* Elizabeth, my Uncle Ebenezer.

ELIZABETH: So nice to meet you at last.

SCROOGE: Forgive me for waiting so long. Forgive me for being so blind.

ELIZABETH: Well come in ... and stay for dinner.

SCROOGE: To think I once knew a young woman like yourself, but became too busy with what I thought were more important matters. I am very, very pleased to meet you. *(Turning to his NEPHEW)*

Now, dear Nephew, what about that Christmas dinner?

ELIZABETH: *(quickly)* You would be most welcome.

NEPHEW: Why Uncle Ebenezer... *(They embrace)*. You said Christmas was a humbug.

SCROOGE: I spoke as a fool. A pig-headed old fool. Merry Christmas Nephew.

*(The Cratchit family come down the street singing 'Oh Come all ye faithful'. SCROOGE notices BOB CRATCHIT through the window of the NEPHEW'S HOUSE.)*

Is that Cratchit, I see? *(Eyes heavenward)* Lord, you are marvelous.

MEN ON THE STREET  
CONDENSED  
*(waiting for a carriage)*

MAN 1: No, I don't know much about it either. I only know that 'e's dead.

MAN 2: When did 'e die then?

MAN 1: Last night, I believe.

MAN 2: Why? What was the matter wif 'im? I thought e'd never die!

MAN 1: (while MAN 2 looks at his pocket watch) So did he, I dare say... Cold isn't it.

MAN 2: Quite seasonable for Christmastime. You're not a skater I suppose.

MAN 1: Where is our carriage? I don't like being late.

MAN 2: What did 'e do wif 'is money then?

MAN 1: I 'aven't heard? 'e couldn't take it with 'im, that's fer sure. Not even ol' tight-fist 'imself.

MAN 2: Left it to 'is company, I should imagine. 'e 'asn't left it to me; that's all I know.

MAN 1: Maybe 'e tried to eat 'is own money?

MAN 2: An' why not? He'd be closer to it! (This pleasantry is received with laughter)

MAN 1: It's likely to be a cheap funeral, for upon my life, I don't know anybody who would go to it.  
Suppose we made up a party and volunteered?

MAN 2: I don't mind going, as long as lunch is provided.  
After all, I must be fed (pats his stomach). If not, I'm staying home.

MAN 1: I'll go if you go. Although I never wear black gloves and I never eat lunch.

MAN 2: When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure if I wasn't his most particular friend.

MAN 1: I didn't think he has a particular friend, save his moneybox.

MAN 2: At least he'll be able to afford a coffin.

MAN 1: Good! Our carriage has arrived.

CRATCHIT FAMILY 1  
(Happy Cratchits - 1 Adult & 2 Children)

*(The meal is being prepared in the Cratchit home.  
One of the children is already setting the table as the other children arrive)*

CHILD 1: The smell of the roast goose is wonderful!

CHILD 2: What fun we had in the streets. They are all ice! We slid halfway down the hill!

ADULT: I hope Tiny Tim will be all right? And where are they?

CHILD 1: They were just behind us.

CHILD 2: It's so exciting to think that Christmas is almost here.

ADULT: How did little Tim behave?

CHILD 1: As good as gold and better. Singing in church has given him quite an appetite.

CHILD 2: He said that he hoped the people who saw him in church might remember  
Who made the lame beggars walk and the blind to see.

ADULT: We're going to have a wonderful Christmas!

CRATCHIT FAMILY 2  
(Sad Cratchits - 1 Adult & 2 Children)

*(CRATCHIT CHILD 1 is seated and has been reading the Scriptures aloud to CRATCHIT PARENT who is somewhat distracted. CRATCHIT CHILD 2 is looking out the window.)*

CHILD 1: "For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.  
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

PARENT: (interrupting) What time is it?

CHILD 1: It's gone half seven.

PARENT: It is almost time your father were home.

CHILD 2: He's walking slower these last few evenings than he used to.

PARENT: I have known him to walk fast, even with Tiny Tim on his shoulders.

CHILD 2: So have I.

CHILD 1: I came across this passage today. And it gave us great comfort. Here it is...  
"He took a little child and set him in the midst."

CHILD 2: I can imagine him with Jesus in the midst of the multitudes now.

CHILD 1: None of us will forget how patient ... humble...and trusting was our dear Tiny Tim.

CHILD 2: Never.

PARENT: We were blessed to have known him. (Hugs children) I am a very happy. Truly happy.