

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

A one-act drama by
Tom Smith

Music by Roger Butterley
Lyrics by Tom Smith
Based on the novella by Charles Dickens

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SCROOGE

BOB CRATCHIT

FRED

SOLICITOR 1

SOLICITOR 2

CAROLING BOY

PASSERSBY

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

FAN

YOUNG EBENEZER

MR. FEZZIWIG

WILL DICKINS

EBENEZER

MRS. FEZZIWIG

BELLE

CLOVIA

SAPHRONELLA

PARTY GUESTS

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

MRS. CRATCHIT

PETER CRATCHIT

BELINDA CRATCHIT

MARTHA CRATCHIT

TINY TIM CRATCHIT

FRED'S WIFE

TOPPER

NEGLECT

WANT

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET-TO-COME

BOY (OFFSTAGE VOICE)

NOTES

Most of the roles in the play can be doubled or tripled, if you like.

I've included three optional scenes that contain songs. Your production may choose to include one, two or all three of them, or may omit them.

Finally, don't let the number of settings or costumes hinder you from performing this marvelous story. You may simplify everything as much as you need—the charm and warmth of the story will always shine through.

OPTIONAL SONG

(Lights up. Bustling city street packed with PEOPLE.)

Christmas Day Is Coming!

GROUP 1: WELCOME ONE AND WELCOME ALL
WELCOME BIG AND WELCOME SMALL
TRIM THE TREE AND DECK THE HALL
CHRISTMAS DAY IS COMING!

GROUP 2: WELCOME EVERY LASS AND LAD
PLEASE ACCEPT OUR TIDINGS GLAD
ON THIS DAY WE GAILY ADD
CHRISTMAS DAY IS COMING!

ALL: WELCOME ONE AND ALL
TO CHRISTMAS!

WELCOME ONE AND ALL
WITH JOY!

HEAR THE SPIRIT CALL
ON CHRISTMAS

"BLESS US ONE AND BLESS US ALL"

WOMEN: ROAST THE GOOSE AND BAKE THE PIE

MEN: HANG THE WREATHS AND GARLANDS HIGH

QUARTET: SHARE YOUR SMILE WITH PASSERSBY

ALL: CHRISTMAS DAY IS COMING!

GROUP 1: SOMETHING'S BUILDING IN THE AIR

GROUP 2: SOMETHING THAT WE ALL CAN SHARE

GROUP 3: BREATHE IT IN; WE'RE ALMOST THERE

ALL: CHRISTMAS DAY IS COMING!

WELCOME ONE AND ALL
TO CHRISTMAS!

WELCOME ONE AND ALL

WITH JOY!
HEAR THE SPIRIT CALL
ON CHRISTMAS
"BLESS US ONE AND BLESS US ALL"

SOLOISTS OR DUETS/TRIOS: THINK OF FAMILY
'ROUND THE FIRE
THINK OF CANDLES ALL AGLOW
THINK OF CAROLS SUNG BY CHOIRS
THINK OF NOG AND MISTLETOE
THINK OF TURKEY SLOWLY ROASTING
THINK OF CANDY, THINK OF SNOW
THINK OF HELPING THOSE QUITE NEEDY
ALL GOD'S CREATURES HERE BELOW

ALL: CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR
GREET YOUR FELLOW MAN WITH CHEER
LET HIM KNOW THE DAY IS NEAR
CHRISTMAS DAY IS COMING!

AS WE WORK AND AS WE PLAY
JUST ONE WISH WE JOINTLY PRAY
KEEP A JOYFUL HEART AND SAY
"HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY!"

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

(End of Optional Song.)

(Scrooge's office. SCROOGE works in his ledger. BOB CRATCHIT works at his desk, warming himself by the candle that provides him light and looking longingly at the coal box under Scrooge's desk. After a few moments, Cratchit crosses to the meager fire to try to warm himself. Scrooge glares, and Cratchit quickly returns to work. A moment later, FRED enters, full of holiday cheer.)

FRED: Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you! Merry Christmas, Bob Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT: Merry Christmas, Fred!

SCROOGE: Christmas? Bah. Humbug!

FRED: Christmas a humbug, Uncle? Surely you don't mean that!

SCROOGE: I most certainly do. If I had my way, every fool who mouthed a "Merry Christmas" should be boiled alive in egg-nog and stabbed with a branch of holly through his heart.

FRED: Uncle Scrooge! What a horrible thing to say! Where's your Christmas spirit?

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

FRED: But Christmas is a time of joy! It's the only time I know of when men and women open their shut-up hearts and think of the less fortunate as if they were their fellow man. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that Christmas has done me good, and I say God bless it!

(Cratchit applauds. Scrooge glares at him.)

SCROOGE: *(To Cratchit:)* Another sound from you and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your employment!

FRED: Don't be angry, Uncle, especially when I've come with such a joyous invitation! Come, dine with me and my wife tomorrow! Let us enjoy a family feast for the holidays!

SCROOGE: I still don't know why you ever got married, Nephew. A wife is a distraction to business matters. Always wanting your time, your attention. And what do you get in return?

FRED: A world of happiness I'm afraid you'll never understand, Uncle!

SCROOGE: I shall not dine with you; I shall be here instead. Good afternoon, Nephew.

FRED: As resolute as you are against holiday cheer, I am equally resolute to keep it. So: a Merry Christmas, Uncle! And a Merry Christmas to you and yours, Bob Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT: Merry Christmas to you and yours, Fred!

FRED: (*Rushing over to the coal box under Scrooge's desk and throwing a new brick into the fire:*) And a warm and happy New Year!

(He exits. Scrooge grabs the coal back out using Cratchit's scarf.)

SCROOGE: Stuff and nonsense!

(They return to work. A moment later, SOLICITOR 1 and SOLICITOR 2 enter.)

SOLICITOR 1: I notice above your door that this is the office of Scrooge and Marley. Do I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE: Marley is dead, to begin with. Dead as a doornail. He has been dead seven years this very night.

SOLICITOR 1: We have no doubt his generosity is well-represented by his surviving partner, sir!

SOLICITOR 2: At this festive time of year, Mr. Scrooge, it is vitally important that we remember the poor and destitute, who suffer so greatly. Thousands in want of common necessities.

SCROOGE: Oh, yes, I see. And tell me something: are there still prisons?

SOLICITOR 1: Too many, sir!

SCROOGE: And the workhouses? Are they still in operation?

SOLICITOR 2: Unfortunately so, sir.

SOLICITOR 1: But a difference can be made!

(Pulling out his accounting book.)

Now, what shall we put you down for, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Nothing.

SOLICITOR 2: Oh, I see! You wish to make your contribution anonymously!

SCROOGE: No, I wish to make no contribution at all! I work for my money and I find no need whatsoever to make easier the lives of the idle and lazy! My money supports the workhouses and prisons, and I would appreciate the vagrants to find their way there!

SOLICITOR 2: But, Mr. Scrooge, many would rather die!

SCROOGE: If they would rather die, then they should do it! It will only help control the surplus population!

SOLICITOR 2: Mr. Scrooge—!

SCROOGE: Good afternoon, gentlemen!

SOLICITOR 1: Won't you please reconsider?

SCROOGE: *(Escorting them to the door:)* I said, "Good afternoon!"

(They rush out. A second later, Solicitor 2 pops his/her head back in.)

SOLICITOR 2: I can only say, sir, that I hope you'll think better of the spirit of the day.

(Solicitor 2 scurries off.)

SCROOGE: Humbug!

(A moment later, a small CAROLING BOY crosses through the street, singing "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." His cap is off to collect money. PASSERSBY give him coins. He crosses to the office door. Cratchit opens it and hands him a coin. Scrooge, in a rage, grabs a poker from the fireplace and approaches him. The Caroling Boy runs off, screaming in terror.)

Beggars everywhere!

(A moment later, a tower bell rings seven. Cratchit quickly finishes an entry, blows the ink dry in his ledger, puts the ledger and pen in his desk, puts on his hat and extinguishes his candle. He crosses to Scrooge and waits expectantly.)

You'll be wanting the entire day off tomorrow, I suppose?

BOB CRATCHIT: If it's convenient, sir.

SCROOGE: Of course it's not convenient! Nor is it fair! If I was to withhold a day's salary from you, you'd be in an uproar. Yet here I am: forced to pay you a full day's wages for no work at all.

BOB CRATCHIT: It's only once a year, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every December twenty-fifth.

(Carefully guarding his coin purse, he hands Cratchit his pay.)

Be here all the earlier the next morning.

BOB CRATCHIT: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. And a Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge.

(He rushes off.)

SCROOGE: Bah. Humbug!

(Scrooge snuffs his candle, puts on his hat, locks the door and leaves. Set changes to Scrooge's bedroom. Scrooge enters and

removes his pants and coat to reveal a ratty nightshirt underneath. He mutters.)

Marley and I never took a day off, Christmas or any other. Bah!

(He puts on his nightcap and gets into bed. A brief moment of silence. Wind effect: "Scrooooooge!" The sound of chains and footsteps climbing steps. Scrooge rises, putting on his slippers. He looks around as MARLEY'S GHOST enters bathed in eerie glowing light.)

How now? What do you want with me?

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: Much.

SCROOGE: Who...who are you?

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley!

SCROOGE: Marley! But how can it be? Why are you wrapped in fetters?

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: In death, I wear the chain I forged in life. Each link a man, woman or child I neglected. I see your chain, Ebenezer, as heavy and as long as my own.

SCROOGE: But how can such a chain be made, Jacob, when we have both been good men of business?

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: Business!?! Mankind is our business. Charity, mercy, and kindness are our business! I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance of escaping my fate!

SCROOGE: How? Tell me!

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: You shall be visited by three spirits.

SCROOGE: I think I'd rather not...

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: Without their visits, you cannot hope to avoid the path I tread. Expect the first when the bell tolls one. The second will arrive at that same hour. The third when the last stroke of twelve ceases to vibrate.

SCROOGE: Couldn't I see them all at once and have it over with, Jacob?

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY: For your own sake, remember what has been said here tonight!

(He disappears. The tower bell strikes one.)

SCROOGE: One o'clock! But it was past two when I went to bed. An icicle must have gotten into the clock!

(Music. Enter the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST, an ethereal creature.)

Are you the spirit whose coming was foretold to me?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: I am. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. Your past.

SCROOGE: What brings you here tonight?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Your welfare. You must reclaim your past!

SCROOGE: But why? The past is dead; it's gone and buried. No good can come from reclaiming it.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Come with me!

(She touches his heart. Music. The bedroom drifts away. Lights up on a deserted alleyway.)

SCROOGE: Good heavens! The alleyway down the block from where I lived as a boy!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: You recollect this place?

SCROOGE: I used to hide here when I was a lad. When my father's anger was...too much to bear.

(Enter a ragged YOUNG EBENEZER with a black eye, eating a scrap of food.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: It's late Christmas Eve. The streets are deserted. Only a solitary child out in the cold. He's been living on the streets for over a week: no shelter, no warmth, no love. Not a soul would offer him charity.

FAN: *(Rushes in:)* Ebenezer! Ebenezer!

(FAN and Young Ebenezer freeze.)

SCROOGE: Fan!?! Spirit, I've just realized... The boy: it's me, is it not?

(Ghost of Christmas Past nods. Fan and Young Ebenezer unfreeze.)

FAN: Ebenezer, at last I have found you! I have come to take you home! Father is much kinder now, and he misses you. He sent me in a coach to bring you home. A coach!

YOUNG EBENEZER: Are you sure it's all right, Fan?

FAN: Father's better now, Ebenezer. He hasn't had a drop of drink since it happened. He promised he won't hurt you anymore, and I believe him. Now, come, let's go home!

YOUNG EBENEZER: Home: I cannot think of a finer gift! This is to be a merry Christmas!

(They hug and rush off as the lights fade.)

SCROOGE: Fan? Come back! Just let me look at you...once more!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Your sister Fan was a delicate creature. She had a child...

SCROOGE: My nephew, Fred. He's a fine boy, Fred. I made certain he would never be without, never have to beg for food or money.

(Guilt washes over him.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: What is the matter?

SCROOGE: There was a boy singing a carol at my door tonight. I should have liked to have given him something, is all.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: Come. We've more to see...

(Ghost of Christmas Past touches Scrooge and they travel. Lights rise on Fezziwig's office.)

Do you know this place?

SCROOGE: Know it? I apprenticed here!

(MR. FEZZIWIG enters. He is a large and hearty man, full of joy.)

MR. FEZZIWIG: Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Will! Come here, boys! Hilee-ho!

SCROOGE: Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!

(Enter WILL DICKINS and EBENEZER, both about 21.)

MR. FEZZIWIG: Christmas Eve, Will! Christmas, Ebenezer! No more work tonight! I've invited a few friends to join us in a celebration! Quickly, let's set up the place before you can say "Jack Robinson"!

(Will and Ebenezer rush off and bring on a table of lavish food. Mr. Fezziwig looks down the hall for arriving guests.)

SCROOGE: Will Dickins, to be sure! We were so close!

MR. FEZZIWIG: Hillee-ho, boys! The guests are arriving.

(Enter the PARTY GUESTS, behind whom is revealed MRS. FEZZIWIG, grand in her gown, followed by CLOVIA, SAPHRONELLA, and BELLE. The guests applaud.)

My dears, it's Christmas Eve! A toast to that glorious occasion! May tomorrow, and the whole of the new year, find us merry, content, and filled with the goodwill of the season towards all our fellow man.

PARTY GUESTS: *(Ad lib:)* Bravo! To Christmas! Hear, hear!

WILL DICKINS: To Mr. Fezziwig, and his lovely family! A cheer to good health and good fortune!

EBENEZER: A cheer to bringing family and friends together on this most special evening!

PARTY GUESTS: *(Ad lib:)* To Fezziwig! Good fortune! Good health!

(The guests start to mingle.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: It's all such a small matter, is it not, to make these silly folk so full of gratitude?

SCROOGE: Small?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: He has spent but perhaps a few pounds. Is that so much that he deserves such high praise?

SCROOGE: It isn't that at all, Spirit! We toasted not to the money he spent, but to the happiness he gave. It was his holiday spirit we cherished!

(He is suddenly quiet.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: What is it, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE: Nothing. I should just like to say a word or two to my nephew Fred just now, that's all.

MR. FEZZIWIG: My dears, the hour grows late. But, before we depart, Mrs. Fezziwig and I have a small announcement to make.

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Mr. Fezziwig and I have labored these many years to raise daughters to be as kind and intelligent as they are beautiful. And so we have, with Clovia, Saphronella and young Belle.

(Applause as the girls step forward.)

SCROOGE: Spirit, show me no more!

MR. FEZZIWIG: Now, on the dawn of her adulthood, Belle has surrendered her heart to one of you in this very room.

SCROOGE: Please, Spirit, I beg of you!

MR. FEZZIWIG: He's the hardest working apprentice ever to balance a book or close an account. Come Spring, our lovely Belle shall wed that most industrious of young men...

MR. FEZZIWIG & MRS. FEZZIWIG: Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge!

(The guests cheer and applaud. Clovia and Saphronella shriek and hug Belle. Mrs. Fezziwig, crying, pushes them aside and hugs Belle.)

WILL DICKINS: A dance! A dance in honor of the betrothed!

(Music. Everyone begins to dance. The dance fades away.)

SCROOGE: Why can't we let the past remain dead and buried?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: The past never dies. Like a shadow, it follows you throughout your days. Come, Ebenezer, and observe more.

(They travel. Lights rise on a desk with Ebenezer working in a ledger.)

A young man, hunched over a desk. He's the only one still working.

(Belle enters. She is upset. She and Ebenezer quarrel in silence.)

His body already shows signs of age, yet he is only 22. And you can see the faintest signs of a hunch forming in his back. *(Noticing the quarrel:)* They seem to be in the middle of an argument.

BELLE: It matters little to you, does it not, that the attentions you once placed on me you now place on your wealth?

EBENEZER: There is nothing so hard in life as poverty. I attend my money to spare you that!

BELLE: So you spare my affection instead? Is it really such an even trade? You've changed, Ebenezer Scrooge. Your dreams, your hopes. Now only financial gain engrosses you!

EBENEZER: Of course it does! It is the most important thing in life.

BELLE: I thought I was.

(She takes off her engagement ring and presses it into Ebenezer's hand.)

I release you. With a full heart for the boy you once were. May you be happy in this life you have chosen.

(She rushes off. Ebenezer rises, but does not move.)

SCROOGE: Go to her, you fool! Go or she'll never return!

EBENEZER: Bah!

(Ebenezer goes back to his books. The lights fade.)

SCROOGE: Spirit, why do you torture me so?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: I told you these were shadows of things that have been! That they are what they are, do not blame me!

SCROOGE: Leave! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST: As you wish!

(She violently waves her hand, and Scrooge is tossed about. A bell chimes one.)

SCROOGE: One o'clock...again?

(Suddenly, out comes the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. He is an enormous man, full of life.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: Ebenezer Scrooge! Come and know me better. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Why do you look so frightened? You have never seen me before?

SCROOGE: Never. I...I do not celebrate the day. Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth tonight and learned a lesson. If you will teach me another, let me profit by it.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: Then we must away, for I live only this one night. Clutch my robe!

(Scrooge grabs his sleeve. Magic lighting. The Cratchit's house. MRS. CRATCHIT is setting the table; BELINDA CRATCHIT and PETER CRATCHIT help. Christmas Present and Scrooge are outside, looking in.)

SCROOGE: It is the home of Bob Cratchit!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: It is.

SCROOGE: But why are we here, Spirit? What could I possibly learn from my clerk?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: Much. Observe!

(He waves his hand and the lights come up full on the Cratchits.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: Wherever is your father, Peter? And Belinda, where is your brother? And where is Martha as well?

(MARTHA CRATCHIT enters.)

MARTHA CRATCHIT: Here I am, Mother!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Bless you, dear, how late you are! They're keeping you longer and longer at the milliner's.

(Bob Cratchit enters with TINY TIM.)

BOB CRATCHIT: Merry Christmas, my dears!

TINY TIM: Merry Christmas, Mother!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Merry Christmas, Tim!

PETER CRATCHIT: Was it cold on your walk home, Father?

BOB CRATCHIT: Very. My words made little ghosts that flew up into the heavens!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Peter, take Tim to wash-up. The goose will be ready any minute now!

PETER CRATCHIT: Yes, Mother!

(Peter Cratchit puts Tiny Tim on his back and they exit.)

BELINDA CRATCHIT: Come, Martha, I've a secret something to show you that Mother and Father must not see!

(They exit.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: *(Resuming preparing dinner:)* Did Tim behave himself at church?

BOB CRATCHIT: He was as good as gold, and better. He told me that he hoped people in church noticed him because he is crippled, and it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas Day that our Lord made lame beggars walk and the blind see. Can you believe such a thing came from one so small, Alice?

MRS. CRATCHIT: Tim's a special lad indeed.

BOB CRATCHIT: On the way home, I trotted around to the shop windows, where he gazed for the longest time at the toys.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Bob, you must be careful. We mustn't remind him of what he doesn't have.

BOB CRATCHIT: Oh, how I wished I could have bought him every present in sight. Especially since this one might be his...last...

(He begins to well up with tears.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: Bob, you mustn't! We must not think of the future, only the present.

BOB CRATCHIT: You're right, of course.

PETER CRATCHIT: *(Re-entering with Tiny Tim:)* Mother! Father! Tell them what you did, Tim!

TINY TIM: I made it all the way to the washbasin by myself!

BOB CRATCHIT: *(Grabbing Tiny Tim and twirling him around:)* Of course you did! You're getting so strong and healthy! Soon you'll be climbing mountains and swimming the English Channel!

(Martha and Belinda re-enter.)

BELINDA CRATCHIT: I made the punch, Father. It's not Christmas without your special punch!

BOB CRATCHIT: That's a fact!

MRS. CRATCHIT: The goose is ready as well.

(She brings it to the table. All "oooh" and "aaah.")

BELINDA CRATCHIT: Bravo!

PETER CRATCHIT: A glorious bird!

MARTHA CRATCHIT: Never in the history of geese has there been such a bird.

BOB CRATCHIT: A truly sumptuous-looking fowl, Mrs. Cratchit.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Thank you, Mr. Cratchit.

SCROOGE: So small a goose for such a large family? And there's no Christmas pudding. No bread.

BOB CRATCHIT: Now, before plunging into this splendid feast, I'd like to propose a toast.

(He raises his mug; everyone does the same.)

A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!

CRATCHIT FAMILY: God bless us.

TINY TIM: God bless us, every one.

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

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: *(Waves his hand. Lights up on an empty chair with a crutch beside it:)* A vacant seat, and a crutch without an owner. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die.

SCROOGE: Kind spirit, say he will be spared.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: He will not. And what of it? If he be like to die, he had better do it! It will only help control the surplus population.

(Scrooge turns away, horrified by his own words.)

BOB CRATCHIT: Remembering those who are less fortunate, let us say grace.

(The family takes hands.)

Kind Father, bless this humble portion. Bless our home, our family, and our happiness. May we share them all with any who should ask. In your name, Amen.

CRATCHIT FAMILY: Amen.

(The lights fade on the Cratchits.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: How many years has it been, Ebenezer, since you celebrated anything? When did you last share kindness, or have any kindness in your heart to share?

SCROOGE: It is not my fault, Spirit! If any kindness has withered away, it has done so of its own accord. I had nothing to do with it.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: You unrepentant little man! You have a long journey to make, and but a short time to make it. Let us see another house.

(They travel. Lights up on Fred, FRED'S WIFE and TOPPER drinking punch.)

FRED'S WIFE: One more, dear husband! One more!

FRED: But I can't think of anyone else!

TOPPER: C'mon, there, Fred, you can do it!

FRED: Oh, all right then.

(He takes his coat and tightens it, musses his hair, scowls and growls.)

"Love, bah! Marriage, bah! Christmas, humbug! If I had my way, every fool who mouthed a 'Merry Christmas' should be boiled alive in eggnog and stabbed with a branch of holly though his heart!"

TOPPER & FRED'S WIFE: Ebenezer Scrooge!

(They all laugh heartily.)

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