

## SIDE ONE: Scrooge/Fred

**NEPHEW.** Merry Christmas, Uncle! (*Scrooge looks up, shakes his head, looks back at his work.*) I'm delighted to see you! On such a beautiful day!

**SCROOGE.** It's freezing.

**NEPHEW.** Aren't you glad to see me? I am very fond of you.

**SCROOGE.** Because your mother was my sister does not mean I have to be fond of *you!*

**NEPHEW.** But you are! I know you are!

**SCROOGE.** Bah!

**NEPHEW.** And I say, Merry Christmas!

**SCROOGE.** Humbug!

**NEPHEW.** Christmas a humbug, Uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure.

**SCROOGE.** I do! (*Scrooge examines his Nephew.*) What right have you to be merry?

**NEPHEW.** What right have you to be dismal?

**SCROOGE.** What reason have you to be cheerful?

**NEPHEW.** What reason have you to be morose?

**SCROOGE.** You're poor enough!

**NEPHEW.** You're rich enough!

**SCROOGE.** Bah! Humbug!!

**NEPHEW.** Don't be cross, Uncle!

**SCROOGE.** What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this! Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills — without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer. If I had my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

**NEPHEW.** Uncle!

**SCROOGE.** Nephew! You keep Christmas in your way and let me keep it in mine!

**NEPHEW.** But you don't keep it!

**SCROOGE.** Let me leave it alone then! Much good it does you.

## SIDE TWO: Cratchit/Scrooge

SCROOGE. Seven o'clock. *(Scrooge snuffs out his candle. Cratchit snuffs out his candle. Scrooge puts on an overcoat. Cratchit puts on a comforter, since he has no overcoat.)* You'll want all day off tomorrow, I suppose?

CRATCHIT. If it's quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE. It's NOT quite convenient, not at all, sir, and it's not fair! If I were to dock you half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used!

CRATCHIT. Mr. Scrooge —

SCROOGE. But you don't think me ill-used when I pay full day's wages for no days work!

CRATCHIT. It's only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE. That's your excuse for picking my pocket every December 25th? But I suppose you must have it, the whole day. Be here all the earlier December 26th!

CRATCHIT. Yes, sir, Mr. Scrooge! Merry — *(Scrooge stares at him.)* Good afternoon, Mr. Scrooge. *(Exit Bob Cratchit, very quickly, very glad to go, whistling a carol as he vanishes. Scrooge*

## SIDE THREE: Marley/Scrooge

SCROOGE. Who are you?

MARLEY. Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE. Who were you then?

MARLEY. In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE. Jacob? (*Peering.*) Well, you look *something* like him.

MARLEY. You don't believe in me?

SCROOGE. I do not.

MARLEY. Why do you doubt your senses?

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

MARLEY. (*Screaming.*) AHHHHHH! (*A frightful sound! MARLEY jumps up and down, crying out in pain, shaking his chains, while the sound of his chains and his crying and groaning are magnified into a shattering noise.*)

SCROOGE. Mercy, mercy, dreadful apparition!

MARLEY. DO you believe in me NOW?

SCROOGE. I do! I must! But why do you walk the earth, and why do you come to me?

MARLEY. It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk among his fellow men. It is doomed to wander through the world — oh, woe is me! — to see the misery it has caused and the happiness it cannot share.

SCROOGE. You are fettered. Tell me why?

MARLEY. I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. I put it on of my own free will, and of my own free will, I wore it. Is it strange to you? Your chain was as full and heavy and as long as this one seven Christmas eves ago. You have labored on it since, and it is even longer now.

## SIDE FOUR: Scrooge / Past

CHRISTMAS PAST. Is that better?

SCROOGE. Yes. You blinded me.

CHRISTMAS PAST. The light I bring you is bright, for it must see into very dark places.

SCROOGE. Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?

CHRISTMAS PAST. I am!

SCROOGE. Who and what are you?

CHRISTMAS PAST. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE. Long past?

CHRISTMAS PAST. No, your past.

SCROOGE. Why are you here?

CHRISTMAS PAST. Your welfare.

SCROOGE. Thank you very much, but the best thing for me would be a good night's sleep.

CHRISTMAS PAST. Your reclamation then!

SCROOGE. Reclamation? From what?

CHRISTMAS PAST. From yourself! Rise and walk with me.

SCROOGE. I can't see!

CHRISTMAS PAST. You will! Take my hand.

SCROOGE. Where are we going?

CHRISTMAS PAST. Give me your hand. (*Scrooge gives the*

## SIDE FIVE: Scrooge / Belle

**BELLE.** Marry? I wanted that more than anything. I fell quite in love with you, my dear, right at that dance. I loved your awkwardness, your shyness, and I thought, your preference for me.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** You were right. I did prefer you.

**BELLE.** You did then.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** And do now!

**BELLE.** But it makes no difference now.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** No difference? That I love you before all others?

**BELLE.** Before all other women, yes, I believe that.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** Then marry me!

**BELLE.** Women in love know they have other rivals.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** I can't imagine who.

**BELLE.** Ebenezer, you can't imagine at all. You can't see it.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** Don't be vague. See what?

**BELLE.** You have left me.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** I have not! My love for you is stronger than ever!

**BELLE.** Your love for me is one thing. But there is another love. It seemed natural at first. But it became passionate, fierce, and consuming, and it is for someone else.

**SCROOGE OLDER.** That is not true!

## SIDE SIX: Scrooge / Present

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE. Oh, God, another one?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

SCROOGE. What am I supposed to say? How do you do?

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Have you never seen the likes of me before?

SCROOGE. Never!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Aren't you glad to see me?

SCROOGE. No!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Why not? I'm quite a jolly fellow.

SCROOGE. Your comrade of the Past didn't make me feel jolly. I don't think you will, either.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Has any man, ever, made you feel jolly? Or woman? Or child?

SCROOGE. No.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Then try a ghost. Are you ready to go where I will take you?

SCROOGE. Yes — and no, Spirit!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Yes and no?

SCROOGE. I protest! I have been haunted against my will.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Do you regret it? Be honest!

SCROOGE. Well, not entirely. I did learn something.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. But was it enough? Back in your bed, you became your old self again, doubting everything, sneering at everything.

SCROOGE. Well, that's how I've lived! It's hard to change! All these years, I've been, well — bah, humbug!!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Are you afraid now that some things may *not* be humbug?

SCROOGE. Sometimes!

CHRISTMAS PRESENT. That should frighten you more than anything. But you must understand what you have been!

SCROOGE. That's hard!

## SIDE SEVEN: Cratchit/Mrs. C

CRATCHIT. I give you — Mr. Scrooge! The Founder of the Feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Mr. Scrooge? Founder of the Feast indeed!

CRATCHIT. My dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT. I wish I had him here, I'd give him something to feast on! A piece of my mind, that's what, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

CRATCHIT. My dear, the children. Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT. It has to be Christmas to drink to the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert. Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow. Well, I drink his health for your sake, and the Day's, not for his.

CRATCHIT. Thank you, my dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Long life to him. A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, wherever he is, very merry and very happy, I'm sure!!

CRATCHIT. Mr. Scrooge.