

A CHRISTMAS CAROL



Book & Lyrics by
Chris Blackwood

Music by
Piers Chater Robinson

Based on the novel by Charles Dickens

International Theatre & Music Ltd

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A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Book & Lyrics by Chris Blackwood

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Cast

Dickens *doubling as 1st Gentleman, Schoolmaster, Fezziwig's Fiddler, Fred's Party Guest & Businessman 1*

Ebenezer Scrooge

Bob Cratchit

Mrs Cratchit *doubling as Mrs Fezziwig & Mrs Dilber*

Fred *doubling as Young Scrooge*

Belle *doubling as Beth & Mrs Filch*

Jacob Marley *doubling as Mr Fezziwig & Businessman 3*

The Ghosts

Christmas Past *doubling as 2nd Gentleman & Businessman 2*

Christmas Present *doubling as Samuel Trimble & Old Joe*

Christmas Yet To Come *Non-speaking*

The Cratchit Children: **Martha, Peter, Belinda, Tiny Tim**

Ensemble of street urchins, debtors, stall holders, party guests etc.

Musical Numbers

Act I

1. Prologue / Christmas Cheer / Ebenezer Scrooge Cast
2. Shillings, Pounds and Pence Scrooge, Fred & Cratchit
3. Good Things Come Cratchit, Tiny Tim & Cast
4. Incidental Music (a. & b.) Marley
5. Link by Link Marley, Scrooge & Tortured Souls
6. Shine a Light Christmas Past
- 6a. Incidental Music Scrooge's Schooldays
7. The Pride of the Ball The Fezziwigs & Guests
8. Heart of Gold Belle
- 8a. Incidental Music Belle and Young Ebenezer's Parting
9. Remember Young Scrooge & Scrooge
10. Drink It In Christmas Present, Scrooge & Cast

Act II

11. Entr'acte Dickens
12. Reprise - Good Things Come Cast
13. Do as the Cratchits Do The Cratchit Family
14. God Bless The Cratchit Children & Children of London
- 14a. Incidental Dance Music Fred's Party
15. Am I That Man? Scrooge
16. Just Desserts Old Joe, Mrs Dilber & Mrs Filch
- 16a. Incidental Music The Graveyard
17. Turn Back the Clock Scrooge
18. The Man is Mad Scrooge, Mrs Dilber & Mrs Filch
19. Finale Scrooge & Cast

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Act I

An icy blue mist floats across an empty stage. A moon can be seen on the cyclorama. We hear footsteps echoing along a cobbled street and through the mist appears the owner of the footsteps walking towards the front of the stage. As his silhouette is seen, we hear the slow chime of a clock and a Roman numeric clock face is seen appearing on the face of the moon. The lone figure is CHARLES DICKENS.

Music Cue 1. Prologue / Christmas Cheer / Ebenezer Scrooge - Cast

Music starts underscoring. Dickens comes to a halt and speaks clearly. He is the Dickens of all the pictures we know; he is a benevolent and fatherly figure. General note, this libretto gives an indication of who sings what and when, so in rehearsals please see the score for the exact vocal pattern.

Dickens Once upon a time... For time is all we have, and how we choose to use it is our own business but remember, time is precious. You can't own it, but you can use it. You can't keep it, but you can spend it. And once you've lost it you can never, ever, get it back.

A lamplighter drags a solitary lamp onto the stage and reaches his pole to light it.

But...what if you were given a second chance to live your life again? What choices would you make? This is the story of a gentleman who is given that chance. A chance to change what went before, a chance to make amends. A chance to turn back the clock. Once upon a time...

Lamplighter *Five o'clock and all's well*

Dickens Once upon a time – of all the good days in the year...

Lamplighters *Five o'clock and all's well*
Five o'clock and all's well
Five o'clock and all's well

A brazier is seen through the fog. A number of ragged youths and men stand round it, warming their hands.

Ragged Youths *Blimey, it's parky*
Blimey, it's cold
We're like brass monkeys

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

If truth be told

Dickens Once upon a time – of all the good days of the year – on Christmas Eve, when the bleak alleyways of London were bedecked with holly sprigs and berries which crackled in the lamp-heat of the shops and stalls...

A young lad with a lamp runs across the way towards a man and woman holding out his hand

Lamp Lad *Light your way, sir,
Light your way, sir
For a penny*

They shoo the boy away. He looks about him for another potential customer.

Lamplighters *Five o'clock and all's well (etc please see score)*

The Lamp Lad runs toward Dickens and stops, holding out his hand once more.

Lamp Lad *Light your way, sir,
Light your way, sir
For a penny*

Dickens smiles and laughs, giving the boy a penny from his waistcoat.

Dickens Merry Christmas, boy.

Lamp Lad *God Bless you, Guv'nor
May you be blessed
You're one in a million
Not like all the rest*

The boy runs off into the fog, as the ensemble sing their various calls in counterpoint.

Dickens The gruff old bell in the ancient church struck the hours and the quarters in the clouds as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head.

Ragged Youths *Blimey, it's parky
Blimey, it's cold
We're like brass monkeys
If truth be told*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Dickens And although the weather was cold, bleak and biting and the people were wheezing up and down beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet on the pavement stones to warm them, their hearts were full of Christmas cheer.

A gentleman scurries across past the lamplighter.

Lamplighter *Five o'clock and all's well*

Gentleman Pardon me, I can't help but notice that you have been calling five for quite some time now. Surely it must be later.

Lamplighter That's right, sir, but I only get paid by the hour.

Five o'clock and all's well

Dickens Every single man with joy in his heart, a spring in his step and, above all, a desire to spread good will, for one day at least in the whole three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

A number of lit barrows are pulled on and the sides of the buildings in the street are seen. With lights glowing from windows and the barrows, the stage starts to brighten in the evening glow of lamps. A stall with wrapped steam puddings

Pudding Man *Come see the wares we proudly show
Our festive Christmas grub*

Woman *I tried his figgy pudding once
And now I'm in the club*

Various *Your final chance to make this Christmas
What it ought to be
Filled with peace and goodwill and harmony
Peace and goodwill
Filled with hope and peace and generosity*

A poulterer stops a large woman and her small husband and waves a large goose by the neck at them.

Poulterer *A stately goose fit for a king
We always sell the best*

Large Woman *Just take a look, it's just the thing*
Husband *A plump and ample breast*

The woman grabs him by the scruff and drags him to another stall.

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

All *Your final chance to make this Christmas
What it ought to be
Filled with peace and goodwill and harmony
Peace and goodwill
Filled with hope and peace and generosity*

Lamplighter *Five o'clock and all's well*

Out of the crowd comes a small man, who lifts his cap to the ladies politely and smiles. He hurries towards Scrooge's office. This is BOB CRATCHIT, an amiable man, overworked and flustered, he is only truly at home with his family and friends.

Sam Bob Cratchit! I'm surprised the old miser let him out at this time of day.

Woman It's Christmas Eve.

Sam You think old Scrooge cares what day it is? You don't know him very well do you? (To Bob, as he passes) Bob.

Bob Mr Billickin.

Sam (joking) Mr Scrooge give you time off for Christmas shopping?

Bob We've been at the stock exchange all day. I'm to get back quick sharp and make sure the books are balanced before I go home tonight.

Woman But it's five o'clock already...

Bob Nevertheless, Mr Scrooge likes everything in its place...

Woman But it's Christmas...

Bob All the more reason to get it done and get it done quickly so Good Day to you both and Merry Christmas.

Both Merry Christmas to you, Bob.

Bob hurries into the office.

Woman Poor man.

Sam You can say that again.

Woman You know, I think it's time to be getting home. Don't want to catch me death on Christmas Eve.

Sam We'll have snow before the day is out. Mark my words.

*I didn't think this day could get much colder
And all I have to show for it is I'm a little older
Though the winter chills me to the bone
And ice is turning water now to stone
I have the very thing to warm my heart
For Christmas time is now about to start*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

So
Chorus *Don't give a fig about the weather
Come sing; the time is near
Come sing a little song together
Fill the air with Christmas cheer*
Women *Don't sing about the bitter bleakness, frosty and cold
Christmas will bring a little weakness in young and old*
Men *Take out the mistletoe and this'll be the time for a kiss
Who could beget a better reason in the season of bliss*
All *Sing a yuletide greeting
Just one day each year
Though it may be fleeting
Make the time for Christmas cheer*
Fat Man *Goose with tons of trimming*
Vendor *Port wine, brandy, beer*
Drunk *Oh, my head is swimming!*
Vendor *That's the spirit*
All *Christmas cheer*

The drunk makes a number of attempts to take money from his pocket. In the end he places one hand over his eye and takes out the money and waves it in the vendor's face.

Vendor Found something I can get for you, sir?
Drunk I'd like something icy and full of gin
Vendor (shouting) Doris, someone to see you, love.

A buxom lady (Doris) grabs the drunk lustily and whirls into a dance as the others join in. Dance section.

All *Ring out the bells of love and laughter
Joy has no equal here
Chime for now and ever after
Sounding forth the Christmas cheer
Deck out the halls with all the jollity and joking and jest
Fill ev'ry stocking with a shocking lot of love and the rest
Let us be cheery 'stead of weary', stead of gloomy and glum
Come raise a glass to present, past and all the things yet to come
Goodwill, peace on earth to
All those far or near
All this I would wish you
Wrapped up in this Christmas cheer*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Through the crowds, waving his stick to clear the way, comes EBENEZER SCROOGE, a man who lowers the already sub zero temperature with his presence. A stiffened gaited, pointed nosed, blue lipped, red-eyed skinflint.

Scrooge Out! Out of my way! Haven't you people got better things to do?
Man It's Christmas, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge Bah! Humbug! Take yourselves from my doorstep or I shall have you all forcibly removed.

Dickens (to the audience) Oh, but he was tight-fisted old miser, Scrooge!
A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner!

Scrooge (to Dickens) Have you quite finished? I'm not deaf, you know.

Man *Blimey, he can hear us.*

Woman *Frosty so-and-so!*

All *Yes when Scrooge is near us*

It's like eight degrees below

Scrooge This whole damned world is suffering from an appalling case of optimism but I have the cure.

*Shall I tell you something wonderful and new
All about this precious time which causes much ado?
Scrimping for those pennies, spending come what may
And growing poorer in effect by every Boxing Day
Gluttonous and heaving, smacking at your lips
Adding extra inches to those ever growing hips
Creaking tables full of port, puddings, peaches, plums
Never thinking forward when you've naught to eat but crumbs
Who's the man who saves you when the debts to pay are huge?
Benevolent as always Mister Ebenezer Scrooge*

Poor Man Could I have a moment of your time, Mr Scrooge?

Scrooge Time is money, sir, and you have already cost me a farthing. Out of my way!

Scrooge pushes him away with his stick and walks on only to stop a few steps away and spin on his heels.

Poor Man Wait! You owe me twenty pounds.

Scrooge Yes, sir, it was about that...

Scrooge I want no sob story, man. The balance is due.

Poor Man I... I cannot pay you, sir. My wife, you see, sir, is ill, sir...

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Scrooge Your wife's ill health is not my concern. My concern is what will become of my twenty pounds, sir.

Poor Man I... I don't know, sir, really I don't.

Scrooge Debts are to be paid on time. Read the small print.

Poor Man Give me more time, sir, I beg you.

Scrooge Time is something neither of us have. I run a business, sir, and it is not my business to let people like you fleece me out of all I own. Pay your debt in full or find yourself celebrating Christmas Day in prison, sir.

Poor man But...

Scrooge Good day.

Poor Man Please...

Scrooge (with a finality) Good day.

*Bus'ness is my bus'ness, man is nought to me
Let others smile and doth their caps and talk of charity
Swift to pick my pocket when the rent is due
But miserable pleaders when I turn the screw
How's a man to profit? How's a man to thrive
When they're grasping for my pennies, should I help the dogs
survive?
Frittr'ing all their earnings, wasting it away
Have they any put aside to brave that rainy day?
Well, here it comes, that stormy cloud, here's the big deluge
Who'll save you drowning for a price? Ebenezer Scrooge
Debts are getting larger and his terms are bloomin' huge
And the only one to profit
Who?
Ebenezer
Nasty geezer
Ebenezer Scrooge*

All

Scrooge

All

Man

All

Scrooge has opened the door to his office and turns in the doorway.

Scrooge Humbug!

Scrooge slams the door on the merrymakers. Quietly the merriment slowly starts anew.

All

*Don't let that jolly appetiser
Spoil all that you hold dear
Block out that melancholy miser
Banish him with Christmas Cheer
Take up the holly and be jolly, raise a glass, make a toast*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

*Stoke up the fire and retire to the place you love most
London is stating that it's waiting for the festivity
Wrap up the present, pluck the pheasant, let us trim up the tree
Here's a Christmas wish
To all who you hold dear
Make this time delic- (delish)
- ous laden down with Christmas Cheer
One last time, (shouting) let's shout it
Sing out, let us hear
We won't go without it
Very Merry Christmas Cheer
Very Merry Christmas Cheer
Men Very Merry Christmas Cheer
Women Very Merry Christmas
Men Very Merry Christmas
Women Very merry, very merry
Men Very merry, very merry
All Very Merry Christmas Cheer
Very Merry Christmas Cheer.*

Music Cue 1a. Scene change underscore

Tableau and play out as light cross-fades to Dickens as the merrymakers start to disperse or go back to what they were doing. Ragged youths turn the truck of Scrooge's office. The inside is dimly lit.

Dickens And although the merrymakers went about the frosty evening with enough warmth in their hearts to heat the houses of Parliament, it had no influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm him, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he.

Scrooge is counting pennies into a lockbox, speedily and muttering figures to himself. Bob, still in his muffler, sits high on his stool above his clerk's desk, scribbling frantically in a large ledger with a quill. It tickles his nose and he sneezes.

Scrooge Keep sneezing like that and I shall dock your pay. I don't pay you to sneeze. Sneeze all you like in your own time. This is my time and I will not have sneezing.

Bob Of course, sir. Sorry, Mr Scrooge, it's just my little fire seems to have gone out. Could I trouble you for...

Scrooge Want, want, want! What is it about this time of year? Everyone wants something for nothing.

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Scrooge moves to a large locked box. He takes out an enormous bunch of keys and selects one. He opens the box, making sure Bob does not see the contents.

Scrooge Hold out your hand.

Bob does so and Scrooge takes out a pair of tongs with which he holds a tiny piece of coal. He drops it into Bob's hand.

Scrooge And don't burn it too quickly. I'm not made of money. On second thoughts...

Scrooge grabs the coal with his tongs and snaps it back into his box.

Scrooge (locking the box) Use the candle.

Bob wanders, dejectedly, back to his desk. He lights his candle and warms his frozen hands before picking up his quill once more and scribbling as before. The door is flung open and Scrooge drops a penny on the floor beneath his desk. He scrabbles to find it. Fred appears, all in a glow; his face ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkle with humour. He grins at Bob Cratchit who raises an eyebrow, surprised to see him.

Fred Hi-ho! Still at work, Bob? What's to become of all the little Cratchits? Christmas postponed?

Bob I should hope not, sir.

Fred Scribbling when you should be merrymaking? Where's that old uncle of mine? I'll tell him a thing or two.

Bob points to below Scrooge's desk to direct Fred. Fred stands next to the desk and shouts.

(cheerily) A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

Scrooge bangs his head on the desk as he jumps up. He has the penny in his hand.

Scrooge (placing the penny in the box and slamming it shut) Bah! Humbug!
Fred (with mock shock) Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure.

Scrooge (locking the box and squirreling it away) I do. Merry Christmas! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Fred Come, then. What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough.
Scrooge *(he has no answer but...)* Bah! Humbug.
Fred Don't be cross, uncle.

Music Cue 2. Shillings, Pounds and Pence – Scrooge, Fred & Bob

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 and a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer? If there's one thing that makes me lose my usual good natured humour it's a man with a ruddy complexion spouting seasonal clap-trap!

*I'm a gentleman who's gentle as a gentleman can be
The epitome of what you'd call respectability
I'm a man who's fairly frugal
And who's careful to a fault
And I think that I would class me
As a man who's worth his salt
But there's one thing that will put my humour into an eclipse
It's those lunatics who go about with Christmas on their lips
So take your season's greetings
And the joy that you dispense
Only one thing raises spirits and that's shillings pounds and pence
The only thing makes sense
Is shillings, pounds and pence
Take your stockings and go hang 'em
Hang those garlands on your fence
And go hang yourself and leave me to my shillings pounds and pence*

Scrooge If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

Fred You are missing one of the most wonderful times of the year, Uncle. Come, spend it with me and my family.

Scrooge Family? One of the reasons I live alone!

Scrooge *Why must I be bothered by an endless family
Full of grasping rotten apples falling from the family tree?
They will tap you for a fiver
They will squeeze you for a quid*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

*And swear blind each time you ask them
That they're sure they never did
They will live the life of Riley on the money that you earn
They will borrow on your name as if they've got the cash to
burn
And when you're in the poorhouse
For the miscreants' offence
They'll be in the South of France
With all your shillings, pounds and pence*

Fred Uncle, surely you don't think that?
Scrooge I'm sure I do.

Scrooge *The only thing makes sense
Is shillings, pounds and pence
Relatively speaking
Relations make me tense
So, I'd rather spend an evening with my shillings, pounds and
pence*

Fred Uncle, I ask nothing of you. Why cannot we be friends? Come
dine with my wife and me tomorrow.

Scrooge Wife? What possessed you to take a wife?

Fred I fell in love.

Scrooge You fell in love! Fool. Saddled with another drain on your
resources.

Fred I love her.

Scrooge Women! Never a moment's peace! There is a reason why English
is called the Mother Tongue, sir; Father never gets a chance to
use it.

Scrooge *A wife is like a millstone that is hung about our necks
And her endless jibber-jabber turns us into nervous wrecks
She'll want a brand new parlour
And all that it entails
With all the gaudy splendour
That would shame the Prince of Wales
And when she's spent a fortune, she will drive a man insane
For she'll just decide it's not quite right and do it all again
Pack her bags and hats and dresses
Tell the woman 'Get thee hence'
And keep your thieving fingers off
My shillings, pounds and pence
The only thing makes sense*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

*Is shillings, pounds and pence
You'll find she's growing bigger
With a figure that's immense
And the only figures that I love are shillings, pounds and pence
So take your Merry Christmas
And stick it where you will
Confounded love unbounded
Is a thing that makes me ill
You may call me what you like and you may laugh at my
expense
I'm the one who's sitting pretty on my
Crowns and guineas, notes and pennies
Florins, sovereigns, silver sixpence
Shillings pounds and pence*

Scrooge There, I have said my piece and let that be an end to it.
Fred Uncle!
Scrooge Let me be!
Fred Whatever you say, I am determined to give you joy of the season.
Scrooge Much good it has done you!
Fred There are many things from which I might have derived good and by which I haven't profited, I daresay, Christmas among them, but I've always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time and, therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good and *will* do me good and I say, God bless it!

*Bob applauds spontaneously and Scrooge whips around to fix him in his sight.
Bob suddenly pretends that it was the cold that made him clap and continues to clap his arms and stamp his feet, blowing on his hands.*

Scrooge Let me hear another sound from you and you'll celebrate Christmas by losing your job. (To Fred) You're quite a powerful speaker, sir, I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

Scrooge sits back at his ledger.

Fred Uncle, come, will you dine with me tomorrow or no?
Scrooge I'd sooner find myself stoking the very fires of Hell.
Fred I'll take that as a no, then. Well, I'm sorry to find you so resolute, but I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last so Merry Christmas, Uncle!
Scrooge Good afternoon!

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Fred And a Happy New Year.

Fred kisses Scrooge on the top of his head quickly which incenses the old man.

Scrooge Get out!

Fred leaves but turns in the doorway.

Fred Merry Christmas, Bob!

Bob A Merry Christmas to you, sir.

Scrooge eyes Bob malevolently from his ledger as Fred exits. Bob begins to scribble furiously at his desk. The clock strikes seven. Bob hurriedly grabs his coat and clears his desk. Scrooge looks up.

Scrooge That clock is fast.

Bob looks at him. Scrooge slams his ledger shut.

Bob You'll be wanting all day tomorrow, I suppose?

Bob If it's quite convenient, sir.

Scrooge It is not convenient and it's not fair.

Scrooge gets up and Bob grabs Scrooge's coat and starts to help him into it.

Scrooge If I was to stop you half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?

Bob smiles weakly.

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

Bob It is only one day a year, sir.

Scrooge A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!

Scrooge counts out a number of coins and places them into Bob's hand.

Bob Be here all the earlier the following morning!

Bob Of course, sir, thank you, sir. Merr—

Bob stops himself as Scrooge looks at him furiously. Bob scuttles out.

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Scrooge (muttering to himself) There's another fellow! My clerk! Fifteen shillings a week, a wife and a clan of squealing brats and still he talks of a Merry Christmas! I'll retire to Bedlam, so I will! I'll find more sense!

A small voice is heard singing 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' outside the door. Scrooge takes up his cane, opens the door and chases the small boy away.

Scrooge Get away from me with that confounded caterwauling!

He turns to lock the door.

Boy Where's your bloomin' Christmas spirit?

Scrooge (turning sharply and waving his cane) Here it is! Take care you don't feel it on your backside! Scoundrel!

Boy Miserable old goat!

Scrooge Why you little...

As he turns, Scrooge sees Sam Billikin smirking.

Samuel Billikin! (taking out a small notebook and pencil) How fortuitous!

Sam (instantly sober) Ah, Mr Scrooge...

Scrooge Your debt is due. Five shillings.

Sam It's been a bad week.

Scrooge A bad week? Since when does a chestnut seller have a bad week at Christmas?

Sam I've been giving more credit than usual, sir. Some people can't afford...

Scrooge I do not lend money so that others can seem charitable, sir. That is a luxury neither myself nor you can afford. Five shillings!

Sam Couldn't you extend a little kindness, sir?

Scrooge It will cost you two shillings more for the trouble.

Sam But, Mr Scrooge...

Scrooge I could take your stall.

Sam Two shillings it is then.

Scrooge A very astute business man.

Sam Thank you, Mr Scrooge.

The boy returns and blows a raspberry at Scrooge and Scrooge sets off after him, waving his cane; the other vendors physically moving from him. Bob enters with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.

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Bob Well, Tim, my dear, what is it to be? Where shall we start?
Tim Christmas isn't Christmas without a pudding, Pa.
Bob You're right, my boy. But wait, what about the goose?
Tim We need that as well.
Bob A goose *and* a pudding! Well, it seems like we're going to have to toss a coin. Heads, the pudding; tails, the goose.
Tim Don't lose it, Pa, or we'll have none at all.
Bob Clever lad! What would your mother say if we came home empty-handed?

Bob tosses the coin and catches it. He looks at it.

Goose, it is then!

Tiny Tim looks a little down-hearted.

Goose first, pudding after!

Tim smiles and Bob lifts him aloft once more. They approach the Poulterer's stall.

Poulterer (smiling) Mr Cratchit! Master Cratchit!
Bob Show us your finest Goose, Mr Parry!
Poulterer I've got birds that would make Her Majesty's table look bare.
Bob I'm sure you have, Mr Parry, but consider the size of our table. What've you got for a shilling?

Music Cue 3. Good Things Come

Tim We *will* have a Merry Christmas, won't we, Pa?

Bob *Good things come
To those who wait
No matter who from me and you to heads of state
But all I know
This much is true
That all the good things now are bundled up in you
When you are near
My world's complete
And ev'ry minute with you in it is a treat
These moments come
And all too few
But they're enough when you have me and I have you*

Both *Now, lighter than a feather*

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*We're a happy band of laughing cavaliers.
When we are both together
We have love to guide us both throughout the years*

Bob (spoken) Now, Tim, what else do we need?
Tim (gleefully) The pudding, Pa. The pudding.
Bob (teasing) No! Who'd have thought it? A pudding? On Christmas Day?
Tim There has to be a pudding, Pa. You said so yourself.
Bob And how very right you are, Tim! What is Christmas without? And we shall have the very best... well, the best a penny can buy.

Bob and Tim pick out a Christmas pudding. They sing to it and Bob gives the vendor a penny.

Bob *Good things come
To those who wait*
Tim *The grandest Christmas pudding ever on your plate*
Bob *As sweet as you*
Tim *And bigger too*
Bob *And we'll be dining like the Maharajahs do
We've bought the goose
We'll feast like lords*
Tim *And Mum'll make a dinner that could win awards*
Bob *But all the things
That we could buy
They don't compare to what we have both you and I*
Both *Now, lighter than a feather
We're a happy band of laughing cavaliers.
When we are both together
We have love to guide us both throughout the years*

As they pass the toy stall which is laden with brightly coloured toys, a number of spoilt children are telling their mother what they want. Tim and Bob stop to watch.

Spoilt child#1 *I want a train
I want a boat*
Spoilt child#2 *I want a dolly with a purple velvet coat*
Spoilt child#1 *That soldier there
Made out of wood*
Parent *Well, good things only come to children if they're good*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Bob and Tim pass the drinks cart. A woman is trying to drag her drunken husband from its clutches.

Drunk *I want a drink*
Wife *Well times are tough*
Drunk *I think I'll have a gin*
Wife *I think you've had enough*
Tim *No gifts galore*
Or presents new
I have the gift of love to share from me to you
Both *Now, lighter than a feather*
We're a happy band of laughing cavaliers.
When we are both together
We have love to guide us both throughout the years
All *Good things come*
To those who wait
No matter who from me and you to heads of state
But all I know
This much is true
That all the good things now are bundled up in you
When you are near
My world's complete
And ev'ry minute with you in it is a treat
These moments come
And all too few
But they're enough when you have me and I have you
Vendors *We have enough when you have me and I have you*
Bob *They're world enough when you have me and I have you*

As the crowds disperse, Scrooge crosses towards his front door, followed by two gentlemen. One is Dickens in overcoat and top hat and the other a very portly fellow with a long muffler.

Dickens *Ah, Mr Scrooge, I believe*
Scrooge *You may believe what you wish to believe.*
Dickens *Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr Scrooge?*
Scrooge *Pleasure? I can assure you, sir, it is not my pleasure and I'm sure it will not be yours.*
Gentleman#2 *Nonsense, Mr Scrooge, we always gain pleasure from the generosity of our friends.*
Scrooge *Generosity? What is this?*
Gentleman#2 *We represent the Benevolent Society for the Prevention of Poverty, sir!*

A Christmas Carol – Licensed Script

Scrooge Bah!

Dickens At this festive season of the year, Mr Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some small provision for the poor and destitute who suffer greatly at the present time.

Gentleman#2 Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

Scrooge Are there no prisons?

Gentleman #2 Plenty of prisons, sir.

Scrooge And the Union workhouses? Are they still in operation?

Gentleman#2 They are, sir. Still, I wish I could say they were not.

Scrooge Oh, I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course.

Gentleman#2 Excuse me?

Scrooge You're excused!

Dickens Er... A few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt and abundance rejoices.

Gentleman#2 What can we put you down for?

Scrooge Nothing!

Gentleman#2 You wish to be anonymous?

Scrooge I wish to be left alone.

Gentleman #2 We were hoping you would give a little something, sir, to help your fellow man...

Scrooge Give something? *(There has been a cut here)* I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned. They cost enough. And those who are badly off must go there.

Dickens The poorhouse, sir? Many can't go there. And many would rather die.

Scrooge If they would rather die, they had better do it and decrease the surplus population.

Gentleman#2 Sir, we are here on Earth to do good for others.

Scrooge Then what are the others here for? Not a penny!

Dickens (almost pleading) Mr Scrooge, are you sure you won't reconsider?

Scrooge I know my mind, Gentlemen, and I know my business. So let me go about mine, and I will leave you to yours. Good evening!

The gentlemen shake their heads and exit.

Scrooge Parasites and leeches! What is it about Christmas that brings them oozing from every nook and cranny. The streets are infested with 'em! Makes my skin crawl.