The Tidings We Bring

Based on A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens

Adapted by Jada Gowan, Ella King, Davian Refugio, Jasmin Tatla, Laurel Spencer, & Company

Vocals by Zoe Hargreaves, Bree Enderle, Mia White, Josh Torres, Juliana Tindall, Nathan Solanas, Landon Merialles, Owen Womach, Ariel Jones, Natalie Hiatt, Lulu Ramirez, Hailey Sheldon, Gracie Rizzi, Josh Mortenson, Davian Refugio, Maia kilinski, Dahlia Murillo, and Daniel Dias

Songs: O Come All Ye Faithful, God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, Here We Come A-Caroling, O Christmas Tree, Joy to the World

Music By: Elise Kilewer, Ella King & Hailey Gomez

Casting by Teague Tubach

Produced by The CSMH Class of 2021
[The scene opens on a busy street in Victorian London. Chestnuts are roasting on one side of the theater, fresh eels are being served on another. The rich part of the cast is greeting the people entering the gym, giving out playbills and shaking hands, saying, "Merry Christmas" or "Good Evening" Some of the cast is already in the gym welcoming the audience. The poor part of the cast is either begging for money or sitting around doing nothing (sitting near the crates?). It’s noticeably cold, but everyone is warm at heart. Each cast member walks across the stage and presents themselves to the audience, then forms two columns, with a pathway in between. Everyone is in exaggerated character. Carolers sing *O Come All Ye Faithful*]

**Narrator #1:** Welcome to Victorian London! It's Christmas Eve and the good people of London-town are spreading tidings of comfort and joy. The chill in the air does little to cool their warm hearts. Indeed, the Christmas spirit abounds! Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, fresh eels, and a Christmas wreath. What's not to love? But Ebenezer Scrooge takes no pleasure in the festive season. The fog is thick and the air is cold, but not as cold as Scrooge's poor soul.

[The cast freezes and turns silent. A casket is dragged out and fog forms --- fog machine]

**Narrator #2:** Marley was dead; to begin with.

[Narrator gestures towards the casket]

**Narrator #1:** The register of his burial was signed by the clerk,

**Narrator #2:** The clergyman,

**Narrator #1:** The undertaker,

**Narrator #2:** The chief mourner.
Narrator #1: Scrooge signed it.

Narrator #2: Old Marley was dead as a door-nail.

Narrator #1: This must be understood, or nothing good can come from this story. (lengthy pause)

[Scrooge walks along the edge of the stage. The cast unfreezes and slowly backs away from him. He looks at the casket and picks up two gold coins from Marley’s eyes]

Narrator #1: Marley’s living partner, Ebenezer Scrooge is a heartless and cruel man. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say,

Fred: “My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?”

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!

[Scrooge walks off stage toward his entrance point]

Narrator #1: No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o’clock. HARK! He was too cheap to paint out old Marley’s name above the counting house door.

Narrator #2: He’s cold

Narrator #1: He’s darkness

Narrator #2: He’s hunger

Narrator #1: He’s the shadow on your thoughts

Narrator #2: He’s the crack in your heart

Narrator #1: He’s the stain on your soul
**Narrator #2:** Even the blind men’s dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming, they would tug their owners into doorways and up courts.

**Narrator #1:** But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance!

[Scrooge enters through the gym door slowly as the last few words are spoken. A big crowd of carolers and towns people will disperse as Scrooge walks among them. He walks up the stairs, opens the door and is on stage in the counting house]

**Narrator #2:**
The Victorian Poor Law sent folks to workhouses
Tattered blouses and trousers and dresses and hope
Greeted by greedy masters with orders and rope, It’s the sickest system that ever existed
It’s twisted, but greed and poverty persisted

Street urchins on the corner beggin’ for food
Oppression is a system fueled by attitude
Were they able but idle, and in need of a bridle
Or held back by those who were never in need
The guise of security, under the mask it’s just greed

The heart of Scrooge was long turned to stone
He had post-traumatic dead-partner syndrome
Marley died on Christmas Eve, **seven** years past
With the blackness in his heart, how long would Scrooge last?
Welcome to his counting house... where he puts his nephew on blast...

[The narrators motion to the scene that is about to unfold and walk off stage. Scrooge and Fred need to be patient and wait for the scene to develop. Then, Fred walks on stage]

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

**Scrooge:** Bah! Humbug!
[Scrooge waves his hand dismissive]

Fred: Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don’t mean that, I’m sure.

Scrooge: I do. Merry Christmas! (sarcastic tone)

Fred: 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 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: Uncle! Christmas is a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem to open their shut-up hearts, and to think of other people as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. Uncle, please: Come dine with us tomorrow.

Scrooge: [long pause and bitter stare] Good afternoon.

Fred: Well, I’m sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I’ll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, Merry Christmas, uncle!

Scrooge: Good afternoon!

Fred: And a Happy New Year!

Scrooge: Good afternoon!

[Nephew Fred bestows a holiday greeting upon Scrooge's clerk, Bob Cratchit, and leaves the counting house. While the door is
ajar, a portly gentlemen enters. The following scene should have an awkward one]

Gentleman: Scrooge and Marley's, I believe. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?

Scrooge: Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years...he died seven years ago, this very night.

Gentleman: I have no doubt that his generosity is well represented by his surviving partner... Um, Mr. Scrooge, at this festive season of the year it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

Scrooge: Are there no prisons?

Gentleman: Yes... plenty of prisons...

Scrooge: And the union workhouses, are they still in operation?

Gentleman: [puzzled look] I wish I could say that they were not.

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

Gentleman: Mr. Scrooge, a few of us are endeavoring 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. What shall I put you down for?

Scrooge: [nasty tone] Nothing.

Gentleman: [confused] You wish to remain anonymous?
Scrooge: I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, that is my answer. 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.

Gentleman: [somber tone] 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! *GONG*

[The gentleman leaves and several moments pass by, before it is time to close the counting house. The scene is grim. A young boy comes to the counting house door and begins singing “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen”.... Scrooge scares him away with a yardstick and BAH!]

Scrooge: You’ll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

Bob: [timid tone] If...if quite convenient, sir.

Scrooge: It's not convenient and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used. And yet, you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

Bob: But sir, 'tis but once a year.

Scrooge: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. [pointing] Be here all the earlier next morning.

Bob: Thank you sir, I will.

[The carolers begin singing God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen. Scrooge slowly walks past and they temporarily stop. Bob follows, eager to spend Christmas Eve with his family. He hoots and hollers and stops by to sing a verse with the carolers. Scrooge makes his
way around the audience and times his reentrance with the upcoming narration]

**Act 1, Scene 2 - The Ghost of Jacob Marley**

**Narrator #3**
Scrooge was ready to spend Christmas empty and alone,  
Rooms that belonged to his partner, are now his home,  
Nobody else lives in the rooms with him,  
The neighborhood was cold, deserted, and dim,

The door knocker, there was nothing peculiar about it at all,  
He’s seen it thousands of times from sunrise to sun fall,  
Scrooge was solitary and casual as the rest,  
Never had a thought of Marley as you have guessed,

His long term partner he had forgot,  
In his head, Marley never was a thought  
His passion for Marley was nothing but dead,  
As he met the door, the door knocker was Marley’s head!

**Scrooge**: Skittleshins!

[Scrooge is noticeably frightened. He stumbles back and looks away as the door knocker is replaced. Scrooge makes his way backstage to change into his nighttime attire, then sits in a chair in his bed chambers. Chimes and bells and gongs... the Ghost of Jacob Marley enters after 45 seconds of Scrooge looking frightened]

**Scrooge**: What do you want with me?

**Marley**: Muuuuch!

**Scrooge**: [unsure of what to say] Who are you?

**Marley**: Ask me who I was.
**Scrooge:** Who were you then?

**Marley:** In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

**Scrooge:** Can you - can you sit down?

**Marley:** I can.

**Scrooge:** Do it, then.

[Marley sits down opposite of Scrooge near the fire]

**Marley:** You don’t believe in me.

[He said in a very flat tone]

**Scrooge:** I don’t. [unsure of reality] You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There’s more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!

**Marley:** [intimidating] Muahhhhhahhhhh!

[Scrooge grips the chair arms hard, as he is scared]

**Scrooge:** Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

**Marley:** Man of worldly mind, do you believe in me or not?

**Scrooge:** I must. I-I do, but why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?

**Marley:** It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world - oh, woe is me! - and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth.
Scrooge: Why are you wrapped in a chain?

Marley: I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, yard by yard. It is the consequence of the suffering that I caused in others. Would you know the length of your own chain, Ebeneezer? It was as long and heavy as this seven Christmas Eves ago and you’ve labored on it since.

Scrooge: Oh Jacob! Speak comfort to me.

Marley: I have none to give. Mark me! In life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole. No regret can make amends for one’s life opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh, such was I!

Scrooge: But you were always a good man of business, Jacob!

Marley: Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!...

[Marley shows noticeable agony]

Marley: I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate, Ebenezer. You will be haunted by three spirits. Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate.

Scrooge: Couldn’t I take them all at once and have it over with, Jacob?

Marley: Look to see me no more; and, for your own sake, remember what has passed between us.
[With that, the ghost of Jacob Marley slowly walks backward and fades away. Scrooge, stunned and exhausted, goes to bed. Spot light goes off so the Ghost of Christmas past can get on stage in front of Scrooge's bed. Before the next scene something will chime one]

Act 1, Scene 3 - The Ghost of Christmas Past

Narrator #3:

Scrooge was awakened by the sound of a bell ringing one o’clock. He was staring upon a ghost holding a flickering flame. Scrooge was confused, uncertain, and heart-racing scared. He had no clue about from whence the spirit came.

Scrooge: Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold to me?

Spirit: I am!

Scrooge: Who, and what are you?

Spirit: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Scrooge: Long past?

Spirit: [face to face] No. Your past! [Scrooge is blinded]

Spirit: Would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to bring about your reclamation?

Scrooge: [puzzled] What business brings you here?

Spirit: Your welfare!

Scrooge: I’m much obliged, but a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end.
Spirit: Nonetheless, come walk with me. We shall see your past.

Narrator #3:

The ghost takes Scrooge to the place of his past
Where snow falls, carols ring and children play
Scrooge had grown up here, but not returned
Until the spirit brought him, this very day

Scrooge: Good Heavens! I know this place, I was a boy here!

Spirit: You recollect the way?

Scrooge: Do I know it? I could walk this path blindfolded!

Spirit: These are but the shadows of the things that have been.

[The school children (carolers) play outside with snowballs, walk through the audience and sing Here We Come A-caroling]

Spirit: Strange to have forgotten it for so many years then ... The school is not quite deserted. A solitary child, neglected by his peers, is left there still.

[Young Scrooge is alone in a classroom, weak, timid, neglected and forgotten. Young Scrooge’s sister enters and begins hugging him, excitedly]

Scrooge: I recognize that book! It’s Arabian Nights I remember Ali Baba. We had such fun times!

[Alibaba will sword fight with young Scrooge. Laughter]

Scrooge: Poor, poor boy... his only friends were book characters

Sister: Dear, dear brother. I have come to bring you home, dear brother! To bring you home, home, home! Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Oh, father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home’s like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me
one night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me on the coach to bring you. And you’re to be a man! and are never to come back here; but first, we’re to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world.

**Young Scrooge:** This will be the best Christmas ever!

[Young Scrooge and his sister embrace, then walk off stage, skipping]

**Spirit:** Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered, but she had a large heart!

**Scrooge:** So she had.

**Spirit:** She died a women, and had, I think, children…?

**Scrooge:** One child.

**Spirit:** True. Your nephew.

**Scrooge:** Yes ...

[Spotlight goes off and the set shifts to the Fezziwig Warehouse. Enter Fezziwig, sitting in a tall chair]

**Scrooge:** I was an apprentice here…! Why, it’s old Fezziwig! Alive again!

**Fezziwig:** Yo ho there! No more work tonight, lads! It is Christmas Eve! Time to celebrate! Helli-ho!

Young Scrooge and Belle dance together. This needs to be FIRE! Someone will play the piano while Young Scrooge and Belle dance.

**Piano:** Joy to the World
Fezziwig: Now it’s time for EVERYONE to dance! [points to a lady in the audience] You ma’am. May I have this dance?

[Fezziwig dance with audience. The lights go dim and the cast dances with the audience, except for Scrooge and the three spirits. The Ghost of Christmas Past and Scrooge watch the scene from center stage. When the scene continues, both the spirit and Scrooge are solemn. Do not move or speak until the spotlight is on you. Young Scrooge and Belle take this opportunity to appear older before the next scene]

Fezziwig: Please, please, my guests. Enjoy some refreshments before we retire.

INTERMISSION

Spirit: A small matter, to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. Old Fezziwig has but spent a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four perhaps.

Scrooge: (noticeably upset) It isn’t that, It isn’t that, Spirit. He had the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. The happiness he gave, is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

Spirit: Let us see another Christmas.

Narrator #3: Scrooge and the spirit came upon one final Christmas. Scrooge was a young man now, obsessed with career and wealth. It was the last straw for Belle, and she finally realized that she was not the closest to scrooge anymore.

[The room is bleak, solemn and barren. Scrooge is now an adult, sitting across from a heartbroken young lass named Belle. She is breaking up with him]

Belle: Another idol has displaced me.

Young Scrooge: What Idol? I only have love for you.
Belle: A golden one. Ebenezer, you aren’t the man I once knew. You don’t care for the world and its inhabitants, only for money. You fear the world too much.

Young Scrooge: This is nonsense! My heart is with you.

Belle: No, it is not. I’ve seen you change from a man with compassion, to a man driven by greed. All of your nobler aspirations have fallen one by one and you are now consumed by the master passion. Wealth!.

Young Scrooge: So what if I am all the wiser? My thoughts for you have not changed.

Belle: They have, you just don’t see it. Ebenezer, I release you. *GONG*

[Some sort of sound plays to symbolize that Scrooge has changed]

Spirit: What is the matter?

[Each of the following characters faces Scrooge, one by one, in a VERY quick succession. This is how we show the faces flashing in the spirit. SISTER : NEPHEW : FEZZIWIG : BOB : BELLE]

Scrooge: I wish I could have a moment with my clerk just now. Spirit, remove me from this place. My sister. My nephew. Fezziwig. Poor Bob Cratchit. My dear Belle. MY HEART! I cannot bear it. Haunt me no longer!

[Scrooge backs away to his bedroom, and falls asleep]

Act 2, Scene 1 - The Ghost of Christmas Present

Narrator #4: Scrooge is snoring loudly, but is presently awakened, once again, by the sound of the one o’clock bell. He hears something in the next room and cautiously enters. A tall woman in a green gown confronts Scrooge.
Second Spirit: Come in! Come in, and get to know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me!

Scrooge takes some time to enter and see the spirit. Slowly peering, as if there were a wall separating the two sides of the stage.

Second Spirit: You have never seen the likes of me before?

Scrooge: Never ... I see you wear a scabbard, but no sword.

Second Spirit: [look into scabbard, surprised] Indeed! Peace on Earth, goodwill toward man!

[Scrooge takes some time to process this, then slowly nods his head]

Second Spirit: Touch my torch and follow me.

[Scrooge and the spirit hop off stage and walk around the theater, stopping to watch the carolers as they sing *O Christmas Tree*, as the Cratchit family enters and sets up their table. Enter Mrs. Cratchit and the Cratchit children]

Narrator #4: Scrooge and the spirit traveled over and through London, finally visiting the home of Scrooge’s clerk, Bob Cratchit, and his happy family.

Young Cratchit: The queen has a Christmas tree and now we do too. I am happy!

Mrs. Cratchit: Yes, my dear. As am I. What has ever got your precious father then. And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!

Young Cratchit: Here’s Martha, mother!
[Martha walks in on the side of the stage. All the young Cratchits and Mrs. Cratchit run over to Marth for hugs]

**Young Cratchit:** Oh! There’s such a goose, Martha!

**Mrs:** Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are! Well! Never mind so long as you are come. Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!

**Young Cratchit:** No, no! There’s father coming, Hide, Martha, hide!

[Martha quickly hides behind her mother’s chair]

**Bob:** Why, where’s our Martha?

**Mrs:** Not coming

**Bob:** Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas Day!

[Martha comes out of her hiding spot and hugs her father]

**Martha:** Oh father, we are just teasing you. I would never miss Christmas with my family. I love you dear father!

**Mrs:** And how did little Tim behave?

**Bob:** As good as gold and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and he thinks the strangest thing you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see. He’s growing strong and hearty.

[All Cratchits go and sit at the dinner table]

**Bob:** For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.
**All Cratchits:** Amen!

[They eat and enjoy themselves]

**Young:** Martha, Martha, look at all the food! Mother made pudding too!

[Mrs. Cratchit leaves the stage and comes back with a flaming pudding. Everyone cheers and she sits in her seat and passes out slices of pudding]

**Bob:** My, my! What a beautiful pudding! It’s your best achievement since our marriage!

[Spotlight focus on Scrooge and the Ghost]

**Scrooge:** Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

**Spirit:** I see a vacant seat, in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die. None other of my race will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. *GONG*

[Scrooge looks down, ashamed]

**Spirit:** Man. If man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked can’t until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, and what men shall die? It may be, that in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man’s child!

[Scrooge bent before the Ghost’s lines, and cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name. Spot light goes back to Cratchits]
Bob: Mr. Scrooge! I’ll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!

Mrs: The Founder of the Feast indeed! I wish I had him here. I’d give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he’d have a good appetite for it.

Bob: My dear, the children; Christmas Day.

Mrs: It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks 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!

Bob: My dear, Christmas Day.

Mrs: I’ll drink his health for your sake and the Day’s, not for his. Long life to him. Merry Christmas, happy new year. (says annoyed)

[All the Cratchits will raise their glasses]

Tiny Tim: God bless us, everyone!

[All hold hands and stand up and sing O Christmas Tree. The carolers can hum in the background (or sing along with them). Then they break down the table and exit the stage]

[Scrooge and the spirit left and found themselves in the home of Scrooge's nephew, Fred. The party guests are sitting around a fire playing games. Streamers are hung on the wall and a Christmas wreath is on the wall. Fred is trying to get them to guess a word. Everyone should look lively. It’s a party!]

Fred: Come on now! It’s not that hard!

Guest #1: I don’t know what the word is! Maybe a hint?
[Fred mimes an old man hobbling around with a cane with a sour look]

Guest #2: I don’t know!

Fred: [laughs] It is Scrooge, my uncle!

Guest #3: Poor fellow, living such an empty life.

Fred: He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live! He believed it too!

Guest #4: More shame for him, Fred!

Fred: Well, he’s a comical old fellow, that’s the truth: and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I’m sorry for him. I couldn’t be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won’t come and dine with us. What’s the consequence? He loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not. I think I shook him yesterday, I truly do.

[Spotlight turns to Scrooge and the Ghost. Everyone in the party picks up the decorations in the dark. The ghost looks OLDER -- costume change on stage]

Scrooge: Are spirits’ lives so short?

Spirit: My life upon this globe is very brief. It ends tonight at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near.

Scrooge: Spirit, forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask, but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?

Spirit: It might be a claw ... Oh goodness! Look here.
[Two hideous children come out from the spirit’s robe. One boy and one girl wearing scary clothes]

**Scrooge:** [noticeably frightened] Spirit, are they yours?

**Spirit:** They belong to humanity. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see written that which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Deny it!

The spirit then extends her hand toward audience then says:

**Spirit:** Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!

**Scrooge:** Have they no refuge or resource?

**Spirit:** Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses? *GONG*

[Scrooge faints into his bed. The scene is over. Spotlight goes black for a few seconds]

**Act 2, Scene 3 - The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come**

**Narrator #5:** In his perilous state, Scrooge retired upon the spirit being late. Now entered the spirit dismal and black. Not glowing, but instead dreary in fact!

Tall like a fence post
With a face of dread
The spirit extends its arm
Which points to Scrooge's head

[The Spirit extends its arm and points at Scrooge menacingly]
**Scrooge**: I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come? You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen, is that so Spirit?

[The Spirit simply extended its arm and pointed down toward the carolers. They are talking about a dead man’s funeral. They enter Old Joe's shop. Enter Old Joe, behind a counter, with two of the carolers]

**Old Joe**: Ah, yes! You’ve all come to the right place.

**Scavenger #1**: What odds then! Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did! Who’s the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose.

[The scavenger is looking towards the other scavenger while talking]

**Scavenger #2**: Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it.

[Now the scavenger looks at Old Joe. Old Joe looks at the woman’s bundle, then takes the other bundle]

**Scavenger #1**: And now undo my bundle Old Joe.

**Old Joe**: Are these his blankets? (confused)

**Scavenger #1**: Whose else’s do you think? He isn’t likely to take cold without ‘em, I dare say.

**Old Joe**: I hope he didn’t die of anything catchy? Eh?

**Scavenger #1**: Don’t you worry about that! Ah! You may look through that shirt ‘till your eyes ache; but you won’t find a hole in it, nor a thread out of place. It’s the best he had, and a fine one too. They’d have wasted it, if it hadn’t been for me.

**Old Joe**: What do you mean by “wasting of it”?
Scavenger #1: Putting it on him to be buried in. Somebody was foolish enough to do it, but I took it off again.

Old Joe: Aye. How did he die anyways?

Scavenger #2: Eaten up by his black heart, I s’pose.

Scavenger #1: AH! I thought he’d never die.

Scavenger #2: The fates have allowed us some relief.

Old Joe: What has he done with his money?

Scavenger #2: I haven’t heard. He hasn’t left it to me. That’s all I know. It’s likely to be a very cheap funeral. Should we volunteer to go?

Old Joe: I don’t mind going if a lunch is provided.

[They all laugh. The scene ends, and Old Joe joins the carolers. Scrooge and the Spirit turn to see a bed, with someone in it]

Narrator #5: A bed. Was it Scrooge’s? A body, covered in a sheet, lay motionless upon it. He lay in the dark, empty house. A cat was scratching the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What they wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think. The Spirit’s hand once again pointed. This time, to the bed.

Scrooge: Spirit, I understand you, and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power. I don’t want to know who lays there.

[Back to the Cratchit home, where all were quiet. Very quiet and as still as statues. Bob enters. Tiny Tim is not present. The Cratchits look older and defeated]
Mrs: You went today then, Robert?

Bob: Yes, my dear, I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you’ll see it often. I promised him that we would walk there on a Sunday. My little child! My little, little child!

[They cry... then Bob cleared his throat]

Bob: I saw Mr. Scrooge’s nephew. He is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,’ he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.’ It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt our loss ... My dears, however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim - shall we - or this first parting that there was among us?

Children: Never father!

Bob: And I know, I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; although he was just a little, little child; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it. [crying]

Children: No! Never, father!

Bob. I am happy. I am very ... happy. [crying]

Scrooge: Spirit, something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?

Narrator #5: The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come made no reply, but conveyed him, as before until they reached an iron gate: A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he was now to learn, lay underneath the ground. The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. Scrooge advanced toward it trembling.
Scrooge: Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that will be, or are they shadows of things that may be?

[The spirit remained unmoved and Scrooge looked upon the headstone: EBENEZER SCROOGE! *GONG*]

Scrooge: Was that I who lay upon the bed earlier?

[The spirit pointed directly at him]

Scrooge: No, Spirit! Oh no, please no! Spirit! Hear me! I am not the man I was. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Good Spirit, I will live in the Past, Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may wash away the writing on this stone!

[Scrooge walks backward and once again, falls asleep in bed. He wakes without haste]

Act 2, Scene 4 - The End of it

Scrooge: I am here: the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will! Ha ha ha!

[Scrooge opens his window and shouts to a boy on the street]

Scrooge: What day is it?

Boy: Why, it’s Christmas Day!

Scrooge: [talking to himself] Oh good! Christmas day! I haven’t missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can.

Scrooge: [yelling to a boy down on the street] Boy, do you know the shop with the prize turkey hanging in the window?
Boy: What, the one as big as me?

Scrooge: Yes! Go and ask them to bring it here so I can tell them where to have it delivered. I’ll give you a crown for it!

Scrooge: [talking to himself] The Cratchits will surely be happy!

[The boy runs off, retrieves a turkey]

Scrooge: Now off to Fred’s. I must wish him a Merry Christmas!

[Scrooge walks off to “Fred’s” and sees the gentleman. He approaches him, with his hat and heart in hand]

Scrooge: My dear sir, how do you do? I hope that you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you.

Gentleman: Why, Mr. Scrooge? What is that on your face?

Scrooge: That, my dear fellow, is a smile. I beg your pardon ... and I wish for many people to beg no longer.

[Scrooge whispers in the gentleman’s ear]

Gentleman: Why, Mr. Scrooge, lord bless me! Are you serious?

Scrooge: I am. There are many back payments included.

Gentleman: I ... I, don’t ... know what to ...

Scrooge: Don’t say anything at all. I am much obliged to you, sir. Good tidings to you. Merry Christmas!

[The Gentleman is stunned. Scrooge knocks at the house of his Nephew Fred, who is playing a game with guests (carolers). He enters]
Scrooge: ... I’m here for Christmas dinner... if you’ll have me.

Fred: (stunned)... Well of course we’ll have you! Come in! Come in!

[Fred gladly welcomed Scrooge in and has his arm around his shoulder as they walk to all the guests in the room]

Fred: Attention everyone! Attention! I am overjoyed to announce the arrival of my dear Uncle Scrooge!

[Guests subtly gasp and look around each other confused]

Scrooge: I can leave if that would be best...

[Stunned, Fred and his guests hug and laugh with old Scrooge, who is noticeably humbled by their inclusiveness. Much laughing and merriment ensue! Toast!]

Fred: And now, lets toast to my dear uncle Scrooge.

[Everyone raises their glasses with cheers. Scrooge’s face is happy and flushed]

Narrator #6: Scrooge had a great time spending Christmas with his nephew. He told stories, laughed, and was joyful for the whole of his visit. He also smiled, which was something that you’ve probably never seen from someone like Scrooge. As the party ended, he headed back to his home, for which he had a Merry Christmas of his own. The following morning, Scrooge got to the counting house early with the hope of being earlier than his clerk, Bob Cratchit, and he was.

Scrooge: [with coldness] Hallo! And what do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

Bob: I am very sorry, sir, I am behind my time.
Scrooge: You are. Oh, yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please.

Bob: It’s only once a year, sir, It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

Scrooge: Now, I’ll tell you what, my friend, I am not going to stand for this sort of thing any longer. And therefore ... And therefore ... [change in tone of voice] I am about to raise your salary! A merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I will raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family!

[Bob was in disbelief. Both men go outside and join in a carol Joy to the World, along with Fred and the Gentleman AND anyone else who wants to sing. After the song, the last narrator takes center stage, with Tiny Tim, who enters with his name. The rest of the cast stands behind them. Be patient! This is the grand finale! Don’t rush! Let the audience soak this in.]

Narrator #6: Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe at which some people did not have their fill of laughter ... His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him. It was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed:

Everyone: God Bless Us, Every One!

Bow order:

1. Young Boy (with turkey), sister, Old Joe – all four bow
2. Fezziwig – bows first, then bows to:
3. Young Scrooge and Belle
4. Gentleman, Nephew Fred
5. The Cratchit family
6. Marley and Ghosts
7. Carolers/narrators
8. Scrooge (cast cheers loudly)
9. EVERYONE Wait for *GONG*, then bow!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Characters</th>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Ming</th>
<th>Qing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scrooge</td>
<td>Kyle</td>
<td>Ashlyn H</td>
<td>Ariana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Cratchit</td>
<td>Aiden</td>
<td>Daniella</td>
<td>Evie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nephew Fred</td>
<td>Marla</td>
<td>Mikey</td>
<td>Grace G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gentleman</td>
<td>Nathaniel G</td>
<td>Branden</td>
<td>Zain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob Marley</td>
<td>Laurel</td>
<td>Mason</td>
<td>DJ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost of Past</td>
<td>Emmie</td>
<td>Inès</td>
<td>Ashlyn W</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Boy</td>
<td>Sean</td>
<td><strong>LUKE</strong></td>
<td>Dominic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fanny Scrooge</td>
<td>Chloe</td>
<td>Ashley</td>
<td>Zoe C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Fezziwig</td>
<td>Nate</td>
<td>Alan</td>
<td>Sean C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Scrooge</td>
<td>David</td>
<td>Austin</td>
<td>Jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belle</td>
<td>Jeannie</td>
<td>Maddie</td>
<td>Hailey St</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>Grace L</td>
<td>Ella K</td>
<td>Jada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Cratchit</td>
<td>Aubrey</td>
<td>Melanie</td>
<td>Ella C</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiny Tim</td>
<td>Caleb</td>
<td>Ethan</td>
<td>Andreas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha Cratchit</td>
<td>Elise</td>
<td>Natalie E</td>
<td>Hailey G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Cratchit</td>
<td>Rhys</td>
<td><strong>LUKE</strong></td>
<td>Adri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost of YTC</td>
<td>Newberg</td>
<td>Oliver</td>
<td>Zoe R</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Joe</td>
<td>Alyssa</td>
<td>Andrew</td>
<td>Alexa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroler #1</td>
<td>Zoe H</td>
<td>Hailey S</td>
<td>Gracie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroler #2</td>
<td>Josh T</td>
<td>Owen</td>
<td>Davian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroler #3</td>
<td>Mia</td>
<td>Natalie H</td>
<td>Maia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroler #4</td>
<td>Bree</td>
<td>Landon</td>
<td>Daniel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroler #5</td>
<td>Juliana</td>
<td>Ariel</td>
<td>Josh M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroler #6</td>
<td>Nathan S</td>
<td>Lulu</td>
<td>Dahlia</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>