

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Based on the original novella by Charles Dickens

Adapted by George Zarr

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SYNOPSIS: “Charles Dickens's ‘A Christmas Carol,’ the tale of a miserly man who comes to realize the true spirit of Christmas. When this story first appeared over one-hundred-and-sixty years ago, few observed Christmas other than at church. Few employers gave workers off for the holiday. And the jolly country celebrations of the past were largely forgotten in the cities. But this little story helped transform Christmas from a staid religious holiday into a season of faith, feasting, and goodwill that it has remained to this very day.”

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(18-36+ either)

CAST NOTE: All characters can be played by any gender person. Character gender designation above shows what the voice type should sound like (male or female.)

ANNOUNCER (m/f)	(2 lines)
SCROOGE (m)	(99 lines)
NARRATOR (m/f)	(19 lines)
FRED (m).....	(32 lines)
BOY CAROLER (m).....	(1 line)
CAROLERS (m/f).....	(1 line)
POOLE (m/f)	(10 lines)
BOB CRATCHIT (m).....	(21 lines)
MARLEY'S GHOST (m).....	(11 lines)
FIRST SPIRIT (m/f)	(20 lines)
FEZZIWIG (m)	(2 lines)
YOUNG SCROOGE (m).....	(3 lines)
BELLE (f).....	(4 lines)
CRATCHIT KIDS (m/f)	(7 lines)
BELINDA (f).....	(6 lines)
PEGGY (f)	(5 lines)
HARRIET (f)	(1 line)

OLD JOE (m).....	(5 lines)
MARTHA (f)	(4 lines)
MRS. CRATCHIT (f)	(10 lines)
SECOND SPIRIT (m/f)	(13 lines)
KATE (f).....	(6 lines)
GUEST #1 (m/f)	(3 lines)
GUEST #2 (m/f)	(4 lines)
GUEST #3 (m/f)	(5 lines)
TINY TIM (m).....	(4 lines)
THIRD SPIRIT (m/f).....	(8 lines)
BUSINESSMAN 1 (m).....	(3 lines)
BUSINESSMAN 2 (m).....	(3 lines)
BUSINESSMAN 3 (m).....	(3 lines)
CHARWOMAN (f).....	(5 lines)
MRS. DILBER (f).....	(2 lines)
CHARLES (m).....	(1 line)
JOHN (m).....	(1 line)
FAN (f)	(2 lines)
BUCK (m).....	(4 lines)

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MUSIC: THEME MUSIC UP AND UNDER.

ANNOUNCER: _____ *[Insert your theater name]* presents Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," the tale of a miserly man who comes to realize the true spirit of Christmas. When this story first appeared over one-hundred-and-sixty years ago, few observed Christmas other than at church. Few employers gave workers off for the holiday. And the jolly country celebrations of the past were largely forgotten in the cities. But this little story helped transform Christmas from a staid religious holiday into a season of faith, feasting, and goodwill that it has remained to this very day. Our story opens in the year 1843.

MUSIC: THEME MUSIC CROSSFADES.

SCENE 1

SFX: CHURCH BELL TOLLING SIX, UNDER.

SFX: WIND UNDER.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. Ebenezer Scrooge was a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner—a hard-hearted miser. Secret and self-contained. And solitary as an oyster. A morose and lonely man who consorted with nobody but himself. On this evening, the office of Scrooge and Marley was shrouded in cold, bleak, biting weather. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he.

CAROLERS: *(Slightly off.)*

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay

Remember Christ our savior

Was born on Christmas day

To save us all from Satan's power—*(Stop with a gasp.)*

SCROOGE: (*Cutting them off, calling out.*) Bah! (*Nastily.*) "Merry Christmas!" Humbug! Be gone, you miserable little beggars! Take your infernal Christmas carols and get away from my door!

BOY CAROLER: (*Slightly off, calling.*) Sorry, sir. Merry Christmas though, sir.

SFX: SLAMMING OF WOODEN DOOR AND LITTLE TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND OUT, CUTS TO—

SCENE 2

SFX: GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK TICKING UNDER SCENE.

SFX: SEVERAL FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD.

SCROOGE: Bah! (*To FRED.*) And you, nephew! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough. Christmas? Bah! Humbug!

FRED: Christmas a humbug, Uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure. What right have you to be dismal about Christmas? You're rich enough. Don't be cross, Uncle!

SCROOGE: What else can I be, Fred, when I live in such a world of fools as this? (*Snotty.*) "Merry Christmas!" If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with (*Snotty.*) "Merry Christmas" on his lips, would—(*Chuckling.*)—would be boiled with his own pudding! Ha! And buried with a stake of holly through his heart! Ha! Keep Christmas in your own way, nephew (*Snorts.*) and let me keep it in mine.

FRED: Keep it? (*Amused.*) But you don't keep it, Uncle.

SCROOGE: Well, let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it ever has done you!

FRED: But Christmas-time is a good time, Uncle. A kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time when men and women open their shut-up hearts freely! And think of others as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good. And I say, God bless it!

SFX: SEVERAL MEEK HANDCLAPS, OFF.

BOB CRATCHIT: (*Off, meekly.*) God bless Christmas!

SCROOGE: (*Roars.*) You there, Bob Cratchit! Let me hear another sound from you, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! Now, return to your accounting. Humph!

BOB CRATCHIT: (*Off, meekly.*) Y-Yes, sir.

FRED: Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us for Christmas dinner tomorrow. Kate would love to meet you.

SCROOGE: Kate? Oh... yes... your... "wife." Humph! Why did you get married?

FRED: Because I fell in love, Uncle.

SCROOGE: (*Sarcastically.*) Because you fell in "love!" With a woman as penniless as yourself, Fred. (*Fed up.*) Oh.... Good afternoon!

FRED: But you never visited before my marriage. I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you.

SCROOGE: (*Making fun.*) Very well... Good afternoon!

FRED: Oh! I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, a Merry Christmas, Uncle!

SCROOGE: (*Getting impatient.*) Good afternoon!

FRED: And a happy new year!

SCROOGE: (*A bit angry.*) Good afternoon! (*To BOB CRATCHIT.*) Mr. Cratchit! See my nephew out.

BOB CRATCHIT: This way, Mr. Fred and—(*Sotto voce.*) a Merry Christmas to you.

FRED: (*Sotto voce.*) And to you and your family, Bob. How is Mrs. Cratchit and your children? And especially your youngest, the little lame boy?

BOB CRATCHIT: (*Sotto voce.*) Tim, sir, "Tiny" Tim. Er... He's getting better. Thank you for asking. Merry Christmas.

SFX: WOODEN DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND UNDER.

SFX: WOODEN DOOR CLOSSES WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND OUT.

SCROOGE: (*Muttering to himself.*) ...Bah!—with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family—talking about a merry Christmas.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR.

SCROOGE: (*Snaps.*) Answer that, Cratchit.

BOB CRATCHIT: Yes sir.

SFX: WOODEN DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND UNDER.

BOB CRATCHIT: Umm... Someone to see you, Mr...

POOLE: (*Jolly.*) Good day sir! Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

SFX: WOODEN DOOR CLOSING WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND OUT.

SCROOGE: Mr. Marley—my partner—has been dead these seven years. In fact, he died seven years ago this very night. I am Ebenezer Scrooge.

POOLE: Oh. Well, at this festive season, Mr. Scrooge, we seek charity for the Poor and Destitute. You see, many thousands are in want of common necessities. Hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

SCROOGE: (*Setting them up.*) Are there no prisons?

POOLE: (*Puzzled.*) Umm... plenty of prisons.

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

POOLE: They are. I wish I could say they were not.

SCROOGE: The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?

POOLE: (*Dismayed.*) Both very busy, sir.

SCROOGE: (*Mock relief.*) Oh! I was afraid that something had stopped them in their useful course. (*Chuckles.*) I'm very glad to hear it.

POOLE: Well, they scarcely furnish "Christian" cheer, Mr. Scrooge. (*Sighs.*) A few of us wish to buy the Poor some meat and drink—and means of warmth. We do so now, because it is a time when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices. So, what shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE: Nothing!

POOLE: Oh! You wish to be anonymous, sir?

SCROOGE: I wish to be left alone. I don't make merry myself at Christmas and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and workhouses—they cost enough. Let those who are badly off go there.

POOLE: (*Shocked.*) Oh, but, many can't go there, many would rather die.

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

POOLE: I see... So the firm of Scrooge and Marley "declines"...

SCROOGE: It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good evening, then!

POOLE: Very well. You have made your views quite clear. Good evening to you, sir.

SFX: WOODEN DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND UNDER.

SFX: WOODEN DOOR CLOSSES WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND OUT.

SCROOGE: Humbug.

SFX: GRANDFATHER CLOCK BELL RINGS SEVEN TIMES, UNDER.

BOB CRATCHIT: Uh... Mr. Scrooge? It's seven o'clock, sir and it is Christmas Eve.

SCROOGE: So...? Oh, I suppose you'll want all day tomorrow, eh, Mr. Cratchit?

BOB CRATCHIT: Uh... If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE: (*Mean.*) It's not convenient! And it's not fair! If I were to dock you 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 CRATCHIT: 'Tis but once a year, sir.

SCROOGE: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But... I suppose you must have the whole day. Humph. Well, be here all the earlier the next morning, Mr. Cratchit.

BOB CRATCHIT: I will sir. Thank you, and... uh... Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE: (*Indignant.*) "Merry Christmas!" Indeed! Baaaaah!

SFX: WOODEN DOOR OPENS WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND UNDER.

SFX: WOODEN DOOR CLOSSES WITH TINKLE BELL.

SFX: WIND OUT.

SFX: GRANDFATHER CLOCK FADES OUT.

SCENE 3**MUSIC**

SFX: WIND, UNDER.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW, UNDER.

NARRATOR: Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern, and walked home through the rolling fog and bitter cold. He silently passed the urchins crowded 'round fires in the street, trying to keep warm. The icy Scrooge trudged along through the dark streets, but, just as he reached the door of his dismal house... he thought he heard... something... calling...

MARLEY'S GHOST: (*Reverb.*) Ebenezer Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

NARRATOR: It was the voice of his long-dead partner, Jacob Marley! ...Whose ghostly face appeared on the door knocker! Scrooge hurried inside, closed the door, and locked himself in! He double-locked himself in!

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES QUICKLY AND LOCKED.

SFX: WIND OUT.

NARRATOR: He checked the sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room—all as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa. Nobody under the bed, nobody in the closet. Secured against surprise, Scrooge put on his dressing-gown and nightcap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel. When... suddenly...

SCENE 4

All MARLEY'S ghost dialogue is reverbed.

MUSIC: FOGGY NIGHT—QUICK FADE.

SFX: (*Pause.*) A BELL. (*Pause.*) ANOTHER BELL THEN MANY BELLS. CONTINUE UNDER.

SCROOGE: (*Startled.*) Ahh! What? What is it! Every bell in the house must be ringing! What in the...

SFX: ALL BELLS STOP.

SCROOGE: world? (*Pause.*) N-Nonsense. Humbug! It's all humbug! I had... Wait! What-what's that?

SFX: BASH ... BASH/BASH! CRASH. CHAINS DRAGGED. SLOW FOOTSTEPS UNDER.

SCROOGE: Someone's in the cellar! But the doors are locked! Double-locked! Something... is coming. Up the stairs! Closer! It's outside my door! It's humbug! I won't believe it! Humbug, I say...

MARLEY'S GHOST: (*Moaning.*) Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge!

SFX: THUNDER CRACK. RUMBLE. CASHBOXES. CHAINS RATTLE. MARLEY'S DRAGGING STEPS. STOP SOON.

SCROOGE: (*Scared.*) Ah! How now! What-what do you want with me? Who-who are you?

MARLEY'S GHOST: In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley. (*Pause.*) You don't believe in me, Scrooge? Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE: (*Fighting fear.*) A-A disorder of the stomach makes them cheats! Y-You're not a g-ghost! You're just a bit of bad beef, a blot of mustard, a fragment of an underdone potato. Ha! There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are! Humph! Humbug, I tell you! Hum...

SFX: CHAINS RATTLING. THUNDER CRACK. RUMBLE.

MARLEY'S GHOST: (*Long terrible wail.*) Aieeeeeeeeeee!

SCROOGE: (*Screams.*) Ahhhh! (*Frightened.*) Mercy! I believe you! I believe you—I must! Oh, dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the Earth? Why come to me?

MARLEY'S GHOST: It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men. And if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death—doomed to wander the world and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared ... and turned to happiness! (*Wails.*) Aieeeee!

SFX: CHAINS RATTLING. CASHBOXES.

SCROOGE: You are fettered, Jacob. Tell me why?

SFX: QUIETER CHAINS UNDER PUNCTUATE MARLEY.

MARLEY'S GHOST: I wear the chain I forged in life—link by link, yard by yard! I am chained by cashboxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers! Witness the weight and length of strong chain you bear yourself, Scrooge. It is a ponderous chain!

SCROOGE: (*Trembling.*) 1-1 see no chain.

SFX: CHAINS PUNCTUATE MARLEY.

MARLEY'S GHOST: You shall!—on the day of your death! Mark me!

In life, my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole! (*Sobs.*) Now, I am doomed to wander without rest or peace. No regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused.

SCROOGE: But you were always a good man of business.

MARLEY'S GHOST: Business? Business? (*Screams.*) Man-kind was my business! The common welfare was my business! Charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. Oh, and it is at this time of the rolling year... that I suffer most.

SCROOGE: I'm-I'm sorry for you, Jacob. Is there anything I can do?

MARLEY'S GHOST: For me, it is too late! But I have come... to warn you of a hope and chance of escaping my fate. (*Carefully.*) You will be haunted by three spirits. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls One. The second, the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, at the last stroke of Twelve. Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread! (*Wails.*) Aieeeee!

MUSIC

SFX: (*Coordinated together.*) CHAINS. CASHBOXES. STEPS AND WINDOW SASH RAISES.

MARLEY'S GHOST: Ebenezer! Look out this window. That poor woman and her infant huddled on the doorstep below! Look that you may see for your own sake.

MUSIC

SFX: RUMBLE. WIND. CHAINS. WALLA—MOANING GHOSTS.

SCROOGE: Ghosts! Hundreds! ...chained... just like yourself! They surround the woman! But, they're not haunting her, they 're... pleading! Doesn't she see them? Why do these ghosts lament, Jacob? Why do they wail?

MARLEY'S GHOST: They seek to aid her... They seek to do good in human matters, but have lost their power... forever. They wail in unceasing torture and remorse! Beware this cruel fate, Ebenezer. Beware! (*Fading out.*) Beware! Beware! (*Wails.*) Aieeeee!

SFX: WIND—SLOW IT AND FADE WITH THE MUSIC.

MUSIC

SCENE 5

All FIRST SPIRIT dialogue is reverbed.

SFX: CLOCK CHIMES ONE.

NARRATOR: Scrooge awoke. He was lying on his bed, still in his robe. Was Marley's visit a dream? Or not? He decided it was a dream and nothing more, but suddenly...

MUSIC

SFX: CURTAINS SLOWLY DRAWN—UNDER.

NARRATOR: .. the curtains of his bed were drawn aside and Scrooge found himself face to face with the un-earthly visitor who drew them. It was a strange figure—like a child, yet... not so like a child as like an old man...

MUSIC

FIRST SPIRIT: Ebenezer Scrooge.

SCROOGE: (*Guarded.*) Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold?

FIRST SPIRIT: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE: Long past?

FIRST SPIRIT: Your past. I come for your welfare. Rise, and walk with me.

SCROOGE: (*Scared.*) Out the window? But I am a mortal and liable to fall!

FIRST SPIRIT: Bear but a touch of my hand on your heart and you shall be upheld—in more than this!

SCENE 6

Both SCROOGE And THE FIRST SPIRIT are reverbed.

NARRATOR: As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. A little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church and winding river. It was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

FIRST SPIRIT: Do you recognize this place, Scrooge?

SCROOGE: (*Excited.*) Good Heaven! I was bred in this place. I was a boy here! Look! In that coach going by! My schoolmates, Charles and John!

SFX: COACH AND HORSES APPROACHING.

CHARLES and JOHN: (*Ad lib, calling out.*) Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE: They're on the Norfolk coach—taking them home for the Christmas holiday. (*Calls Out.*) Hallo! Johnny! It's me, Ebenezer!

FIRST SPIRIT: Wait! These are but shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us. Come!

SFX: CYMBAL ROLL. WIND CHIMES.

SCENE 7

Both SCROOGE and THE FIRST SPIRIT are reverbed.

SCROOGE: (*Gasps.*) Why, it's my old schoolhouse! But, it wasn't a place of learning—more like a prison.

FIRST SPIRIT: On Christmas Eve, the school is not quite deserted. A solitary child—neglected by his friends—is left there still. A lonely boy, reading beside a feeble fire. Do you know him?

SCROOGE: (*Weeps.*) Yes, I know. I am that child. Alone. My only companions were my books—"Ali Baba!" "Robin Crusoe." (*Sighs.*) Oh, poor boy. Oh, I-I wish... but... it's too late now.

FIRST SPIRIT: What is the matter?

SCROOGE: Oh, nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something—that's all.

FIRST SPIRIT: Let us see another Christmas. Come!

SFX: CYMBAL ROLL. WIND CHIMES.

SCENE 8

Both SCROOGE and THE FIRST SPIRIT are reverbed.

SCROOGE: Why, it's me! Years later—but still away at this dismal school—alone on Christmas.

FAN: *(Off, calling.)* Ebenezer? Ebenezer!

SCROOGE: *(Gasps.)* It's Fan! My sister! My beloved Fan!

FAN: *(Moving on.)* Dear, dear brother. I have come to bring you home. Yes, home! Home—for ever and ever! Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven. We're to be together all Christmas long! And have the merriest time in the world! Come with me! Let us go!

FIRST SPIRIT: Your sister was always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered. But she had a large heart. She died a woman... but had, as I think, children.

SCROOGE: *(Sadly.)* One child. My nephew, Fred. *(Sighs.)* My, how he does resemble his mother.

FIRST SPIRIT: Come! To another Christmas Past—a celebration!

MUSIC

SCENE 9

Both SCROOGE and THE FIRST SPIRIT are reverbed.

PARTY GUESTS: *(Happy chatter under.)*

SCROOGE: Fezziwig's warehouse! I apprenticed here! Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart! It's Fezziwig—alive again!...at one of his Christmas parties!

FEZZIWIG: Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick! No more work tonight. Christmas Eve! *(Laughs.)* Ha Ha! Join in the festivities! Merry Christmas, all! Come and dance! Hilli-Ho!

PARTY GUESTS: *(Laughter and cheers as they dance, under...)*

SFX: GUESTS CLAP IN TIME TO THE MUSIC, UNDER

FEZZIWIG: (*Off, under dialogue.*) Hands half round and back again... Down the middle and up again. Round and round. Advance and retire! Old top couple bow and back, new top couple start off again... Advance and retire! Both hands to your partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place. Well done! (*Laughs.*)

FIRST SPIRIT: Do you recognize yourself, Scrooge? A young man with a twinkle in your eye and a future before you? You're quite enjoying yourself.

SCROOGE: Oh, it was a marvelous party! With cake and punch, and cold roast, and mince-pies, and plenty of beer. Look at old Fezziwig! How he dances—it's glorious! Ho-Ho, what a jolly time we use to have!

FIRST SPIRIT: It was a small matter for old Fezziwig to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.

SCROOGE: (*Offended.*) Small matter? Small, indeed!

FIRST SPIRIT: He has spent only a few pounds of your mortal money and look! Is it so much that he deserves this praise?

SCROOGE: It isn't that—It isn't that, Spirit. Fezziwig has the power to render us happy or un-happy. To make our service light or burdensome—a pleasure or a toil. The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a... a... a... (*Falters.*) fortune...

FIRST SPIRIT: What? Is something bothering you, Scrooge?

SCROOGE: No, No. I should like to say a word or two to my clerk, Bob Cratchit, just now.

FIRST SPIRIT: Scrooge, my time grows short. Quick. Several years later...

MUSIC

SCENE 10

Both SCROOGE and THE FIRST SPIRIT are reverbed. YOUNG SCROOGE and BELLE are not reverbed.

SCROOGE: (*In awe.*) Ah, Belle! As beautiful as ever...

FIRST SPIRIT: A penniless girl... who loved you, Scrooge.

SCROOGE: And I, her. It didn't matter that she had no dowry. We were so happy together...

FIRST SPIRIT: Until your career with Jacob Marley came between you. As you gained, so you lost. Do you see yourself? You're older now—a man in the prime of life. Your face has begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. Your eyes are greedy—the eager, restless eyes of a miser!

SCROOGE: (*Shaken.*) No! No! No! Spare me this! Not this, Spirit. (*Pleads.*) No!

BELLE: (*Tearful.*) This music box is a beautiful gift, Ebenezer, but I realize I matter little to you, very little. To protect yourself from a hard and cruel world, you have become hard and cruel in response. I have tried to cheer and comfort you, but another idol has displaced me.

YOUNG SCROOGE: What idol could ever displace you, Belle?

BELLE: You now worship a golden idol. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off, one by one. (*Sighs.*) Oh, Ebenezer, you've become another man.

YOUNG SCROOGE: I wanted security, success—for you. Belle!

BELLE: I seek tenderness, not riches—therefore, even though it is Christmas, I release you from our engagement, with a full heart, for the love of him you once were...

YOUNG SCROOGE: (*Pleading.*) No. No! Belle! Don't. Don't!

BELLE: (*Weeps.*) Dear Ebenezer, may you be happy in the life you have chosen... (*Sobs.*)

MUSIC

SCROOGE: (*Pleads.*) Belle. Belle! No! Spirit! Show me no more! Why do you torture me? (*Sobs.*) Remove me! I cannot bear it! Haunt me no longer! No longer! (*Fading.*) No longer!

MUSIC

SCENE 11

Only SECOND SPIRIT is reverbed.

NARRATOR: The whole scene disappeared and Scrooge found himself, once more, ...alone ...back upon his bed. He drifted off to sleep, only to be awakened... again... by the stroke of One...

SFX: CLOCK CHIMES ONCE.

NARRATOR: He gradually noticed a great blaze of ruddy light, glowing from beneath the door. Something was in the outer room...

SECOND SPIRIT: Come in!. Ebenezer Scrooge! Come in! (*Laughs.*)

SFX: CREAKING DOOR OPENS UNDER.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL (RADIO PLAY)

Adapted by George Zarr

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