
DRAMA

0411/11/T/EX

Paper 1

May/June 2018

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

2 hours 30 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and on the extract from Neil Bartlett's stage adaptation of the story *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens provided in this booklet.

This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.



This document consists of **35** printed pages and **1** blank page.

STIMULI

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

Stimulus 1

Quotation: *'I have a dream.'*
Martin Luther King

Stimulus 2

Proverb: *Look Before You Leap*

Stimulus 3

Photograph: *Street scene in central downtown São Paulo, Brazil*



EXTRACT

Taken from *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, adapted for the stage by Neil Bartlett

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The extract is taken from Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, adapted for the stage by Neil Bartlett. Bartlett has said that his adaptation was 'written to be played by a tight, role-swapping ensemble of eight actors. It could, of course be done with more, if economy allowed.'. In this approach, one actor plays the role of Scrooge throughout, while the other actors may play several parts, with rapid changes.

The story is a morality tale for Christmas, which shows how an avaricious old miser named Ebenezer Scrooge is visited by three spirits, who challenge him to reconsider his life and values.

The play is in two Acts and the extract consists of an abridged version of the entire play, from which a number of scenes have been omitted.

Characters in order of appearance:

SCROOGE
CLERKS
BOB CRATCHIT
FRED, SCROOGE'S NEPHEW
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN
BOY
GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY
THE PHANTOMS
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST
TOM
DICK WILKINS
HARRY
SCROOGE'S SISTER
MISS BELLE FEZZIWIG (MRS BELLE WILKINS)
THE WILKINS'S DAUGHTER
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT
MRS CRATCHIT
BELINDA CRATCHIT
PETER CRATCHIT
MARTHA CRATCHIT
TINY TIM
FRED'S WIFE
THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME
FIRST RICH MAN
SECOND RICH MAN

PROLOGUE

Seven performers arrive; they speak the first line in unison, then separately.

ALL: Christmas is coming!
The goose is getting fat
please put a penny in the old man's hat –
If you haven't got a penny,
a ha'penny will do;
if you haven't got a ha'penny...
then God bless –

The curtain rises to reveal SCROOGE, in his office, lit by a single dim light bulb...

ACT ONE

SCENE 1
SCROOGE'S OFFICE

December 24. Freezing.

SCROOGE: [To audience.] Bah. Humbug.

He looks at his watch. Three of the performers turn themselves into CLERKS.

CLERKS ONE /
FIVE / BOB: Tick tick tick tick. 5

They begin their work with quill pens and ledgers.

CLERKS: Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch;
Scrooge, Scrooge, Scrooge, Scrooge;
Scrooge was in his counting house,
Counting out his – 10

SCROOGE: Chink, chink, chink, chink –
Bah!
Humbug!

CLERKS: Oh.
CLERK ONE: But he was a tight-fisted, grinding,
squeezing
wrenching
grasping
scraping kind of Scrooge; 15

CLERK FIVE / BOB: a clutching
covetous old sinner! 20

CLERK ONE: Hard and sharp as flint;
BOB: Secret and solitary;
CLERK FIVE: nipped
CLERK ONE: shrivelled
CLERK FIVE: stiffened
BOB: grating
CLERK FIVE: freezing, frosty 25

BOB:	bitter –	
CLERK ONE:	No wind bitterer –	30
BOB:	No falling snow more intent upon its purpose –	
CLERK FIVE:	No pelting sleet less open to entreaty –	
CLERKS:	Iced. Tick, tick, tick, tick...	
THE CITY CLOCKS:	Ding dong ding dong; Ding dong ding dong; Ding dong ding dong; Ding dong ding dong... Bong! Bong! Bong!	35
SCROOGE:	Three o'clock	40
CLERKS:	[<i>Singing to the tune of 'I saw three ships'.</i>] THREE O'CLOCK ON CHRISTMAS EVE, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, ON CHRISTMAS EVE...	
SCROOGE:	Bah!	45
CLERKS:	Oh!!! Oh!!	
CLERK ONE:	But it was cold bleak biting weather;	
CLERK FIVE:	A sneezing, wheezing, stamping;	
BOB:	Dark-already kind of weather:	
CLERKS:	Freezing...	50
	<i>The CLERKS secretly elect BOB CRATCHIT to tiptoe to the coal scuttle and stoke up the fire.</i>	
SCROOGE:	Take another coal from that scuttle Bob Cratchit and I'll be obliged to insist you seek employment elsewhere.	
CLERKS:	Scratch scratch scratch scratch Tick tick tick tick tick	55
THE CITY CLOCKS:	Ding dong ding dong Ding dong ding dong	
CLERKS:	HALF PAST THREE ON CHRISTMAS EVE ON CHRISTMAS EVE, ON CHRISTMAS EVE...	60
SCROOGE:	Bah –	
CLERKS:	Oh, but he was a –	
	<i>Enter FRED. Snow blows in through the door.</i>	

SCENE 2

SCROOGE'S NEPHEW, FRED

FRED:	God Save You! A Merry Christmas, Uncle!	
SCROOGE:	Bah! Humbug!	65
FRED:	Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?	
SCROOGE:	I do. Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.	

FRED:	What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.	70
SCROOGE:	Bah. Humbug.	
FRED:	Don't be cross, Uncle.	
SCROOGE:	What else can I be when I live in a world of fools? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you Fred but a time for paying bills without money, a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer, a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you. 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. He should.	75 80
FRED:	Uncle!	85
SCROOGE:	Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.	
FRED:	Keep it! But you don't keep it.	
SCROOGE:	Let me leave it alone then. Much good may it do you. Much good has it ever done you.	90
	<i>During this speech the CLERKS rise in a silent impassioned crescendo of agreement.</i>	
FRED:	There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin – if anything can be apart from that – as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts and to think of other people 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 pockets, I believe that it <i>has</i> done me good, and will do me good, and I say, God bless it!	95 100 105
BOB:	God bless it!!!	
SCROOGE:	Let me hear another sound from you Bob Cratchit and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation. You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.	110
FRED:	Don't be angry, Uncle. Come and have your Christmas dinner with us tomorrow.	
SCROOGE:	I'll see you in hell and frozen over first. I'll see you da –	115
FRED:	<i>[Stopping the action.]</i> – and he went the whole extremity of the expression, he did –	
CLERKS:	Oh!!	
FRED:	But why? Why?	
SCROOGE:	Why did you get married?	120

FRED:	Because I fell in love.	
SCROOGE:	Because you fell in love. Good afternoon.	
FRED:	But uncle –	
SCROOGE:	Good afternoon.	
FRED:	I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?	125
SCROOGE:	Good afternoon.	
FRED:	I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolved. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humour to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, Uncle.	130
SCROOGE:	Good afternoon.	
FRED:	And a Happy New Year.	
SCROOGE:	Good afternoon.	
FRED:	And a very merry Christmas to you Bob Cratchit.	135
BOB:	Merry Christmas Fred.	
FRED <i>exits</i> . Snow. In letting himself out, he lets TWO PORTLY GENTLEMEN <i>in</i> .		
SCROOGE:	A clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife, and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to the madhouse.	140

SCENE 3

TWO PORTLY GENTLEMEN

With a collecting tin and clipboard.

FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?	
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Have we the pleasure of addressing Mr Scrooge, or Mr Marley?	145
SCROOGE:	Marley is dead.	
FIRST / SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMEN:	Dead?	150
SCROOGE:	The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner.	
BOTH PORTLY GENTLEMEN:	Jacob Marley, Dead?	
SCROOGE:	As a door-nail. Not that I mean to say that I know of my own knowledge what there is particularly dead about a door-nail: I might have been inclined, myself, to regard the coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade.	155
BOTH PORTLY GENTLEMEN:	Dead.	160
SCROOGE:	Seven years ago, this very night.	
CLERKS:	...this...very...night...	
BOB:	Christmas Eve.	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner.	165

SCROOGE:	Indeed it is.	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	At this festive season of the year, Mr...	170
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Scrooge –	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	...Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute –	175
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	– who suffer greatly at the present time –	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	– Many thousands are in want of common necessities.	180
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.	
SCROOGE:	Are there no prisons?	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Plenty of prisons.	185
SCROOGE:	And the workhouses, are they still in operation?	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	They are. Still. I wish I could say they were not.	
SCROOGE:	The Poor Laws are in full vigour, then.	190
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	All very busy, sir.	
SCROOGE:	Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course. I'm very glad to hear it.	195
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Under the impression...	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christmas cheer of mind or body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund –	200
SECOND PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	– choosing this Christmas time because it of all others is a time when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices – What shall I put you down for?	
CLERKS:	[<i>Mime.</i>] Nothing!!!	205
SCROOGE:	Nothing.	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	You wish to be anonymous.	
SCROOGE:	I wish to be left alone, since you ask. I don't make myself merry at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. My taxes support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.	210
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	Many would rather die.	215
SCROOGE:	If they would rather die they had better do it and decrease the surplus population. Besides – excuse me – I don't know that –	
FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN:	But you might know it.	220

- SCROOGE: It's not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me entirely. Good afternoon, gentlemen.
- The gentlemen withdraw.*
- Bah! 225
- SCROOGE *locks his door.*
- Lock lock lock lock lock!!!
- He resumes his labours.*
- CLERKS: Oh! –
Tick tick tick tick 230
Scratch scratch scratch scratch
Tick tick tick tick...
- SCENE 4**
THE END OF THE DAY
- BELLS: Ding dong ding dong
Ding dong ding dong
Ding dong ding dong 235
- CLERKS: ALMOST FIVE ON CHRISTMAS EVE –
ON CHRISTMAS EVE, ON CHRISTMAS EVE
ALMOST FIVE ON CHRISTMAS EVE
AND CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING!!
- SCROOGE: Bah! 240
- CLERKS: THE HOLLY AND THE IVY,
WHEN WE HAVE ALL GONE HOME –
- SCROOGE: Bah!
- The sound of a boy singing a carol outside. He sings through SCROOGE's letterbox, begging for money.* 245
- BOY: GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN
LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY...
- SCROOGE *seizes his steel ruler and attacks the hand coming through the letterbox.*
- Aargh!!! 250
- CLERKS: Ooh! – tick tick tick tick tick tick tick.
[Ad lib.]
- SCROOGE *checks that it is indeed five o'clock.*

SCROOGE'S WATCH:	Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping.	
SCROOGE:	You'll want all day tomorrow I suppose, it being Christmas.	255
	CLERKS <i>elect</i> BOB <i>as their spokesperson.</i>	
BOB:	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 I'll be bound, and yet you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work.	260
BOB:	It is only once a year sir.	
SCROOGE:	A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. Be here all the earlier the next morning.	
SCROOGE:	[<i>Unlocking.</i>] Lock lock lock lock... Lock. [<i>The door is open.</i>]	265
THE THREE CLERKS:	YESSSS!!!! [<i>They exit singing a Christmas carol.</i>]	
SCROOGE:	Bah!!	
	<i>He slams the door shut.</i> <i>He is alone in his office with his light bulb.</i> <i>He locks away his money.</i>	270

SCENE 5
SCROOGE LOCKS UP

SCROOGE *unscrews the light bulb and carefully places it in his pocket. He locks his door, turns up his collar and begins to trudge home in the snow.*

SCENE 6
SCROOGE GOES HOME IN THE FOG AND FROST

CLERKS THREE /		275
FOUR / FIVE and SIX:	Scrunch Scrunch Scrunch Scrunch Scrunch Scrunch Scrunch Scrunch Snow, ice Snow, ice Snow, ice Snow, ice – Snow, Ice, Frost, Cold – Gloomy, Dreary, Dark, Old...	280
	Where does he live? – All on his own. How does he live? – All alone.	285 290

We are now outside SCROOGE's front door.

- SCROOGE: Yes, yes, yes. Night and morning, morning and night. Key in the pocket, out of the pocket, key in the lock, unlock the door –
- SCROOGE / CLERKS: Aaaaah!!!! 295
- MARLEY's face is suddenly there instead of the door knocker.*
- CLERKS: – knock knock!!
– Who's there?
- SCROOGE: Jacob!! 300
- CLERKS: – Jacob? Jacob who?
– Jacob Marley's dead.
– Seven years dead.
- SCROOGE: But I never think about him –
- CLERKS: – And never thought of 305
– 'til now...
- SCROOGE: Never wasted one thought on him. Not one. Not – until this afternoon...
- The face has gone. SCROOGE unlocks his door and enters his house, searching for MARLEY.* 310

SCENE 7 SCROOGE'S ROOM

- SCROOGE *locks the door behind him and checks for intruders.*
- SCROOGE: Lock, lock, lock. Locked!
Nobody in the sitting room, nobody in the lumber room...
nobody in the bedroom. 315
- Nobody under the bed.
- Nobody in the wardrobe.
Nobody in the dressing gown.
- Nothing in the fireplace
- Fire: small. 320
Grate, fireguard, poker: old fashioned.
Saucepan: small.
Gruel: thin.
Spoon.
- SCROOGE *finishes his nasty supper. He prepares for bed. He is too mean even to take his coat off. He screws in and switches on his light bulb.* 325
- It begins to pulsate and swing...ghostly noises begin...*

CLERKS: – Ebenezer...look behind you...
 – Knock Knock!! 330

SCROOGE: Who's there?
 CLERKS: – Jacob!!

SCROOGE: Humbug. I won't believe it –
 CLERKS: Jacob who?
 Jacob Marley, 335
 – but Jacob Marley's *dead*.

Bzzzzzzzzzzz!!!

They exit as the bulb flashes and dies.

LAST CLERK: [Off.] Jacob Marley's *Ghost*...

SCENE 8 MARLEY'S GHOST

The locked bedroom door mysteriously opens. MARLEY's ghost enters. 340

SCROOGE: The same face; the very same. Marley. How now, what do you want with me?

MARLEY: Much.

SCROOGE: Who are you? 345

MARLEY: Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE: Who were you then. You're particular – for a shade.

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

SCROOGE: Can you – can you sit down?

MARLEY: I can. 350

SCROOGE: Do it then.

MARLEY: You don't believe in me.

SCROOGE: I don't.

MARLEY: What evidence would you have of my reality?

SCROOGE: I don't know. 355

MARLEY: Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE: Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of the 360
 gravy than of the grave about you, whatever you are.

SCROOGE *attempts to keep down his terror.*

Humbug, I tell you –
 Humbug.

MARLEY: [Rattling his chains.] Aaaaaaah! 365

SCROOGE: Mercy!

MARLEY: Man of the worldly mind! Do you believe in me or not?

SCROOGE: I do. I must. 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 370
 walk abroad 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. Aaah!

SCROOGE:	You are fettered. Tell me why.	
MARLEY:	I wear the chain I forged in life.	375
SCROOGE:	Jacob. Old Jacob; speak comfort to me, Jacob.	
MARLEY:	I have none to give. It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers to other kinds of men. I cannot rest, I cannot stay. I cannot linger anywhere – in life, my spirit never walked, never roved beyond the narrow limits of our moneymaking hole – now, weary journeys lie before me!	380
SCROOGE:	You have been very slow about getting here, Jacob.	
MARLEY:	Slow!	
SCROOGE:	Seven years dead, and travelling all the time?	385
MARLEY:	The whole time – no rest, no peace – incessant torture –	
SCROOGE:	You travel fast? –	
MARLEY:	On the wings of the wind –	
SCROOGE:	You must have covered a great deal of ground in seven years –	390
MARLEY:	Oh! not to know, not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I, oh! such was I!	
SCROOGE:	But you were always a good businessman, Jacob –	
MARLEY:	Business! Mankind was my business. Charity and mercy were my business. The common welfare was my business.	395
SCROOGE:	Jacob!	
MARLEY:	Oh hear me! hear me, for my time is nearly gone.	
SCROOGE:	I will. But don't be hard upon me, Jacob.	400
MARLEY:	I am here tonight to warn you, that you may have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer.	
SCROOGE:	You always were a good friend to me –	
MARLEY:	You will be haunted, by three spirits.	405
SCROOGE:	Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?	
MARLEY:	It is.	
SCROOGE:	I – I think I'd rather not.	
MARLEY:	Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the paths 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.	410
SCROOGE:	Couldn't I take 'em all at once and have it over, Jacob?	
MARLEY:	Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.	415
	Remember what is past! Remember! Remember!	
	MARLEY <i>summons</i> SCROOGE <i>to his bedroom window.</i>	420
	Look! We fill the air. Every one of us in chains. None of us free.	

SCENE 9
THE PHANTOMS

There are strange noises in the air. Through the window, MARLEY shows SCROOGE that the air is filled with other phantoms, also in chains. 425

THE PHANTOMS: And our misery is this;
we wish to interfere, for good, in human matters,
but have lost the power forever,
lost, oh!, lost forever, forever 430
Unable to assist –
Mist...
Lost...
Past...
Forever! 435

MARLEY: Oh Ebenezer. Avoid our fate.
Avoid it.

SCROOGE: Bah!

THE PHANTOMS *are silenced and fade into thin air.*

SCROOGE *checks his door.* 440

Locked!

Double locked!!

Bed. My bed. Humbug, I tell you.

And puts out his light and goes straight to bed. He falls into a chilly, frightened sleep. 445

VOICES: SNOW WAS FALLING, SNOW ON SNOW
SNOW ON SNOW ON SNOW ON SNOW ON.

Tick tick tick tick...

SCENE 10
THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

THE BELLS: ... You will be haunted.
Ding dong ding dong 450
Ding dong ding dong
Ding dong ding dong
Ding dong ding dong –

SCROOGE: [*Waking up.*] Twelve already! Not possible. An icicle must have got into the works. 455

He checks his watch.

SCROOGE'S WATCH: Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping Ping
Ping!

SCROOGE:	It isn't possible that I have slept through a whole day. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun...	460
	<i>He looks out of his window.</i>	
	Dark and foggy, very. People: none, fortunately. Cold: extremely.	
	<i>He turns on his light bulb.</i>	
	Bulb aaah!	465
	Bah. It was all a dream. Wasn't it? It was. Or not. All a dream.	
	<i>He gets into bed and waits...</i>	
THE BELLS:	Expect the first spirit when the bell tolls one. Ding dong ding dong.	470
SCROOGE:	A quarter past.	
THE BELLS:	Ding dong ding dong.	
SCROOGE:	Half past.	
THE BELLS:	Ding dong ding dong...	
SCROOGE:	A quarter to.	475
THE BELLS:	Ding Dong Ding Dong.	
SCROOGE:	One! The hour!! and nothing else.	
	<i>SCROOGE puts out his light. And goes to sleep.</i>	
	<i>The bedroom is empty but for SCROOGE.</i>	
	<i>Something under the bed blazes and the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST rises through the bed, shining, a bright light bulb in his hand.</i>	480
	Aaaaah! Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?	
GHOST:	I am.	485
SCROOGE:	Who, and what, are you?	
GHOST:	I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.	
SCROOGE:	Long past?	
GHOST:	No. Your past.	
SCROOGE:	May I be so bold as to enquire what business brings you here?	490
GHOST:	Your welfare.	
SCROOGE:	Much obliged I am sure but I cannot help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end.	495
GHOST:	Your salvation, then.	
SCROOGE:	My salvation.	
GHOST:	Take heed.	
	Rise! and walk with me.	
	<i>SCROOGE is lifted up.</i>	500

- SCROOGE: The weather and the hour hardly seem adapted to pedestrian purposes, and the bed being so warm...and the thermometer so far below freezing and I... I... I...
- I've only got slippers on.
I think I might be starting a cold. 505
- I am a mortal and liable to fall!
- GHOST: You shall be upheld in more than this...
- Transformation.*
- VOICES: IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER
FROSTY WINDS MADE MOAN, 510
EARTH STOOD HARD AS IRON,
WATER LIKE A STONE.
SNOW HAD FALLEN, SNOW ON SNOW;
SNOW ON SNOW.
IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER 515
LONG AGO...
- The snowy landscape of SCROOGE's childhood appears in his bedroom.*
- The following scenes from SCROOGE's past are played out in, on and around his bed. 520*

SCENE 11
A COUNTRY ROAD

- SCROOGE: Good heaven! I was born here. I was a boy here!
- GHOST: What is that upon your cheek?
- SCROOGE: A pimple.
Lead me where you will.
- GHOST: You recollect the way? 525
- SCROOGE: Recollect it – I could walk it blindfold.
- GHOST: Strange to have forgotten it for so many years. Let us go on.
- SCROOGE: Forgotten? That's the gate, that's the post, that's the tree.
The bridge. The church that's the church... 530
And that's – that's –
- The GHOST brings on –*
- TWO BOYS: Merry Christmas Tom!
Merry Christmas Dick!
- SCROOGE: That's Tom, and Dick, and... 535
- As DICK exits, HARRY enters.*
- DICK: Merry Christmas Harry!
- SCROOGE: – and Harry. Harry, Merry Christmas Harry –

TOM / HARRY: [Together.] Merry Christmas!!!!
 SCROOGE: Merry Christmas! 540
 GHOST: These are but shadows of things that have been. They
 have no consciousness of us.

The GHOST dismisses the boys.

[SCENE 12 A SCHOOL ROOM – OMITTED]

SCENE 13
 SCROOGE'S SISTER

SCROOGE'S SISTER *enters.*

SISTER: Ebenezer!! I have come to take you home, brother! Dear 545
 brother – Home, home home!

SCROOGE: Home?

SISTER: Yes. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder
 than he used to be, and we're all to be together all
 Christmas long. At home. Home. Home. 550

Ebenezer...home...

SCROOGE: Home...

*They dash towards the door; the SPIRIT holds them in
 time.*

GHOST: She had, I think, children, your sister, before she died? 555

SISTER: Yes –

SCROOGE: One child.

GHOST: True. Your nephew, Fred.

SCROOGE: Yes.

GHOST: Let's see another Christmas. 560

[SCENE 14 THE FEZZIWIGS – OMITTED]

SCENE 15
 SCROOGE AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS FEZZIWIG

GHOST: Tick, tick, tick, tick.
 My time grows short. Quick! Look!

MISS FEZZIWIG: It matters very little to you, Ebenezer, very little. Another
 idol has displaced me.

SCROOGE: What idol has displaced you? 565

MISS FEZZIWIG: Gold.

SCROOGE: Have I ever sought release from our contract?

MISS FEZZIWIG: It was made when we were both poor, and content to be
 so.

SCROOGE: Have I ever sought release? 570
 MISS FEZZIWIG: In words, no. Never.
 SCROOGE: In what, then?
 MISS FEZZIWIG: In an altered spirit.

She removes her engagement ring. SCROOGE takes it back. 575

GHOST: ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS
 MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME.

MISS FEZZIWIG: May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

SCROOGE: Bah humbug! [*pause*]

SCROOGE: Spirit! Show me no more. Take me home. 580
 GHOST: One Christmas more –
 SCROOGE: No more!
 GHOST: A special Christmas –

MISS FEZZIWIG remains, weeping.

SCROOGE: No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more! 585

The GHOST forces SCROOGE to watch.

SCENE 16

BELLE WILKINS (NÉE FEZZIWIG)
 AND HER DAUGHTER

Jump cut: A little GIRL runs on, followed by her FATHER, Dick Wilkins.

GIRL: Mama! Mama! Mama! Mama!
 MOTHER: [*Happy.*] Merry Christmas. 590
 GIRL: Papa!
 FATHER: A Merry Christmas my dear. And to you my dear.
 GIRL: Oh! May I?
 MOTHER: You may.

She unwraps her present. 595

FATHER: Belle, I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon.
 MOTHER: Who was it?
 FATHER: Guess!
 MOTHER: I don't know. How can I!
 FATHER: I passed his office, and the window being open I could 600
 scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point
 of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the
 world, I do believe.

MOTHER: Mr Scrooge?
 FATHER: Scrooge it was – 605
 SCROOGE: Spirit, remove me from this place.
 GHOST: These were but shadows of the things that have been.

SCROOGE:	Remove me.	
GHOST:	That they are what they are, do not blame me.	
SCROOGE:	I cannot bear it! Take me back! Take me back!	610
GHOST:	No! ha ha ha ha.	
	<i>SCROOGE attempts to smother him with a pillow.</i>	
CLOCK:	Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick...	
	<i>The GHOST is forced to the floor. SCROOGE continues to pile pillows on him. He dies. The ticking stops. The SPIRIT is gone.</i>	615
SCROOGE:	Bah!	
	<i>He glares at the light bulb; it is behaving normally</i>	
	<i>He looks under the bed; there is nothing there...</i>	
	No-one under the bed: no-one in the bedroom.	620
	No-one.	
	No-one.	
	<i>He reels to his bed and falls asleep</i>	
CLOCK:	Tick tick tick tick...	
MARLEY'S VOICE:	The second spirit on the next night at the same hour.....	625
	when the clock strikes one.	
	Ding dong ding dong.	
	Ding dong ding dong.	
	Ding dong ding dong.	
	Ding dong ding dong –	630

SCENE 17

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

SCROOGE:	[<i>Waking up.</i>] One, one o'clock. Again!! Nothing. Five minutes, nothing. Ten minutes... Nothing. Fifteen minutes... Nothing. Nothing; no spectre no spirit, no rhinoceros, no baby, and nothing in between. No-one under the bed, no-one in the bedroom, no-one in the dressing gown, nobody in the wardrobe. Locked. No-one in the dressing gown.	635
	<i>He removes a key from the pocket of the dressing gown that hangs on his wardrobe door, locks the wardrobe door and replaces the key and goes back to bed.</i>	640
	<i>A hand appears in the dressing gown sleeve. It removes the key and unlocks the wardrobe. The room begins to fill with a blaze of ruddy light.</i>	
SCROOGE:	Aaaaah! Hello...?	

GHOST: Knock knock!
SCROOGE: Who's there...? 645

The wardrobe doors burst open and the second GHOST emerges.

GHOST: Look upon me, and know me better. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!! Christmas Present, Christmas cake and Christmas pudding; Christmas poultry, pigs, pies, pears, paunch, punch and Plenty! Plummed, sucked, luscious, wreathed, seething, cheery, cherry-cheeked and immense. You have never seen the likes of me before! 650

SCROOGE: Never. 655

GHOST: Have never walked forth with other members of my family, those elder brothers born these later years.

SCROOGE: No I don't think I have. Have you many brothers, Spirit?

GHOST: Two thousand and seventeen.

SCROOGE: A tremendous family to provide for. 660

GHOST: Tremendous.

The GHOST rises...

SCROOGE: Spirit, conduct me where you will. Last night I learnt a lesson; tonight, if you have anything to teach me...

GHOST: Touch my robe. 665

Do as you're told.

Hold fast!!!

Christmas is coming...

[SCENE 18 SHOPPING – OMITTED]

GHOST: Do you know this house?

The GHOST leads SCROOGE straight to: 670

SCENE 19 THE CRATCHITS

MRS CRATCHIT *enters [singing] and throws the GHOST and SCROOGE off the bed. The bed becomes the CRATCHITS' table.*

MRS CRATCHIT: Mr Bob Cratchit's house. Mr Bob Cratchit's wife, Mrs Bob Cratchit. Twice-turned, but brave in ribbons and making a goodly show for sixpence. Belinda! – 675

BELINDA enters with plates.

BELINDA: Belinda Cratchit.

MRS CRATCHIT: Her daughter –

BELINDA:	Also brave in ribbons.	680
MRS CRATCHIT:	Peter! –	
	<i>PETER enters with cups. They proceed to lay the table.</i>	
PETER:	Master Peter Cratchit –	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Son and heir –	
PETER:	Gallantly attired and elder brother.	685
MRS CRATCHIT:	Anticipating goose.	
PETER:	And desirous of stuffing. Sage. And Onion.	
MRS CRATCHIT:	What has ever got your precious father then. And your brother Tiny Tim. And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour –	690
MARTHA:	Martha Cratchit, her other daughter.	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Why bless you alive how late you are.	
MARTHA:	We'd a deal of work to finish last night. And had to clear away this morning.	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Well never mind so long as you are come.	695
BELINDA:	Here's Father. Hide Martha Hide.	
	<i>Enter BOB carrying TINY TIM.</i>	
BOB:	Where's our Martha?	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Not coming.	
TIM:	Not coming. Not coming on Christmas Day?	700
MARTHA:	Merry Christmas!	
	<i>The GHOST fills the room with the smell of the goose.</i>	
TIM / BOB:	Christmas is coming; The Goose is nearly cooked – We can smell it in the oven, Let's all go take a look.	705
	<i>The children go to see the goose. PETER remains.</i>	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Potatoes, Peter.	
PETER:	Bubbling!	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Well mash 'em then.	710
	<i>He exits.</i>	
BOB:	And how did little Tim behave? As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped people saw him, because they might remember the stories of who made the beggars walk and the blind man see. I am quite sure he is growing strong and hearty.	715
	<i>The children return.</i>	
TIM / BELINDA:	Christmas is coming The goose is nearly burnt!!	720

MRS CRATCHIT *runs, screaming, to attend to the goose.*
MR CRATCHIT *takes charge.*

BOB: Gravy.
BELINDA: Hot! 725
BOB: Potatoes?
PETER: Mashed!
BOB: Apple sauce?
MARTHA: Sweetened!
BOB: Plates... 730
BELINDA: Dusted...

Enter MRS CRATCHIT carrying the goose in a covered dish.

MRS CRATCHIT: Goose. Cooked.

They are about to lift the cover, but MRS CRATCHIT stops them to say grace. 735

ALL [*including SCROOGE*]: Amen.

BOB: A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us.
CRATCHITS: God bless us.
TINY TIM: God bless us every one. 740

The CRATCHITS freeze on the raising of their drinks in a toast. BOB has his arm around his youngest son.

SCROOGE: He seems to dread his child will be taken from him. Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

MARTHA CRATCHIT *sings under the scene 'Once in Royal David's City'.* 745

GHOST: I see a vacant seat at this table. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die.
SCROOGE: Oh no. No. No. Say he will be spared.
GHOST: If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race will find him here. The child will die. If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. 750

Man, forbear that wicked talk until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. It may be that in the sight of heaven you are worth less than this poor man's child. 755

End of carol. Unfreeze.

BOB: Mr Scrooge! I give you Mr Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast. 760
MRS CRATCHIT: 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 CRATCHIT:	It should be Christmas day, I am sure, for me to drink the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr Scrooge. You know he is, Robert. Nobody knows it better than you.	765
BOB:	My dear. Christmas day.	
MRS CRATCHIT:	I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his. Long life to him. Merry Christmas to him. A happy new year to him. He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt.	770
	<i>A toast. Freeze.</i>	
GHOST:	You see; you see; they are not a handsome family; they are not well paid – they are not well dressed; – very likely their clothes are second-hand, but they are happy. Happy together.	775
CRATCHITS:	[<i>Singing to SCROOGE.</i>] WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS WE WHOOSH...WHOOSH...	780
	<i>The GHOST makes a great wind begin to blow. The CRATCHITS and their room and all their possessions are blown offstage – across a thunderous night sky...</i>	785
SCROOGE:	Where are you taking me? Where are we going?	
GHOST:	Hold on! Hold on to my robe!!	
	<i>They climb on to the bed. It rises and sails through the night.</i>	790

SCENE 20

DIFFERENT CHRISTMASES

GHOST:	See, see! In the thick gloom of darkest Night, still in every window lights flicker, roar, bake, blaze, are cosy behind deep red curtains drawn to keep out the cold and darkness. In hospital and in jail, in misery's every refuge, in every dark place on this long night shines out a ray of brightness.	795
SCROOGE:	Where are we going –	
GHOST:	– even out at sea –	
SCROOGE:	– not to sea –	
GHOST:	– on dismal reefs of sunken rocks the lighthouse-keepers keep their Christmas, high above the black and heaving waves –	800
SCROOGE:	– oh –	
GHOST:	Even on the ships, far out from any shore, the officers who have the watch hum a Christmas tune; the dark figures at their several stations think Christmas thoughts, the sailors remember those companions they have cared for, and even here, on the face of the lonely and unknown abyss,	805

	whose depths are secret, black and profound as Death, the words ring out.	810
VOICES:	Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!	
SCROOGE:	What place is this? <i>The sound of laughter.</i>	
GHOST:	A place where they know me...	815

SCENE 21
FRED'S PARTY

FRED and his WIFE appear laughing on the flying bed

FRED:	And then he said, that Christmas was a humbug. He believed it, too.	
FRED'S WIFE:	More shame on him, Fred!	
FRED:	He's a comical old fellow, his offences carry their own punishment, and I won't have a word said against him.	820
FRED'S WIFE:	Is he very rich, Fred?	
FRED:	If he is, he doesn't do any good with it.	
FRED'S WIFE:	I have no patience with him.	
FRED:	Oh, I have. I am sorry for him. If he won't come and have his Christmas dinner with us –	825
FRED'S WIFE:	He loses a very good dinner –	
FRED:	Taken with a very pleasant companion.	
FRED'S WIFE:	With pleasanter companions than he can find in his mouldy old office.	830
FRED:	I pity him. He may rail at Christmas 'til he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it – I defy him – if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?'	
SCROOGE:	Well Fred, I'm...	835
FRED'S WIFE:	It might even put him in the vein to leave that poor clerk of his fifty pounds.	
SCROOGE:	Ha! Ha! Ha!	
GHOST:	I am greatly pleased to find you in this mood.	
SCROOGE:	Can we stay?	840
GHOST:	We may not –	
SCROOGE:	Just until –	
GHOST:	It cannot be done –	
SCROOGE:	Half an hour –	
FRED:	Let's play a game: 'Yes and No'.	845
SCROOGE / FRED'S WIFE:	What's that?	
FRED:	I have to think of something – something that's not in the room – and you must find it out – by asking questions – but I can only answer Yes or No.	850
FRED'S WIFE:	Does it live in London?	
FRED:	Yes.	
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it an animal?	

FRED:	Yes.	
FRED'S WIFE:	A live animal.	855
FRED:	Yes.	
FRED'S WIFE:	A disagreeable and savage animal.	
FRED:	Yes.	
FRED'S WIFE:	Does it grunt and growl?	
FRED:	Yes.	860
FRED'S WIFE:	And it lives in London.	
FRED:	Yes.	
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it in a circus?	
FRED:	No.	
FRED'S WIFE:	In a zoo.	865
FRED:	No.	
SCROOGE:	Tiger!!!	
FRED'S WIFE:	So it's not a tiger.	
FRED:	No.	
FRED'S WIFE:	In a butcher's shop.	870
FRED:	No.	
SCROOGE:	Pig!!!	
FRED'S WIFE:	So it's not a pig.	
FRED:	No.	
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it a horse?	875
FRED:	No.	
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it an ass?	
FRED:	No.	
SCROOGE:	Dog!!	
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it a dog?	880
FRED:	No.	
SCROOGE:	Cat?	
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it a cat?	
FRED:	No.	
SCROOGE:	Bear?	885
FRED'S WIFE:	Is it a bear?	
FRED:	No.	
FRED'S WIFE:	I've found it! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!	
FRED:	What is it?	
FRED'S WIFE:	It's your Uncle SCROOOOOOOOGE!!	890
FRED:	And a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man whatever he is. He wouldn't take it from me, but he shall have it nevertheless. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he takes it or not or likes it or not, I shall be there, year after year, Uncle Scrooge, how are you, Uncle Scrooge, HAPPY CHRISTMAS!!!!	895

SCROOGE *reaches out to touch* FRED's hand, *but –*

[SCENE 22 TWO TERRIBLE CHILDREN – FIRST SECTION OMITTED]

The GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT dies.

THE VOICE OF JACOB MARLEY:	You will be haunted by three spirits...	900
BELLS:	Ding dong ding dong.	
MARLEY:	Without their visits you have no hope.	
BELLS:	Ding dong ding dong.	
MARLEY:	Expect the third upon the next night.	
BELLS:	Ding dong ding dong.	905
MARLEY:	When the last stroke of Midnight.	
BELLS:	Ding dong ding dong.	
MARLEY:	Has ceased to vibrate...	
	<i>Lifting up his eyes, SCROOGE beholds a solemn phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.</i>	910

Curtain.

ACT TWO

SCENE 23

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME

A deep black night. All signs of SCROOGE's bedroom have gone. Stars.

The very air in which THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME moves seems to scatter gloom and mystery. SCROOGE is on his knees. 915

SCROOGE: I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?

It neither speaks nor moves. 920

You are about to show me things that have not happened, but will happen. Is that so, Spirit?

The GHOST inclines its head.

You would think I would be used to ghostly company by this time. 925

Ghost of the future, I fear you more than any spectre I have seen, yet I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and to do it with a thankful heart. 930

Will you not speak to me?

This night is waning fast, and time is precious, I know. Show me, Spirit, show me.

The GHOST shows him.

[SCENE 24 THREE FAT BUSINESSMEN – OMITTED]

SCENE 25
TWO MEN OF BUSINESS

Two very RICH MEN with copies of the financial papers. 935

FIRST RICH MAN: How are you?
 SECOND RICH MAN: How are you?
 FIRST RICH MAN: Well. Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?
 SECOND RICH MAN: So I am told. Cold isn't it?
 FIRST RICH MAN: Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose? 940
 SECOND RICH MAN: No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning.

They exit.

SCROOGE: I am surprised that you attach importance to conversations so apparently trivial. They have some hidden purpose I suppose; no doubt to whomsoever they apply they have some latent moral... 945

And doubtless the conduct of *my* future self might provide me with some clue.

But I cannot see myself in this vision. Anywhere.

Although this is perhaps no surprise as I have been considering a change of life and perhaps my absence from this haunt of business is but a sign of some new-born resolution carried out. Don't you think. Possibly. Perhaps. Perchance. 950

Will you not speak to me? 955

The SPIRIT conjures the Cratchits' house.

[SCENES 26 A NIGHTMARE AND 27 – OMITTED]

SCENE 28
THE CRATCHITS REVISITED

MRS CRATCHIT, PETER and BELINDA assemble by candlelight. MRS CRATCHIT is knitting. PETER is teaching BELINDA to read from a copy of the Bible. TINY TIM's chair is empty. 960

SCROOGE: But I know this house; this is poor Bob Cratchit's house. Surely they are very quiet?
 BELINDA: 'At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven? And Jesus called a little child to him, and set him in the midst of them, And said...' 965
 PETER: '...verily I say unto you, Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

MRS CRATCHIT:	The colour hurts my eyes. They're better now again. It's the candle light makes them weak, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home for the world. It must be near his time.	970
BELINDA:	Past it, rather.	
PETER:	He walks a little slower than he used to, these last few evenings.	975
MRS CRATCHIT:	I have known him walk very fast with – I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed.	
PETER:	So have I. Often.	
BELINDA:	So have I.	
SCROOGE:	Oh no.	980
MRS CRATCHIT:	But then he was so very light to carry, no trouble, no trouble at all. And there is your father at the door.	
	<i>BOB CRATCHIT enters.</i>	
PETER:	Good evening father.	
BOB:	Peter.	985
BELINDA:	Good evening father.	
BOB:	Belinda, my dear.	
	The work is progressing nicely I see. Should be done long before Sunday.	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Sunday! You went today then Robert.	990
BOB:	Yes my dear. I wish you could have come. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you shall see it – I promised him that we would all go there on Sunday.	
MARTHA'S VOICE:	ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY. [<i>Under.</i>]	995
BOB:	My child. My little child.	
	<i>He breaks down, and then recovers.</i>	
	I met Mr Scrooge's nephew in the street, and seeing that I looked a little down he inquired what had happened. And I told him. And he said, I am heartily sorry for it, Mr Cratchit, and if I can be of service to you all in any way, you know where I live. I don't think he said it for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, but just to be kind, as if he really had known our Tim, and felt with us.	1000
MRS CRATCHIT:	I'm sure he's a good soul.	1005
BOB:	I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he were one day to offer Peter a situation.	
MRS CRATCHIT:	Hear that Peter.	
PETER:	Get along.	
BOB:	It's just as likely as not, one of these days. Though there's plenty of time for that. But however and whenever we shall part from one another, and for whatever reason, I am sure we shall none of us forget Tim, or this first parting that there was among us, shall we?	1010
BELINDA:	Never, Father.	1015
PETER:	Never, Father.	

MRS CRATCHIT: Never.

End of carol.

BOB: I am very happy. I am very happy.

They leave. MRS CRATCHIT is the last to leave, carrying TINY TIM's empty chair. 1020

SCENE 29

SCROOGE'S ROOM RESTORED

MRS CRATCHIT *looks at SCROOGE, then is gone.*

SCROOGE: Spectre, something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how.

Then let me see what / shall be in days to come...there seems no order in these visions! – you show me the resorts of businessmen, but show me not myself there; take me to my place of occupation, my house...or if not there, then to my office; let me look in at the window of my office, and see – is it an office still? Is it still mine? Is the furniture still the same – is the man sitting there on my chair...myself? I want to see myself. Why do you show me not myself? 1025

The GHOST's inexorable finger points down to a grave.

Why are you pointing there? 1030

Where are we?

Gravestones appear.

A churchyard.

And I have now to learn what wretched man lies underneath the ground here. 1040

Before I draw nearer to that stone, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of things that definitely Will be, or are they the shadows of things that May be, only?

Tell me. 1045

He sees the name on the gravestone: Ebenezer Scrooge.

Oh, no, no!

Listen to me. I am not the man I was. I will not be that man.

Why show me this if I am past all hope? 1050

I will honour Christmas in my heart, and I will try to keep it. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons they teach. Assure me that I may yet change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life, oh tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone. Tell me I may change! 1055

Change, change, shrink, collapse, dwindle, dwindle down into –

a bedpost. 1060

SCROOGE's bed and bedroom have returned, and he finds himself back in bed, clutching the bedpost.

A bedpost. My bedpost.

My bed.

I'm in my bed. In my room. 1065

In bed, with the bedpost, and the bedcovers, and they are not taken, not taken off with me lying there; they are here. I am here. And the door is here, where Jacob Marley –

and the wardrobe, where the ghost –
and the window, where I saw the – 1070

and it's all right. It's all right. It's all true. It all happened, it did happen, ha, ha-ha, and the things that would have been, won't be, not necessarily, and I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future, even though I don't know what to do. I am as light as a feather. I am as giddy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I don't know how long I've been... 1075

I don't know anything.
I'm a baby. Never mind.
I don't care, I'd rather be a baby. 1080

SCENE 30 CHRISTMAS DAY

SCROOGE runs to his window and throws it open.

SCROOGE:

I don't know what day of the month it is. No fog – no mist. Cold, but jovial. Stirring. Oh, glorious. Glorious. Heavenly. Sweet. Hello!! 1085

BOY:	GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY.	
SCROOGE:	Hello! What's today?	
BOY:	Eh?	
SCROOGE:	What's today, my fine fellow?	1090
BOY:	Today? Christmas Day.	
SCROOGE:	It's Christmas Day. I haven't missed it.	
	Those Spirits did it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hello – Hello.	1095
BOY:	Do you know the Poulterers in the next street but one, on the corner?	
SCROOGE:	I should hope I did.	
BOY:	An intelligent boy. A remarkable boy. Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey; not the little prize turkey: the big one.	1100
SCROOGE:	What the one as big as me?	
BOY:	What a delightful boy, it's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes the one as big as you. Go and buy it.	
SCROOGE:	Walk on.	1105
BOY:	No no, go and buy it, and come back with it, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back in less than five minutes and I'll give you half a crown.	
	<i>The BOY dashes off.</i>	
	I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.	1110
	<i>BOY reappears with an impossibly large turkey.</i>	
SCROOGE:	Whoop! Hello! How are you? You can't carry that. You must take a cab. Taxi!!	
	<i>SCROOGE gives the boy money for taxi, and sends him on his way.</i>	1115
	Christmas. It's Christmas Day...	
	<i>He practises greeting people.</i>	
	Mah...meh...meh...murch...murr...mare...mary. Mary Christmas...	1120
	Merry Christmas: to Everybody. And a Happy, New, Year.	
	<i>As he finally, finally says the words that he has never said, snow begins to fall outside his bedroom window. Seeing it, he gets up and unlocks and then finally opens his door. He steps out into the empty street.</i>	1125
	<i>Silence. Snow gently begins to cover the stage. The CLERKS walk towards him out of the snow;</i>	

- CLERKS: Ding dong ding dong;
Ding dong ding dong; 1130
Ding...dong...ding... –
- SCROOGE, out in the street, greets passers by as if he had never seen the human race before.*
- SCROOGE: A Merry Christmas to you –
and a Merry Christmas to you – 1135
- CLERK: Mr Scrooge!
- SCROOGE: Merry Christmas!!!
- Merry Christmas!!!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas! 1140
Merry Christmas!
- SCROOGE meets people he has met before; first, he sees the two PORTLY GENTLEMEN.*
- SCROOGE: My dear Sir – how do you do – Merry Christmas – I hope
you succeeded yesterday. It was so very kind of you – 1145
- PORTLY GENTLEMAN: Mr Scrooge?
- SCROOGE: Yes that is my name. Allow me to ask your pardon. And
will you have the goodness to accept – [*Whispers.*] – to
allow me to present you with a very large cheque.
- PORTLY GENTLEMAN: How much? Bless me! 1150
- SCROOGE: My dear Mr Scrooge – are you serious?
Not a farthing less. Will you do me that favour?
- PORTLY GENTLEMAN: My dear Mr Scrooge, I don't know what to say to such
munifi –
- SCROOGE: Please, don't say anything. Come and see me. Will you
come and see me? 1155
- PORTLY GENTLEMAN: We will.
- SCROOGE: I am very much obliged to you. I thank you. Bless you,
and – Merry Christmas.
- PORTLY GENTLEMAN: Merry Christmas! 1160
- They exit.*
- SCROOGE: Fred. My Christmas dinner.
- Laughter. FRED and his WIFE, laden with Christmas shopping.*
- FRED: Fred!?! Fred, Fred. 1165
- SCROOGE: Uncle Scrooge. Is that you?
It is I. Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come for my dinner.
- My Christmas dinner.
- Will you let me in?
- FRED: Yes!!! 1170

FRED'S WIFE: Yes!
 ALL: Yes!
 SCROOGE: It was a wonderful dinner. Wonderful party, wonderful games. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful happiness. Happy happy happy. Happy. 1175

A moment of peace.

But; early the next morning...tick tick tick tick...

SCENE 31

SCROOGE'S OFFICE, BOXING DAY

CLERK enters, still happily singing. He is oblivious to the fact that SCROOGE is now pretending to be his old self.

CLERK: Merry Christmas Mr Scrooge. 1180
 SCROOGE: Bah humbug.
 CLERK: Ooh, sorry sir, sorry.

CLERKS enter and begin to work frantically.

CLERKS TWO /
 THREE / FOUR / SIX: Tick tick tick tick 1185
 scratch scratch scratch scratch tick tick tick tick.

SCROOGE: If I can only catch Bob coming late.
 CLERKS: Tick tick tick tick.
 SCROOGE: Nine. No Bob –
 CLERKS: Cratchit cratchit cratchit cratchit, tick tick tick tick. 1190
 SCROOGE: Nine fifteen.
 CLERKS: No Bob. He'll Catchit catchit catchit catchit tick, tick, tick, tick.

SCROOGE: Eighteen and a half minutes past nine.
 CLERKS: Tch tch tch tch. 1195

Enter BOB.

SCROOGE: Hello.
 CLERKS: Late!!!
 SCROOGE: What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?
 BOB: I am very sorry sir. I am behind my time. 1200
 SCROOGE: You are? Yes, I think you are. Step this way if you please.

SCROOGE gets out his ruler. BOB holds out his hand.

BOB: It's only once a year, sir.
 SCROOGE: Bah!
 BOB: It shall not be repeated. 1205
 SCROOGE: Bah!
 BOB: I was making rather merry yesterday, sir, it being –
 SCROOGE: Now, I'll tell you what my friend, I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore...

...and therefore I am about to raise your salary. 1210

BOB: [To CLERKS.] Someone call for help. Get the neighbours.
 SCROOGE: Merry Christmas, Bob!!
 CLERKS: Merry Christmas, Bob!!
 BOB: [To audience.] Get a straitjacket.
 SCROOGE: A merrier Christmas, Bob, than I have given you for many 1215
 a year. I shall raise your salary –

MRS CRATCHIT *creeps on.*

MRS CRATCHIT: – and endeavour to assist your struggling family –
 SCROOGE: – and endeavour to assist your family –
 CLERKS: – and be a second father to Tiny Tim – 1220
 SCROOGE: – and be a second father to Tiny Tim.

TINY TIM *joins his mother.*

TINY TIM: Who did not die.
 SCROOGE: Tiny Tim DID NOT DIE, he didn't, and he shan't, he shall 1225
 not die, and I shall be a good friend, and a good man –
 and some people shall laugh – and I shall let them laugh –
 and I shall keep Christmas as well as any man alive; and
 we shall discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a
 Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob, so stoke up that
 fire and buy another scuttle of coal before you dot another 1230
 I, Bob Cratchit – Merry Christmas!

CLERKS: Merry Christmas!!
 SCROOGE: – and, as Tiny Tim observed...

TINY TIM: God Bless Us – Every One.

Tableau. 1235

Curtain.

The End.

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