



# A Christmas Carol

by Helen Gard & Anthony Bevan

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# A Christmas Carol



Written by:

**Helen Gard & Anthony Bevan**

**A pantomime with a twist**

A version of the Charles Dickens novel, A Christmas Carol, which is true to the original story of old miser Scrooge being visited by ghosts in a bid to reform him. However, there are plenty of lighter moments including a traditional pantomime dame in this fun musical.

## Cast

**Many of the minor parts can double up and play more than one part**

- Ebenezer Scrooge - mean and miserly, becomes reformed
- Fred Scrooge - Old Scrooge's nephew
- Caroline Scrooge - Fred's wife
- Fanny Fuzziwig - The Dame (male) - related to the Fezziwig family
- Mr. Cratchit - Works for Old scrooge- kind- hardworking
- Mrs. Cratchit - Gentle wife of Cratchit
- Martha Cratchit -Child of the Cratchits - (could double up)
- Belinda Cratchit - Child of the Cratchits -(could double up)
- Peter Cratchit - Child of the Cratchits - (could double up)
- Henry Cratchit - Child of the Cratchits- (could double up)
- Tiny Tim Cratchit - Child of the Cratchits- (could double up)
- Marley's Ghost - male
- Ghost of Christmas Past - male or female
- Ghost of Christmas Present - male of female
- Ghost of Christmas Future - male
- Mrs. Tickle - Comedy charity worker - (could double up)
- Mr. Slap - Comedy charity worker - (could double up)
- Mr. Fezziwig - Young Scrooge's boss
- Mrs. Fezziwig - Comedy wife
- Mrs. Fezziwig's grand children (could double up)
- Street children Scs 1 and 3 (could double up)
- Chestnut seller, Flower seller (could double up)
- Street women Sc 1 (could double up)
- Young Scrooge - Male
- Belle - Young scrooge love interest - young female
- Dick Wilkins - worker (could double up)
- Debtor - Female (could double up)
- Debtor - Male (could double up)
- Mourner - Female (could double up)
- Mourner - Male (could double up)

# A Christmas Carol

## Act 1 - Scene 1

After the overture, middle curtain opens or lights come up to see chorus in a freeze frame on a street scene. Victorian England. Cold, dark, poor. A few vendors on stage including an apple seller (AS) and flower seller (FS) and young girl (YG)

The children are singing and dancing "Christmas is coming"

### **Children sing: Christmas Is Coming (sung as a round)**

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 you!

*Maybe adults could join in the round?*

Chestnut S: God will be blessin' me then. I ain't sold nothin' yet today. A ha'penny would be nice! How about you?

Flower S: Well, I've only made tuppence all day.

CS: That ain't gonna feed the family all over Christmas is it?  
It cost me thruppence ha'penny to buy the tripe for the six of us for last Sunday's lunch! And then they did nothing but moan.  
How can I afford anything other tripe these days?

Girl: Well, at least you've got some money I got the boot from the big house. I'd been their scullery maid for over 6 months an' all.

CS: You poor thing, and at this time of year too.

FS: Why's that then love, slacking in your work?

Young G: No, the master said I kept forgettin' to do fings.

CS: What did you say to that?

YG: I said he didn't pay me enough and so I was too poor to pay attention. *(laughs at her own joke)*

Woman 1: None of us round here can afford anything much. The other day even the beggar had a heart to give me a ha'penny ! *(laugh)*

Woman 2: Well I'm not going to be miserable. In fact I'm feeling rather happy and looking forward to seeing me kids' faces when I gives them the fruit and nuts I bought for their Christmas stockings.

FS: Ah,,,that's nice , you know it's the small pleasures that count in life.

*Scrooge enters and crosses the stage intending to go into his 'Counting house'*

**Song: It's A fine Life - Whole cast**

Small pleasures, small pleasures  
Who would deny us these?  
Gin toddies -- large measures--  
No skimpin' if you please!  
I rough it, I love it  
Life is a game of chance.  
I never tire of it --  
Leading this merry dance.  
If you don't mind having to go without things  
It's a fine life.

[ALL]  
It's a fine life.

Tho' it ain't all jolly old pleasure outings...  
It's a fine life  
It's a fine life.

When you got someone to love  
You forget your cares and strife  
Let the prudes look down on us  
Let the wide world frown on us  
It's a fine,

[ALL]  
Fine life!

*Scrooge is watching on shaking his head and tutting, interjecting occasionally.*

Scrooge: Bah Humbug!

**Singers retaliate with next verse:**

Who cares if straight laces  
Sneer at us in the street?  
Fine airs and fine graces  
Don't have to sin to eat.  
We wander through London  
Who knows what we many find?  
There's pockets left undone  
On many a behind.

If you don't mind taking it as it turns out,  
It's a fine life!

[ALL]  
It's a fine life!

Keep the candle burning until it burns out  
It's a fine life.

[ALL]  
It's a fine life.

But the grass is green and dense  
On the right side of the 'fence'.

And we take good care of it  
That we get our share of it  
And we don't mean pence.

No flounces, no feathers  
No frills and furbelows  
All winds and all weathers  
Ain't good for fancy clo'es

These trappings, These ta'ers  
These we can just afford.  
What future?  
What ma'ers?  
We've got our bed and board.

If you don't mind having to deal with old Scrooge

It's a fine life!  
It's a fine life!  
Though diseased rats threaten to bring the plague in  
It's a fine life!  
It's a fine life!

If you wander through this town  
Try to never scowl or frown  
'cos although we're short of things  
You can bet tomorrow brings  
More of this fine life

*Child rattles collection tin at Scrooge.*

Child 1: Spare us a copper mister?

*Scrooge brushes him aside...*

Scrooge: Bah, what are you people so happy about, you're poor enough?

Woman 1: Why are you so miserable, you're rich enough?!

Scrooge: Bah humbug - out of my way! Wretched people...Always in the way!

Woman 2: We may be poor but we ain't wretched. At least we don't live in the work house and we works 'ard for our livin' ...if you can call it a livin'!

*Scrooge stomps off muttering...*

Child 1: Shall we go and sing some more carols? See if we can get a few pennies?

Child 2: Yes, let's make a collection for Bob Cratchit's boy, Tiny Tim. His crutch needs mendin'. He never complains.

Child 3: Why not sing at Scrooge's door then? Bob cratchit works for him so he's bound to give some money for such a worthy cause.

All chdrn: Yes, let's...Good idea etc...*(ad lib a bit here)*

Children and some adults start singing "God rest ye merry Gentlemen"

*Scrooge throws open a window or door looking angry...*

Child 4: Merry Christmas sir *(rattles tin)*

Scrooge: No it is not! And I'll thank you to go away and leave me in peace!

Child 5: We're makin' a collection sir...

Scrooge snatches the tin

Child 6: Hey that's our tin, it's a collection for...

*Scrooge interrupts...*

Scrooge: Then I just collected it!

Child 1: But it's ours!

Scrooge: Tell me, are you paying rent for your pitch on this street, outside my counting house?

Child 2: Well... No sir but...

Scrooge: Then see this as payment and be off with you...

*Slams door as FF enters*

Fanny Fuzziwig: Temper temper!

*Carollers shrug shoulders*

Woman 3: What a sad old man. Doesn't he know that the pleasure of Christmas is in the givin'?

Woman 4: Try tellin' him that!

*Bells are heard...*

*Reprise sung in the tune of Christmas is coming the geese are getting fat:*

Christmas is a comin' and the bells begin to ring,  
The holly's in the window and the birds begin to sing.  
We don't need to worry, and we don't need to fret,  
For the more you give at Christmastime the more you get.

*All exit except dame like figure... I see her with a sort of Frankie Howerd voice*

Fanny F: Oooh! What a temper that EbenezerScrooge has on him and he's sooo mean! He never celebrates Christmas you know! His family invite him every year but he doesn't accept. Says Christmas is a humbug! I ask you?! He doesn't like fun and games. In fact, the only game he's ever played is mean-opoly! *(Laughs at her own joke..)* Get it?! Oh please yourselves...

He employs that poor man, Bob Cratchitt. Pays him a pittance he does, Oh yes! And he with a disabled little boy, Tiny Tim. It's shameful, Isn't it?

But how remiss of me! I haven't yet introduced myself. *(proudly)* I am distantly related to the Fezziwigs you know! ... Yes, yes I am...Miss Fanny Fuzziwig at your service *(little curtsey)* I think you'll all agree that I'm rather beautiful *(twirl)* AND gentlemen... AVAILABLE! Yes, I bet you can't believe that can you?! A woman of my stature, poise and charm! *(points to a man in the audience)* So, if you play your cards right...*(pause)* but don't get your hopes up too high I'm very much in demand you know! Oh Yes! But then you've only got to look at me to guess that haven't you?

Oh, darlings look at the time...must dash over to help out at *(insert local professional theatre here)* their panto is on too...not a patch on this one mind you .. but they begged me to play the Fairy Godmother.. .I know, I know... spreading myself thinly, but I believe in giving of myself wherever I can, especially at Christmas time. And as you can see there's a lot of me to give*(winks at man in front row again)* so, you could be in with a chance!

FF exits

Curtain? pulls back to reveal Scrooge's counting house, on stage are two desks on one side, a small bed St Left ..other appropriate props...

## Christmas Carol

### Act 1 - Scene 2

In Scrooges counting house.

*Dimly lit with candles. Scrooge and Cratchit working at desks. Scrooge counting coppers into piles, Cratchit, writing with a quill pen, head bent. Feint sound of carolling in the distance.*

Scrooge: Damn and blast those carollers. What right have they to impose their dreadful squawking upon us who are still trying to work!

Cratchit: I find the singing rather heart-warming sir, it reminds me of the joyous day to come tomorrow. A day when families and friends have time to come together and enjoy each other's company.

Scrooge: Company?! Company? I do not require company. I just wish to be left alone to get on with my work. I loathe company...I loathe people.

**SONG: I Hate People** -*Scrooge sings (I can't find this in Copyright but you must check yourself before using it)*

Scavengers and sycophants and flatterers  
and fools  
Pharisees and parasites and hypocrites  
and ghouls  
Calculating swindlers, prevaricating frauds  
Perpetrating evil as they roam the earth  
in hordes  
Feeding on their fellow men  
Reaping rich rewards  
Contaminating everything they see  
Corrupting honest me like me  
Humbug! Poppycock! Balderdash! Bah!

I hate people! I hate people!  
People are despicable creatures  
Loathesome inexplicable creatures  
Good-for-nothing kickable creatures  
I hate people! I abhor them!  
When I see the indolent classes  
Sitting on their indolent asses  
Gulping ale from indolent glasses  
I hate people! I detest them! I deplore them!  
Fools who have no money spend it  
Get in debt then try to end it  
Beg me on their knees befriend them  
Knowing I have cash to lend them  
Soft-hearted me! Hard-working me!  
Clean-living, thrifty and kind as can be!  
Situations like this are of interest to me  
I hate people! I loathe people! I despise and abominate people!  
Life is full of cretinous wretches  
Earning what their sweatiness fetches  
Empty minds whose pettiness stretches  
Further than I can see  
Little wonder I hate people  
And I don't care if they hate me!

*Cratchit has been looking on in disbelief and horror, Scrooge rounds on him...*

Scrooge: What are you gawping at and why are you slacking? I do believe there is yet another half hour before your day's work is over.

Cratchit: Well, er... it is Christmas Eve sir and I was wondering if you'd be kind enough to let me slip out a little bit early. I want to get my son Tim a small present that I saw and I do believe that the toy shop closes at the hour of six.

Scrooge: And you are in my employ until six thirty so the answer is 'No!'

Cratchit: But sir, Christmas eve comes just once a year and I will repay you after Christmas by starting early.

Scrooge: Christmas Eve, Bah humbug! There are debts owing to me and they will be accounted for and collected whatever day of the year it

is. As it is I am forced to release you tomorrow. Pray take up your pen Mr. Cratchit or I shall be forced to dock your wages.

Cratchit: *(sighs and says quietly to himself.)* In which case I must continue for I will not be able to afford the toy that I have seen for my child, even though it is very inexpensive.

*A repeated knock at the door is heard.*

Scrooge: Who the devil is that now!

*Scrooge shuffles to the door- enter two women charity workers with 2 children*

Mrs. Slap: Good evening Sir. Please excuse my over exuberant knockers. *(referencing the children)* Who might I be addressing? Are you Mr Marley or Mr Scrooge as written on the sign above your door?

Scrooge: What's it to you? I am a man trying to work, much luck I am having with the likes of you interrupting me!

Cratchit: This is Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge. Jacob Marley has been dead these past 7 years. *(Aside to the audience)* Yet he has been too mean to pay for paint to change the sign.

Scrooge: He died seven years ago this very night which has given me double the amount of work to do, so...if you don't mind, I'd like to get on. I don't even know who you are! You could be thieves for all I know.

Mrs. Tickle: *(Indignantly)* We are no thieves! I am Mrs. Tickle a charity worker!

Cratchit: *Sniggers*

Mrs. Slap: And what do you find amusing about that young man?!

Cratchit: Mrs. Tickle and Mrs. Slap!...Slap and Tickle...hahaha

Mrs Tickle: Oh yes, that is quite funny...*(starts to laugh)*

Mrs Slap: I've never thought about that before...Slap and Tickle hahaha, yes very funny.

*Slap, Tickle and Cratchit all laughing together and repeating the names over and over making each other laugh.*

Scrooge: (Angrily) Has the world gone mad?! May I remind you that I am paying your wages by the hour Mr. Cratchit and that you are wasting precious time talking to these, these... ridiculous women with, ridiculous names!! I repeat, I have work to do and would like to get on!!

Mrs. Tickle: In which case Mr Scrooge we shall be brief and to the point. We are collecting funds for the poor. It is considerably harder for them in this cold season.

Mrs. Slap: We would be most obliged if you would display some generosity especially as it's Christmas.

Scrooge: Generosity! Christmas! Bah. I work hard for my money. Let the poor do the same.

Cratchit: But sir...not everyone is so fortunate as to have a job.

Mrs. Tickle: And we aren't asking for much sir, just a few coppers, even a little would help.

Mrs. Slap: We can then provide them with something small for their Christmas dinner.

Scrooge: And are there no longer any prisons or workhouses?

Mrs. Slap: Why yes sir, but these do not offer comfort to the poor at this time of year. Some people would rather die than go there!

Scrooge: Then let them. That might be a solution. It would certainly help to decrease the surplus population of poor people.

Mrs. Tickle: Mr Scrooge, that is not a very charitable thought if I may say so. We simply wish to raise enough money to offer these poor unfortunates a little warmth and food at this festive season.

Mrs. Slap: How much do you wish to give?

Scrooge: I wish to give nothing. Exactly zero! But I do wish you'd go away and leave me in peace!

Cratchit: (*Walks forward*) I have a copper if that would help. I'm sorry that I can't give more, but as it is, I will not get to the toy shop in

time to buy my son the present I had hoped to get him so the money might as well go to your just cause.

*Audience ...Ah.....Cratchit encourages this*

Mrs. Slap: God bless you, kind sir, thank you.

Mrs. Tickle: Merry Christmas to you.

*Both women turn to Scrooge expectantly...*

Scrooge: Please leave, there is nothing more for you here. I have already paid more than my fair share to the poor through my taxes. Without that there would be no prisons or workhouses. I have done enough.

Mrs.Slap: *(Sarcastically)* Well a Merry Christmas to you Sir, I'm sure!

Mrs. Tickle: And good day!

Scrooge: Is it?! I think not.

*Heard off stage Reprise Christmas is coming as the women exit shaking their heads. Scrooge gestures to Cratchit to go and get on with his work and shuffles back to his own desk.*

Christmas is a coming and the bells begin to ring,

The holly's in the window and the birds begin to sing.

I don't need to worry, and I don't need to fret,

For the more you give at Christmastime the more you get.

*Another knock at the door...*

Scrooge: What now?! Can't a man get on with his work without these constant interruptions? Get that Cratchit, and send them away if they are asking for money.

Cratchit: Yes Sir.

*Enter Fred Scrooge and his wife*

Fred: Good evening Mr. Cratchit. How is Mrs. Cratchit and the assortment of little Cratchits?

Cratchitt: Good evening Sir, good evening Madame, my family are very well thank you and much looking forward to Christmas.

Scrooge: (*Sarcastically*) And to what do we owe this pleasure?

Fred: Uncle, full of the Christmas spirit then, as usual?

Caroline: Now Fred, mind your manners, he is your uncle.

Fred: Yes, sorry dear. Uncle we have come to ask you to join us for our Christmas meal tomorrow.

Caroline: Yes, Uncle, we'd be so very pleased if you would come and partake of some food and games with us all. It's a long while since we have enjoyed your company.

*Cratchit aside to audience*

Cratchit: It's a long while since anyone has *enjoyed* his company!

Scrooge: I must decline for I have little time and much work to do. Time equals money you know.

Fred: But Uncle, will you miss all the merriment and joy of a Christmas with your family, for the sake of making a little more money?!

Caroline: Money doesn't buy happiness you know.

Scrooge: Don't lecture me young woman, (*Shouts at Cratchitt*) **You!...Get back to your work!**

Fred: Don't be so hard on him Uncle. He works well all year and simply wishes to enjoy Christmas, as *you* should. I bet you don't pay him enough to have much joy at Christmas and yet he does not complain.

Caroline: Perhaps you would like to join us tomorrow for a glass of punch Mr. Cratchit. We have plenty and would be happy to share it with you and your family. The more the merrier.

Scrooge: Merrier...merry! everyone is obsessed with being merry. Anyone that goes round with 'Merry Christmas' on their lips should be boiled with their own pudding and have a sprig of holly up their...

Caroline: Uncle! ...The vicar or ....*(Insert name of one of the current audience)* is in the audience tonight !

Scrooge: ...nose.

Fred: Please Uncle, forget your work for just one day and come and enjoy the Christmas festivities. We will have such fun.

Scrooge: I said no and I mean no. I do not make merry at Christmas or any other time of year, I have no time for such frivolities. Go and do as you please tomorrow and leave me be, to do as I please.

Caroline: How sad that you will spend Christmas alone uncle. If you should change your mind, the offer will still stand. We must leave now husband and get back to the children. We have much to prepare.

Fred: Good day Mr. Cratchit and we hope to see you tomorrow around 6 o'clock. Goodbye Uncle and despite your bad temper, I do so hope you have a happy Christmas.

Scrooge: Bah! Christmas...nonsense...waste of time... mutters as he returns to his desk.

*Cratchit and scrooge carry on working and we hear a clock ticking then a chime for half past six...*

Cratchit: I will take my leave now sir and return the day after tomorrow. I wish you a happy Christmas.

Scrooge: And I wish you ...were not robbing me of a day's work tomorrow. However, I see that I have no option but to adhere to this ridiculous tradition and release you for a day. Good night Mr. Cratchit and be here promptly at 8 a.m on Boxing day or I will be cutting your wages this week.

*Cratchit exits*

*Scrooge stretches and yawns, rubs his arms as if to show he is cold..*

Scrooge: Although it is early I shall retire. It is cold and I do not want to light a fire or waste my candles.

*FF can enters to chat to the audience.*

FF: (*Shivers*) He's right, it is cold tonight but not as cold and miserable as he is!  
Well darlings, Christmas eve and old Scrooge has taken to his bed already...on his own. What a waste of a life! What a waste of a man!  
(*preens suggestively*) There was a time in his younger days when he was quite dashing you know. He could so have interested me in those days!

Oh yes! He had a twinkle in his eye once you know but that time has long past. Now his eyes are blood shot from pouring over his accounts! Perhaps that's why he sees red a lot!  
Hahaha.

I have a feeling that he will not rest easy tonight you know. I think his meanness will come back to haunt him...actually I know that it will because we've been rehearsing it for weeks now.

*Loud bell ringing is heard.*

Must be off darlings...there's a ghost ringing the door bell...  
He's a dead ringer for old Marley! Hahahaha!

*Gauze screen is pull back to reveal Scrooge sat up in bed with covers up to his chin and shaking. Marley stands there in chains which he is shaking to make them clank.*

Marley: (*said in a ghostly sort of wail*) Scrooooooge

Scrooge: Who's there?!

Marley: It is I Jacob Marley

Scrooge: Dear Lord...am I dreaming? Can I not even have any peace at night?

Marley: You are not dreaming. It is I, Jacob Marley, your partner in business.

Scrooge: No, it can't be for he has long since died.

Marley: In that you are correct, I am Marley's spirit.

Scrooge: Humbug... it must be indigestion from eating cheese before I retired. I am having a nightmare.

Marley: *(Groans loudly)* Scrooge you do not believe in me?

Scrooge: No

*Marley rattles his chains loudly and approaches Scrooge menacingly*

Scrooge: Alright I do believe in you, but why are you here?

Marley: I have come to save you before it is too late.

*Scrooge gets out of bed and walks forward to Marley*

Scrooge: Why save? I do not need saving. I am very comfortable thank you. Through my hard work and endeavors I have plenty of money and a roof over my head.

Marley: That's just it. The only thing you save is Money. You never save the lives of the poor. Money will not save you.

Scrooge: That is my choice and no business of yours.

Marley: Money is not to be worshipped and hoarded. If you want to know what God thinks of money, look at the people he gives it to!

Scrooge: Bah!

Marley: Money is only of any value when it is put to charitable use. See these chains? These are the chains I forged in life when I never saw beyond this counting house. For every mean or selfish act I carried out, I forged another link in my chains that I now, in death, have to carry for eternity. And so, I drift aimlessly with all the other lost souls somewhere between heaven and hell.

Scrooge: And what is this to me where, how or why you drift?

*Marley turns to the audience and says as an aside...*

Marley: For a money lender, he's rather dim wouldn't you say?!  
Scrooge, the chain that you are still forging is longer and heavier than this by seven years; for my sins, I have been watching as it grows. Two more links were forged just this evening when you refused to give Cratchit a half hour off and would not spend time with your nephew at Christmas.

Scrooge: So, you are saying that I too will be in chains like this one day?!

Marley: *(To audience)* He's beginning to get my drift...  
*(To Scrooge)* That is precisely what I am saying.  
Look outside this counting house Scrooge... What do you see?

Scrooge: *(Looks at the audience)* I see Mrs. .... and Mr ....in the audience wondering when the first half of this panto will be over so that they may have a glass of wine.

*Howling is heard and the stage darkens...*

Marley: That is your trouble Scrooge you never see further than the end of your nose. Look with your heart. This is why I have come to warn you. You still have time to save yourself from a fate such as mine. Very soon you will be visited by 3 ghostly apparitions.

Scrooge: How will that save me? I prefer to be left alone if you please!

Marley: You cannot hope to escape my fate without these visits. The first will be tomorrow when the clock strikes twelve. The second at the same time on the following night and the next night at the last stroke of midnight.

*Lots of rattling chain sounds getting louder and Marley disappears ...smoke machine?*

*Scrooge runs back to bed and dives under the covers groaning and the scene ends either with the gauze pulling across or lights down.*

FF: Well darlings I expect you're ready for a drink now...sorry... one more scene before we let you go. You shouldn't drink you know, it's terribly fattening although I must admit I like a little tippie now and again.

How do I keep my figure so trim I hear you ask? *(some one planted in audience to shout Oh no we didn't ...banter)* That's enough of that, if you're going to be unpleasant to me I'll go back to The Mayflower *(or other local professional theatre)* and not tell you my secret of eternal youth and beauty.

*Audience...Go on tells us...*

Well, alright then... I had some very good advice some years ago and I have always stuck to it. Doctor... *(insert local doctor's name)* told me to have a balanced diet and I do... a bar of chocolate in each hand!

Right... back to the story...I like this next bit ...auditioned for the part of the phantom myself but they said I was too old... the cheek of it! And I in the prime of life. *(Looks into the audience at the same man)* I did tell you that I was a Miss didn't I and that I'm still available?

*Lights down*

## Act 1 - Sc 3

*In Scrooge's bedroom*

*Clock strikes midnight and Scrooge sits bolt upright in bed*

Scrooge: Can it be that time already? I have only just dropped off to sleep. Bother this darned clock waking me while I am still tired...

*GOCP Comes into view behind Scrooge Audience...it's behind you...*

Scrooge: What? Whatever is all the row about?

*GOCP taps him on the shoulder*

Scrooge: *(Jumps.)*..Agh!! What...? Who...? *(Stammers nervously)* Are, are, yyyou the gggghost whose coming was foretold?

GOCP: To my knowledge you were only told the once! (*To the audience*) Think about it! ...Four told...Oh come on...You haven't even had a drink yet! Or have you?!!

Scrooge: What is your name?

GOCP: I am the ghost of Christmas past.

Scrooge: Long past?

GOCP: Your past.

Scrooge: Why are you here?

GOCP: I just love a good phantomime. (*To audience*) Phantom, phantomime...get it?

Scrooge: And what do you want with me?

GOCP: I am here to remind you of happier times... to help you.

Scrooge: I don't remember any happier times.

GOCP: That is because the Tories have been in power for years and you have closed your heart - but rise and come with me and I will take you back.

Scrooge: I am a mortal and cannot travel to the past.

GCOP: I will show you how...

**SONG or music:** Walking In The Air

GCOP: Do you know where you are now?

Scrooge: Why yes, most certainly, I was an apprentice with this Mr Fezziwig.

*Lights go up on a party scene (whole cast) which includes the young Scrooge*

Fezziwig: Scrooge, young fellow, forget your accounts for this evening and enjoy the festivities.

Mrs. F. Yes gentlemen, no more work for this evening. You have worked long and hard all year and now we must all enjoy Christmas eve.

Young Sc: Oh, do sing us one of your songs Mrs: Fezziwig.

**SONG: I Lift up My Finger-** for Mrs Fezziwig maybe with Granny Fezziwig if you have one

I lift up my finger and I say  
"Tweet tweet, shush shush, now now, come come!"  
I don't need to linger when I say  
"Tweet tweet, shush shush, now now, come come!"

When the baby screams and scatters my dreams  
Do I start to sing or hum?  
No! I lift up my finger and I say  
"Tweet tweet, shush shush, now now, come come!"

Scrooge: A fine couple, the Fezziwigs...Oh there's Dick Wilkins. We were such good friends...

Dick W: *(To young Ebenezer)* Were we ever so blessed? To have an employer who is so, generous and kind and who thinks nothing of spending money on us to make us happy at Christmas tide.

Young Sc: Yes Dick, we will never find an employer like him again.

Dick W: I shall have no need, I will never look elsewhere for employment.

GOCP: See how grateful and happy they all are and Fezziwig has spent just a few pounds on them.

Mrs F: Come, and partake of the food. Eat your fill for the music will begin soon.

Young Sc: Hmmmm , cold roast, cake and mince pies!

Dick W: Delicious! I shall enjoy this feast and then dance with my sweet heart, Elsie. Look there is Belle, she is looking over at you Scrooge.

Scrooge: *(Gasps.)*..Ah... Belle...how beautiful she looks.

Mrs. F: *(To young Scrooge.)* Did you hear about grandmama? We called upon her yesterday but no matter how hard we knocked she didn't hear us at the door.

Mr. F: She is a trifle deaf.

Mrs. F: Yes, she had custard in one ear and jelly in the other. Hahahaha!

YS: You are most amusing Mrs. Fezziwig!

Mr F: The drink has oiled her sense of humour. Come, oil yours Scrooge, young man. *(Gives him a drink which he knocks back)* Mrs. Fezziwig is a fine wife, she is goodness itself and she can cook! She will certainly go to heaven.

Mrs F: Do you know where turkeys go when they die?

YS: No, where?

Mrs. F: *(A bit tipsy now)* In the oven! Hahaha *(nudges YS and falls about laughing)*

YS: Did you hear about what happened when mama dropped the turkey last Christmas?

Mrs F: Oh do tell...

YS: It was the downfall of Turkey, the break up of China and the overthrow of Greece...hahaha

*All laugh*

Mr F: You see, it does you good to have a drink and some merriment young man. Less work and more play is a recipe for happiness you know.

Mrs F: We fear you work too hard Ebenezer. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy you know!

YS: But work is equally important and money makes the world go round. Without work I cannot make money.

*Fezziwigs shake their heads sadly*

Mr F: There is a lot more to life than money, young sir. It would be good if you learn this lesson early in life.

Scrooge: I would dearly like to speak to Cratchit.

GOCP: For what reason?

Scrooge: I should like to give him some extra time off over Christmas.

GCOP: All in good time. There are still more lessons to learn.

Mrs F: Ah good, the music is about to start...

*All cast take their places for the Roger De Covelly dance..YS takes a place with Belle..after the dance cast freeze and leave Belle and Young Scrooge together in the centre of the stage...*

YS: I love you Belle, will you be my wife?

Belle: It is all my heart desires.

*YS places a ring on Belle's finger, the stage darkens and lights are back on GOCP and Scrooge.*

**Song: If I Give my Heart to You.** For Belle and Young Scrooge

If I give my heart to you  
Will you handle it with care  
Will you always treat me tenderly  
And in every way be fair

If I give my heart to you  
Will you give me all your love  
Will you swear that you'll be true to me  
By the light that shines above

And will you sigh with me when I'm sad  
Smile with me when I'm glad  
And always be as you are with me tonight

Think it over and be sure  
Please don't answer till you do  
When you promise all those things to me  
Then I'll give my heart to you

Scrooge: What a happy time that was.

GOCP: But let us go forward by two years...

Scrooge: *(Covers his face and groans)* Must we?

GOCP: Yes, if you are to learn...

Belle: Ebenezer, I have seen a difference in you these past few months.

YS: Why so?

Belle: You spend more time in the office and less time with me.

YS: I am making money for us Belle.

Belle: So you are saving money, yet squandering our time together. We were to be married by now and yet you keep postponing the date. Do you no longer love me?

YS: Of course I love you Belle but I also want to be rich.

Belle: And money means more to you than I do? I have seen your manner and attitude towards me and your employees change... and not for the better. You once admired old Fezziwig and swore to be like him as an employer but now look at you.

YS: Fezziwig is a kind man but not a good business man. He spent his money on frivolities. I have learned to be more cautious with my money, that's all.

Belle: You have learned to be mean with your money. Fezziwig spent his money on making other people happy. We were poor when we first became engaged and both content in this state. You were a different person then.

YS: No, not different, just more foolish with money.

Belle: Yes, different. You made me a promise of marriage from which I now release you.

YS: But I do not wish to be released!

Belle: But I do not believe that you would ask me to marry you today. Me a poor girl and you a rich business man who measures everything by