

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Adapted and produced by

John F. Barber

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Re-Imagined Radio
Season 06, Episode 05

Final draft

A Christmas Carol

Our holiday tradition continues

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Season 06, Episode 05
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: December 20, 2018

Adapted, Produced, Hosted by John F. Barber

Synopsis

Re-Imagined Radio presents Metropolitan Performing Arts, and their live performance of "A Christmas Carol" at Kiggins Theatre, Vancouver, WA, December 20, 2018. This performance is based on the December 24, 1939 *Campbell Playhouse* radio adaptation of the Charles Dickens' novella, *A Christmas Carol*, starring Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge, and Orson Welles as narrator, with members of the Mercury Theatre on the Air.

Color Codes

Yellow highlighted text = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or live.

MUSIC = pre-recorded

MUSIC = bespoke, created for this episode

VFX: BACKDROP SLIDE 1

MUSIC: METROPOLITAN PERFORMING ARTS
CAROLERS

MUSIC: BRIDGE P1

VFX: BACKDROP SLIDE 2: ON AIR

MUSIC: STAGER

VFX: BACKDROP SLIDE 1: BLACK

ANNOUNCER

Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen, and welcome to another performance by the Re-Imagined Radio Project. The message of tonight's performance—that humanity far outweighs riches—is most important as we contemplate the changes and uncertainties ahead of us, as a culture, a community, a country. We hope you enjoy our performance, and we wish you very happy and safe holidays.

MUSIC: BRIDGE P2

ACT 1, OFFICE OF SCROOGE AND MARLEY

VFX: BACKDROP SLIDE 4: SCROOGE-
MARLEY OFFICE (EXTERIOR)

NARRATOR

Once upon a Christmas Eve, on a mean and shabby street in London, stood the office of Scrooge and Marley. Marley was seven years dead. But Scrooge never bothered to paint over Marley's name on the weathered sign above the front door.

SCROOGE

A waste of time, paint, and money!

NARRATOR Scrooge and Marley were partners for many years. But Ebenezer Scrooge was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone. A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner he was! A frosty rime remained permanently upon his head, his eyebrows, and on his wiry chin. His coldness iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it out one degree at Christmas. A fact attested by Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's overworked and shivering clerk . . .

SFX: RATTLING OF STOVE DOOR, COAL IN SCUTTLE, ETC.

SFX: FIRE, CONTINUE UNDER

VFX: BACKDROP SLIDE 5: SCROOGE-MARLEY OFFICE (INTERIOR)

SCROOGE Hey, hey, you there! Bob Cratchit! Come here! What are you doing there?!

CRATCHIT Why, ah . . . (COUGHS) Well, you see, my stove's gone out Mr. Scrooge. I'm only putting a bit more coal in the fire, seeing it's so cold in here, sir.

SCROOGE You put that coal back into the scuttle! A fire! A fire, indeed. I can tell you, if you use coal at that rate, you and I will soon be parting company, Bob Cratchit. You understand that? There's many a young fella'd like your situation, you know.

CRATCHIT Oh yes. Yes indeed. I'm sorry, sir. My fingers were getting stiff with the cold . . .

SCROOGE Then put on your mittens . . .

SFX: FIRE OUT

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

SCROOGE There is someone at the door. Go and see who it is.

CRATCHIT Yes sir.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: DOOR BELL

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

CHARITY Good afternoon, sir.
GENTLEMAN

CRATCHIT Good afternoon.

CHARITY Is this the firm of Scrooge and Marley?
GENTLEMAN

CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

CHARITY I should like to see the head of the
GENTLEMAN firm, if I may.

CRATCHIT Oh, very good, sir.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SFX: DOOR BELL

SCROOGE (What is it?)

CRATCHIT A gentleman to see you, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE What?

CHARITY Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr.
GENTLEMAN Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE Marley's been dead these seven years
tonight. I'm Scrooge.

CHARITY Well, now, Mr. Scrooge, at this season
GENTLEMAN of the year, it's only fitting that we
who are more fortunate should help with
food, clothing, and shelter for those
less fortunate. You may not believe it,
sir, but many in our community are now
in want of common necessities.

SCROOGE (GROWLS)

CHARITY And many more will soon be afflicted if
GENTLEMAN the government continues its reckless
course.

SCROOGE (GROWLS) Are there no shelters?

CHARITY Well, there are some, sir, but never
GENTLEMAN enough, especially at this time of year
when safety and sanctuary are most
needed.

SCROOGE Are there no share houses, no food
banks?

CHARITY Yes, sir, there are. But they alone
GENTLEMAN cannot meet the community needs.

SCROOGE What about the LOCAL government? What are they doing?

CHARITY
GENTLEMAN Well sir, we HAVE elected a female mayor, our first ever. She is very much hands on in operational style, but there are decades of head-in-the sand resistance to change that must be overcome.

SCROOGE Business will carry us forward by creating jobs and lowering the deficit.

CHARITY
GENTLEMAN They cannot do it alone, sir. It takes a city, everyone working together. And at this time of the year, some additional provision for the poor and the destitute must be made.

SCROOGE (SCOFFS)

CHARITY
GENTLEMAN A few of us are endeavoring to help, you see. And, uh, what shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE Nothing!

CHARITY
GENTLEMAN Oh, I see. You wish to be anonymous, sir?

SCROOGE I wish to be left alone! I don't make merry myself and do not wish to help make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments that take care of the poor . . . they cost enough in taxes. Let those who are badly off go there.

CHARITY Many can't go there, sir. And many would
GENTLEMAN rather die. Many will die.

SCROOGE Then, my advice to them is to do so and
decrease the surplus population.
Besides, I've only your word for it that
all this is so.

CHARITY It's the truth, Mr. Scrooge.
GENTLEMAN

SCROOGE Well, so be it, then. 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 constantly. Good afternoon,
sir!

CHARITY I quite understand, Mr. Scrooge. Good
GENTLEMAN afternoon.

SCROOGE Cratchit! Show this gentleman out.

CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS TO THE DOOR

CRATCHIT This way, sir, please. (LOWERS HIS
VOICE) Sir, I couldn't help overhearing.
I should like to contribute tuppence.

SCROOGE Cratchit!

CRATCHIT (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir! (LOWERS HIS
VOICE, TO CHARITY GENTLEMAN) It isn't
much but it's all I can afford. But
there are others in worse situation than
I.

CHARITY You're a generous fellow. I wish I might
GENTLEMAN say so of your employer.

SCROOGE (IMPATIENT) Cratchit!

CRATCHIT (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir

CHARITY Good afternoon, sir.
GENTLEMAN

CRATCHIT Good afternoon.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: DOOR BELL

SCROOGE Cratchit!

CHARITY Merry Christmas.
GENTLEMAN

CRATCHIT Merry Christmas. (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir!

SCROOGE (Close the door!)

CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SFX: DOOR BELL

SFX: CRATCHIT'S FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY
BACK TO DESK

CRATCHIT (SIGHS, TO HIMSELF) . . . twenty-four,
thirty-one. One, carry three. A new
scarlet tippet for Tiny Tim. A comb for
Martha. Thirty-three. Three and carry

three. A hair-ribbon for Belinda. Four, seven, twelve, fifteen.

SCROOGE Cratchit!

CRATCHIT Yes, sir? Yes, sir?

SCROOGE It's late, and other businesses will be closing, like fools. We may as well close up the office now.

CRATCHIT Yes, sir. It IS getting a little dark. Hard to see the figures.

SCROOGE I . . . I suppose you'll want the entire day tomorrow?

CRATCHIT If it's quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE It's not convenient . . . and it's not fair, either. But I suppose I can't do anything about it. Heh. If . . . if I was to stop half-a-crown of your wages, you'd think yourself very ill-used, I'll be bound?

CRATCHIT Well, sir, I . . .

SCROOGE Yes, but you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.

CRATCHIT It's only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE Once a year! Once a year, indeed. A fine excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! Why not even the County gives a paid holiday to its employees! But I suppose there's no good

talking. You must have the whole day. Well, see that you're here all the earlier the next morning. You understand?

CRATCHIT Oh, I will, sir. Good night, sir. And merry Christmas.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

SCROOGE Bah!

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: DOOR BELL

CRATCHIT Oh, my! Mr. Scrooge, it's your nephew, Mr. Fred. Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Fred.

FRED And a Merry Christmas to you as well, Bob! And the missus. And to Tiny Tim!

CRATCHIT Oh, thank you, Mr. Fred! Same to you, sir. Good day, sir.

FRED Good day, Bob!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SFX: DOOR BELL

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

FRED Merry Christmas! God save you, uncle!

SCROOGE Bah! Humbug!

FRED Christmas a humbug? Uncle! Now, I'm sure you don't mean that!

SCROOGE I mean JUST that . . . exactly that! Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you? You're poor enough.

FRED Well, what right have you to be dismal about Christmas, uncle? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE Bah!

FRED Now, uncle, don't be cross.

SCROOGE Well, what else can I say when I live in such a world of fools? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips would be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!

FRED Uncle!

SCROOGE Now, nephew. Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

FRED Keep it? But you don't keep Christmas, uncle.

SCROOGE Well, let me leave it alone, then. What do you want? A Christmas gift, I've no doubt.

FRED I came to wish you a merry Christmas, uncle.

SCROOGE A merry Christmas! Much good may
Christmas do you. Humbug!

FRED There are many things from which I
derive good by which I have not profited
materially, I dare say, uncle. For
example, I have no slogan hats for sale.
But I have always thought of Christmas
time as a good time; a kind, forgiving,
charitable, pleasant time; And
therefore, uncle, though it has never
put a scrap of gold or silver in my
pocket, I believe it has done me good,
and will do me good; and I say, God
bless it!

SCROOGE I wonder you don't go into Congress. You
talk enough nonsense.

FRED Oh, don't be angry, uncle. I want
nothing from you. I ask nothing of you.
Why can't we be friends?

SCROOGE Good afternoon.

FRED I'm sorry you feel that way. Well, I
tried. (EXITING) A merry Christmas to
you, uncle!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

SCROOGE Good afternoon.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: DOOR BELL

FRED And a happy New Year, too!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SFX: DOOR BELL

SCROOGE Bah! Humbug! Christmas! Nonsense.
Twaddle. Flummery. Fake news!

BACKDROP SLIDE 6: PRE-SHOW

MUSIC: METROPOLITAN PERFORMING ARTS
CAROLERS

ACT 2: SCROOGE AND GHOST OF MARLEY

BACKDROP SLIDE 7: STREET-NIGHT

NARRATOR The office of Scrooge and Marley was closed. Bob Cratchit, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, twenty times, in honor of Christmas Eve, and then ran home as hard as he could to spend the evening with his family.

Scrooge, on the other hand, took a melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern. After spending the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, he went to his dismal house.

Scrooge walked through his rooms to see that all was right. Sitting-room. Bedroom. Storage room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa, nobody under the bed, nobody in the closet.

SFX: FIRE

NARRATOR Scrooge locked himself in. He double-locked himself in. He took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap, and sat down before the small fire, allowing himself the pleasure of its meager warmth.

BACKDROP SLIDE 8: BLACK

SFX: CLOCK WESTMINSTER SEQUENCE

SFX: CLOCK STRIKES TEN

BACKDROP SLIDE 9: GHOST OF MARLEY

FADES SLOWLY UP FROM BLACK

SCROOGE (YAWNS MIGHTILY, COUGHS, THEN AMAZED)
Marley. Marley? Marley! I could have sworn I saw old . . . Ah! Humbug. Marley's been dead these seven years. Humbug. All humbug. What I need is a good night's . . .)

SFX: CLANKING CHAINS

SCROOGE What? What's that?

SFX: MORE NOISE, DRAGGING CHAINS,
NOW CLOSER

MARLEY (HIS VOICE ECHOING, WITH REVERB, FROM A DISTANCE) Ebenezer Scrooooooge . . .

SCROOGE Someone is here. But the door's locked and double-locked! Something' . . . is coming! Some . . . something is . . . is coming closer. Outside my door. Bah! I won't believe it. It's humbug still!

SFX: CHAINS NOW CLOSER

MARLEY (GHOSTLY) Ebenezer Scrooooge! Ebenezer Scrooooooge!

SCROOGE (GASPS) Marley! (NERVOUS SQUEAK) Oh, no. What do you want with me?

MARLEY I want much of you, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE Who . . . who are you?

MARLEY Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE Oh ho. You're very particular, for a ghost. All right then. Who were you?

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

SCROOGE (SKEPTICAL) Jacob Marley! But you're dead. You died seven years ago.

MARLEY Seven years ago this very night.

SCROOGE (SCOFFS)

MARLEY What's wrong, Ebenezer? Don't you believe in me?

SCROOGE I do not.

MARLEY You doubt your senses, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Yes. Yes. Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You . . . you can't be a ghost. You may be an undigested bit of beef, or a blot of mustard, or a

crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. (CHUCKLES) There may be more gravy than grave about you, whatever you are! Ah, humbug, I tell you. Humbug!

MARLEY (RAISES A FRIGHTFUL CRY AND RATTLES CHAINS)

SFX: CHAINS RATTLING

SCROOGE (SHIVERS AND SHUDDERS IN FEAR) I do believe in you. You ARE a ghost, Jacob.

MARLEY Thank you.

SCROOGE But why . . . why do you walk the earth, Jacob? Why do you come to me?

MARLEY It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide, to witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness.

SCROOGE But tell me, Jacob, what is that chain you wear around you?

MARLEY I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard; by my own free will. Is its pattern strange to you, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Cashboxes? Keys and padlocks? Ledgers and purses?

MARLEY Yours was as heavy and as long as this, seven years ago. You have labored on it since, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE Old Jacob, speak comfort to me, Jacob!

MARLEY Comfort I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger. Weary journeys lie before me.

SCROOGE You travel fast?

MARLEY Yes, Ebenezer. On the wings of the wind.

SCROOGE Ah, seven years dead and traveling all the time.

MARLEY Seven years, Ebenezer. Seven years of remorse. Ebenezer, do you know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused?

SCROOGE But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.

MARLEY Business! Mankind was my business! Charity, mercy, benevolence . . . they were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!

SCROOGE Jacob, Jacob, don't take on so, now. Jacob . . .

MARLEY Listen to me, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE I'll listen to you, Jacob. Speak to me but don't be so flowery.

MARLEY Ebenezer, I am here to warn you that you have yet a chance of hope of escaping my fate. Do you hear that, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Yes, Jacob. Yes, you always were a good friend to me, Jacob. Thanks, Jacob. But . . . but go on, go on, go on, go on. How shall I escape? Oh, I'm afraid, Jacob.

MARLEY You will be haunted by Three Spirits.

SCROOGE Is that the only chance and hope, Jacob?

MARLEY Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls One.

SCROOGE Couldn't I take them all at once, and have it over, Jacob?

MARLEY Ebenezer, for your own sake, remember what has passed between us! Remember, when the bell tolls One, look for the first Spirit!

SFX: RUSTLE OF THE GHOST AND ITS CHAINS

SCROOGE Marley! Jacob Marley!

MUSIC: SUSPENSE

BACKDROP SLIDE 10: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 3: GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST,
SCROOGE'S HOME

SFX: CLOCK STRIKES WESTMINSTER

CHIME

SFX: PAUSE, THEN STRIKES ONE

SFX: WIND, FADE DOWN AND CONTINUE
UNDER SCENE 3 AND SCENE 4.

BACKDROP SLIDE 11: GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST, FADE UP FROM BLACK

NARRATOR

Scrooge awoke. He was lying on his bed. Suddenly, the curtains of his bed were drawn aside, and Scrooge found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them, as close to it as you are to the person sitting at your elbow.

It was a strange figure . . . like a child, yet not so like a child as like an old man. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age, and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were long and muscular, the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST

(ECHOING) Ebenezer Scrooge.

SCROOGE

(GASPS) Who . . . who's that?

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST

Ebenezer Scrooge, I have come for you.

SCROOGE You . . .? Are . . . are you the Spirit,
sir, whose coming was foretold me?

GHOST OF I am that Spirit.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE Who . . .? What are you?

GHOST OF I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE Long Past?

GHOST OF No. Your past.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE But . . . what do you want of me? What
brings you here to haunt me?

GHOST OF Your welfare, Ebenezer Scrooge. Rise!
CHRISTMAS PAST and walk with me!

SCROOGE Walk? In these slippers, dressing gown,
night cap?

GHOST OF Come, we will leave by the window.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE Oh no, no, no. That is all very well for
spirits. But I am mortal, and will fall
down.

GHOST OF I will keep you safe. Come! Follow me!
CHRISTMAS PAST

BACKDROP SLIDE 12: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 4: SCROOGE'S SCHOOL

BACKDROP SLIDE 13: SCROOGE'S SCHOOL

SFX: WIND

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Look, just below us, Ebenezer Scrooge.
Do you know this place.

SCROOGE Why yes, I know it Spirit. I was a boy here. See, there is my old school with the cupola and the bell hanging in it.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Come, let us go closer. (BEAT) Look through the window into that cold, barren room. What do you see, Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCROOGE I see a boy.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST A solitary child, neglected by his family. Alone.

SCROOGE Yes, yes, I see. I know that boy. (SIGHS) Oh. I was that boy. So lonely when the school master told me Christmas was not for everyone, that self-pity was degrading.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST A very wise man. Don't you agree, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Agh. Of course I don't agree, Spirit. Christmas is important for every child of that age. There was a young waif singing outside my office yesterday. I should have given him something. Oh, well. Too late now.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Is it? Come Ebenezer Scrooge. Let us see another Christmas.

BACKDROP SLIDE 14: FADE TO BLACK

SFX: WIND OUT

ACT 5: FEZZIWIG'S PARTY

BACKDROP SLIDE 15: FEZZIWIG'S PARTY

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Now we are in the city. And that lonely boy is older. Do you know this warehouse, Ebenezer

SCROOGE (DELIGHTED) Know it?! Know it! This is the counting-house where I was apprenticed! (AFTER A PAUSE) It's my old master! Bless his heart; old Fezziwig! My master . . . alive again! And hosting one of his Christmas parties! (CHUCKLES HAPPILY)

SFX: FEZZIWIG PARTY

SFX: PARTY SOUNDS PROVIDED BY CAST,
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

FEZZIWIG (CALLS A DANCE IN B.G.) Pick your partners! Show us all what you have learned while attending Metropolitan Performing Arts!

SCROOGE Listen to him!

FEZZIWIG Corkscrew! Thread the needle and back to your places!

SCROOGE (LAUGHS ALONG WITH CROWD) OH, look!
There's Mrs. Fezziwig herself, looking
younger than any of 'em! And the tables,
all loaded with roasts and cider, mince
pie and beer! Oh, what a jolly time we
used to have!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST That carefree young man with the light
heart and the gay smile? Do you
recognize him?

SCROOGE Yes, yes, yes. Merciful Heaven. How
happy I was then.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST A small matter for old Fezziwig to make
those silly folks so full of joy.

SCROOGE (INDIGNANT) Small matter! Small, indeed.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Isn't it? He has spent only a few pounds
of your mortal money. Is that so much
that he deserves praise?

SCROOGE (SCOFFS) It's not that, Spirit. Old
Fezziwig has the power to make us happy
or unhappy, to make our service light or
heavy. His power lies in words and looks
and in things so tiny that it's
impossible to count them up. The
happiness he gives is quite as great as
if it cost a . . . a . . .

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST What is the matter?

SCROOGE Oh, nothing. Nothing at all, Spirit.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Something, I think?

SCROOGE No, no.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST Speak.

SCROOGE Well, only. . . It's just that I should like to be able to say a word or two to MY clerk, Bob Cratchit. That's all.

SFX: FEZZIWIG PARTY, UP FOR A
MOMENT, THEN FADES OUT. CAROLERS
RETURN TO SEATS.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST My time grows short. And we have yet another journey to make.

SCROOGE Where now?

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST Come!

BACKDROP SLIDE 16: FADE TO BLACK

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ACT 6: BELLE RELEASES SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 17: BELLE RELEASES
SCROOGE

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS PAST This is our last visit to your past, Ebenezer. Here, in this little room, with a fair young girl by your side. Do you recognize yourself, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE (GASPS) No, no. No, no, no, no. Spare me this!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST 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 No! No, please!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST She knows it, too . . . that girl by your side. There are tears in her eyes.

BELLE It matters little to you, very little . . . I know that.

YOUNG SCROOGE Belle, have I changed toward you?

BELLE When we were engaged, we were both poor.

YOUNG SCROOGE Was it better then? Better to be poor?

BELLE Better, at least, to be happy. You're changed. You were another man, then.

YOUNG SCROOGE I was a boy! You blame me because I've grown wiser? Have I ever tried to break our engagement?

BELLE In words, no. Never.

YOUNG SCROOGE In what, then?

BELLE In a changed nature. In an altered spirit. In everything that made my love of any value in your sight. So I release you from your promise.

YOUNG SCROOGE Belle!

BELLE Oh, at first, it may cause you pain to lose me . . . a very brief pain. But soon it will be dim, like a half-remembered dream . . . an unprofitable dream. And you will be glad to be awake from such a dream. May you be happy in the life you have chosen, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE That's enough! Show me no more! Take me home!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST These were shadows of the things that HAVE been. That they are what they are, do not blame me.

SCROOGE No. No more. No more. Spirit, Spirit, I can't bear any more. Leave me. Haunt me no more. Take me back! Take me back!

BACKDROP SLIDE 18: PRESHOW

MUSIC: METROPOLITAN PERFORMING ARTS CAROLERS

BACKDROP SLIDE 19: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 7: INTERIOR, SCROOGE'S HOME.
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND
SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 20: FADE UP SLOWLY
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND
SCROOGE

NARRATOR Scrooge awakened suddenly and sat bolt upright in his own bed. He remembered the words of Marley's ghost and wondered from which direction the second specter would appear.

As he waited he became aware gradually of a great blaze of ruddy light, which seemed to shine upon him from the adjoining room. He got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

It was his own sitting room . . . no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which, bright gleaming berries glistened and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as had never been known in Scrooge's time. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, great joints of meat, suckling-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam.

In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

Come in! Come in, Ebenezer Scrooge, and know me better, man!

SCROOGE

Who . . .? Who . . .?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!
Look upon me! You've never seen the like
of me before!

SCROOGE You're . . . You're different from the
other Spirit. You're tall, almost a
giant. And that great torch you carry .
. . .

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT Its light pours into the homes of rich
and poor alike.

SCROOGE Spirit, take me where you will. Last
time I went against my will and learnt a
lesson which is working now. If you have
anything to teach me, let me profit by
it.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT Take my hand, Ebenezer Scrooge! Take my
hand!

BACKDROP SLIDE 21: FADE TO BLACK

MUSIC: ESTABLISH, THEN UNDER

NARRATOR (PARTNERS ANNOUNCEMENT) You are
listening to a live Re-Imagined Radio
performance of "A Radio Christmas
Carol." Our performance comes to you
live from the historic Kiggins Theatre
in downtown Vancouver, Washington. Re-
Imagined Radio is a partnership between
Kiggins Theatre, Metropolitan Agency,
KXRW-FM, and The Creative Media &
Digital Culture Program at Washington
State University Vancouver. We return
now to our program.

ACT 8: CRATCHIT HOME

BACKDROP SLIDE 22: CRATCHIT HOME

SCROOGE Where have you brought me, Spirit?

GHOST OF A humble dwelling in a humble street.
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

SCROOGE It IS humble enough.

GHOST OF Yet there is happiness there.
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

SCROOGE Who . . . who are these people? Who's
that woman? And the children?

SFX: FAMILY CHATTER INCREASES UNDER
FOLLOWING

GHOST OF These are the family of your clerk, Bob
CHRISTMAS Cratchit. His wife, dressed in a twice-
PRESENT turned gown, but brave in ribbons,
laying the table for their Christmas
dinner. And there, assisting her, is her
daughter Belinda. And the young man with
the fork in the stuffing . . . that's
Master Peter Cratchit. And the two
little Cratchits. Listen, Scrooge.

SFX: FAMILY CHATTER CONTINUES

YOUNG GIRL Here's Martha, mother!

AD LIBS Martha! (EXCITED CHATTER)

MRS. CRATCHIT Why, bless your heart alive, Martha, my dear, merry Christmas to you!

MARTHA Merry Christmas, Mother!

AD LIBS Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

MRS. CRATCHIT How late you are, my dear.

MARTHA Oh, we'd a deal of work to finish up last night and we had to clear away this morning.

MRS. CRATCHIT Well, never mind so long as you're here now. Sit ye down before the fire and have a warm, Lord bless ye!

MARTHA Where's father?

MRS. CRATCHIT He's been to church with Tiny Tim. They'll be along directly.

MARTHA (CONCERNED) How IS Tiny Tim, mother? Any better at all?

MRS. CRATCHIT Sometimes I think he is. And sometimes I think . . . oh, dear God, if anything should happen to Tiny Tim . . .

MARTHA Mother! You mustn't even THINK of such a thing!

SFX: DOOR OPENS. CRATCHIT AND TINY

TIM ENTER

CHILDREN AD LIB (Here they are!)

MRS. CRATCHIT There's Tiny Tim!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

CRATCHIT Merry Christmas, everybody! Martha!
Welcome, my dear!

MARTHA Merry Christmas, father! And Tim!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS: TINY TIM AND BOB

CRATCHIT

TINY TIM Merry Christmas, Martha!

MARTHA Oh, Tim, you darling! Oh, father, I'm so
glad to be home.

CRATCHIT And we're so glad to have you, Martha.

MRS. CRATCHIT And how did little Tim behave in church,
Bob?

CRATCHIT Oh, as good as gold, and better.

TINY TIM I like church, Mother. Oh, they sang the
nicest songs. I hope people saw me
there.

MRS. CRATCHIT Saw you there? And why, Tim?

TINY TIM Well, don't you see? Because I'm lame.
And if they saw my crutch, it might be
pleasant for them to remember on
Christmas who it was made lame beggars
walk, and blind men see.

CRATCHIT Oh, bless you, my son.

CHILDREN AD LIB Are we ready to eat, Mother? Come on,
let's eat! (CHILDREN CONTINUE TO CHATTER
UNDER FOLLOWING)

SFX: DISHES, ETC. AT TABLE

MRS. CRATCHIT Yes, children. We're all ready. Come, come take your places now. And, Bob, wait your turn . . . there's plenty! Stuffing and dressing and plum pudding for all of you. Martha, you take care of Tiny Tim.

MARTHA Yes, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT You see that he eats plenty, he must get tall and well. Now, sit down, sit down, everyone!

CRATCHIT And, now, my dears, with such a dinner, a toast. A Merry Christmas to us all. And God bless us!

MRS. CRATCHIT Amen.

SFX: CLINKING GLASSES OF TOAST

TINY TIM God bless us every one!

CRATCHIT And, now, to Mr. Scrooge!

CHILDREN AD LIB (UNHAPPY) Awwwww!

CRATCHIT I give you a toast to Mr. Scrooge . . . the Founder of the Feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT (UPSET) The Founder of the Feast indeed! . . . who pays you all of fifteen shillings a week! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast on, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

CRATCHIT (PROTESTS) Oh, my dear . . . the children! Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT Well, it should be Christmas Day, I'm sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Bob! Nobody knows it better than you, poor fellow!

CRATCHIT (INSISTS) 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! A merry Christmas and a happy new year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!

TINY TIM And I say, God bless him, too, Mother. And God bless us, everyone.

CHILDREN AD LIB (AGREEING WITH TIM)

BACKDROP SLIDE 23: PRESHOW

**MUSIC PERFORMANCE: METROPOLITAN
PERFORMING ARTS CAROLERS**

ACT 9: FATE OF TINY TIM

BACKDROP SLIDE 24: FATE OF TINY TIM

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT Are those tears in your eyes Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCROOGE Cratchit never told me his boy was lame.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT He has worn that brace, and carried that little crutch for as long as he can remember. They are not a handsome family, these Cratchits. They are not well dressed. Their shoes are far from being water-proof. Their clothes are scanty, and have known, very likely, the insides of a pawnbroker's. But, they are happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time. But my time on this globe ends tonight, Ebenezer. I must away.

SCROOGE Wait! Wait. Wait. Tell me this before you leave.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT Yes?

SCROOGE Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved.

SCROOGE Oh, No, no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared. Say he will live.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, Ebenezer, the child will die.

SCROOGE No, no, no, oh, no, no.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT Will it not be better if he dies? As you once said, "It will decrease the surplus population." Farewell, Ebenezer. The Ghost of Christmas Future awaits you.

BACKDROP SLIDE 25: FADE TO BLACK

MUSIC: BIG ACCENT

ACT 10: GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE
AND SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 26: GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS FUTURE

NARRATOR Scrooge found himself once more in his bed, in his dressing gown with his nightcap on his head. He remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld the Ghost of Christmas Future . . . a solemn Phantom, shrouded in black, draped and hooded, coming towards him, slowly and silently, like a mist along the ground.

SCROOGE I know you. You . . . you are the Ghost of Christmas Future. You'll show me the shadows of things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us. Answer me, Spirit! I fear you more than any specter I've 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, lead on. Lead on! The night is waning fast, and time is precious.

SCROOGE Spirit! Why . . . why have you brought me here again? Here to Bob Cratchit's home? But it's not the same . . . What . . . ? Why is it so quiet, so very quiet here?

MRS. CRATCHIT (WEEPING)

MARTHA Mother. . . Mother, please.

MRS. CRATCHIT (WEEPING) Oh, my son. My little son.
Tiny Tim. I loved him so.

MARTHA Oh, Mother dear, you mustn't. It's
almost time for father to be home. Don't
let him see you crying.

MRS. CRATCHIT Yes. Yes, Martha.

MARTHA He's late tonight.

MRS. CRATCHIT He walks slower than he used to. And yet
I've known him to walk very fast indeed
with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.

MARTHA So have I, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT But he was light to carry. And his
father loved him so that it was no
trouble: no trouble . . .

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: CRATCHIT FOOTSTEPS

MRS. CRATCHIT Bob!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

CRATCHIT Good evening, my dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT You're late, Bob.

CRATCHIT Yes, I'm sorry, my dear. I . . . I went
to the church yard today. I wish you
could have gone with me. It would have
done your heart good to see how sweet

and green a place it is. But you'll see it often, I promised him. Yes, I promised Tiny Tim we'd walk there on a Sunday.

MARTHA Father, dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT It's God's will, Bob.

CRATCHIT I'm trying to understand it, my dear.
(TO HIMSELF) My son. My little son, Tiny Tim. And I loved him so.

BACKDROP SLIDE 27: FADE TO BLACK

MUSIC: DARK ACCENT

ACT 11: FATE OF SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 28: STREET, NIGHT

SCROOGE
Oh, that's cruel. Cruel. Spirit? Can't you give me one ray of hope that I may change all that? That Tiny Tim may live?

MUSIC: OMINOUS ACCENT

SCROOGE
Where are you taking me now? Here? On a common street, Spirit? What is there for me to learn here? Who . . . who are those men?

1ST MAN
I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead.

2ND MAN
(When did he die?)

1ST MAN
Last night, I believe.

2ND MAN From what I hear, it's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life, I don't know anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

1ST MAN I don't mind going if a lunch is provided. (BOTH MEN LAUGH)

2ND MAN Come to think of it, I'll bet I was his best friend.

1ST MAN What?

2ND MAN We used to nod to each other when we met in the street. (MORE LAUGHS)

SCROOGE Spirit, help me. Who is this man that died? Is there no one to mourn the poor creature? No one to follow him to the grave? Perhaps they'll give him a green grave at least, like poor Tiny Tim. Perhaps . . .

MUSIC: . . . SUDDEN ACCENT

SCROOGE

Ah, now I see it. Uh huh. There's writing on that stone. The name on the gravestone is . . . (READS, AWED)
Ebenezer Scrooge. Ebenezer Scrooge?! Oh, no, no, Spirit! No, no, no! Hear me! I'm not the man I was! Why show me this, if I am past all hope?! Tell me that I can change these dreadful shadows you've shown me by an altered life! I'll honor Christmas in my heart! I'll . . . I'll try to keep it all the year. I'll live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. And I'll not shut out the

lessons that they teach. Tell me,
Spirit, oh, go on, tell me! Tell me that
I can sponge away the writing on that
stone, Spirit. I beg you, Spirit! I beg
you!

BACKDROP SLIDE 29: PRE-SHOW

**MUSIC PERFORMANCE: METROPOLITAN
PERFORMING ARTS CAROLERS**

ACT 12: SCROOGE BUYS A GOOSE

BACKDROP SLIDE 30: GOOSE

NARRATOR Scrooge woke a changed man.

SCROOGE Why, what's this? It's my own bedpost.
Oh! I'm home. In my own bed. In my own
room. And the sun! The sun's shining!
It's clear! It's bright! No fog! What a
beautiful day. Oh, glorious, glorious.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: JINGLE BELL ON STREET

SCROOGE (CALLS OUT) Hey, hello! Oh, excuse me!

GOOSE PERSON Yes, sir?

SCROOGE What . . . What day is today?

GOOSE PERSON What's that, sir?

SCROOGE What day is it, my fine friend?

GOOSE PERSON Today? Why, it's Christmas Day.

SCROOGE Ha ha! Christmas Day! Then I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. All in one night. Heaven be praised.

GOOSE PERSON How's that, sir?

SCROOGE Listen, er, you know where the Poulterer is, in the next street?

GOOSE PERSON I should say I do!

SCROOGE Ha! An intelligent person! A remarkable person! Tell me, do you know if they sold the prize goose that was hanging in the window?

GOOSE PERSON The one as big as me?

SCROOGE (To himself) Hee hee hee! What a delightful person! It's a pleasure to talk to ye. (To GOOSE PERSON) Yes, my friend!

GOOSE PERSON It's hanging there now, sir.

SCROOGE That's wonderful. Go down, will you? And tell them to send it to Bob Cratchit and his family on Broad Street. And, mind you, they're not to know who paid for it. Go along, hurry, hurry, my friend. Here, here, wait a minute. Here's half-a-crown for your trouble.

GOOSE PERSON Yes, sir! Yes, sir! And a merry Christmas, sir!

SCROOGE Ha ha! And a merry Christmas to you, my friend!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SFX: JINGLE BELL OUT

SCROOGE (TO HIMSELF) Oh! I don't know what to do! I'm as light as a feather! As happy as an angel! I'm as merry as a schoolboy! (CALLS OUT) Merry Christmas! (LAUGHS) A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world. Whoo! Whoo! Hallooo! Ah, let's see. I must get dressed. Yes, I have much to do. It is going to be a very busy day. Yes, ha, a very busy day.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ACT 13: SCROOGE ENJOYS CHRISTMAS

BACKDROP SLIDE 31: PRE-SHOW

NARRATOR And it was a very busy day. Ebenezer Scrooge was out observing Christmas in the merriest way. Scrooge talked with everyone he met.

SCROOGE My dear sir! How do you do?

CHARITY I . . . I beg your pardon?

GENTLEMAN

SCROOGE Well, you, sir . . . aren't you the gentleman who came to my office in regard to that charity?

CHARITY Why, yes, sir.

GENTLEMAN

SCROOGE A merry Christmas to you.

CHARITY Er, yes, sir.
GENTLEMAN

SCROOGE Allow me to ask your pardon, sir. And
will you have the goodness to accept . .
. (LOWERS HIS VOICE) I prefer to whisper
this. (WHISPERS)

CHARITY Wha--? But Lord bless me! My dear Mr.
GENTLEMAN Scrooge, are you serious?

SCROOGE (If you please. Now, not a farthing less.
(CHUCKLES) A great many back-payments
are included in it, I assure you! Heh!
Will you do me that favor?)

CHARITY Well, my dear sir, I don't know what to
GENTLEMAN say to such generosity!

SCROOGE Now! Don't say anything, please. Come
and see me. Will you . . . will you come
and see me?

CHARITY I will! I will, indeed.
GENTLEMAN

SCROOGE Ha ha! Thank you. I am much obliged to
you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!
Merry Christmas!

NARRATOR As he walked about, Scrooge looked so
delighted that people could not resist
talking to him.

MAN ON STREET Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

NARRATOR Yes, and he stopped to pat children on the head.

SCROOGE Hee, hee, Merry Christmas, my dear.

NARRATOR And he gave shillings to beggars.

BEGGAR God bless you, Mr. Scrooge.

NARRATOR And Scrooge even went calling on his nephew. And his nephew's wife kissed him. Oh, Scrooge had a wonderful time. And a wonderful Christmas.

BACKDROP SLIDE 32: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 14: SCROOGE SURPRISES CRATCHIT

BACKDROP SLIDE 33: SCROOGE-MARLEY OFFICE (INTERIOR)

NARRATOR Next morning, Scrooge was early at his office. He went early for a reason. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he'd set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Cratchit. A quarter past. No Cratchit. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see Cratchit come in.

When Cratchit did arrive, Scrooge called out . . .

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SFX: DOOR BELL

SCROOGE Hallo, you Cratchit!

CRATCHIT Yes, sir?

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SFX: DOOR BELL

SCROOGE Step this way, Cratchit, if you please.

SFX: CRATCHIT'S RELUCTANT FOOTSTEPS

SCROOGE Cratchit! What do you mean by coming in at this time of day?

CRATCHIT Why, I am very sorry, sir. I am behind my time.

SCROOGE You are. Yes, yes. I think you are.

CRATCHIT Oh, it's only once a year, Mr. Scrooge. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

SCROOGE I'll tell you what, my friend . . . I'll not stand this sort of thing any longer! And therefore, Bob Cratchit . . . I'm about to raise your salary.

CRATCHIT (AFTER A PAUSE, TREMBLING) Mr. Scrooge? Are you quite yourself, sir?

SCROOGE No. No, thank Heaven, I'm NOT quite myself. Merry Christmas, Bob! (LAUGHS) Merry Christmas, my good fellow! A merrier Christmas than I've given you in many a year! I shall raise your salary, and we'll see what we can do for Tiny Tim and the rest of your family. Hah?!

(CHUCKLES) We . . . we'll discuss it this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop.

BACKDROP SLIDE 34: FADE TO BLACK

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN UNDER . . .

ACT 15: THE END

BACKDROP SLIDE 35: THE END

NARRATOR Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more. To Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them. His own heart laughed. That was quite enough for him. He had no further interaction with Spirits, and lived happily ever after. And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us all. And so, as Tiny Tim observed,

TINY TIM God bless Us, Every One.

ANNOUNCER That concludes our Re-Imagined Radio performance of "A Radio Christmas Carol." Our performance comes to you live from the historic Kiggins Theatre in downtown Vancouver, Washington. Re-

Imagined Radio is a partnership between Kiggins Theatre, Metropolitan Agency, KXRW-FM, and The Creative Media & Digital Culture Program at Washington State University Vancouver.

Tonight, you were entertained by

Barbara Richardson as the Announcer and Mrs. Cratchit

John Barber as the Narrator

Jeffrey Puukka as Ebenezer Scrooge

Larry Taylor as Bob Cratchit and Fezziwig

Ian Hanley as the Charity Gentleman and Ghost of Christmas Past

Greg Shilling as Nephew Fred, Young Scrooge, 1st Man, and Man on the Street

Steve Becker as Ghost of Marley and 2nd Man

Arianna Dorenbosch as Belle, young girl, and Beggar on the Street

Anne McEnery-Ogle as Ghost of Christmas Present

Norah Skogen as Martha Cratchit

Emerson Skogen as Goose Person and Tiny Tim

BACKDROP SLIDE 36: CREDITS

NARRATOR

(AT CONCLUSION OF CREDIT SHOUT OUTS)
Thank you for joining us and helping to spread bit of holiday cheer. We plan future performance here at the Kiggins Theatre. Please watch our websites and social media for dates and times. This is your announcer saying, "Thank you, and best wishes for the holidays."

**MUSIC PERFORMANCE: METROPOLITAN
PERFORMING ARTS CAROLERS**