

A Radio Christmas Carol 2019

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First Draft

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A Radio Christmas Carol 2019

an episode of  
Re-Imagined Radio

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### **Synopsis**

A radio adaptation of the classic holiday novel *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. Performed by Metropolitan Performing Arts at Kiggins Theatre, Vancouver, WA.

### **Color Code**

**Yellow highlighted text** = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or created for episode. Pre-recorded audio is used as content in this episode.

~~text example~~ = text that could be deleted as needed.

~~Magenta highlighted text with strike through~~ = text deleted for episode timing

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

BACKDROP SLIDE 2: ON AIR

NARRATOR

Good evening everyone, and welcome to Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, and it is a pleasure to welcome you tonight to the historic Kiggins Theatre in downtown Vancouver, Washington, USA. We are streaming live tonight, courtesy of KXRW, Vancouver's independent radio station. Whether you are in the audience, or in your homes, you are very welcome and we thank you for joining us. We encourage you to participate in tonight's performance through social media. Use the hashtag "reimagined radio" and share your thoughts about our performance on Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram.

Tonight Re-Imagined Radio, a partnership between The Creative Media & Digital Culture Program at Washington State University Vancouver, Kiggins Theatre, Metropolitan Performing Arts, and KXRW, will bring to life before your eyes and ears our radio adaptation of the Charles Dickens classic holiday tale, *A Christmas Carol*. 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.

ACT #1, OFFICE OF SCROOGE AND  
MARLEY

BACKDROP SLIDE 3: SCROOGE-MARLEY  
OFFICE (EXTERIOR)HOST

NARRATOR Our story begins, once upon a Christmas Eve, on a mean and shabby street in London, where 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 and they were often confused one for the other. But Ebenezer Scrooge was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone. A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! 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 out one degree at Christmas. A fact attested by Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's overworked and shivering clerk . . .

SFX: RATTLING OF STOVE DOOR, ETC.  
FIRE, DUCK UNDER

BACKDROP SLIDE 4: 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: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, DOOR BELL**

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, DOOR BELL,  
FOOTSTEPS

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 Well sir, government is talking about  
GENTLEMAN change, but there a great deal of  
resistance that must be overcome.

SCROOGE Why is business always called upon to  
fix this problem? I give more than  
enough in taxes and fees and  
regulations. I have done enough.

CHARITY This problem cannot be solved alone,  
GENTLEMAN sir. It takes everyone working together.  
And especially at this time of the year,  
some additional provision for the poor  
and the destitute must be made.

SCROOGE (SCOFFS)

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

SCROOGE Nothing!

CHARITY Oh, I see. You wish to be anonymous,  
GENTLEMAN 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 GENTLEMAN You're a generous fellow. I wish I might say so of your employer.

SCROOGE (IMPATIENT) Cratchit!

CRATCHIT (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir

CHARITY GENTLEMAN Good afternoon, sir.

CRATCHIT Good afternoon.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, DOOR BELL

SCROOGE Cratchit!

CHARITY GENTLEMAN Merry Christmas.

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

SCROOGE Close the door!

CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES, DOOR BELL,  
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 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. HUMPFF! 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! 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, 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, DOOR BELL, FRED'S 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. 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 politics. 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, DOOR BELL

FRED And a happy New Year, too!

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES, DOOR BELL

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

BACKDROP SLIDE 5: GENERIC BACKDROP

NARRATOR Yes, Scrooge began the holiday in his typical fashion. But let's set that aside for a moment, and welcome the Metropolitan Performing Arts Carolers performing "Jingle Bells" . . .

**MUSIC: MPA CAROLERS**

ACT #2, SCROOGE AND GHOST OF MARLEY

BACKDROP SLIDE 6: VICTORIAN 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 playing blind man's bluff.

NARRATOR 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—such was his joy—he went to his dismal house. It was actually Jacob Marley's house, but Scrooge occupied it after Marley's death. The rooms upstairs and down were rented out. Scrooge kept those on the main floor for his own use.

NARRATOR 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. He was alone.

SFX: FIRE

NARRATOR

Scrooge locked and double locked himself  
in his bedroom. 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. Watching  
the dancing patterns of the flames,  
Scrooge fell asleep and dreamed of his  
former partner, Jacob Marley.

BACKDROP SLIDE 7: BLACK

SFX: CLOCK STRIKES TEN

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADES DOWN  
AND CONTINUES UNDER

BACKDROP SLIDE 8: 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

SFX: MORE CLANKING CHAINS, MOVING  
CLOSER

SCROOGE What? What's that?

**SFX: CLANKING CHAINS**

MARLEY (Ghostly) 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**

**SFX: MARLEY'S CHAINS**

MARLEY (GHOSTLY) Ebenezer Scroooooe! 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**

**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 person that the spirit within it should walk abroad among the still living, and travel far and wide, to witness what it cannot

share, but might have shared on earth,  
had it 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.

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 no  
rest, no peace, incessant torture 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. I ignored them for  
profit and money. 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. Speak plainly  
to me.

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. 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 Without their visits you cannot hope to  
shun the path I tread. 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 CHAINS**

SCROOGE Marley! Jacob Marley!

**SFX: FADE OUT GHOST PRESENCE**

**SLIDE #9: GENERIC BACKDROP**

NARRATOR And with that, the ghost of Jacob Marley passed straight through the window of Scrooge's bedroom, which was closed and locked. Hurrying to the window himself, Scrooge looked into the darkness outside and saw the night air filled with phantoms, all moving about in restless haste, moaning as they went. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power for ever. As Scrooge watched, these creatures faded into the night mist, or the mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became once again dark and quiet.

NARRATOR Here in our studio we have several spirited voices, each eager to entertain you, and each blessed with the ability to do so. Please welcome Ethan Radcliffe who will sing the ever popular "Silver Bells."

**MUSICAL INTERLUDE #2, ETHAN  
RADCLIFFE**

BACKDROP SLIDE 9: FADE TO BLACK

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

NARRATOR

As we return to our story, you will recall that Scrooge spoke with the ghost of his former partner Jacob Marley, and glimpsed the misery of the spirit world. After Marley's ghost departed, Scrooge returned to sleep, but was awakened by the chiming of Big Ben.

SFX: CLOCK STRIKES WESTMINSTER

CHIME

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE UP, THEN  
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER.

SFX: PAUSE, CLOCK STRIKES ONE

BACKDROP SLIDE 10: GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS PAST, FADE UP FROM BLACK

NARRATOR

When 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.

NARRATOR

It was a strange figure . . . like a child, short, just barely seen above the top of Scrooge's bed, yet not so like a child as like an old woman. 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. And the eyes looked straight at Scrooge, through him, never blinking, as if searching for his soul.

GHOST OF (ECHOING) Ebenezer Scrooge.  
CHRISTMAS PAST

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

GHOST OF Ebenezer Scrooge, I have come for you.  
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE You . . .? Are . . . are you the Spirit 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 to fly through the air. But I am  
mortal, and will fall down.

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

SFX: ASTRAL TRAVEL

NARRATOR And with that, The Ghost of Christmas  
Past and Scrooge walked straight through  
the bedroom wall . . . and into the  
night air. Scrooge saw no other spirits  
nearby as his particular visitor bore  
him aloft over the city and into the  
surrounding countryside. The darkness of  
night vanished, replaced by a bright,  
sunny winter day, with snow on the  
ground all below.

BACKDROP SLIDE 11: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 4: SCROOGE'S SCHOOL

BACKDROP SLIDE 12: SCROOGE'S SCHOOL  
ROOM

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE UP, THEN  
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

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

SCROOGE I see a boy.

GHOST OF A solitary child, neglected by his  
CHRISTMAS PAST 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 A very wise man. Don't you agree,  
CHRISTMAS PAST 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 Is it? Come Ebenezer Scrooge. Let us see  
CHRISTMAS PAST another Christmas.

SFX: ASTRAL TRAVEL

BACKDROP SLIDE 13: GENERIC BACKDROP

NARRATOR We will rejoin Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Past in just a moment. But first, let's enjoy the dulcet tones of the Metro Carolers.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE #4, METRO CAROLERS

ACT 5: FEZZIWIG'S PARTY

BACKDROP SLIDE 14: FEZZIWIG'S PARTY

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE UP, THEN DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

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, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, FADE AND CONTINUE UNDER

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, FADE UP, THEN  
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

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

SCROOGE Where now?

GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS PAST Come!

SFX: ASTRAL TRAVEL

BACKDROP SLIDE 15: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 6: BELLE RELEASES SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 16: BELLE RELEASES  
SCROOGE

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE UP  
BRIEFLY, THEN DOWN AND CONTINUE  
UNDER

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, Spirit! 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!

SFX: ASTRAL TRAVEL

BACKDROP SLIDE 17: GENERIC BACKDROP

NARRATOR Scrooge is having a hard night facing his past and learning of his mistakes in reckoning human nature. We will return to him shortly, but first, let's enjoy once again the MPA Carolers as they sing for us "Silent Night."

MUSICAL INTERLUDE #3, MPA CAROLERS

BACKDROP SLIDE 18: FADE TO BLACK

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

BACKDROP SLIDE 19: FADE UP SLOWLY  
GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT AND  
SCROOGE

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE IN, THEN  
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

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!

SFX: ASTRAL TRAVEL

BACKDROP SLIDE 20: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 8: CRATCHIT HOME

BACKDROP SLIDE 21: CRATCHIT HOME  
(INTERIOR)

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE UP, THEN  
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

SCROOGE

Where've you brought me, Spirit?

GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS  
PRESENT

A humble dwelling in a humble street.

SCROOGE

It IS humble enough.

GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS  
PRESENT

Yet there is happiness there.

SCROOGE

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

SFX: CRATCHIT FAMILY CHATTER  
INCREASES UNDER FOLLOWING

GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS  
PRESENT

These are the family of your clerk, Bob Cratchit. His wife, dressed in a twice-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!

**SFX AD LIBS: MARTHA! (EXCITED CHATTER)**

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

MARTHA Merry Christmas, Mother!

**SFX 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

SFX: 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.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS STOP

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.

SFX: CHILDREN AD LIB: ARE WE READY TO EAT, MOTHER? COME ON, LET'S EAT!

SFX: CHILDREN CONTINUE TO CHATTER UNDER FOLLOWING, 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!

**SFX: 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!



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.

SFX: ASTRAL TRAVEL

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE OUT

BACKDROP SLIDE 24: GENERIC BACKDROP

NARRATOR

As Scrooge travels through the night with the Ghost of Christmas Present, and wonders about the fate of Tiny Tim, let us enjoy Rebekah Hetrick singing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas."

**MUSICAL INTERLUDE #5, REBEKAH  
HETRICK**

ACT 10: GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE  
AND SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 25: GHOST OF  
CHRISTMAS FUTURE

**SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, FADE UP, THEN  
DUCK UNDER**

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 spectre 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.

**SFX: GHOST CHRISTMAS FUTURE**

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.

SFX: GHOST CHRISTMAS FUTURE

BACKDROP SLIDE 26: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 11: FATE OF SCROOGE

BACKDROP SLIDE 27: VICTORIAN  
STREET, NIGHT

SFX: SPIRIT PRESENCE, UP, THEN FADE  
DOWN AND CONTINUE UNDER

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?

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 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 . . .

**SFX: GHOST CHRISTMAS FUTURE**

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!

**SFX: GHOST CHRISTMAS FUTURE, UP, THEN FADE OUT**

**BACKDROP SLIDE 28: GENERIC BACKDROP**

NARRATOR

Has Scrooge learned a lesson? Will indeed he change his life in favor of Christmas? We'll find out in just a moment, but first, let's enjoy Larry Taylor singing "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas."

**MUSICAL INTERLUDE #6, LARRY TAYLOR**

**BACKDROP SLIDE 29: BLACK BACKDROP**

ACT 12: SCROOGE BUYS A 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 CLOSSES**

**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.

BACKDROP SLIDE 30: GENERIC BACKDROP

NARRATOR

While Scrooge is getting ready for his busy Christmas Day, let's hear once again from Rebekah Hetrick who is here to sing for us.

**MUSICAL INTERLUDE #8, REBEKAH  
HETRICK**

ACT 13: SCROOGE ENJOYS CHRISTMAS

BACKDROP SLIDE 30: GENERIC BACKDROP

**SFX: CHURCH BELLS AROUND CITY, FADE  
AND CONTINUE UNDER**

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  
GENTLEMAN

I . . . I beg your pardon?

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 31: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 14: SCROOGE SURPRISES CRATCHIT

BACKDROP SLIDE 32: 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 33: FADE TO BLACK

ACT 15: THE END

BACKDROP SLIDE 34: 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.

BACKDROP SLIDE 35: CREDITS

NARRATOR

That concludes our performance of "A Radio Christmas Carol." You were entertained tonight by . . .

Narrator (John Barber)

Ebenezer Scrooge (Jeffrey Puukka)

Bob Cratchit (Greg Shilling)

Charity Gentleman (Derek Nolan)

Nephew Fred (Ethan Radcliff)

Ghost of Marley (Bob Meek)

Ghost of Christmas Past (Barbara Richardson)

Fezziwig (John Barber)

Belle (Rebecca Sharpe)

Young Scrooge (Derek Nolan)

Ghost of Christmas Present (Larry Taylor)

Young Girl with Cratchit family (Kianna Cajuste?)

Mrs. Cratchit (Laura Hankins)

Martha Cratchit (Rebecca Sharpe)

Tiny Tim (Rylan Lewis)

Ghost of Christmas Future (a non-speaking part)

Man on Street (Larry Taylor)

Beggar on Street (John Barber)

1st Man (Ethan Radcliff)

2nd Man (Bob Meek)

GOOSE PERSON (Rylan Lewis)

Our technical crew tonight included Dan Wyatt and Ahri Nichols on lights and Dean Lyon creating sound effects.

And, you were entertained by the Metropolitan Performing Arts Carolers .

. .

Audrey Williams

Adisynn Ackley

Devon Fender

Kathleen Jung

Molly Jung

Melissa Matteo

Megan Connelly

Before you go, please enjoy them once more as they sing for you "Good King Wenceslas."

**MUSICAL INTERLUDE #9, METRO**

**CAROLERS**

NARRATOR

Thank you for joining us and helping to spread bit of holiday cheer. Please join us next month, January 22, for our re-imagined performance of "The Maltese Falcon." Sam Spade, Joel Cairo, Gutman, and the beautiful but treacherous Brigid O'Shaughnessy—we bring classic noir detective story to your ears and imaginations. Tickets are available through the Kiggins Theatre website. Thank you again for your support. We look forward to sharing our stories with you again in the future. Until then, best wishes for safe and happy holidays. Good night everyone!

**MUSIC: BOOGIE WOOGIE SANTA CLAUS,**

**LIONEL HAMPTON**