Audition Scripts for Charles’ Dickens, “A Christmas Carol”

Please prepare a least one of these selected scenes to perform for your audition. You may also be asked to participate in some dry reads or audition for a character you have not prepared for. This is not an exhaustive list of characters, so please bear in mind that you are auditioning for any number of roles.

The selections are the following order:

* Adult & Young Adult roles
* Child roles
* Mixed: Adult & Child roles

Have fun and see you at auditions!

**ADULT & YOUNG ADULT:**

**Scrooge & Fred**

*(Throws the wreath at the boy and turning away from him, SCROOGE comes directly upon FRED, who cheerfully takes his hand and shakes it.)*

FRED: A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

FRED: Christmas a humbug, Uncle! You don't mean that.

SCROOGE: I do mean it. Merry Christmas! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

FRED: Come, then. What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug.

FRED: Don't be cross, Uncle!

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

FRED: Uncle!

SCROOGE: Nephew! keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

FRED: Keep it! But you don't keep it.

SCROOGE: Let me leave it alone, then. Much good it has ever done you!

FRED: But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin—as a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and I say, God bless it!

*(As FRED has been speaking various passersby have stopped to listen so that he has by now gathered a small crowd. At his last words a smattering of applause comes from the onlookers who then go on their ways.)*

SCROOGE: You're quite a powerful speaker, sir; I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

FRED: Don't be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE: Thank you, I certainly shall not.

FRED: But why?

SCROOGE: Why did you get married?

FRED: Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE: Because you fell in love! The biggest humbug next to Christmas. Good afternoon!

FRED: But you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

FRED: I want nothing from you; why cannot we be friends?

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

FRED: I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a Merry Christmas, Uncle!

SCROOGE: Good afternoon!

FRED: And a Happy New Year! *(finally leaving)*

SCROOGE: *(calling after him)* Good afternoon!

**Scrooge & Bob**

BOB: Merry Christmas, sir.

SCROOGE: Look at you Bob Cratchit, a clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. *(Seeing BOB exiting)* Where do you think you are going?

BOB: *(stopping)* To put some coal on the fire sir. It has almost died now—

SCROOGE: You have already thrown on the fire all the coal allotted for today, and where is it now? All eaten up by the flames, and no good come of it.

BOB: Yes sir, but if I might just mention it sir, my fingers are too cold to hold my pen.

SCROOGE: Such waste, such carelessness. I fear Cratchit that it may become necessary for us to part company soon. Do I make myself clear?

BOB: *(Returning to his work)* Yes sir.

SCROOGE: You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

BOB: If it’s quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE: It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound? And yet, you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.

BOB: It is only once a year.

SCROOGE: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!

BOB: Yes, sir.

SCROOGE: Be here all the earlier next morning.

BOB: Yes sir. I promise that I will.—If you please sir, it is seven o’ clock sir.

SCROOGE: (*Looking at his watch)* I don’t please, but I suppose it is. Scrooge and Marley’s is now closed for business.

BOB: *(gathering his things)* Thank you sir! Good evening sir. Good bye, and a very Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE: Humbug!

BOB: *(Stopping on his way out)* What was that sir?

SCROOGE: I said Humbug!

BOB: If you please sir, wishing a person a ‘Merry Christmas’ not a humbug.

SCROOGE: If you say Merry Christmas again in my presence I’ll change my mind about giving you the day off tomorrow!

BOB: Yes sir, of course sir. Mer—

SCROOGE: What?

BOB: Nothing sir. *(Hurrying out)*

**Scrooge & Marley**

MARLEY: Scrooge!

SCROOGE: It's humbug still! I won't believe it.

MARLEY: Scrooge!

SCROOGE: *(seeing MARLEY)* How now! What do you want with me?

MARLEY: Much!

SCROOGE: Who are you?

MARLEY: Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE: Who were you then?

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

SCROOGE: Can you—can you sit down?

MARLEY: I can.

SCROOGE: Do it, then.

MARLEY: You don't believe in me.

SCROOGE: I don't.

MARLEY: Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE: Because, a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach—You may be an undigested bit of beef.

MARLEY: A bit of beef?

SCROOGE: There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are! Humbug, I tell you! humbug!

*(MARLEY screams and shakes chains)*

SCROOGE: Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

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

SCROOGE: I do, I must. But why do you come to me?

MARLEY: It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. *(shaking chain again)*

SCROOGE: You are fettered. Tell me why?

MARLEY: I wear the chain I forged in life, I made it link by link, and yard by yard.

SCROOGE: But you made no such chain Jacob Marley.

MARLEY: Would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It is a ponderous chain!

SCROOGE: Jacob, old Jacob Marley, speak comfort to me, Jacob!

MARLEY: I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house in life and now weary journeys lie before me!

SCROOGE: Seven years dead, and travelling all the time!

MARLEY: The whole time, no rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.

SCROOGE: You travel fast?

MARLEY: On the wings of the wind.

SCROOGE: You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years.

MARLEY: Oh! captive, bound, and double-ironed! No space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Oh! such was I!

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

MARLEY: Business! Mankind should have been my business. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode!

**Scrooge & Past**

SCROOGE:(*Seeing THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST standing and watching him)* ahh—Are you the Spirit, whose coming was foretold to me?

PAST: *(in a low gentle voice)* I am!

SCROOGE: Who and what are you?

PAST: *(moving forward slowly)* I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE: Long past?

PAST: No, your past.

SCROOGE: What business brings you here?

PAST: Your welfare.

SCROOGE: I am very much obliged but a good night s sleep would have been more conducive to that end.

PAST: Your redemption then, man of the world.

SCROOGE: I’m sure I don’t know what you are talking about. *(shading his eyes)* Spirit, you are so bright. My eyes— I beg you, can you dim your light or cover it-- perhaps?

PAST: *(with sudden vengeance)* Would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions would make me extinguish my light completely?

SCROOGE: *(frightened)* No, no, please forgive me. I know nothing of willfully putting out your light.

PAST: You and your kind suppress my light, covering it with a blanket of despair when it would bless.

SCROOGE: My kind? What are ‘my kind’ that we are so rebuked?

PAST: Men of business.

SCROOGE: Men of *good* business.

PAST: ‘Good’? When one’s coffers are filled by the misfortunes of others it is not *good*. Take heed! *(Taking SCROOGE by the arm)* Come and walk with me!

SCROOGE: Where are we going? *(catching sight of familiar surroundings)* Good Heavens!

PAST: You know this place?

SCROOGE: I was a boy here! I went to school in this place.

PAST: You remember it then.

SCROOGE: *(with fervor)* Remember it! I could walk around this school room blindfold—but it was long ago.

PAST: Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!

SCROOGE: Somehow, it all still seems so familiar.

*(Suddenly some BOYS come running past, calling to each other, playfully punching at one another.)*

SCROOGE: Look, (*calling out to them*) Charlie! Fred! Johnny! Hello! Spirit, why don’t they answer me?

PAST: These are but shadows of the things that have been; they have no consciousness of us.

SCROOGE: They were my old school fellows.

PAST: Yes, they are all leaving for the Christmas holidays.

SCROOGE: But I don’t see myself. Where am I?

PAST: The school is not quite deserted, a solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.

**Scrooge & Present**

SCROOGE: *(hearing boisterous laughing)* Ahhh, *(calling out)* Is someone there? (*to himself)* Nothing will surprise me now; I dare say even a baby or rhinoceros would not astonish me.

PRESENT: Come! Come and know me better, man!

*(Timidly SCROOGE approaches, keeping his head lowered, not wanting to meet the Spirit’s gaze.)*

PRESENT: I am the Ghost of Christmas Present, look upon me! You have never seen the like of me before!

SCROOGE: *(attempted indifference)* Never.

PRESENT: Have you never walked forth with the members of my family; my elder brothers born in these past years?

SCROOGE: I don't think I have, no, I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?

PRESENT: More than eighteen hundred.

SCROOGE: A tremendous family to provide for.

PRESENT: Ha, ha, ha.

SCROOGE: You’re a very cheerful spirit.

PRESENT: I live on a very cheerful day.

SCROOGE: So they say, and so I hear.

PRESENT: Do you not celebrate the season?

SRCOOGE: It has been my wish to spend it alone and undisturbed. This year there seems to be little hope of that.

PRESENT: Ha, ha, we Spirits have a way of appearing where we are not wanted. But come, we must go.

SCROOGE: Spirit, conduct me where you will. I have learned a lesson which is working now; if you have more to teach me, let me profit by it.

PRESENT: Touch my robe!

SCROOGE: Where are we going Spirit?

PRESENT: It is the home of your clerk, Bob Cratchit.

**Young Ebenezer & Young Dick**

YOUNG DICK: I cannot agree with you Ebenezer. How can you be so hard hearted?

YOUNG SCROOGE: I am not being hard hearted; I am merely doing good business.

YOUNG DICK: I am sorry; I cannot call such relentless extortion from our debtors as good business. Surely driving others into desperation can do us no real good.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Dick, your head, and not your heart, should rule your judgments in matters of business. This is what I have learned to do and you must as well if you are ever to be a success as a man.

YOUNG DICK: No, Ebenezer, if I am to be a success as a man I must first of all remember that those with whom I do business are also men, and not merely figures set in columns.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Of course they are men, Dick, but they are men who owe us money. Would you have me cancel their debts?

YOUNG DICK: No, but I would have you deal with them with some compassion. To come down so cruelly on them by demanding such excess fees only means they will be less able to pay their original debts.

YOUNG SCROOGE: They were fully aware of the terms when they borrowed the money.

YOUNG DICK: Yes, but they fully expected to be able to pay their debts on time. Come Ebenezer, the additional money you demand of them can make little difference to us, while it means a great deal to these men and their families. It is Christmas Ebenezer; can’t you be merciful today of all days?

YOUNG SCROOGE: Dick, I cannot change the policies of this business on any small whim, or on any particular day. Next you will be wishing me to cancel all debts owed us because it is your Uncle Fezziwig’s birthday.

YOUNG DICK: You would mock a man who was so good to us? He is the reason, the cause of our current success.

YOUNG SCROOGE: No, *I* am the reason that I am a success. I—we, grasp the chance to get ahead, and I won’t let it go now for any man, it is ours!

YOUNG DICK: Ebenezer, I think you should find another business partner. I can no longer remain here in good conscience.

**Young Ebenezer & Belle**

YOUNG SCROOGE: Belle, what are you doing here?

BELLE: I must speak with you Ebenezer.

YOUNG SCROOGE: What is it?

BELLE; Could we go somewhere, to talk?

YOUNG SCROOGE: I’m sorry Belle, I haven’t much time just now.

BELLE*: (softly)* Does it matter so little to you what I have to say? Maybe I too should take out a loan; you would be interested enough then to hear me I am sure.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Now Belle, be reasonable.

BELLE: I am sorry.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Couldn’t what you have to say keep

 until tomorrow.

BELLE: No, I must tell you what I have to say while I still have the courage.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Very well, but hurry, I am a busy man.

BELLE: Yes, I know, a very busy man. What has happened to you? You no longer confide in me as you use to, or share your joys, or doubts.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Belle, don’t be so sentimental.

BELLE: Sentimental? Another idol has displaced me.

YOUNG SCROOGE: What idol has displaced you?

BELLE: A golden one. And, if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.

YOUNG SCROOGE: *(defensively)* Money? This is about Money! There is nothing on which the world is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!

BELLE: *(gently)* You fear the world too much

YOUNG SCROOGE: What of it? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed.

BELLE: You are!

YOUNG SCROOGE: (*demandingly)* How?

BELLE: I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Gain, engrosses you. Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor, and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. When it was made you were another man.

YOUNG SCROOGE: (*impatiently)* I was a boy.

BELLE: There! Your own feelings tell you that you are not what you were. I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two, and I release you.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Release me? From what?

BELLE: From our engagement, Ebenezer.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Have I ever sought your release?

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 worth or value in your sight. Tell me, would you seek me out, a dowerless girl, and try to win me now?

YOUNG SCROOGE: You think not.

BELLE: I would gladly think otherwise if I could.

**Fred, Alice, Mr. Topper, Mr. Crane, Cassandra, Jane**

FRED: *(laughing)* A humbug!

MR. TOPPER: *(catching his breath)* Come now Fred.

FRED: No, truly, he said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live he believed it, too!

ALICE: *(indignantly)* More shame for him, Fred! If he prefers to spend Christmas alone with his cold porridge, let him.

FRED: Alice!

CRANE: *(laughing)* He’s a comical old fellow.

FRED: That's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him.

TOPPER: To be sure he is very rich, Fred.

ALICE: What of that? His wealth is of no use to him.

FRED: He doesn’t do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it.

ALICE: I have no patience with him.

FRED: Oh, I have! I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner—

CASSANDRA: Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner.

*(ALL agree*)

FRED: Well! I am very glad to hear it, because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?

TOPPER: As a bachelor I am a wretched outcast and have no right to express an opinion on the subject. Do I my dear, distant, immovable, Jane?

JANE: Oh, Mr. Topper, you are incorrigible.

TOPPER: If you do not have pity on me, I shall be a ruined man.

JANE: (*giggling)* I am afraid you are quite beyond hope.

ALICE: *(getting back to the subject)* Do go on, Fred!

FRED: I was only going to say, that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us is that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it, if he finds me going there in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?'

CASSANDRA: Well, he has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure, and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health.

FRED: To Uncle Scrooge! a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is.

ALL: *(toasting)* To Uncle Scrooge!

**Mrs. Dilber, Charwoman, & Old Betty**

MRS. DILBER: *(with satisfaction)* Well! Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?

CHARWOMAN: Dead as a doornail.

MRS. DILBER: Not too soon for my taste. *(carelessly)*

CHARWOMAN: I was getting sick of looking at his ugly face.

OLD BETTY: *(As they join her)* Now, don’t go speaking ill of the dead. Remember the good he did.

CHARWOMAN: Do you remember any good that he did, Mrs. Dilber?

MRS. DILBER: No.

CHARWOMAN: See, Old Betty, if we were to stick to the good he did it wouldn’t be much of a conversation. Cold, isn't it?

OLD BETTY: Seasonable for Christmas time.

MRS.DILBER*: (As the LAUNDRESS enters)* Now look who it is joinin’ us now.

OLD BETTY: If it ain’t his laundress.

CHARWOMAN: If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!

*(A hearty, coarse, laugh from all)*

OLD BETTY: You couldn't have met in a better place.

MRS.DILBER: Bless me if we ain’t all bringing things belonging to the same late gentleman.

 CHARWOMAN: *(plops her bundle down and sits on it)* What odds, Mrs. Dilber? Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!

MRS. DILBER: That's true, indeed! No man more so.

OLD BETTY: And I’m sure we’re all trusting each other not to mention about what passes between us.

CHARWOMAN: Very well, then! Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose?

MRS. DILBER: *(laughing)* No, indeed..

CHARWOMAN: If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.

MRS. DILBER: It's the truest word that ever was spoke.

LAUNDRESS: It's a judgment on him.

CHARWOMAN: I wish it was a little heavier judgment and it should have been, if I could have laid my hands on anything else.

MRS.DILBER: Aye. I’m sure I should have done the same.

CHARWOMAN: We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves before we met here. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Betty

LAUNDRESS: No, no, I will show my plunder first. *(as OLD BETTY looks over the items LAUNDRESS recites them proudly)* One seal, a pencil-case, a pair of sleeve buttons and a brooch.

OLD BETTY: Not much here. *(writing a number on a piece of paper which he shows to LAUNDRESS, who is angered)* That's your account and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?

MRS. DILBER: Old Betty, look at my things next! Sheets and towels, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a few boots.

*(OLD BETTY looks through her bundle and again writes a number down and shows it to MRS. DILBER who pouts.)*

OLD BETTY: I always give too much to you ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself.

MRS. DILBER: *(angry)* Betty!

OLD BETTY: That's your account. If you asked me for another penny I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half-a-crown.

CHARWOMAN: *(excited)* And now undo my bundle, Old Betty!

*(OLD BETTY opens the bundle and begins to pull the items out.)*

OLD BETTY: What do you call this? Bed-curtains?

CHARWOMAN: Aye! Bed-curtains!

OLD BETTY: You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?

CHARWOMAN: *(defensively)* Yes, I do, why not?

OLD BETTY: *(impressed)* You were born to make your fortune, and you'll certainly do it.

CHARWOMAN: *(coolly)* I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was. Don't get no oil upon the blankets now Betty.

MRS. DILBER: *(aghast)* His blankets?

CHARWOMAN: Who else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say.

LAUNDRESS: (*anxiously)* I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?

CHARWOMAN: Don't you be afraid of that, I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me.

OLD BETTY: What do you call wasting of it?

CHARWOMAN: (*laughing)* Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure. Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it ain't good enough for anything.

**Scrooge (Transformed), Hope, Charity, & Grace**

SCROOGE: My dear ladies, how do you do? A merry Christmas to you!

HOPE: Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Yes. Allow me to ask your pardon for the other day. And will you have the goodness*—(whispering to her)*

CHARITY: Lord bless me! My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?

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

GRACE: My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such munifi—

SCROOGE: Don't say anything, please. Come and visit me. Will you all come and visit me, in my office? I’ll order tea, and we’ll talk.

GRACE: We will!

CHARITY: Thank you Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Thank you, I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you! (*the ladies exit while SCROOGE continues speaking to himself)* And I shall give Bob Cratchit such a raise in his salary as he has never seen. Won’t he be surprised at that? Bless me I know just how I shall manage it. But I must be in the office tomorrow before he arrives. Yes, that will be the best part.

**Scrooge (Transformed), Fred, & Alice**

FRED: Uncle Scrooge! Is that you?

SCROOGE: Fred!

FRED: You have created quite an uproar.

SCROOGE: Uproar? Me? Why, what have I done that would cause an uproar?

FRED: Is anything the matter?

SCROOGE: Matter, my boy?

FRED: Your clerk, Bob Cratchit, came knocking at our door, quite out of breath, and said we should come to Scrooge and Marley’s directly.

SCROOGE: Yes, I wanted to see you.

FRED: You wanted to see me?

SCROOGE: Yes, you and your lovely wife. How are you my dear?

ALICE: I am well, thank you.

FRED: What did you what to see us about?

SCROOGE: I am so pleased to finally meet you my dear.

ALICE: And I you.

FRED: Uncle Scrooge, did you need something?

SCROOGE: And your smile is so charming and sweet.

ALICE: *(laughing)* Uncle Scrooge!

FRED: He should have gone into parliament.

SCROOGE: Excuse me Fred, did you say something?

FRED: Was there something you wanted Uncle?

SCROOGE: Yes, there was. Fred, Alice, am I too late?

ALICE: Too late?

SCROOGE: Will you let me be a friend to you both? I have been wrong in not being a proper uncle to you. So wrong. But I want to do right now. I want to know you both, and to be a part of your lives. Will you let me in?

FRED: Let you in? Of course we will let you in Uncle.

ALICE: Nothing could make us happier. We have wanted to know you for so long, and we thought you would never want us.

SCROOGE: Forgive me, I have been so wrong. But if you will help me, I want to change. You will help me won’t you?

FRED: Of course.

ALICE: We will help you any way that we can dear Uncle.

SCROOGE: Thank you my dear. Fred, your little wife here reminds me very much of your mother. Same sweet smile. She would have been very proud of you my boy.

FRED: Thank you Uncle Scrooge.

**CHILD CHARCTERS:**

**Boy Ebenezer & Fanny**

BOY EBENEZER: Fan!

GIRL FAN: Ebenezer! Dear, dear brother.

BOY EBENEZER: *(holding FAN at arm’s length)* You’ve grown so much since we were together.

GIRL FAN: I have! But you look tired Ebenezer.

BOY EBENEZER: No, I’m fine. But I miss you. And Father, does he know you have come?

GIRL FAN: Don’t be silly (*clapping her hands excitedly)* I have come to bring you home, Ebenezer!

BOY EBENEZER: Home, little Fan?

GIRL FAN: Yes! Home, home, forever and ever.

BOY EBENEZER: But Father? I’m sure he is still angry with me, Fan.

GIRL FAN: Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home.

BOY EBENEZER: What did he say, Fan?

GIRL FAN: He said ‘Yes, you should’; and sent me in a coach to bring you.

BOY EBENEZER: I wish I could believe you Fan. Father can’t be so different now.

GIRL FAN: It’s true; he’s so good to me now.

BOY EBENEZER: I’m happy for you Fan.

GIRL FAN: Be happy for all of us. Come home and see that Father has changed. We will be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world.

**MIXED**

**Fezziwig, Mrs. Fezziwig, Young Ebenezer, Young Dick, Mollie, & Nellie**

FEZZIWIG: No more work tonight. ‘Tis Christmas-eve, let's have the shutters up, *(claps loudly)* before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! My wife and girls will be here with the decorations—ahh, and here they are!

*(MRS.FEZZIWIG enters with NELLIE and MOLLIE)*

NELLIE: Mr. Ebenezer! Mr. Dick!
MOLLIE: Merry Christmas!

FEZZIWIG: Now we will be merry, my girls are here!

MOLLIE: Merry Christmas Father!

FEZZIWIG: Ahh, and Mrs. Fezziwig, you do look ravishing my dear.

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Oh, my dear Mr. Fezzy, you flatter me. And if I may say it, you look quite dashing.

FEZZIWIG: You may say it! Haha!

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Fezzy! Now, enough talk, we must prepare, for the guests will arrive at any moment.

NELLIE: Mr. Ebenezer! Mr. Dick! Will you bring in the tree for us?

MRS.FEZZIWIG: Yes, bring in the tree! *(YOUNG SCROOGE and DICK exit UR and bring in a Christmas tree.)* And where is the box of ribbons?

MOLLIE: Here it is!

NELLIE: And here is our tree! Isn’t it a fine one?

YOUNG SCROOGE: The very finest I’ve seen!

MRS.FEZZIWIG: Dick, there are some packages in the carriage, will you fetch them for me?

YOUNG DICK: Yes Ma’am!

MOLLIE: Mr. Ebenezer will you show us again how to make a rabbit?

YOUNG SCROOGE: Show you how to make a rabbit—Alright. Now hold your hand up like this. *(demonstrating)* Good, then put your fingers up this way, and then just like this—good—and there you have it.

NELLIE: It looks so funny.

MOLLIE: Thank you Mr. Ebenezer!

DICK: The guests are here shall I let them in?

FEZZIWIG: Of course.

*(DICK crosses UR and the GUESTS begin to arrive and join in the festivities, filling the entire stage. There is much talk and laughter.)*

FEZZIWIG: Come in, everyone and Merry Christmas.

**Bob, Mrs. Cratchit, Martha, Peter, Nancy, Sally, Belinda, Tiny Tim**

NANCY: I told you it was our goose, Sally.

SALLY: It smells so delicious, Mother! We could smell it all the way from the baker’s.

NANCY: And I said it had to be ours.

MRS. CRACHIT: You both look as if you’ve run all over London. Did you find the holly?

SALLY: We found such a lot, see!

MRS. CRATCHIT: *(laughing)* Oh you did. Now hurry and help Belinda put it on the table. What has ever got your precious father, then? And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha weren't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour!

*(MARTHA enters amid shouts of greeting)*

MARTHA: Here's Martha, mother!

SALLY: Martha! Hurrah!

NANCY: There's such a goose, Martha!

MRS. CRATCHIT: *(kissing MARTHA)* Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA: We'd a great deal of work to finish up last night, and I had to clear away this morning!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Well! never mind so long as you are come.

MARTHA: The table looks beautiful.

SALLY: Nancy and I fetched the holly!

NANCY: Do you like it Martha?

MARTHA: Oh, yes, it is lovely. Everything smells so good.

PETER: My stomach’s been growlin’ for dinner since breakfast.

BELINDA: Your stomach is always growlin’ Peter.

PETER: Soon I shall stuff it till it could fairly burst.

NANCY: Hurrah!

MARTHA: May I help with anything?

MRS. CRATCHIT: No, everything is ready, we are only wanting your Father and Tiny Tim.

BELINDA: I think I hear Father now—

SALLY: Father is coming!

HENRY: Hide, Martha, hide!

MARTHA: Oh goodness! Where?

PETER: Hurry, Martha! He’s coming!

*(MARTHA hides behind her mother while the children all giggle as BOB CRATCHIT enters with TINY TIM on his shoulder. Both are greeted with hugs and smiles from the family.)*

PETER: Father! You’ve come just in time!

SALLY: Tim, just wait until you see the goose.

TINY TIM: I bet it’s the biggest in all London!

BOB: Why, where's our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT: *(pretending sadness)* Not coming.

BOB: Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas-day!

*(MARTHA comes out from behind her mother)*

NANCY: Martha, you came out too soon!

MARTHA: I couldn’t bear to see Father looking so glum.

*(More laughter)*

BELINDA: Come on Martha come and see all the things we have to eat! *(the children all exit excitedly)*

MRS. CRATCHIT: Bring the food out children. *(alone with BOB)* And how did little Tim behave?

BOB: As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas-day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT: That sounds like our dear Tim.

BOB: You know my dear, I believe he is growing stronger by the day.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*with doubt)* I certainly hope so, my dear.

**Bob, Mrs. Cratchit, Martha, Peter, Nancy, Sally, Belinda, Tiny Tim**

BOB: Now, now, my dears, I would like to purpose a toast.

MARTHA: To whom Father?

BOB: First, I’ll give you, your Mother, the loveliest lady in London.

SALLY: And the best cook in all the world.

BOB: Indeed!

EVERYONE: To Mother!

BOB: Next, I’ll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of this feast!

PETER: What?

BELINDA: Not Mr. Scrooge!

MRS. CRATCHIT: *(angrily)* The founder of the feast, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

BOB: My dear, the children! Christmas-day.

MRS. CRATCHIT: It should be Christmas-day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!

BOB: *(mildly)* My dear, Christmas day.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*stubborn but yielding)* Oh, very well, 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!

ALL: *(toasting)* Mr. Scrooge.

TINY TIM: And God bless us everyone!

ALL: God bless us everyone!

**Bob, Peter, Nancy, Sally, Belinda, Tiny Tim**

*(BOB comes onto the street, his children jump up to greet him )*

TINY TIM: Father!

BELINDA: We came to meet you Father!

BOB: I can see that you have.

PETER: Mother said we might come.

TINY TIM: And Peter carried me over the icy places.

BOB Did he?

PETER: As best I could.

BOB: Well that was very nice of him.

SALLY: May we go now Father!

BOB: Go? Are we going somewhere?

SALLY: Father!

NANCY: To look in the shop windows Father.

TINY TIM: You couldn’t have forgotten.

BOB: Of course I haven’t forgotten.

BELINDA: And mother says please bring her an onion for the gravy.

BOB: Well then my faithful followers, let us be off to find and capture one onion which we will carry back to the fair queen of our castle.

**Grace, Charity, Hope, Peter, Nancy, Sally, Belinda, & Tiny Tim**

GRACE:Well, I have never seen the like of that man.

*(The Cratchit children all enter laughing and having fun)*

CHARITY: Well hello, if it isn’t the Cratchit children. And what are you all doing here?

PETER: We have come to meet our father.

CHARITY: Your father?

NANCY: Yes, he promised to take us past the shop windows.

SALLY: To see all the lovely things in them.

TINY TIM: And all the candles glowing in them, and shining out onto the snow.

BELINDA: Father takes us to look into the shops every Christmas eve.

NANCY: He always knows where to find the shops with the nicest windows, and the prettiest things on display.

TINY TIM: He hunts them out specially for us.

GRACE: That is very nice of him.

BELINDA: We can never wait for him to get home, so this year Mother said we might come and meet him as soon as he finished his work.

HOPE: And where does he work?

PETER: Just there. He works for Mr. Scrooge, he does.

HOPE: Bob Cratchit works for Mr. Scrooge?

CHARITY: *(aside to companion)* I understand now why such a hard working man should still be so poor.

GRACE: Yes, when one knows who is paying his salary—

TINY TIM: Excuse me, you’re quite mistaken. My father is not poor. He gave my mother a whole lot of money to buy our Christmas goose.

SALLY: Ever so much it was.

HOPE: Indeed.

NANCY: He had been saving it up for such a long time.

PETER: My mother was quite surprised when he gave her so much.

SALLY: And we are to have the best goose she could find for Christmas dinner.

CHARITY: It must be a wonderful goose. Merry Christmas to you all.

BELINDA: Thank you. Merry Christmas to you too.

CHARITY: *(Speaking together as they exit the stage)* I can only imagine that any goose Bob Cratchit could afford must be quite small indeed.

GRACE: But his children don’t seem to know it.