

NODA PANTOMIMES

PRESENT

# A Christmas Carol

## The Panto

An original story of a bitter man restored by the spirit of  
Christmas

By

Rob Fearn & Leo Appleton

Adapted from the short story by Charles Dickens

Revised May 2018 ©



This script is published by

NODA LTD  
15 The Metro Centre  
Peterborough PE2 7UH  
Telephone: 01733 374790  
Fax: 01733 237286  
Email: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)  
[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk)

To whom all enquiries regarding purchase of further scripts and current royalty rates should be addressed.

#### CONDITIONS

1. A Licence, obtainable only from NODA Ltd, must be acquired for every public or private performance of a NODA script and the appropriate royalty paid : if extra performances are arranged after a Licence has already been issued, it is essential that NODA Ltd be informed immediately and the appropriate royalty paid, whereupon an amended Licence will be issued.
2. The availability of this script does not imply that it is automatically available for private or public performance, and NODA Ltd reserve the right to refuse to issue a Licence to Perform, for whatever reason. Therefore a Licence should always be obtained before any rehearsals start.
3. All NODA scripts are fully protected by copyright acts. Under no circumstances may they be reproduced by photocopying or any other means, either in whole or in part, without the written permission of the publishers
4. The Licence referred to above only relates to live performances of this script. A separate Licence is required for videotaping or sound recording of a NODA script, which will be issued on receipt of the appropriate fee.
5. NODA works must be played in accordance with the script and no alterations, additions or cuts should be made without the prior consent from NODA Ltd. This restriction does not apply to minor changes in dialogue, strictly local or topical gags and, where permitted in the script, musical and dancing numbers.
6. The name of the author shall be stated on all publicity, programmes etc. The programme credits shall state 'Script provided by NODA Ltd, Peterborough PE2 7UH'

NODA LIMITED is the trading arm of the NATIONAL OPERATIC & DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, a registered charity devoted to the encouragement of amateur theatre.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.  
[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)



Welcome to the second pantomime in our series.

The writing of A Christmas Carol – The Panto has been a lot of fun. We have both enjoyed the process and the story has certainly given us something to get our writing teeth into. With the addition of some supporting characters and a little liberty with the story itself Rob and I have been able to conjure up something that still contains all the ghostly elements of the original text whilst adding those parts necessary for it to succeed as a pantomime, with villains, heroes, good solid comedy characters and plenty of opportunity to shout out 'it's behind you' and boo or cheer in equal measure.

We have also added a little twist as well, imagining at least one of the characters as a puppet (hand held rod puppet) and think this story particularly lends itself to this kind of art (much like the West End musical Avenue Q).

Again, scenery and staging can be as minimalist or grand as you like but as it has potential for being a little grey would encourage making all the costumes as bright as possible to offset this. As always we understand that not everything we suggest will be possible and therefore would encourage groups to adjust elements as they see fit.

We hope you all enjoy it, at least half as much as we did in producing it.

Rob & Leo

## CHARACTERS

**Narrator (M or F)** This person moves the plot along and acts with Rapsallion and the ghosts Jacob Marley and Sid Spectre. Can be either male or female but requires good comedy timing.

**Rapsallion (M, F or puppet)** This can be a young person, male or female or indeed a puppet and is the 'cheeky chappie'. (*If not a puppet then some lines will need to be amended*). Enjoys banter with all the comedy parts and Scrooge. Should be a character the children will engage with. Whoever plays this part must be confident in their lines with potential for ad libs and audience participation. This part is particularly effective with what is called a rod arm puppet.

**Ebenezer Scrooge (M)** The miserly owner of a London counting-house, a nineteenth century term for an accountant's office. The three spirits of Christmas visit the stodgy bean-counter in hopes of reversing Scrooge's greedy, cold-hearted approach to life. This is quite a demanding role and they must be able to act and put a song across.

**Bob Cratchit (M)** Scrooge's clerk. A kind, mild, and very poor man with a large family. Though treated harshly by his boss, Cratchit remains a humble and dedicated employee. Not a big part but is central to the plot and must be played convincingly as with all the Cratchits. Must be able to sing.

**Tiny Tim (M or F)** Bob Cratchit's young son, crippled from birth. Tiny Tim is a highly sentimentalized character who Dickens uses to highlight the tribulations of England's poor and to elicit sympathy from his middle and upper class readership. Can be played either by a young boy or girl and must be able to sing and although not a big part there is plenty of opportunity to extract sympathy from the audience and even one or two laughs.

**Jacob Marley (M)** In the living world, Ebenezer Scrooge's equally greedy partner. Marley died seven years before the narrative opens. He appears to Scrooge as a ghost condemned to wander the world bound in heavy chains. Marley hopes to save his old partner from suffering a similar fate. Part of the comedy duo in the show and is the foil for Sid Spectre's jokes. Appears throughout the show and must be able to sing and move.

**Sid Spectre (M)** Jacob Marley's ghostly comrade who is helping him make amends for his earthly deeds so that Jacob can rid himself of the chains that bind him. A bit officious and a little bossy but is a joker and has some funny lines. He is always on with Jacob. Again must be able to sing and move.

**The Ghost of Christmas Past (M or F or younger teen).** The first spirit to visit Scrooge. A curiously childlike apparition. He takes Scrooge on a tour of Christmases in his past. Although a serious part has some funny lines. This part can be male or

female as it is not clear in the book what sex the ghost is and is often portrayed as a more feminine ghost.

**The Ghost of Christmas Present (M or F).** The second spirit to visit Scrooge, supposedly a majestic giant clad in a green robe. His / her lifespan is restricted to Christmas Day. He / she escorts Scrooge on a tour of his contemporaries' Holiday celebrations. This is a larger than life person – quite jolly – in fact almost a 'green' Father / Mother Christmas.

**The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come (Ol' Misery Guts) (M).** The third and final spirit to visit Scrooge. A phantom, clad in a hooded black robe. He presents Scrooge with an ominous view of his lonely death. This is also the 'behind you' gag as well. Although a serious character by nature it is also a comedy character to save traumatising too many children. He is a bit of a 'lovey' as they say, sliding in and out of his two personas.

**Fred (M).** Scrooge's nephew. A genial man who loves Christmas. He invites Scrooge to his Christmas party each and every year, only to be refused by his grumpy Uncle. A fairly straight character who should be able to sing and move.

**Clara (F).** Fred's wife. A small female role seen with Fred at the Christmas party and should be able to sing and move.

**Annie (F)** Clara's sister. A small female role seen at Fred's party. Should be able to sing and move.

**Topper (M)** Fred's friend. A small male role present at Fred's Christmas party and is the slight 'love' interest for Annie. Should be able to sing and move.

**Fezziwig (M)** The jovial merchant with whom the young Scrooge is apprenticed. Fezziwig was renowned for his wonderful Christmas parties. Although a small part has a lovely little scene with his wife. Bouncy character and should be able to sing and dance.

**Mrs Fezziwig (F).** Fezziwig's wife. Small female role with some comic lines. Must be able to move and sing.

**Belle (F).** A beautiful woman / young lady who Scrooge loved deeply when he was a young man. Belle broke off their engagement after Scrooge became consumed with greed and the lust for wealth. She later married another man. A younger female who can act and sing, but should also be able to dance as well.

**Mrs. Cratchit (F).** Bob's wife, a kind and loving woman. A fairly straight part and must be able to sing and move.

**Peter Cratchit (M).** Bob's oldest son, who inherits his father's stiff-collared shirt for Christmas. A small male role suitable for a young teenager. Should be able to sing and move.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Martha Cratchit (F).** Bob's oldest daughter, who works in a milliner's shop. A part for an older teenager / young woman. Must be convincing as all the 'Cratchit' parts are very earnest. Should be able to sing and move.

**Belinda (young F).** A younger Cratchit daughter. A small role for a young girl to play. Must be able to sing and move.

**Scrooge as a boy (M or F).** We meet the young boy Ebenezer Scrooge at school during one of the 'spirits' visits. A lonely child even then longing for the love of his distant father. A young M or F will suffice for this part as it is none speaking and is seen only briefly.

**Scrooge as a young teenager (M).** We meet this version of Scrooge later in the spirits visit where he is again expecting to spend the holidays by himself. Fan his sister turns up to take him home. A young male who again must portray a convincing character. They can also portray Scrooge (as an older teenager) working at Fezziwig's and therefore will have a touching scene with Belle also.

**Fan (F).** Scrooge's sister; Fred's mother. In Scrooge's vision of Christmases past, he remembers Fan picking him up from school and walking him home. A small female role who appears briefly and has a small touching scene with young teenage Scrooge.

**The Portly Gentlemen (or just gentlemen!) (M and /or F).** Three gentlemen / women who visit Scrooge at the beginning of the tale seeking charitable contributions. Scrooge promptly throws them out of his office. Can be a mixture of male and female if necessary and are fairly comedic giving Scrooge plenty of chance to 'bah humbug' around the place.

**Undertaker (M).** Accompanies the two ladies to visit Old Joe to trade in his ill-gotten gains. It is a male part and can be played by a member of the chorus if necessary. Part of the comedy scene and joins in the singing and dancing so should be able to hold a tune and move.

**Mrs Huggins (F).** Scrooge's put upon housekeeper. This is a nice little character part and is also in one of the comedy scenes. Must be able to sing and move.

**Mrs Dilber (F).** A washerwoman with an eye for a bargain. As with Mrs Huggins it is a nice little character / comedy role and must be able to sing and move.

**Old Joe (M).** The old rag seller with an eye for profit! A small male character / comedy part. Must be able to act, sing and move.

**Man 1, 2, and 3 (all Male).** They used to know Scrooge when he was 'alive'. Small male roles and can be interspersed with other roles in the show.

**Young Boy (young M or F).** Meets Scrooge at his redemption and is a bit of cheeky chappie. A role suitable for a young male or suitably made up female. Should be perky and be able to deliver lines

**Dick (M).** Young Ebenezer's friend at Fezziwigs. Male non speaking role

**Young Maid (F).** Works for Fred. Small female role. Suitable for a young female and fits with any number of other roles in the show.

**Butcher (M).** Male walk on part suitable for chorus member

## **PROPS**

The list below is what we would call the ideal prop list. However, not all of them are necessary and if you can do it simpler, so much the better!

### **Act 1**

#### **Scene 1 – Full stage / Scrooges office**

Two desks and quills, fake candles, paper, pennies, fire or stove, coal / bucket, poles and lamps for carol singers, collecting box, old fashioned horn with big red X

#### **Scene 2 – Bob Cratchit's House**

Large bone (fake) x two, soup pan, table and some chairs or bench. Stool for Tiny Tim.

#### **Scene 3 – Scrooge's House**

Door with door knocker (*can be a door frame with door painted on some stretchy material in the frame with a split down the centre in order that a face can be poked through the split and then retracted or a door with a flap that opens and closes*).

Winged back armchair, fire effect / fire

#### **Scene 4 – Front Tabs**

Personal props only

#### **Scene 5 – Scrooges Bedroom / School / Fezziwigs**

Bed Façade with Curtains, Ball, Desk x 2, Chairs, Ledgers, Quills, Tumbleweed

#### **Scene 6 – Front tabs**

Personal props only

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

### **Scene 7 – Scrooge’s bedroom / Cratchit’s house / Fred’s house**

Bed façade, flashing blue light, big teddy, table, chairs / bench, tumblers / cups / tin cups, chairs and settee or chaise lounge for Fred’s sitting room, card table and chairs – Fred’s sitting room, playing cards, glasses for toast.

## **ACT 2**

### **Scene 1 – Full stage**

Personal props only

### **Scene 2 – Scrooges bedroom / Rag seller**

Bed façade, stools / chairs, bags of rags to decorate the stage.

### **Scene 3 – Front tabs**

Boxes of tissues

### **Scene 4 – Grave scene**

Chair and crutch, Grave stone – EBENEZER SCROOGE with weeds at the base

### **Scene 5 – Scrooges bedroom**

Bed façade, fake turkey.

### **Scene 6 – Cratchit’s House**

Table, chairs / bench, fake turkey, note

### **Scene 7 – Fred’s drawing room**

Personal props only

### **Scene 8 – Scrooges office**

Desks x two, ruler

### **Scene 9 – Song Sheet – Front Tabs**

Sheet with words on – optional

### **Scene 10 – Finale – full stage**

Personal props only

## **PERSONAL PROPS**

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Narrator**

Foggy glasses, hanky

**Scrooge**

Night cap / gown, watch, cane, big colourful hanky, flying goggles, white scarf, old coins.

**Bob Cratchit**

Pennies, hat, scarf – long

**Tiny Tim**

Crutch – wooden

**Martha**

Soup bone – fake

**Jacob Marley**

Chains

**Sid Spectre**

Note book / union rules, chains, joke mobile phone

**Rapscallion**

Plastic fish x two, fake big ears

**Ghost of Christmas past**

Note, hand gel

**Belle**

Ring

**Ghost of Christmas present.**

Sandwich or pie (can be fake), flying goggles, white scarf

**Ol' Misery Guts (Ghost of Christmas yet to come).**

Skeletal hand and arm, toy mobile phone

**Old Joe**

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

Note book and pencil for writing down his tally, old coins

**Mrs Dilber.**

Bundle of clothes / bric a brac – the more comedic the better.

**Undertaker**

Small bundle of jewellery

**Mrs Huggins**

Bundle of curtains from Scrooge's bed (or same material).

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

*(Opening is a street scene, full stage and an opportunity for opening song. Scrooge comes across the stage scattering everybody in a choreographed piece and exits. The narrator picks up the story as Scrooge's office is set in darkness. The light comes up on Narrator).*

**Narrator** Welcome everyone to foggy old London town. *(Rubs glasses and then sees everything more clearly)*. Oh, actually it's not as foggy as I thought, must have got some pea soup on my spectacles. *(Laughs at self)*. This is London of 1843, famous for its royalty, its fog, and its chirpy inhabitants.

**Rapscallion** *(Rapscallion appears shouting)*. Morning guv'nor, how's your trouble and strife and your dustbin lids *(to audience)* that'll be wife and kids to you lot.

*(Rapscallion ducks down).*

**Narrator** *(Forcing a smile at the over enthusiastic chappie)*. Yes, well at this time London is the centre of the world, it imports sugars and spice and all things nice from across the globe and exports poverty, rickets and malnutrition at the same rate. Now in olden times London used to be a magnet for thieving bankers, corrupt politicians, and quite barmy mayors, hard for you to imagine I know. But our story concerns just one of these men for they were always men, women were not allowed to be corrupt until they got the vote in 1928. But as I was saying we're here to see a certain Mr Ebenezer Scrooge *(light comes up on Scrooge at his desk)*, who lives and works here in the heart of the capital city of England.

**Rapscallion** *(Appears again and uses some more irreverent cockney rhyming slang)*. Mornin' guv'nor, me ol' treacle, are you mutton jeff.....

**Narrator** *(Irritated)*. Not now! You've done your bit. If you'd attended the rehearsals you'd know that.

*(Rapscallion looks sad and does everything to elicit ahhs from the audience as he slowly retreats behind wherever he came from. He will be a recurring theme throughout).*

**Narrator** Oh don't encourage him. So, back to the story. *(Brief, dismissive and irritated now. The lights come up on Scrooge's office)*. Here is Mr Scrooge sitting in his office counting his money. But wait, who is this arriving? *(Narrator exits)*.

*(Bob Cratchit bursts through Scrooge's door all flustered. Scrooge looks up in disdain and stops counting his cash).*

**Bob Cratchit**           *(Very apologetic).* Ah Mr Scrooge, I'm sorry I'm late b...

*(Scrooge interrupts him).*

**Scrooge**       Always excuses I hear Cratchit instead of the scratching of your quill. How would it be if I made excuses like, *(small whiny voice)* I'm sorry Cratchit but I've no money to pay you!

**Bob Cratchit**       Yes, quite right Mr Scrooge, I understand your point. It won't happen again. *(Gets to work).*

**Scrooge**       Good! See that it doesn't. With the holiday coming up it would be a shame if there were not enough to go round for little what's his name, erm, Tiny Tom!

**Bob Cratchit**       It's Tim sir.

**Scrooge**       *(Now losing patience).* Tim, Tom, Tosh. Get on with your work!

**Bob Cratchit**       *(Speaking to the audience).* Work, work, work! That's all he ever says to me. He is completely obsessed with money and making that extra penny wherever he can. Still, I shouldn't grumble. He pays me enough to keep a roof over my head. We've no walls to speak of but you should see the roof. No, I'm only joking. We don't have a roof! That's the trouble we are very poor *(ahhs from the audience, milk it!)* and Scrooge pays me weekly, very weakly. It's coming up to Christmas and I am hoping he will give me the day off. I've not had a day off since, ooh let me see, it must have been when Noah was a lad. That's what it feels like. *(Thinks whilst rubbing his hands together).* I must try getting a bit of warmth back into my hands before I write another number. *(Wraps his hands round the candle on his desk).* I wonder if I could sneak another piece of coal on the fire? *(Goes to stand up).*

**Scrooge**       Talking to yourself won't keep you warm Cratchit. And don't even think about any more coal on the fire. I can read your mind y'know.

**Bob Cratchit**       *(sitting back down at his bench).* Sorry Mr Scrooge. *(To audience).* If he could really read my mind I would now be sacked. Oh well, better get on with it or he'll never let me have any time off.

*(Bob starts his work rubbing his hands against the cold. Scrooge starts counting his money again).*

**Scrooge**       *(Kissing each coin as he counts them).* One, two, buckle my shoe, three, four, knock at the door. *(There is an actual knock at the door. Scrooge gets*

*distracted by the knocking and starts again*). One, two, buckle my shoe (*another knock at the door*). Who is that? How rude! Interrupting my blessed counting.

**Bob Cratchit**      Should I get that Mr Scrooge?

*(Bob gets up and opens the door. Carol singing starts immediately. The singers are on stage. Scrooge gets up and comes to the door and moving Bob out of the way addresses the singers).*

**Scrooge**      When you have quite finished with your strangled caterwauling! (*Indicating the charitable collectors*). What are you collecting for then, children's home, the Welsh whale and walrus watchers society or are you just lining your own pockets, you thieving scoundrels? (*Thinks to himself*). Mmm, not a bad idea actually. Note to self, new business venture.

**Charity 1**      Hello good sir and a very merry Christmas to you. Are you aware that you could save money by combining your gas and electricity into one single supplier?

**Scrooge**      (*Waves them away.*) Get out of here. (*Goes to close the door but a foot blocks it*).

**Charity 2**      (*To first collector*). You've got it wrong again haven't you? (*To Scrooge*) Please ignore him sir. We are sorry to disturb you but we are collecting money for a very good cause and wondered if you would care to make a donation?

**Scrooge**      Oh yes and what good cause is that?

**Charity 2** Well sir, you would probably expect it to be for the Welsh Whale and Walrus Watchers Society but you would be wrong as it is for (*to audience*) the Scottish Sheep and Shank Shearing Society.

**Scrooge**      Well, that's easy for you to say.

**Charity 3**      (*To Charity 2*) Move out of the way. Sir, we are collecting for the paupers of the parish and if you enjoyed the choir's singing then we would greatly appreciate your financial support.

**Scrooge**      I'll tell you what; if they sing it again I will give you exactly what your performance deserves. (*Laughs to himself and gets out an old fashioned car horn with a big red X on it*).

*(Carol singers begin a three part harmony which is obviously very good).*

**Scrooge**      (*Listens for a while appearing to appreciate the efforts being made until they finish when he 'parps' the horn*). What a load of out of tune rubbish. If the paupers are relying on your singing to lift them out of the gutter then I am afraid they

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

will be paupers next Christmas and the one after that. *(He slams the door shut and appears to reconsider. He then quickly re-opens the door and shouts after the carollers but they have gone).* But, I am interested in combining my gas and electricity supplier. Bahh, gone! *(Pauses).* What is gas and electricity anyway? Bahh, carol singers! This city is full of beggars and rascallions.

**Rascallion** *(Pops up from behind an object or window frame).* Hello guv'nor, fancy a Ruby?

**Scrooge** A what?

**Rascallion** Ruby Murray, curry!

**Scrooge** *(Threatening).* I'll give you curry my little friend!

**Rascallion** Ta guv! *(Rubbing his hands together).*

*(Scrooge makes to get his stick and Rascallion disappears).*

**Rascallion** Eeek!

**Scrooge** *(Returns to his counting desk).* Bahhhhhhhh! I'll get him next time. Now where was I? Oh yes, one, two buckle my shoe, three, four knock at the door. *(There is another knock at the door and Scrooge gets distracted by the knocking).* Cratchit!

*(Bob opens the door and Fred breezes in. He is very genial and rubs his hands as he is cold).*

**Fred** *(He shakes Bob's hand like a long lost friend).* Bob! How good to see you. Is my uncle here?

**Bob Cratchit** *(Returning his handshake).* Fred! What a pleasant surprise. Mr Scrooge is just through there.

*(Fred goes to see his uncle and looks into his office. Bob resumes his seat).*

**Scrooge** *(Barely lifting his head).* Oh it's you. Well come in and don't let the warmth out. *(He warms his hand around a candle to emphasise the point).* It costs money you know.

**Fred** *(Turning to Bob and getting a piece of coal out of the scuttle).* Bob it's freezing in here shall we put another piece of coal on the stove? *(Under the gaze of Scrooge, Fred, deliberately, puts a bit more coal on the fire then walks into Scrooges office).* That's better. Uncle! Seasons greeting to you. *(He puts out his hand which is ignored by Scrooge).*

**Scrooge** Baahh! Greetings, smreetings. You're very generous with other people's means. Are you always so heavy on your feet? These floor boards won't last forever you know with you walking like an elephant. In fact give me a penny for wear and tear.

**Fred** Oh Uncle you're so funny.

**Scrooge** I'm not joking. Give me a penny.

**Fred** Uncle, it is not fair to charge your guests for wear and tear when they come visiting you.

**Scrooge** Is it not? Well I didn't invite you did I. You turned up unannounced wearing out my door knocker and floor boards, using the coal I've paid for and you think these things should be free do you? Well, how would you like it if I came to your house and did the same?

**Fred** Uncle, we would like it very much, and that's why I am here, to invite you to be our guest for Christmas.

**Scrooge** Baahh! Christmas, shistmas. Humbug that's what I say to you. It's all a load of poppycock and money wasting. No, I shall stay at home; I have better things to do.

**Fred** Things to do on Christmas day uncle?

**Scrooge** Yes

**Fred** Like what?

**Scrooge** Counting.

**Fred** Counting what?

*(This now needs to be done rapid fire as per the ABBA song, Money Money, Money).*

**Scrooge** Money!

**Fred** Money?

**Scrooge** Money!

**Fred** Always? *(Laughs).*

**Scrooge** Sonny? *(Questioning Fred's response)*

**Rapscallion** *(Pops his head up from behind some furniture or in a window again to finish the song).* In a rich man's world.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*(Fred and Scrooge stare at the Rascalion and Bob gently pushes him back where he came from)*

**Fred** Uncle, the invitation remains open to you. Clara and I would love to see you.

**Scrooge** You can close the invitation, I won't be coming. *(Scrooge gets up and starts to usher Fred to the door).*

**Fred** *(Being pushed out).* Well, if you change your mind.

**Scrooge** *(Fred is still being ushered out by Scrooge).* I won't!

**Fred** *(As he leaves).* Bob, I hope you and your family stay well and uncle has remembered Christmas is supposed to be a holiday. *(Bob raises his eyebrows and shoulders behind Scrooges back).*

**Scrooge** *(As at last Fred is leaving it's as if Scrooge has changed his mind)* Oh, Fred!

**Fred** *(sounding hopeful)* Yes uncle?

**Scrooge** *(Scrooge holds out his hand) Penny! (Fred takes out a coin and places a penny in his mitt. Scrooge shoves him out and closes the door kissing the penny as he does so. He shuffles back to his counting desk and as he passes Bob he has his hand out).* I'll also have the same from you Cratchit. Coal doesn't grow on trees! *(Bob reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a purse and delves deep to find his penny. He turns his purse upside down for effect and shakes it).*

**Bob** But I don't have a penny Mr Scrooge.

**Scrooge** *(Scrooge gives Bob a penny).* Well Cratchit, here's today's pay for you and don't spend it all at once.

*(Bob takes the penny and puts it into his pocket. Scrooge holds out his hand waiting but says nothing. Bob reluctantly takes it back out and hands it back to pay for the coal).*

**Scrooge** I told you not to spend it all at once didn't I? You'll never make anything of yourself Cratchit with your frivolous ways. *(Laughs to himself).*

*(Opportunity for a song here).*

*(End of song, blackout).*

*(End of scene).*

## Scene 2

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*(Bob Cratchit's house. The scene is set in the blackout. This can be a separate cloth or just set in front of tabs. It is a sparsely furnished kitchen / dining room with just a table and some chairs. The lighting is meagre. All the children are there around the table doing school work. Mrs Cratchit is working at the stove boiling some bones / veg for tea. Bob enters, he is late getting in).*

**Mrs Cratchit** You're late home Bob. That Mr Scrooge he is so mean he works you to the bone! Which reminds me, it's your favourite tea. *(She pulls a bone out of the soup pan on the table).* I managed to get a soup bone from the butchers which should do us a couple of nights if we fill it out with some barley.

**Bob Cratchit** *(Being quite cheery and upbeat).* Ahhh soup. My favourite! What do you say Peter?

**Peter** I agree with mother. I think Mr Scrooge is a mean old man!

**Tiny Tim** Peter, we can't say that after all it's Mr Scrooge who keeps a roof over our head.

**Bob Cratchit** Tom's right!

**Tiny Tim** It's Tim, Daddy.

**Bob Cratchit** *(Almost dismissing Tiny Tim).* Yes, yes, Mr Scrooge may be a little grumpy sometimes but somewhere in there is a good heart!

**Rapscallion** *(He pops his head round onto the stage either through a door or window, or just his head round a flat).* You're 'avin a giraffe mate.

*(The whole family stop and stare at Rapscallion disapprovingly and he drops his head and melts away. The door opens and in comes Martha. The Cratchits' eldest daughter).*

**All** *(Reanimated).* Martha!

**Mrs Cratchit** We weren't expecting you until much later. I know you're very busy in the shop at this time of the year.

**Martha** It's been a wonderful day Mother, Father. All day long people have been coming in buying their Christmas hats and bonnets for church on Christmas day. And I have a surprise for you!

*(Everybody stops what they are doing and now look at Martha. They don't have too many surprises in this house).*

**All** *(Hardly containing themselves).* Oh Martha what is it?

**Martha** *(Taking it from under her coat)* It's a soup bone!

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**All** *(Slight pause as if they were expecting something else)* Hurrah! A soup bone!  
*(Moderately excited Mrs Cratchit and Bob hug their daughter).*

**Mrs Cratchit** This will be marvellous!

**Tiny Tim** Father, Christmas day is going to be so wonderful. I do hope Mr Scrooge allows you the time off so that we can all celebrate it as a family.

**Bob Cratchit** I am sure he will Ted. *(Tiny Tim rolls his eyes)*. Though I will probably have to make it up somehow over the coming weeks. But Christmas is always a great day in the Cratchit's house!

*(Song opportunity for some or all of the Cratchits where they may sing about the joys of Christmas).*

*(End song, blackout)*

*(End scene).*

### Scene 3

*(Front of tabs. This is the front of Scrooge's house. The stage is very dark and the only thing lit is the door. As the scene opens Scrooge is approaching the door. The ghost of Jacob Marley is seen as a door knocker or as a face peering at him. Scrooge reaches to open the door as Jacob wails at him).*

**Jacob Marley** OoooOOOOoooooh

**Scrooge** *(He returns the 'spook' not scared)*. OoooOOOOoooooh to you to! *(Jacob Marley is still there. Scrooge then coughs)*. Cough!

**Jacob Marley** *(The ghost is then frightened off)*. Aaaagh!!

**Scrooge** *(To audience)*. That's the last time I eat at Pickled Pete's Herring Shop! His fish must be off. I will speak with him in the morning.

*(Scrooge exits and the tabs open to reveal Scrooge's living space. It is almost full stage and should be quite grey. On stage should be an old fashioned wing back chair and a small side table. To one side should be his bed or facsimile. There can be other meagre furnishings and a mock fire. The lighting changes as Scrooge enters his living room. He changes into a night cap and dressing gown. Mrs Huggins enters in apron and mop cap).*

**Mrs Huggins** Mr Scrooge! I didn't hear you come in sir. Would you care for your supper now sir? *(She bobs)*.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Scrooge** Yes I would. But mind there is no fish! I've had one funny turn tonight and I don't wish for another.

**Mrs Huggins** Why sir, whatever can you mean?

**Scrooge** Oh never mind. Be off woman! *(She goes to bob as a curtsey and exit but comically stops as Scrooge speaks again)*. And bring me a glass of warm mead with my food. *(Mrs Huggins bobs again and goes off to fetch his supper)*. That should shift the foul humours that plague me so. *(He rubs his hands in front of the fire, real or imaginary and settles himself in his chair)*.

**Sid Spectre** *(His head just peeping on stage and speaking to someone off stage in a stage whisper)*. I can't see him he must have gone. *(Walks onto the stage. The chair masks Scrooge from their sight)*.

*(All the following lines still in stage whispers)*

**Jacob Marley** *(Peers onto stage)*. Look again, he must be there somewhere?

**Sid Spectre** No, he's gone I tell you. You missed your chance.

**Jacob Marley** *(Coming more onto stage and feeling braver but still acting timid)*. He fair gave me a fright y' know.

**Sid Spectre** How is that possible? You're the ghost not him!

**Jacob Marley** It's just when we were alive he was so horrible and mean and the things he got me doing. *(To the audience)*. Stealing lollies off babies *(elicit audience booing)*, pinching pies off window sills *(again boo)* and worst still swindling mothers out of their pennies *(big boooooo)*. Oh he was terrible!

**Sid Spectre** That's as maybe but you have to speak to him and warn him or do you want to wear your chain for the rest of eternity?

*(Sid and Jacob rattle their chains quietly and both emit scary but almost stage whisper OooooOOOooos)*.

**Jacob Marley** Do we have to do that every time we rattle them?

**Sid Spectre** Apparently we do. Union rules!

**Jacob Marley** Oh well, here goes.

**Jacob Marley / Sid Spectre** *(Sid and Jacob rattle their chains again, this time louder and Scrooge stirs and speaks from his chair)*. OooooooOOOOOOoooo

**Scrooge** *(Speaking out to the ether)*. Who's there?

**Jacob Marley** *(Scared)*. Aaaah! *(Jumps into the arms of Sid)*.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Scrooge** (Not quite sure). It's that fish again. I must be herring things! (A little look to the audience).

**Sid Spectre** (To Jacob). Get down! (Puts him down). He can't see us yet unless we want him to.

**Scrooge** (Again from his chair to the 'unseen'). If you are thieves and vagabonds you will not find anything to steal here! (He stays in his chair with his back to the ghosts).

**Jacob Marley** (Still a little nervous he coughs to clear his throat and speaks in a spooky voice). Sir, there is only one thief and vagabond in this room.

**Scrooge** (He gets up and looks round the room) And pray tell who is that? I can see only one person here and that is me.

**Jacob Marley** Exactly!

**Sid Spectre** Now!

**Jacob Marley / Sid Spectre** (Sid and Jacob rattle their chains loudly and with much gusto. Scrooge can now see them). ooooOOOOOOooooooo!

**Scrooge** (Scrooge drops to his knees in fright). Spirits, why do you haunt me so?

**Jacob Marley** (With a dramatic but spooky voice). Ebenezer Scrooge! (To Sid in a stage whisper). How am I doing?

**Sid Spectre** (In another stage whisper). Fine! Just as we rehearsed it remember.

**Jacob Marley** OK. (Starts again but coughs to clear his voice). Ebenezer Scrooge!

**Sid Spectre** You've said that! Get on with it!

**Jacob Marley** Sorry. (In a very spooky voice to Scrooge). In my life you knew me as your business partner Jacob Marley.

**Scrooge** So, who are you now?

**Jacob Marley** (Normal voice here). Why, still Jacob Marley of course.

**Scrooge** Oh good, I just wanted to clear that up. Carry on!

**Jacob Marley** (Being quite gentlemanly about it and in a normal voice). Oh thank you, that's jolly decent of you. Now, where was I? (Running quickly through his last line). Oh yes, "in my life you knew me as Jacob Marley ..." (Thinking). Right here

we go. *(Back to his ghostly voice very dramatic)*. You see these chains, these were forged during my time on earth.

**Sid Spectre** *(Interjecting)*. Tell him Jake!

*(Still very dramatic)*.

**Jacob Marley** For every sin another link was added to my chain. Do you see this Scrooge? *(Rattles the chain again)*. It was made by my own ill deeds and I am doomed to wander the earth rattling them. *(Stage whisper to the audience in normal voice)*. And basically making a bit of nuisance of myself really. *(Back to Scrooge)*. When I died seven years ago Scrooge your chains were already twice this length and you have continued to add to them since. I am here to warn you, you have a chance yet to escape my fate.

**Scrooge** And the chains?

**Jacob Marley** Especially the chains. *(Shakes the chains dramatically)*. OoooOOOOOooooo! *(Stage whisper to Sid. Scrooge has his hands over his eyes and is shaking in fright)*. Sid, what comes next? If I keep doing this I am afraid he will die of fright.

**Sid Spectre** It's OK he doesn't, I've seen the end.

**Scrooge** *(Still dramatically but looking up and getting a bit of courage)*. I am still not sure that you are not just part of my imagination. A crumb of indigestion! In fact I am beginning to think there is more of gravy than of the grave about you!

**Jacob Marley** *(Now a tremendous rattling of chains that drives the fear of God into Scrooge. He falls to his knees)*. OoooOOOOOooooo. *(To audience in a normal voice)*. Bisto. *(Back to Scrooge in scary voice)*. Why do you doubt me Scrooge? Do you not believe in me?

**Scrooge** I do, I do, I do! Oh spirit of my long dead partner tell me what I must do to avoid this dreadful fate?

**Jacob Marley** Tonight, you will be haunted by three spirits.

**Sid Spectre** *(He looks surprised and takes out his little Union Rule book starting to flick through it)*. Hang on! Three! I thought we said two. Have we even got three at this time of the year? They're all out doing there 'thing'. We'll be hard pushed to get three.

**Jacob Marley** *(In a stage whisper to Sid)*. Look! It has to be three or it won't work.

*(Scrooge looks up wondering what's going on)*.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Sid Spectre** Alright I have two, Christmas Past, he's a bit quiet but not bad. Then there's Christmas Present. He's a bit of fun that one always up for another slice of turkey and a party popper and that should have been all we needed. But I'm warning you if we need a third, it'll have to be *(slight pause)*, Ol' Misery Guts!

**Jacob Marley** Not Ol' Misery Guts?

**Sid Spectre** Yep Ol' Misery Guts!

**Jacob Marley** Oh well, Misery Guts it is then.

**Scrooge** I don't like the sound of this. I think I would rather not thanks.

**Jacob Marley** Look, you don't get it do you it's either the spirits or the chains, *(now ponderously weighing them in his hands)* spirits, chains, spirits, chains, mmmmmmm?

**Scrooge** *(Nods his head in acceptance)*. Well, if you put it like that.

**Jacob Marley** *(Carrying on)*. Then expect the first spirit tomorrow when the bells strike one.

**Scrooge** Look can't I have them all together and get it over with?

**Sid Spectre** Naw, can't do that it's against union rules. *(Takes out Union Rule book speaking quite officiously)*. All spirits must visit at the appointed times, specifically on consecutive nights when bells are tolling one. *(Snaps the book shut)*. Besides which we've still got to book Ol' Misery Guts.

**Scrooge** Oh yes I forgot. *(Like he has a nasty taste in his mouth)*. Ol' Misery Guts!

*(Opportunity for a song from Jacob and Sid)*.

*(As any music fades Jacob Marley speaks)*.

**Jacob Marley** Don't look for me anymore after this for you won't see me. *(To audience)*. But you lot will. *(Dramatically projecting voice)*. Just remember all I have said to you. *(Makes to exit and stops as Sid speaks)*.

**Sid Spectre** *(As if an echo)*. Said to you, said to you, said to you *(fading out)*.

**Jacob Marley** *(To Sid as they are about to leave the stage)*. Do you have to do that? You always spoil everything don't you? *(As they go off)*. I am going to speak with that union of yours. I'm not working with you again!

*(Both exit arguing)*.

*(Blackout, end of scene)*.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

#### Scene 4

*(Front of tabs. Narrator enters and speaks to audience).*

**Narrator** Poor Scrooge. But I suppose if he hadn't been so mean all his life this wouldn't have happened. But it's just what he deserves really. Though I must admit I don't like the sound of Ol' Misery Guts. He doesn't sound very nice. I wonder what he's like?

*(Enter RapsCALLION).*

**RapsCALLION** Cor blimey, if it's not me old mate the boiled potater.

**Narrator** Potater!

**RapsCALLION** Yeh! Potater, Narrator, geddit?

**Narrator** You'll geddit in a minnit! What do you want?

**RapsCALLION** Well I couldn't help but overhear.

*(Narrator interrupts).*

**Narrator** Big ears!

**RapsCALLION** *(Feeling his ears).* 'Ere you're very observant I have! As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted. I 'eard you talkin' about Ol' Misery Guts, well I've seen him wanderin' about pointin' at people, very strange like. 'E gives me the creeps 'e does!

**Narrator** *(To RapsCALLION).* You don't want him sneaking up on you do you. They say he is related to the Dementors, y'know, Harry Potter! *(To the audience).* Look boys and girls, if he starts creeping up on us we would need to know. You'd tell us wouldn't you? You'd recognise him dead easy, dead easy get it. He's tall and dressed in black and walks around like this.

*(Adopts the attitude of Ol' Misery Guts as he does this a large black ghostly figure appears on stage behind him with much smoke and menace about it. At this point the audience should now be shouting stuff like he is behind you etc. etc. Narrator and RapsCALLION ad lib with the audience, Oh no he isn't Oh yes he is).*

**RapsCALLION** *(Stops and looks over his shoulder at the figure)* 'Ere turnip.

**Narrator** I think you mean potater 'er I mean Narrator.

**RapsCALLION** I know what I mean. Don't look now but I think we have company.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Narrator** Yes we do. (*Indicating the audience*). All the lovely boys and girls out there.

**Rapscallion** No, I mean a tall menace all in black.

**Narrator** (*Peering into the audience*). What is Simon Cowell here? (*Or some such celebrity*).

**Rapscallion** No. (*Now in a stage whisper, stressing each word*). I mean Ol' Misery Guts.

**Narrator** What? Behind us? (*Looks over shoulder and spots the spirit*) Ruuuun!

**Rapscallion and Narrator** Aaaagh!

(*Rapscallion and Narrator exit*).

(*Blackout*).

(*End of scene*).

## Scene 5

(*The scene opens on Scrooge's bedroom, perhaps in front of second tabs. When this was performed the bed was viewed from end on so was quite short with curtains around the end. He is asleep across the bottom of his bed. It is dimly lit and Scrooge is lit by a spot. The Westminster chimes start and the clock strikes one and then a number of bells begin to strike. He wakes and covers his ears. There should be flashing lights and smoke etc. and the ghost appears. It is the Ghost of Christmas Past. Scrooge sees him*).

**Scrooge** (*With awe*). Spirit, are you the one I was told about?

**Ghost of Christmas Past** I don't know am I? I'm a spirit I'm not psychic!

**Scrooge** (*A little put out*). Well, you should know who you are.

**Ghost of Christmas Past** Yes I suppose I should. Let me see. (*Gets out a piece of paper*). Ah yes it is me. This was left for me by one Jacob Marley deceased. Well he would be, wouldn't he? Silly me! Now, (*as if reading note*) pick up Scrooge, show him his past. Right I think I can do that.

**Scrooge** So you're the (*horrified*) Ghost of Christmas Past (*back to normal*) then.

**Ghost of Christmas Past** I suppose you could describe me that way. Anyway we haven't got all night to discuss who I am you have things you need to see. Right, we're off this way. We're going to flyyyyyy! (*Pointing upwards*).

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Scrooge** (Scared) Spirit, don't forget I am mortal and if we fly then I am liable to fall.

**Ghost of Christmas Past** Just keep a tight hold and all will be well. *(They move in front of the curtains and make as if to fly).*

*(Curtains close on Scrooge's room and the Ghost and Scrooge fly through the use of smoke and lights. As they do they talk about the things they can see. Perhaps also some flying music in the background).*

**Scrooge** Look there, I know that road, I know that town, I know all of the trees and posts along this way and there are the boys I used to play with. *(They land and the lights and smoke stop and curtains open to reveal an open full stage. As they do some boys and people move across the stage in mime as if shouting and talking to each other. As they move Scrooge tries to talk to them).*

**Ghost of Christmas Past** They don't see you Scrooge. They are but shadows of things that have been.

*(Scrooge blows his nose with a big spotted hanky almost comic).*

**Ghost of Christmas Past** I see some of this strikes home with you eh! But lets not get too upset. *(To Audience)*. Y'know sometimes I just make myself laugh!

*(The lights dim and come up again. The scene has changed and there is a desk alone in the middle of the stage with a little boy sat there).*

**Ghost of Christmas Past** The school is not quite deserted. There is but one boy left by himself.

**Scrooge** Poor boy. Is there no one to love him?

*(The lights dim and come back up. Scene has changed again. The little boy is replaced by a teenager who sits on top of the desk casually reading a book. He then begins to pace up and down the room).*

**Scrooge** Look that's me again!

**Ghost of Christmas Past** I do believe you are getting the hang of this. Of course it is you!

**Scrooge** I remember this. Each year I was left alone in this miserable school to spend Christmas by myself and then, well watch something is going to happen.

*(At this Fan enters and runs straight up to young Scrooge flinging her arms round his neck).*

**Fan** Dear, dear brother I have come to bring you home.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Young Scrooge** Home?

**Fan** Yes home for ever. Father is much kinder than he used to be. I was talking with him one night and he spoke ever so gently to me and I was not afraid to ask him again if you might come home and he said yes you should and you are never to come back here. Oh this will be the best Christmas ever Ebenezer.

*(Again Scrooge gets his big hanky out to blow his nose and dab his eyes. During the next piece of dialogue the lights dim and the scene changes to old Old Fezziwigs. It should be a full stage with a desk for young Scrooge, some ledgers and perhaps some benches. The characters enter and freeze).*

**Ghost of Christmas Past** *(At Scrooges nose blowing)*. Seriously, do you have to keep doing that? *(Gets out spray hand gel and washes hands)*. Now, this might be a place you remember.

*(The lights come up on the tableau of Dick young Scrooge and Fezziwig).*

**Scrooge** Remember? Of course I remember I worked here when I was a young man.

*(They all come to life).*

**Fezziwig** Come on m'boys no more work today. *(Shouting loudly as he is excited)*. liits Christmas! *(Music is struck up, fiddler or piano or both playing some appropriate reel or shanty with a solid beat, even 'Merry Christmas' by Slade played as a jig. Fezziwig speaks over the music)*.

**Fezziwig** Dick, Ebenezer, put down those quills and clear the floor we're dancing tonight.

*(Dick starts moving furniture and clearing the stage. Ebenezer stays at his desk).*

**Young Scrooge** But Mr Fezziwig I still have three ledgers to complete! *(Music stops discordantly)*.

**Fezziwig** Can you hear young Mr Scrooge 'ere he still wants to keep working. You need to lighten up lad or your past is going to come back and haunt you.

*(All on stage stop and look at the audience in a knowing way. The sound of wind blows, and perhaps a piece of tumbleweed rolls across the stage. Then as one they start up again).*

**Young Scrooge** You know I don't believe in ghosts Mr Fezziwig. When I marry Belle this hard work will pay off and assure us of our happiness.

*(He reluctantly puts his quill down and clears away his desk / bench etc.).*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Fezziwig** Remember one thing Ebenezer, a woman will not always bring you happiness. *(Mrs Fezziwig has just appeared and he says the following almost simpering)*. Hello my sweet, darling, and most beautiful wife you look divine and your presence is a constant blessing to me. I was just telling young Mr Scrooge here of how marriage can change a man.

**Mrs Fezziwig** You're not wrong there my dearest. *(To young Scrooge a bit misty eyed)*. When I met my intended he was tall, dark and handsome and then I married him. *(Indicating Mr Fezziwig)*.

**Fezziwig** Always the kidder. *(Slight pause)*. My sweet!

**Mrs Fezziwig** *(To female chorus off stage)*. I know you're out there dying to come in and join the fun. Come on.

*(All the female chorus run on laughing and shouting and generally in the spirit of things. The music starts up again. The girls all look round looking for boys and they don't see any so they run off shouting)*.

**All Girls** *(Shout as one)*. Boys!! *(All run off excitedly and drag some boys onto the stage)*.

*(Opportunity for a lively song and dance. Old Scrooge gets quite animated and even joins in though he can't actually touch anybody he perhaps dances with Ghost of Christmas Past. As the dance comes to an end Fezziwig shouts 'Conga' and everybody Congas off with voices fading into the distance. This just leaves Belle and young Scrooge on the stage. He starts to do his work again)*.

**Young Scrooge** Belle, it's so wonderful to see you. Just let me finish these three ledgers, check on the balance sheets, draw up an inventory of all office supplies, draft a wastage check list, compose a list of topics for conversation with your good self and finally sharpen my quill for the next day's work and then we can join in the festivities.

**Belle** Ebenezer, you will never change will you? All work and no play.

**Young Scrooge** But I am working for our future my sweetheart, for our happiness together.

**Belle** Yes, but we will be too old to enjoy it once you have finished with all your ledgers and spread sheets and check lists. No Ebenezer, it is not what I hoped for. I came here today to release you from your promise to me. I hoped that you may be able to convince me that you would change but you won't and I can see that now.

**Young Scrooge** But Belle!

**Belle** No Ebenezer, I have made up my mind. I am releasing you from our engagement. *(She hands him the ring and sings).*

*(Song Belle)*

*(End of song exit).*

**Young Scrooge** *(He puts his head in his hands for few seconds and it looks like he may crying. He then composes himself and becomes sanguine and stoical and talks to himself).* Right, now come on Ebenezer you have work to do, must get the ledgers done. One needs to make sure not a penny is unaccounted for. *(Looking at the ledger).* Now, I think I can save a penny here if we water down the ink and sell this ring. *(Pauses and looks at the ring for some time then composes himself again).* Well, with the recent increase in the price of gold this should have appreciated somewhat.

*(Young Scrooge exits looking pleased with himself).*

**Scrooge** Smart boy.

**Ghost of Christmas Past** Smart? He's just lost the love of his life and all he can think about is watering down the ink to save a penny.

**Scrooge** Yes, well, Belle was, er, *(pause)*. I loved her dearly ghost, but she was too frivolous, too carefree. Hard work is what you need in this world if you are to be rich and happy.

**Ghost of Christmas Past** And *(stress)* are you happy Scrooge?

**Scrooge** *(Impatiently)*. Yes, of course I am you dopey ghost, I'm a wealthy man.

**Ghost of Christmas Past** Scrooge, in the future someone may well note that 'money can't buy you love' for now I fear you will be my toughest assignment yet.

*(They begin to exit).*

**Scrooge** What do you mean toughest assignment? You could learn a lot from me. Now, can I interest you in some life insurance?

**Ghost of Christmas Past** Life insurance? You do know I am already dead?

**Scrooge** Yes, but I think that will work in your favour as this will greatly reduce your payments.

*(Both Exit).*

*(Blackout).*

*(End scene).*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

## Scene 6

*(In front of tabs the Narrator enters).*

**Narrator** *(To Audience).* Well boys and girls, do you think Scrooge has learned his lesson?

*(Audience should respond).*

**Narrator** No, I don't think so either. He is so mean and rude, it is going to be difficult for him to change his ways. But this is Christmas, a magical time of year, so who knows what can happen. I need to sit down for a while and rest my feet.

*(Narrator sits on the edge of the stage or chair).*

*(RapsCALLION enters).*

**RapsCALLION** Plates of meat.

**Narrator** Not you again? I said feet not plates of meat.

**RapsCALLION** It's cock-en-ney rhyming slang guv'nor. Plates of meat, feet.

**Narrator** Cockney what?

**RapsCALLION** I thought you was from London?

**Narrator** Oh no my dear, er, *(having a closer look at RapsCALLION if he is a puppet)* boy, Home Counties.

**RapsCALLION** Oooh, that must be a bit like *(a posh place near home)*. Aren't we the posh one. Well, if you're gonna be understood in this manor you need some lessons.

**Narrator** How on earth would we do that?

**RapsCALLION** A song.

*(Sing 'The Rain in Spain' from My Fair Lady but as opposed to getting 'posher' he/she gets more cockney every time they sing it).*

**RapsCALLION** Thank you maestro. *(The band/ music starts playing)*. Now repeat after me.

*(This section is repeated as necessary).*

**RapsCALLION** ***The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain***

*(Narrator repeats, initially very 'posh' but gradually gets more cockney).*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Narrator**     *The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain*

*(This continues for as long as the music is required and until the Narrator eventually says it in a very cockney accent).*

**Rapscallion** *(In a posh accent).* By George I think she's / he's got it.

*(Rapscallion stays on and listens to the conversation as Jacob Marley and Sid Spectre enter).*

**Narrator**     *(Stands up).* How's it going lads?

**Sid Spectre** Not very well I'm afraid, the Ghost of Christmas Present has pulled out, got offered a part in a remake of 'One foot in the grave'.

**Narrator**     I don't believe it! What are you going to do? We need a replacement Ghost of Christmas Present.

**Jacob Marley**     Oh don't worry I have a plan. I'm more worried about Ol' Misery Guts doing the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come.

**Sid Spectre** Don't say anything. I think I can smell him? He must be close.

**Jacob Marley**     Sorry that was me.

*(Ol' Misery Guts enters quietly, remains at the back of the stage scowling).*

**Sid Spectre** What do you mean?

**Jacob Marley**     I *(spelled out secretly)* m-a-y h-a-v-e *(not spelled)* trumped.

**Narrator**     I just got a shiver right down my spine.

*(Sid Spectre, Rapscallion and the Narrator look at Jacob Marley).*

**Jacob Marley**     *(Affronted).* Well that's certainly nothing to do with me.

**Sid Spectre** Are you sure? I must admit, I just had the same thing, but it's worse when I walk over here. *(Walks closer to Ol' Misery Guts).* Yes, it's much worse over here.

**Narrator**     I think there is something behind us but I'm too scared to look.

**Jacob Marley**     I'm not looking.

**Narrator**     Rapscallion?

**Rapscallion** *(He is looking afraid).* What do ya want me old treacle?

**Narrator** Take a quick glance to the rear and kindly inform us of anything you observe there.

**Rapscallion** Sorry guv' saw your lips moving but didn't understand a word you said.

**Narrator** (*Frustrated*). Oh alright, take a butchers to the back and spill the beans.

**Rapscallion** You mean tell you what is creeping up on you from behind.

**Narrator** Yes.

**Rapscallion** No! (*Quick exit*).

**Jacob Marley** He was no use! Why get a puppet / boy to do a man's job! OK after three we will all turn round and look.

**Sid Spectre** OK, are you ready? One, two, (*Ol Misery Guts moves to the side and then to the front of the stage so as to be behind them when they have turned*) three. (*This can be re iterated as necessary*).

**All** (*Ad libbing with the audience*) Thank goodness etc. (*audience shout "he's behind you" probably more than once*). What do you mean he's behind us? (*Ad lib until they all see Ol' Misery Guts and then they run off screaming as they exit. Ol' Misery Guts turns to the audience shrugs his / her shoulders and also exits*).

(*Blackout*).

(*End scene*).

## Scene 7

(*The Ghost of Christmas present. Scrooges bedroom. The curtains open on Scrooge on his bed which is set to one side for the Ghost of Christmas Present's entrance. Other than the bed the stage can be empty. He can be posed in a comic position for effect, perhaps hugging a big teddy bear or something and maybe sucking his thumb. The sound of Doctor Who's Tardis is heard and the flashing blue light is seen on stage from the wings accompanied by smoke. The Ghost of Christmas Present enters. He / She has a pie in his / her hand or some sort of food. He / She waves off into the wings*).

**Ghost of Christmas Present** Thanks Doctor. (*To Audience. Scrooge is still asleep*). Hello, I'm the replacement Ghost of Christmas Present. To be honest I didn't think I was going to make it in time. I only got the message two seconds ago. Thank goodness for time travel. When Jacob Marley said present he didn't say which present and this was a little bit puzzling because as you know, today is yesterday's tomorrow as tomorrow's yesterday is today. Hope you got that. Confused? I was. So, This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

I got good old Doctor Who to work it out for me and give me a lift to Scrooge's present in his Tardis. (*Looking at Scrooge*). I know it's almost a shame to wake him. Still better had or the story ends here. (*Big wave of his hands a clock chimes the Westminster chimes and strikes one*).

**Ghost of Christmas Present** (*Over the sound of the chimes*). Scrooge! Wake up, wake up and know me better man!

**Scrooge** (*Sits up in alarm awoken from his slumbers*). What! Who! Where!

**Ghost of Christmas Present** (*Laughing. He / She is very like Fr/ Mother Christmas but in green or at least very sparkly*). Ho, Ho, Ho, I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

**Scrooge** And there I was thinking it was just a dream. Why do you hold the food in your hand?

**Ghost of Christmas Present** Well, I should have had a mound of the stuff to sit on when I arrived but I got a bit peckish flying around in the Tardis.

**Scrooge** Tardis?

**Ghost of Christmas Present** Sorry, that's another story. Anyway one thing led to another so I only have this left (*eats it*). That's better. Now we need to get on, we're not getting any younger, especially me!

**Scrooge** Well spirit, take me where you will. I was compelled to go forth last night and learned many things. I hope tonight won't be wasted upon me.

**Ghost of Christmas Present** As you know yesterday's the past, and tomorrow's the future, but today is a gift. That's why it's called the present. Touch my robe.

(*As Scrooge does this the curtains close behind them and the lights and smoke begin again as if flying. Scrooge and the Ghost don flying goggles and white scarves and the Dambusters theme strikes up*).

(*As the music dies down they talk as if coming into land*).

**Scrooge** Where are you taking me spirit? I don't recognise this place?

**Ghost of Christmas Present** Well, you should. This is the house of your poor, put upon clerk, Bob Cratchit and his family.

(*At this the curtains open onto the familiar Cratchit kitchen scene and the stage is busy with children running round and Mrs Cratchit and Peter hard at work at the table*).

**Mrs Cratchit** Right children, your father will be home soon and we need to make sure that all is ready for him.

*(Belinda enters).*

**Belinda** Mother, mother, I have just passed the bakery and I am sure I could smell our Goose cooking. It smelt so delicious.

**Peter** Could you smell the sage and onions as well and *(goes off into a world of his own naming his favourite foods)* oh, sausages and pies and stuffing and jellies and roasted potatoes and parsnips and ..... *(he gets interrupted by Mrs Cratchit).*

**Mrs Cratchit** Peter! You're doing it again.

**Peter** Doing what? Thinking about food? Sorry mother, I just can't help it.

*(Potential song break for those on stage).*

*(As the song ends Martha enters)*

**All** Martha!!

**Mrs Cratchit** You managed to get away early then!

**Martha** We worked very late last night and then this morning we just had to tidy everything away but at least I'm home.

**Mrs Cratchit** You are. *(She hugs her).*

**Peter** Quickly Martha hide. Father will be home soon and he won't be expecting you so you can give him a nice surprise.

*(Belinda and Peter jostle Martha into a hiding place as Bob Cratchit comes in followed by Tiny Tim with his wooden crutch. Bob Cratchit has on a jacket and long scarf and a battered topper. Tiny Tim is wearing patched threadbare clothes. As Bob comes through the door he is beaming obviously in good spirits. He takes off his hat and unwinds his scarf all the time looking round the room. Tim goes to his stool by the fireplace).*

**Bob Cratchit** What! No Martha? Oh dear, I was hoping she would be home by now.

**Mrs Cratchit** She's not coming.

*(Everyone looks sad playing along. Belinda can laugh a bit behind her hand).*

**Bob Cratchit** Not coming? *(Looking down in the mouth).* On Christmas Day of all days!

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Martha**      *(She comes out of her hiding place and surprises him).* Father! Surprise!

**Bob Cratchit**      It is you! Christmas Day is complete. *(He hugs Martha).*

*(Tiny Tim is sat in the corner on his stool by the fire and he starts to speak).*

**Tiny Tim**      Mother *(Gives a pathetic little cough.)* Shall we go and fetch the goose it must be ready by now and what about your plum pudding?

*(Mrs Cratchit gives the audience a long look at this point waiting for the joke to fall).*

**Mrs Cratchit** *(Resumes conversation).* Of course, what am I thinking let's get on with our feast.

*(Lights go down and spot picks up the Ghost and Scrooge who are stood to the side of the scene).*

**Scrooge**      Spirit, they have all the trappings of Christmas but I know theirs is a meagre feast.

**Ghost of Christmas Present**      But a feast to them nevertheless. They have scrimped and saved for that meal all year and when they had finished the only thing left was the smallest of bones.

*(The lights come back up on the stage and the Cratchits are all stood round the fire everything has been cleared away and they all have tumblers in the hands for a toast).*

**Bob Cratchit**      A Merry Christmas to us all my dears. God bless us!

**All**      *(The family echo it).* God bless us.

*(Then Tiny Tim speaks).*

**Tiny Tim**      God Bless us every one!

**Bob Cratchit**      Well said er er, Tim? *(He looks at Tiny Tim).*

**Tiny Tim**      *(Confirmation).* Yes Father.

**Bob Cratchit**      *(Relieved)* Good! I would like to propose a toast. To the founder of our feast I give you, Mr Scrooge!

**Scrooge**      What!

**Ghost of Christmas Present**      Surprised Scrooge? You shouldn't be.

**Mrs Cratchit** *(Cross).* The founder of our feast indeed. I wish I had him here. I'd founder his feast for him. I would and no mistake!

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Bob Cratchit** My dear, think of the children. It's Christmas Day!

**Mrs Cratchit** Well, I'll drink his health for your sake and the days but not for his. *(She raises her glass)*. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy I've no doubt.

**Bob Cratchit** Come my dear, a Christmas carol *(Song)* to brighten our mood.

**Belinda** Father what a wonderful idea. What about *(gives the name of the song / carol to be sung)*.

**Bob Cratchit** Splendid choice. *(He kisses her on the head and starts the singing and everyone else joins in)*.

*(They all sing a Christmas carol or Christmas song around the fireplace)*.

*(As the song ends Scrooge has been watching Tiny Tim and he speaks)*.

**Scrooge** Tell me spirit will Tiny Tim live?

**Ghost of Christmas Present** Well Scrooge, if the future remains unaltered I see an empty seat in the corner by the chimney and a crutch without an owner.

**Scrooge** But what has this to do with me?

**Ghost of Christmas Present** *(Emphasis)*. You Scrooge? *(Again)* You Scrooge? It has everything to do with you. Have you learned nothing yet? Come with me!

*(The lights go down and in the darkness the scene changes again. This time it is Fred's living room. There is a settee and / or a number of hardback chairs and a table with some drinks. He and his wife Clara are entertaining and having a gay old time at Christmas. On stage is Topper, Clara's sister, Annie, and perhaps another couple of chorus members. Scrooge and the Ghost are set to one side and Scrooge again is getting quite animated. All present are engaged in singing and dancing to a modern Christmas song but set as an older song (perhaps Wham's Last Christmas as a waltz) or some such song. The song and dance comes to an end)*.

**Fred** *(Slightly out of breath but the following said with utter conviction)*. You can't beat the good old fashioned Christmas songs, the lyrics, the Christmas meaning, y'know they feel like they have been around forever! *(He laughs heartily)*. Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

*(Then all on stage get infected and they laugh at Fred laughing)*.

*(They carry on in mime as Scrooge and the Ghost talk)*.

**Scrooge** I've never known one with such a laugh like his. It can be quite irritating normally but *(begins to giggle a bit)* tonight it is quite infectious.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Ghost of Christmas Present**      Laughter is indeed good for the soul Ebenezer!

*(Fred picks up the conversation. Others on stage are playing cards or reading books etc.).*

**Fred** I saw him yesterday.

**All**      *(All look up at once).* Who?

**Fred** Why my blessed uncle that's who. Ebenezer Scrooge. I invited him for Christmas and y'know what he said *(imitating Scrooge)* Bah humbug. *(Now Fred again).* And he believed it to.

**Clara** Well, shame on him is all I can say.

**Fred** He is a comical old fellow there's no doubt and not half as pleasant as he might be but his offences carry their own punishment.

*(Scrooge interjects).*

**Scrooge**      That's a bit harsh.

**Ghost of Christmas Present**      But true I dare say.

*(Carrying on).*

**Topper**      I suppose he is very rich?

**Fred** What of it? His wealth is of no use to him. He won't even spend it on a bit more coal to keep him warm.

**Clara** Fred, you are bordering on being a saint. Personally, I have no time for him.

**Fred** I have. I'm sorry for him. I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. He is the one that suffers nobody else. He won't come to dine with us and he misses out on a great Christmas dinner. But ....

*(Fred goes quiet).*

**Topper**      But what? Go on man finish what you were saying!

**Fred** I was only going to say that with him not coming to visit he misses out on some great times which would do him no harm. All he does is sit in his mouldy office. I ask him every year to come to Christmas dinner. One year he'll come. Maybe, he might even give poor old Bob Cratchit something maybe five pounds or so, that would be something.

*(Scrooge is now wiping his eyes with his hanky obviously affected by what Fred is saying).*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Ghost of Christmas Present** If you are going to snivel every time someone says something, pull yerself together man!

*(Before Scrooge can reply Fred chips in with a suggestion for a game).*

**Fred** How about a game of 'Yes or No'?

**All** *(Everyone speaks at once).* Oh yes, this will be quite jolly / splendid / who's going first?

**Fred** That's me. I've got one. Right, don't forget you have to guess who I am from my yes or no answers.

*(Once again back to Scrooge and Ghost of Christmas Present and the others play in mime with people jumping up and down and getting very excited. Perhaps one of the girls can get up and stamp her foot in frustration but comes quickly back to the game taking part).*

**Scrooge** Ooh I don't know this game Spirit can we stay a while longer just to watch *(pointing)*. Yes, I think I know who it is. *(Imagines he hears the answer)*. No that's not right. *(Getting quite excited and moving amongst them, watching them)*. Fred, you are a very tricky customer. I would quite like to spend more time in your company. *(Realises what he has said and looks at the ghost)*.

**Ghost of Christmas Present** So, Christmas is still humbug then Scrooge?

**Scrooge** *(Almost distracted)*. Well, not all of it I must admit.

*(The conversation amongst the others starts again and Scrooge gets well and truly wrapped up in the game probably guessing as much as the others. He moves around them still unseen.)*

**Fred** I think we have established it's not a bear.

*(Annie is jumping up and down with her hand up like a school girl. Fred ignores her but she continues)*

**Annie** I know I know!!

**Fred** Or a donkey.

**Annie** I know, I know, I tell you.

**Fred** Or a tiger. *(Still pretending to ignore Annie)*.

**Annie** Oh come on!

**Fred** Or anything like that. Come on think Christmas.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Annie** It's easy!

**Fred** Clara do you know? *(She shakes her head)*. What about you Topper?

**Topper** Fred you have to let Annie answer or I am afraid there may be an accident.

**Fred** You don't mean ?

**Topper** No, I think she will strangle you! For goodness sake Annie who is it?

**Annie** No, I'm not going to tell you now after you have been so horrid to me. *(Being coy)*.

**Topper** *(He moves over to her)*. Sweet little Annie, please tell us?

**Annie** All right then. *(Turning to them all with a big smile of triumph)*. It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-ge!!

*(Scrooge looks shocked that he should be the target of the game)*.

**Fred** Annie's right! Well done! He has certainly given us plenty of merriment this evening so I give you a toast. *(They all pick up their glasses)*. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man wherever he is. He wouldn't take it from me but may he have it nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!

**All** *(They all raise their glasses as one)*. Uncle Scrooge!

*(Song / Dance)*.

*(End of song, blackout and they all exit including Scrooge and Ghost of Christmas Present. Scrooges bedroom is set in the blackout)*.

*(The bells start to strike twelve and Ol' Misery Guts walks onto the stage with doom laden music, pointing at Scrooges bed as the curtains close)*.

*(End of scene)*.

*(End Act 1)*.

## ACT 2

### Scene 1

*(Opening song with chorus on the full stage. Then as the Narrator takes over the tabs close behind him / her).*

**Narrator** Here we are back again in old London town. I have to say that I'm not very optimistic about our Mr Scrooge. The Ghost of Christmas Past has tried to show him the error of his ways. The Ghost of Christmas Present has tried to impress upon him that he simply must change. I was hoping that we could avoid the last ghost, he is a little bit scary, but perhaps that is just what Scrooge needs. Yes, you've guessed it Ol' Misery Guts will be the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come.

*(Sid Spectre and Jacob Marley enter front stage talking. The Narrator watches them).*

**Sid Spectre** I'm telling you it is.

**Jacob Marley** Isn't!

**Sid Spectre** Is.

**Jacob Marley** Isn't.

**Narrator** What are you two bickering about?

**Sid Spectre** I was just explaining to Marley here that *(stresses)* Bob Cratchit is the name of Scrooges employee.

**Jacob Marley** No, definitely not, I have a good memory for names and his name is definitely Joe Cratchit. *(Asks the audience)*. What do you think? Sorry, I can't hear you. *(Oh no it isn't, oh yes it is moment etc.)*.

**Sid Spectre** *(Irate)*. See, listen to the children they know. They're shouting it's Bob, Marley, its Bob, Marley

**Rapscallion** *(Singing the Bob Marley song)*.

**No women no cry, no women no cry.**

*(Jacob Marley, Sid Spectre and Rapscallion laugh at their joke)*.

**Narrator** It took some effort squeezing that joke in. Well done! Very funny *(pause)* just. Now, if we could be serious for a moment. I'm expecting Ol' Misery Guts soon.

**Jacob Marley** Oh no do we have to, he's just so, well, he's so old and miserable and he makes my stomach loop the loop.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Sid Spectre** I had no choice. You said you needed three Ghosts. Nobody else wanted to do it, so I'm afraid it's Ol' Misery Guts or nothing!

**Narrator** *(Walks around as he delivers these lines primarily to the audience).* Just let me explain to everyone what happens when Ol' Misery Guts arrives. At first you may notice a faint odour. *(Stands behind Jacob Marley and comedy burps over his shoulder or waves a kipper).* That means he is getting close. Then you get a shiver down your back like someone has just run a cold finger down your spine. *(Runs his finger down Sid's spine both Jacob Marley and Sid Spectre look petrified.)* And then finally you feel his cold fingers placed on your shoulder. *(Places a hand on Sid and Jacobs shoulders and they exit running).* Those two are such scaredy cats.

**Rapscallion** He don't scare me.

**Narrator** What? But I saw you hiding from him in the first act young Rapscallion.

**Rapscallion** Yeah, but during the interval we had a chat over a cup of Rosy Lee and a hobknob and he's lovely fella he is.

**Narrator** If he is so nice why is he called Ol' Misery Guts then?

**Rapscallion** Stage name!

**Narrator** Sorry?

**Rapscallion** Stage name init. Like Elton John, Lady Ga Ga, Snoop Dog. No Ol' Misery Guts real name is *(looks around to make sure no one is listening)*. Lesley Shufflebottom!

**Narrator** *(Repeats the name loudly).* Lesley Shufflebottom ha, ha ha!

**Rapscallion** Ssssh!

**Narrator** That's not in the least bit scary.

**Rapscallion** No it ain't, but don't you go using that name in front of him or he gets real mad.

**Narrator** I certainly will use it if he tries to scare me again.

**Rapscallion** Well, on your head be it. It's the only thing which makes him mad, so be warned! *(Old Misery Guts enters and stands behind them).* I was just thinking actually that he shouldn't be called the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come either.

**Narrator** Why not?

**Rapscallion** Well he's more like the Ghost of Christmas Past ain't he?

**Narrator** Why do you say that?

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Rapscallion** *(Slowly)*. Because like the past *(shouts)* he's behind you!

**Narrator** *(Looks over shoulder and spots him stood there looking very spooky)*. Ahhhhhh!

*(Narrator exits scared out of his wits. Rapscallion and Ol' Misery Guts or OMG laugh)*.

**OMG** *(Very well spoken and amenable)*. Nice one Rapscallion.

**Rapscallion** I told you we'd get 'em.

**OMG** And get them we did. Right I need to get into character now, I'm afraid I have work to do if we are going to get Scrooge to change his ways. *(Starts going through a range of voices to prepare himself, saying things like Scrooge, one two three and me me me etc)*. Which voice do you think works best?

**Rapscallion** I think the gravelly one with a bit of hoarseness and some evil cackling, would fit the bill, and maybe chuck in a bit of whispering at times to make it more sinister like.

**OMG** Ok we'll go for that one then. *(Puts on the spooky voice)*. I will see you all very, very, soon.

**Rapscallion** See ya later Lesley. *(Exits)*.

**OMG** *(His normal 'lovey' voice)*. By love!

*(OMG exits. Blackout)*.

*(End scene)*.

## Scene 2

*(Curtains open and we are back in Scrooge's bedroom. The curtains are drawn on Scrooge's bed. He is asleep and OMG has just appeared on stage looking very black and foreboding, his face is hidden. The music is tense and there should be plenty of light effects and smoke etc.)*.

**OMG** *(OMG reveals his face to the audience and starts talking to them)*. Here we are again! I know I was a last minute addition but one has to remain professional and so it is my task to at last redeem Ebenezer Scrooge. It may need extreme measures though. A spot of heavy breathing here and skeletal finger pointing there should do it though. Boo! *(He quickly raises his hand and out pops a skeleton's hand to surprise the audience. They should jump or at least be surprised. He reveals he is holding it*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*with his proper hand and laughs a ghostly laugh*). Sorry. A left over from Halloween. I couldn't resist it. Oh well better get on with it or Christmas will have been and gone.

*(There's a sound of wind blowing and eerie music and the bells ring again. Scrooge peeps through his curtains and sees the ghost).*

**Scrooge** Spirit, is that you? The Ghost of Christmas yet to Come?

**OMG** *(Heavy breathing is heard. He nods his head).*

**Scrooge** You are about to show me shadows of things that have not yet happened but may happen; could happen?

**OMG** *(Again he gives his head a slow nod and then turns his head to speak to the audience. Scrooge is frozen and he speaks in his lovely plummy accent).* As you can see the writers have not given me a lot of lines. I can't understand what I have done to deserve this, a ghost of my talents. I have worked with the best you know, Gielgud, Shakespeare, SpongeBob Square pants. I once played poor Yorik, until I lost my head that is. *(Laughs at own joke).* Work is work I suppose. Back to spooking!

*(OMG is fully covered with his hood and again he raises his skeletal hand to point. He turns to the audience and gives them a big wink and drops his hand)*

**Scrooge** Oh ghost of the future I fear you more than any other but I know you're here to do me good. Will you not speak to me?

**OMG** *(Again he raises his hand and points and he has an aside to the audience).* This is going better than I expected! *(Back into character).*

**Scrooge** If this must be the way it is, then lead on, lead on, the night is waning fast and time is precious to me. Lead on spirit!

*(The lights fade and Scrooges bed is removed from the stage and it is back to full stage for the crowded London Street scene. There is music and this can be another chorus number. Part way through the number the music either fades or stops and three men start having a discussion. OMG raises his skeletal hand and points at the men as Scrooge and OMG stand to one side observing).*

**Man 1** *(As if interrupting a conversation).* No, I didn't know much about him either. Except that he is now dead!

**Man 2** When did he die?

**Man 1** Last night I believe.

**Man 3** What was the matter with him? I thought Scrooge would be around forever.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Man 1** Do you know what he has done with all his money?

**Man 2** I'm fairly sure he's not given it to the Welsh Walrus and Whale Watchers society!

**Man 3** What about the Scottish Sheep and Shank Shearing Society?

**Man 1** No, no, he may have tried to take it with him but I know one thing, he's not left it to me. *(They all laugh at this).*

**Man 3** It will probably be a very mean funeral. Are you going?

**Man 2** Only if they feed me. I never go unless there is a good lunch afterwards.

**Man 1** I wouldn't count on it at this one.

**Man 2** Count me out then. I'm not fond of black anyway.

**Man 3** Me neither.

*(They disperse back into the chorus and the song, if there is one, starts up again and continues until finish. At the end of the song or dialogue the chorus should melt away leaving Scrooge and the ghost on stage still observing what is going on. The town scene disappears and the lights change. The rag seller Old Joe is lit on stage with his bags of rags. Waiting to see him is Mrs Huggins, an undertaker and another woman, Mrs Dilber. Old Joe is sitting on a chair looking through his goods. There are other seats set around him).*

**Old Joe** *(Waving them in).* Well come in, come in, don't let the warmth out or I'll have to charge for it.

*(They all enter with their own bundles of stuff to sell).*

**Mrs Dilber** 'Ere that's just what he used to say!

*(They all laugh. The undertaker though is slightly more refined and a little embarrassed to be in this company).*

**Old Joe** Fancy you three all meeting here at the same time it must be fate. Well sit yer down and let's see what you've got.

**Mrs Huggins** If it pleases you, Mrs Dilber 'ere should go first then the undertaker and then I'll show you what I've got.

**Old Joe** *(Old Joe responds to Mrs Huggins in a knowing way).* That's all very well but what have you got in your bundle?

**Mrs Huggins** *(A light touch of Old Joe's arm here).* Ooh Joe you are a one.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Undertaker** *(With a straight face)*. Can we get on? People are dying to see me! *(To audience)*. I'm sorry that's as good as it gets I'm afraid.

*(They all look at each other and then laugh!)*.

**Old Joe** That's good! The ice is broken. Mrs Dilber what have you got to show me?

**Mrs Dilber** *(Same joke)*. Ooh Joe ...!!

**Old Joe** *(Slightly irritated and wanting to get on with business)*. We've done that one! What's in the bag?

**Mrs Dilber** *(Reaching for her bundle apologetically)*. Sorry Joe. Got carried away.

**Undertaker** *(Decides he will go first)*. Enough! I will go first. It's only right and fitting and what a proper gentleman would do. Here! *(He thrusts a small bundle into Old Joe's lap)*.

*(Old Joe opens the bundle and mumbles to himself as if he is adding and subtracting figures to come up with a sum as he sifts through the items)*.

**Old Joe** There we are! Six bob! And I wouldn't give you another sixpence if I was to be boiled for not doing it! Next! *(He gives the undertaker the money who takes it ungraciously but stays to see what else is to be sold)*.

**Mrs Dilber** That'll be me Joe.

*(Again, Joe opens the bundle to appraise it. Various items can be in there. Items of clothing, maybe some comedy bloomers and even strange objects, a Rubik's cube or some such recognisable object. All odd manner of things can be there really)*.

**Old Joe** *(Giving Mrs Dilbur's cheek a little pinch and she coyly twitters)*. I always gives too much to me ladies. It's a weakness of mine and that's the way I ruin myself. *(He hands Mrs Dilbur some money and she starts to ask for some more and he puts his hand up as if to say no)*. That's your account. If you ask for another penny and make it an open question, I'd be sorry for being so generous and knock off half a crown!

**Mrs Huggins** Now, I'll undo my bundle Joe.

**Old Joe** I'd rather you kept it on. Now let me see what you got there. *(Looks at bundle)*. You don't mean you took down Scrooge's curtains, rings an' all while 'e was just lying there?

**Mrs Huggins** Yes I do and you can look until your eyes ache. There is not a break in them. Anyway, they would just go to waste leavin' 'em there so why shouldn't I take 'em?

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Old Joe** (*Appreciatively*). Ah, you were born to make a fortune. It's just as I say though, he frightened everybody away when he was alive for us to make a profit now he's dead!

*(Possible Song for the group).*

*(As the song ends the light fades on them and back to Scrooge and OMG who take centre stage).*

**Scrooge** (*On his knees in front of the spirit*). I see, I see spirit, the case of this unhappy person will be my own. My life is like that now but is there no one who would mourn me? Take me from this place spirit I can take no more.

*(The light fades to blackout as Scrooge follows OMG off stage).*

*(End scene).*

### Scene 3

*(Front of tabs. Sid Spectre and Jacob Marley enter talking).*

**Sid Spectre** Jacob, you know him best, what do you think?

**Jacob Marley** He is a stubborn fool who wouldn't spend a penny if he could avoid it! And then there's Tiny Tim. *(Sid Spectre gets out his mobile and starts talking on it while Jacob continues unaware)*. You know he is so poorly but Bob can't afford his treatment. *(To Sid)*. 'Ere, are you listenin to me?

**Sid Spectre** *(Carrying on ignoring Jacob. He is on his mobile phone)*. Yes, well I'm a little busy at the moment; we have a big job on, yes that's right, the Scrooge job, proving more difficult than I thought. What! You've got another heartless skin flint. Well, OK give me his name and I will get round to him as soon as this one is finished. Sorry, it's bad line, how are you spelling it. *(Spells out in letters the Prime Minister of the day)*. *(Back to Jacob)*. Sorry what were you saying Jacob?

**Jacob Marley** Oh forget it. How do you think we are doing?

**Sid Spectre** As a double act I think it's going pretty well. Not quite Morecambe and Wise but otherwise not bad. *(Or other well-known double act of the day)*. *(To audience)*. What do you think kids?

*(Audience react).*

**Sid Spectre** That Scrooge will never change and anyone who says he will has plainly got a screw loose.

*(Narrator enters).*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Jacob Marley** I'm sure Scrooge will change.

**Sid Spectre** *(To Narrator)*. It's confirmed then. Jacob's crackers. *(Both laugh)*.

*(Music starts)*

**Narrator** I do think Jacob is right though, we can't give up hope and with a team like us behind him surely we can bring about some kind of change in Mr Scrooge.

*(Song perhaps for the group)*.

*(End of song, dialogue continues)*.

**Sid Spectre** It's all well and good singing about what a great team we are, but the job's not finished yet.

**Narrator** No, but remember we have Ol' Misery Guts on the case. He can be quite resourceful and I heard he has something up his sleeve which would strike fear into the hardest of men.

**Sid Spectre** Oh yes? What's that then, the smell of his socks? *(Laughs at himself)*.

**Rapscallion** *(Appears and is out of sight either behind them or hidden in another way waving a kipper or produces a loud comic burp)*.

**Jacob Marley** Don't mock Sid, you never know when he is around and I think I am detecting that awful smell again which means he is close by.

**Narrator** *(Whispering)*. Come here both of you, I have something to tell you. Do you know what his real name is?

**Rapscal** *(Has dropped the kipper, interrupting)*. Alright, me old muckas?

**Narrator** Rapscallion I didn't notice you there.

**Rapscallion** You three wouldn't notice much would ya, all huddled together like that I could have come from Mars and you three wouldn't have noticed.

**Jacob Marley** Have you been to Mars then?

**Rapscallion** Nah don't be silly, no atmosphere. Just like Preston. *(Or a neighbouring town near you)*.

**Narrator** Ever the wit aren't you my little rapscally wag. I am aware that you have the ear of Ol' Misery Guts so can you possibly tell us what he has got planned for Scrooge?

**Rapscallion** I ain't got his ear or any other part of him for that matter.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Narrator** I meant that he trusts you and tells you things which he does not share with the rest of us.

**Rapscallion** Oh yeah. He does that and he's got a brilliant plan. Scrooge doesn't know what he's letting himself in for. When Les, I mean Ol Misery Guts told me I was scared to death. Oops, no offence Jacob.

**Jacob Marley** None taken.

**Narrator** So, what is it then, the plan?

**Rapscallion** Sorry, my lips is seals.

**Jacob Marley** I think you mean sealed young man.

**Rapscallion** No, I meant seals. My lips is seals on account of the fact that they seals me mouth shut.

**Narrator** What are you doing here anyway Rapscallion?

**Rapscallion** Well Les, er, I mean Ol Misery Guts asked me if I would hand out some tissues before he takes Scrooge on his final journey into the future.

**Sid Spectre** Tissues? What on earth does he want tissues handing out for?

**Rapscallion** I suppose I should tell you what's going on. Here, give us a hand with these will ya and I'll tell everyone what Ol Misery Guts has got planned. *(Hands some boxes of tissues to Jacob Marley, Sid Spectre and Narrator who will then distribute them to the audience with some added activities, e.g. sneezing on them, etc. etc. making it as fun as possible)*. Now, Ol Misery Guts is going to take Scrooge to a future where Tiny Tim is no longer with us *(ahhh)*. No, don't start crying yet, you'll set me off. It hasn't really happened, it's just what may happen if Scrooge continues being, well, continues being a scrooge.

*(As the tissues are handed out there may be some 'banter with the audience. The dialogue continues as they return to the stage).*

**Jacob Marley** Sid, we have done everything we can, it's down to Ol' Misery Guts now.

**Sid Spectre** *(Long pause as though he is thinking)*. Yep! Yer right. *('Winding up' Jacob Marley and Narrator as he walks off)*. Y'can tell him yerself if you want. He's behind you.

*(Jacob Marley and Narrator run off screaming).*

**Sid Spectre** *(Walks off laughing)*.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*(Blackout).*

*(End scene).*

#### **Scene 4**

*(The curtains open on full stage but it is empty except for a chair with a crutch leaning against it. A gravestone is also set with the name Ebenezer Scrooge but this is not yet lit. The lights are moody and there should be smoke for added atmosphere).*

**OMG** *(Beckons Scrooge forwards. A spot light comes up highlighting the empty chair and crutch leaning against it.)*

**Scrooge** What is this place ghost? *(Slowly realising)*. Oh no spirit, not Tiny Tim, not Bob's little boy, not because of me? *(Puts his head in his hands as if sobbing)*.

**OMG** *(Nods, then aside to audience)*. Oh put down your tissues. Actually, Tiny Tim is asleep in bed, but Scrooge need not know that. Now, if they'd just given me some lines I could have made this much more dramatic. I do charge more for speaking parts, usually by the word, but I think I'm worth it.

**Scrooge** I see now what I've done. How could I have let this happen? *(Again buries his head in his hands)*.

**OMG** *(To the audience)* Oh dear I do hope Tiny Tim doesn't get up. The whole effect will be spoiled. I hadn't expected him to get this upset. *(Now very dramatically)*. But I suppose with an actor of my abilities I should have known it was possible.

**Scrooge** *(Angry at OMG)* Speak to me spirit, torture me no more, tell me that this will not happen or I shall never open my eyes again and take no further part in your cruel game. *(He clamps his mouth and eyes shut)*.

**OMG** Oh dear, this is going to get a bit tricky, I have one more thing to show him and if he doesn't look then the whole thing will be ruined. Ok, this calls for drastic measures. *(Gets out a mobile phone and gets all 'lovie')*. Hello Sid darling. Look I have a bit of a problem here. Yes, I know what we agreed and yes I know I signed a contract but if I don't speak to him he is refusing to carry on. Ok, what was that word again? And you know it's ten pence a word don't you? Ok, bye for now. Yes, of course I can remember it! Don't worry I *(stressing the word)* am a professional. *(The light changes to highlight a grave stone, it has the name Ebenezer Scrooge on it)*.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*OMG taps Scrooge on the shoulder*). Look! (*Scrooge opens his eyes*). (*To the audience*). One measly word they've given me. I'm wondering who the real Scrooge is here!

**Scrooge** A grave stone? Is it Tiny Tim's? Please tell me it is not Tiny Tim's? I am not sure I can cope with much more?

**OMG** (*Points again to get Scrooge to look more closely*). Looook! (*To audience*). I want paying for that one as well.

**Scrooge** But, no flowers this can't be Tiny Tim's? He was cherished, he was loved.

**OMG** (*Getting frustrated and out of character*). Oh, for goodness sake look at the name, it's pretty clear, do I have to spell it out for you?

**Scrooge** Ebenezer Scrooge! It is my grave and not a flower in sight, over grown with weeds, uncared for (*forlorn*) unloved.

**OMG** (*To audience*) Finally! I don't know how he made so much money. He's pretty slow on the uptake. Anyway job done! I think I was pretty darn marvellous given the material I was working with. (*Gets a bit spooky*). I'll see you all later. (*Then in a cheery voice*). Bye!

(*Blackout, OMG exits*).

(*End scene*).

## Scene 5

(*It is still Christmas Day. The stage is reset with Scrooge's bed and chair with his clothes on. There can also be a window frame if necessary but if not can be mimed or the young lad can be off stage in the auditorium as performed in the original show. The lights should be full. As Scrooge begins his dialogue he pokes his head through the bed curtains*).

**Scrooge** Hallo, halloo, where's he gone? (*Starts checking his surroundings*). These are my bed curtains, they've not been torn down then. (*He addresses this next bit to the audience*). Is that it? Have all the spirits gone? (*Comes through the curtains and he starts dancing round the stage*). All those things that I have been shown I will make sure they don't happen, I know I will. Boys and girls, you know I feel as light as a feather, I do, almost like I could fly. (*Re thinks*). No! No more flying. I have done enough of that for a life time. (*Thinking again but touching things like he can't believe they are real*). Y'know, I don't know what to do? I am as happy as an angel, as merry as a school boy, as giddy as a kipper!

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*(Song perhaps from Scrooge during which he can dress on stage. If not he dresses in the following dialogue).*

*(End of song and Church bells ring out and the sound of singing 'Joy to the World' or some such Christmas carol can be heard. A boy walks across below his window (imaginary or otherwise). Scrooge calls out to him).*

**Scrooge** Hi you, my fine young chap!

**Boy** You talking to me?

**Scrooge** *(To the audience).* Spirited young fellow isn't he. *(Back to the Boy).* Yes you, what is today?

**Boy** Today is yesterday's tomorrow as tomorrow's yesterday is today.

**Scrooge** What? *(To audience).* I didn't get that the first time! *(Back to Boy).* No, what day is it?

**Boy** Why, it's Christmas day!

**Scrooge** It's Christmas day? *(Again to audience).* The spirits have done it all in one night, well of course they have, they can do anything they like. *(To Boy again).* Halloo you again! Are there still any big turkeys out there?

**Boy** I've seen this man working on the square wheel he says it's to stop his wagon rolling back down a hill and the chocolate tea pot, oh and the blancmange hammer, oh and .....

**Scrooge** Yes, yes. *(To audience).* An intelligent little thing isn't he. Remarkable boy. *(Back to Boy).* No, I mean the prize turkey at the butchers, do you know if it has been sold?

**Boy** What? The one as big as me?

**Scrooge** *(To audience).* Delightful fellow. It's a pleasure to talk to him *(Back to Boy).* Yes, the big one!

**Boy** Naw, it's still there.

**Scrooge** Is it? I want you to go and buy it!

**Boy** Of course you do! *(To audience).* There's always one on a Christmas morning. They see me walking down the road and shout 'get me this, buy that'. They must think I was born yesterday!

**Scrooge** I'm serious. *(To audience).* Well as serious as I can be on such a glorious day. *(Laughs to himself then back to Boy).* Bring me that turkey in five

minutes with the owner and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five and I will give you half a crown.

**Boy** *(Hand to his ear)*. What's that I hear talking? *(To the audience)*. Oh yeh, it's the sound of money! *(Boy runs off)*.

*(Scrooge finishes putting on his clothes to go out)*.

**Scrooge** I'll send it to Bob Cratchit. He'll not even know who's sent it. *(Chuckles to himself)*. It's almost as big as Tiny Tim.

*(Boy returns with the butcher who is carrying a very big turkey indeed)*.

**Boy** 'Ere Mister! We're back.

**Scrooge** Yes you are *(Almost double take)*. My, that is a whopper. Bob Cratchit will wonder what's coming. But you can't carry that all the way to Camden. Here, take this money and get a cab.

*(As the lights fade to blackout Scrooge is laughing to himself at the thought of the Cratchits receiving such a fabulous turkey at Christmas)*.

*(End scene)*.

## Scene 6

*(The Cratchit kitchen is set and as the lights come up all the children are there and Mrs Cratchit is busy at the kitchen table. There is a knock at the door which for the sake of the following dialogue should be off stage)*.

**Mrs Cratchit** *(Being very busy)*. Whoever can this be on Christmas Day?

**Tiny Tim** *(Feebly)*. It's alright mother let me get it. *(He starts to walk with his crutch to the door but is beaten to it by everyone else. He still continues slowly)*.

*(Everybody except Mrs Cratchit goes to the imaginary door off stage. Tiny Tim continues to walk slowly. There is a commotion at the door off and Bob Cratchit can be heard "Is this the right address / well there's a note / are you sure" The rest of the family start to take an interest)*.

**Bob Cratchit** *(He reappears backing on unable to take his eyes off whatever's in the wings. He waves his wife over)*. Mother, come here quickly!

**Mrs Cratchit** I'm busy Bob, get Peter. *(She continues her housework)*.

**Bob Cratchit** No, you are going to want to see this.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Mrs Cratchit** (*Walking towards the door drying her hands*). Alright, alright. (*She sees something off stage and staggers back almost in shock*). Is that for us?

**Bob Cratchit** It is my love, at least that's what the note says.

(*Tiny Tim is still making his way there slowly*).

**Mrs Cratchit** (*All the while looking off at the turkey*). It's the biggest bird I have ever seen in my life! I don't know whether to cook it, stuff it or live in it!

(*All the children, Bob Cratchit and Mrs Cratchit return with the big Turkey to the other side of the stage passing Tiny Tim who is still making his way to the door. As they pass him he stops gives a big comic sigh and he turns to make his way back. All the while the other Cratchits are very excited*).

**Peter** Father, who is it from?

**Bob Cratchit** I don't know. There is a small note in very spidery writing. It looks familiar, but it can't be?

(*Lights fade to black out*).

(*End scene*).

## Scene 7

(*The stage is reset for Fred's dining room as per the first half. The lights come up. Music is playing. Perhaps another modern Christmas classic turned into an old fashioned waltz or polka. Everybody sings it as they dance and they are having a gay old time. There is a knock at the door.*

**Maid** Yes sir?

**Scrooge** (*Scrooge enters*). My dear child, is your master at home. (*To audience*). Oh what a nice girl, indeed!

**Maid** Yes sir, he is just through in the dining room with the mistress. I'll show you in.

**Scrooge** Thank you most kindly, but he knows me. (*Scrooge hands her his hat and enters the dining room scene and stands there watching in the shadows. The music is playing and everybody does another little dance and then Clara spots Scrooge and gives a gasp of surprise*).

**Clara** Gasp!

**Fred** (*Fred turns at this*). Bless my soul who's that?

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*(Scrooge steps out of the shadow).*

**Scrooge** It is I, your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let an old fool in Fred?

*(At this all on stage run to shake his hand and hug him and there is lots of laughter and a bit of a commotion).*

*(The lights blackout and they all exit).*

*(End scene).*

## Scene 8

*(Scrooge's office is set as per the first act. Jacob Marley and Sid Spectre are in Scrooge's office perhaps sitting on the desk / table or at least looking very casual discussing Scrooge's redemption).*

**Sid Spectre** I've got to say some of that was a little unexpected. I've heard his chain is shrinking by the hour. In fact it's down to a little one you could hang round your neck.

**Jacob Marley** It seems we did our job then. And Ol' Misery Guts, he was worth every penny! I understand he's got himself another job from this.

**Sid Spectre** Oh yeh? Where's that then?

**Jacob Marley** Apparently someone else who is building himself quite a decent chain. A guy / girl called *(current rotter or Chancellor of the Exchequer)*, London *(or wherever)*.

**Sid Spectre** Best of luck with that one then. Beyond redemption I've heard.

*(Noise off).*

**Jacob Marley** 'Ello who's this then? Don't let him see us!

**Sid Spectre** Don't worry he can't.

*(Scrooge enters and sits at his desk. He can't see the ghosts but they are moving round watching him).*

**Scrooge** *(He looks at his watch, feigning grumpiness).* No Bob Cratchit? Mmmmm.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Sid Spectre** ‘Ere, I thought you said we’d done our job? It looks like ol’ Bobby boy is gonna be for it when he arrives.

*(Bob Cratchitt enters looking very furtive. He tries to sneak in without Scrooge seeing him stripping off his scarf and hat and sliding onto his stool. Scrooge spots him).*

**Scrooge** *(Being gruff)*. What do you mean coming in at this time of the day?

**Bob Cratchit** I’m very sorry Mr Scrooge. It’s only once a year sir. It won’t be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday.

**Scrooge** *(Still being gruff but almost unable to stop himself from laughing)*. I tell you Bob Cratchit, I am not going to stand for this kind of thing any longer *(pause)*, so I am going to raise your wages!

**Jacob Marley & Sid Spectre** *(Double take)*. What!

*(Bob Cratchit and Scrooge stop and look round like they had heard something and resume their conversation).*

**Bob Cratchit** Sir, can you just poke me with that ruler. *(Points to a ruler on Scrooges desk)*.

**Scrooge** Why?

**Bob Cratchit** Just to make sure I am not dreaming. Raise my wages?

**Scrooge** A Merry Christmas Bob. In fact I daresay a merrier one than I have given you for many a year. I’ll raise your wages and assist you with your struggling family, if you’ll let me. But before you dot another ‘i’ I want you to make up the fires and buy another coal scuttle.

*(Lights go down on the office and Scrooge and Bob Cratchit exit. Jacob Marley and Sid Spectre are lit by a spot).*

**Jacob Marley** *(Blows his nose on a big white hanky – he’s blubbing)*. I didn’t see that coming!

*(At this Jacob Marley’s own chains fall off and get dragged in to the wings. He is redeemed).*

**Sid Spectre** ‘Ere what’s happening I didn’t see that coming either it seems you have been forgiven as well.

**Jacob & Sid Spectre** Hurrah!

*(Light fade and Jacob Marley and Sid Spectre step forward and the tabs close behind them).*

*(End scene).*

## Scene 9

*(In front of tabs for the traditional song sheet).*

**Jacob Marley** Well, Scrooge was a tough nut to crack, but I should have known it wouldn't be easy. Even when we were young men he was stubborn, selfish and cruel. Why, I once found a little dog, one leg missing, a torn ear, flea ridden and filthy.

**Sid Spectre** *(To audience).* What was his name, Lucky?

**Jacob Marley** *(A little flustered and embarrassed at having picked such an obvious name, quickly tries to think of another less obvious name).* No, er, it was Flea Bag Hoppy One Ear actually. Yes, yes that was it, Flea Bag Hoppy One Ear. *(Frustrated)* Anyway that's not the point, I brought him to the office and Scrooge wouldn't let him stay, wouldn't even give him the scraps from his plate.

**Narrator** So, what happened to him then?

**Jacob Marley** He grew up into a ravenous, vicious beast.

**Sid Spectre** *(To audience).* But what about the dog? *(Laughs at his own joke).*

**Jacob Marley** Oh, I looked after him for a while until his nose fell off.

**Sid Spectre** *(To audience).* His nose dropped off? How did he smell?

*(Audience are encouraged to respond "awful").*

**Jacob Marley** Awful! You're all very funny aren't you? You will be pleased to hear that I took Flea Bag Hoppy One Ear to the Very Vocational Victorian Veterinary and Non-Vivisectionists clinic where he happily spent the rest of his days.

**Sid Spectre** *(Interrupting).* I don't mean to be rude Jacob but we have better things to do other than talk about Flappy Bean Bag Big Ears.

**Jacob Marley** *(Affronted).* It was Flea Bag Hoppy One Ear, not Flappy Bean Bag Big Ears.

**Sid Spectre** That's what I said, Sloppy Bin Bag No Tears.

*(Enter Rapsallion).*

**Rapsallion** He's not telling the old Floppy Tea Bag Two Beers story again is he? Next he will be singing that awful song.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Jacob Marley** For the last time it was Flea Bag Hoppy One Ear.

**Rapscallion** I wish it was the last time. Tell you what, let's do a deal, if the mums and dads and the children can say his name correctly then I promise you can sing the dog song, but if they get it wrong then you must never tell the story or sing the song (*deliberately*) ever again.

**Jacob Marley** Agreed! (*To audience*). Now remember children his name was Flea Bag Hoppy One Ear.

(*Sid Spectre, Rapscallion, Narrator try to confuse the children with other variations of the dog's name but to no avail*).

**Rapscallion** Ok, after three shout his name. One, two, three. (*The children get it right. They act forlorn as they are going to have to sing after all*). Oh dear, it looks like we have to let Jacob sing the song. Sorry everyone, you may want to put your fingers in your ears.

**Jacob Marley** They could always join in.

**Rapscallion** The children wouldn't want to sing a song, would you? (*The audience all shout they would*). Well maybe I was wrong. (*Reluctantly*). OK then let's get started, if we must.

(*Ad lib into song*).

(*Song sheet*).

(*End song. They all exit shouting their goodbyes, see you later etc.*).

(*End scene*).

## Scene 10

(*Narrator is in front of the curtains and is starting to 'narrate' the ending*).

**Narrator** Well boys and girls, Scrooge kept his word, in fact he did it all and more. And to Tiny Tim, who didn't die, he became a second father and as good an old man in the good old world. It was always said of him that he knew how to enjoy and celebrate Christmas.

(*Curtains open on a full stage and lights and the end song begins with Chorus and Cast and taking bows as directed. Finally, Scrooge enters and Tiny Tim runs to him and hugs him*).

(*Song*).

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

*(End of song and walk down. Everybody is now in the line up).*

**Narrator** *Our Christmas story is over, and I'm sure that you'll all agree, That Scrooge is no longer so Scrooge like, he's Scrooge, not a Scrooge now you see.*

**All** *(Shake their heads in confusion).*

**Bob Cratchit** *Now I have a generous pay rise, so we don't eat bone soup no more, The office is warm and cosy, and I'm not charged for coal or the floor.*

**Jacob Marley** *(Carrying a bone shaped parcel). I've got a surprise for you Cratchits,*

*(They all groan on seeing the bone).*

**Bob Cratchit** *Not a bone?*

**Mrs Cratchit** *Not a bone?*

**Tiny Tim** *Not a bone?*

**Jacob Marley** *Of course not, it's a toy for your puppy, Here Lucky they're taking you home. (Throws bone off stage to the sound of dog barking).*

**All** *Hurray.*

**Sid Spectre** *(Looks towards Jacob). Another satisfied customer,*

**Jacob Marley** *Yes Sid, you did your job well.*

**Sid Spectre** *Hang on what's that (sniffs the air), oh it's kippers (everyone holds their noses), (knowingly) Now who owns that terrible smell?*

*(OMG pushes his way through the cast and takes centre stage holding what appears to be a bill).*

**OMG** *Thank you for your kind appreciation. (Bows). My bill's here, as you can see. (Points to the charges on a sheet).*

**Sid Spectre** *And who should I make out the cheque to, Ol' Misery Guts?*

**All** *No, to Lesley.*

*(OMG looks embarrassed and moves to the back with some bluster).*

*(Rapscaillon dressed as a pearly king. If this part is not played by a puppet then these lines will need re writing).*

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made.

[www.noda.org.uk](http://www.noda.org.uk) E-mail: [info@noda.org.uk](mailto:info@noda.org.uk)

**Rapscallion** *Me old china's, I'll love ya and leave ya its back to the suitcase for me.*

**All** *Ahhhh!*

**Rapscallion** *They lock me away for the whole year.*

**All** *Ahhhh!*

**Rapscallion** *But what they don't know is I've got the key.*

*(Chorus hurray as he holds up a large key).*

**Scrooge** *I was mean, I was cruel, a tight fisted fool,  
And now that the ghosts have all gone  
It's Christmas, a time for good will to all men, so ...*

*(Tiny Tim gets hoisted high by Scrooge or cast to say his last line).*

**Tiny Tim** *God Bless us everyone!*

*(Final Song).*

*(Curtain).*

*(The end)*