A Christmas Carol
by Charles Dickens

Cast (12-20 players)
Scrooge, a stingy, old man
A group of singers
Two children
Fred, Scrooge's nephew
Crâchtit, Scrooge's clerk
A Gentleman
Márley, Scrooge's deceased partner
The Spirit of Christmas Past
Ebenézer, Scrooge in his youth
Fan, Scrooge's sister
Fézziwig, Scrooge's former boss
Belle, Young Ebenezer's girlfriend
The Spirit of Christmas Present
Mrs. Cratchit
Tiny Tim, Cratchit's crippled son
Cratchit's four children
The Spirit of Christmas Yet-To-Come
Two gentlemen, businessmen
Mártha, Cratchit's eldest daughter
A boy

Scene 1 - Scrooge's office, inside and out
Scene 2 - Scrooge's lodgings, bedroom
Scene 3 - The town where Scrooge grew up, a school, Fezziwig's office, Belle's house
Scene 4 - Golden St., London. Christmas 1844, The Cratchit's house
Scene 5 - A London street corner, The Cratchit's, Scrooge's tombstone in a cemetery
Scene 6 - Scrooge's bedroom and street, his office, Fred's house
**Scene 1**

Sound: *The church clock strikes three times.*

Place: Scrooge's office, out.

Chorus: *(Young voices). They sing a chorus of "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen."

Sound: *The door opens.*

Scrooge: *(Angry) Enough! Enough! Cut your singing! *(The singing stops). Get away! Don’t come here and sing anymore! Understand? No more singing!*

Boy 1: A Merry Christmas, sir.

Scrooge: Get away, I said.

Boy 2: No need to wish him a Merry Christmas. That’s old man Scrooge.

Music: *A contemporary Christmas melody.*

Narrator: Yes, that is Old Scrooge ... Ebenezer Scrooge. It is the afternoon before Christmas Day in the year of our Lord 1844. Despite the terribly cold weather, all of London is carried away with a cheerful, festive spirit. But neither of joy nor of happiness is there any trace on Scrooge's wrinkled face. He closes the door and goes through to his office. He looks severely at his clerk, Bob Cratchit. Satisfied that the poor man is working hard, Scrooge adjusts his glasses. Suddenly the door opens.

Fred: A Merry Christmas, Uncle. God keep you!

Scrooge: *(Impatient). Bah! Humbug! *[What foolishness is this?]*

Fred: *(Crossing to the desk): Christmas a Humbug? Surely, you don’t mean that, Uncle.*

Scrooge: *(With scorn). What is this Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry in your poverty?*

Fred: What right have you to be dismal in your wealth?
Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!

Fred: Don't be angry, Uncle.

Scrooge: What else can I be when I am left in such a world of fools. Christmas, Shmistmas! What does Christmas time mean to you, but a time when you must pay debts without having the money, a time when your age increases by a year, but your fortune by not a single penny. If I it were left to me, every idiot from whose mouth "Merry Christmas" is heard, would be boiled in his pudding and buried with a stake of holly planted in his heart. You celebrate Christmas in Your way and let me celebrate it in mine.

Fred: I've always thought of Christmas as a good time; a fine charitable, pleasant time, when men and women open their shut-up hearts freely. And, therefore, though Christmas has never put a scrap of silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good. So I say. God bless this festive season!

Cratchit: (Applauding). Well spoken, Mr. Fred.

Scrooge: (Turning to Cratchit). Let me hear another word from you and you'll celebrate Christmas by losing your job.

Fred: Don't be angry. I came here to invite you to celebrate Christmas with us.

Scrooge: No, it is impossible.

Fred: But we want nothing from you, Uncle. We only want you to be with us. (Pause) Won't you change your mind. Come to our house and let's dine together.

Scrooge: Good bye, Fred.

Fred: Merry Christmas!

Scrooge: Good bye.

Fred: And a Happy New Year!

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!
Cratchit: Uh, pardon me, Mr. Scrooge.

Scrooge: Well, what do you want?

Cratchit: A gentleman has come to see you.

Scrooge: About what?

Cratchit: He didn't say.

Gentleman: Hello, Sir. With whom do I have the pleasure of speaking, Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

Scrooge: Mr. Marley, my former partner, died seven years ago. It is the seventh anniversary of his death this very night.

Gentleman: Then I have no doubt that his liberality is continued by his surviving partner.

Scrooge: What is it that you want?

Gentleman: In this festive season, Mr. Scrooge, me try to lighten at least a little the lot of the poor and destitute. Thousands of souls are in need of life's simplest necessities.

Scrooge: Are there no prisons?

Gentleman: Of course there are prisons

Scrooge: And the workhouses are they still open?

Gentleman: I wish I could say they were not. We try to help these poor people at Christmas because life's needs are felt most in this season. How much of a donation shall I write down on your behalf?

Scrooge: Nothing.

Gentleman: (Confused). You wish to remain anonymous?

Scrooge: I wish to be left alone. I myself don't make merry at Christmas, and I haven't money to make lazy people merry I support those institutions which I have mentioned. Let those whose lot is not good go to those places.
Gentleman: Most of them would rather die than be left in the hands of those institutions.

Scrooge: Then let them die and decrease the surplus population. I have work to do. Good bye.

Gentleman *(With a mild voice)*: Very well, Mr. Scrooge: Merry Christmas to you.

Sound: The door opens and closes.

Scrooge: Benevolence! What empty words!

Cratchit: Uh... Mr. Scrooge.

Scrooge: Well... what is it, Cratchit?

Cratchit: I wanted to know whether...

Scrooge: You wanted to know whether you, by any chance, could go home now?

Cratchit: Yes, Sir. It's getting late.

Scrooge: Yes, go! You'll probably want to stay home the whole day tomorrow.

Cratchit: If it is convenient, Sir.

Scrooge: Neither is it convenient, nor is it fair.

Cratchit: It only happens once a year.

Scrooge: That's a fine reason to pick a man's pocket every December 25th. Be here all the earlier the next day! Understand?

Cratchit: Definitely, Mr. Scrooge. And Merry Christmas,

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug! What's it to be merry about?

Sound: *[A Christmas carol rises and then fades.]*
Scene 2

Narrator: It is just 10 o'clock. A few minutes later, Scrooge sets out from his office toward his dark and dreary residence. By the light of one flickering candle, he eats his cold dinner. Then, to save fuel he goes directly to bed. The time passes. Scrooge sleeps uncomfortably, tossing and turning in his bed.

Sound: The sound of chains being dragged across the floor is heard.

Narrator: Suddenly, he awakes. Walking toward him, dragging heavy chains, the gray shadow of a man approaches. It stops at the foot of the bed.

Scrooge: (Frightened): Who are you? What do you want from me? (rises) Who are you? Answer!

Marley: (With a quivering voice): Ask who I was!

Scrooge: YOU ... YOU ... it is not possible.

Marley: Yes, in life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

Scrooge: (Loudly): But it is impossible. YOU are dead.

Marley: Don't YOU believe in me?

Scrooge: No. (With bravado). What are you? ... a bit Of Undigested meat? a piece of cheese? a sharp spice?

Marley: You are wrong, Ebenezer. I am Jacob Marley's spirit.

Scrooge: Dreadful apparition. Why do you disturb me?

Marley: It is required of every man that his soul relate with the people who surround him. Those who don't do this in life, are condemned to do so after death.

Scrooge: No, no, I don't believe it.

Marley: They are condemned to wander over the world without rest. (The sound of chains is heard)

Scrooge: Why are you bound in chains, Jacob?
Marley: I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link and foot by foot. I wear it voluntarily. Is its shape not familiar to you?

Scrooge: I don't understand.

Marley: The chain which you are making is as every bit as heavy one I carry.

Scrooge: What strange things you say!

Marley: I have been dead for seven years, and the whole time I have wandered. (Singing) There is no rest. There is no peace. Only remorse.

Scrooge: But you were always shrewd.

Marley: Yes, too shrewd.

Scrooge: Always successful in your business.

Marley: Business! Mankind was my business. The general welfare was my business. Charity, mercy, patience, benevolence. All of these were my business. But I didn't care for any of these. I cared for money alone.

Scrooge: And what's wrong with making money?

Marley: That is your flaw, Ebenezer, as it was mine, and that is exactly why I have come. It is part of my penance. I came to warn you so that you might escape my misfortune. There is only one hope.

Scrooge: (Impatience) Tell me, what it is.

Marley: My time is nearly gone. It is necessary that I go. This evening three spirits will visit you. The first will come, when the bell strikes one. The second . . .

Scrooge: Couldn't they all come together, so that I could get it over at once.
Marley:   Expect the second at two and the third, at three. Pay attention to what they say. Don't forget! This is your last change to escape my wretched lot.

Scrooge:   *(Amazed)* Why ... he disappeared. How cold it is! Foolishness! I don't believe it. Ghosts!

Sound:   *Ill-boding music.*

Narrator: Scrooge's eyes remain fixed on the vanishing ghost of his deceased partner. Exhausted from this ordeal, Scrooge falls asleep. From the distance a bell strikes the first hour. The curtains of Scrooge's bedroom are drawn aside by an invisible hand. Sitting next to the bed stand, an unearthly apparition, childlike in shape, brightly clothed, with white hair, and a fresh sprig of holly in his hand. Scrooge looks at it with his eyes wide open.

Scrooge: *(Becoming afraid)* Are you the spirit of whose visit was foretold to me?

Spirit I: *(With a mild voice)* Yes.

Scrooge: *(Frightened):* Who are you? What are you?

Spirit 1: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Scrooge: Long past?

Spirit 1: No your past. Arise, come with me!

Scrooge: Where?

Spirit 1: Out the window.

Scrooge: *(Terrified)* But we are three stories above the street. I am a mere mortal.

Spirit 1: Don't be afraid. If I touch my hand to your heart, you will be upheld in more than this.
Scrooge: What are we going to do?

Spirit 1: I am going to help you so that you might be saved. Hurry! Come into the night toward the past!

Scene 3

Sound: *Howling wind.*

Scrooge: Tell me, Spirit, where are we going?

Spirit 1: Look down, Ebenezer, and remember your childhood.

Scrooge: Why . . . why . . . of course. The river . . . the meadows . . . why, of course, I know this place. I went to school here when I a boy. But there is no one here.

Spirit 1: It is Christmas recess. Look into this classroom.

Scrooge: It is empty except for a boy, sitting at his desk, his head in his hands. They’ve left the poor boy alone. He has nowhere to spend Christmas. Now he is looking up.

Spirit 1: Do you recognize him?

Scrooge: *(Amazed)* Why... he... he...

Spirit 1: What is his name?

Scrooge: *(Slowly)* Ebenezer... I wish ... but it is too late.

Spirit 1: What’s wrong?

Scrooge: Nothing, nothing. *(He becomes dejected)*: Yesterday some boys were singing outside my office, and I drove them away.

Spirit 1: Come, let's remember another Christmas, a year later.

Sound: *Howling wind.*
Scrooge: There's the school again. *(Hesitating)*. There is a boy pacing back and forth in the school yard. Who is it I wonder?

Spirit 1: Do you recognize him?

Scrooge: Yes, it's me ... a coach is coming up the road. It's coming toward me. A little girl is getting out of the coach. Look, she's hugging me. It's my sister, Fan.

Spirit 1: Listen to what she says.

Fan: I have come to take you home, dear brother. Father is not so angry as before. He says you are never returning to this place. From now on we will be together always. *(Disappearing)*. Imagine, this will be the first time we will be together in the past four years.

Spirit 1: Your sister was delicate ... kind ... openhearted.

Scrooge: *(Sighing)* You are quite right. She died so young.

Spirit 1: She had one child.

Scrooge: Yes, my nephew Fred.

Spirit 1: Yesterday he came to wish you a Merry Christmas.

Scrooge: Yes, yes, he came. *(Pauses in agitation)*. Please take me away.

Spirit 1: Not now. There is still another place we must visit.

Scrooge: *(Pleadingly)* I don't want to see anymore.

Spirit 1: It is absolutely necessary.

Sound: *Howling wind.*

Scrooge: Why ... I'll be!

Spirit 1: Do you recognize him?
Scrooge: And how! It's Fezziwig, bless his soul. I was one of his apprentices. He was a very kind man. *(Fezziwig puts his festive jacket and checks the time).*

Fezziwig: *Looking to his right.* Ho there, Ebenezer. It's Christmas Eve. No more work today! It's time to celebrate. Close the shutters, my boy! Clear the floor. It's time to dance. Come on, come on! Make it quick! It's Christmas! *(The lights go out).*

Spirit 1: What a silly man!

Scrooge: Mr. Fezziwig wasn't silly. He was a good and kind fellow. If only I could speak with him.

Spirit 1: My time is running out. There is yet another shadow.

Scrooge: Enough already.

Spirit 1: Are you sure, Ebenezer? I don't agree. *(The lights come to center stage. Young Ebenezer is facing a beautiful girl. His face is serious with greed).*

Spirit 1: The years have passed. Look into this house. There is a pretty girl sitting there.

Scrooge: *(Not believing it)* It's Belle!

Spirit 1: She was the girl to whom you were going to get married. You have become a fine young man, but your face has already begun to show signs of avarice. Your eyes move uneasily. Listen to Belle

Belle: It doesn't make any difference to you anymore. You have given your heart to another. I hope it will comfort you in the future.

Young Ebenezer: What are you talking about? Explain it to me.

Belle: Gold alone is important to you.
Young Ebenezer: There is nothing more wretched than poverty.

Belle: You are afraid of the world. You hold money higher than anything.

Young Ebenezer: Perhaps my eyes have opened to life’s perils, but I still feel the same toward you.

Belle: You are wrong. You have changed. You have changed a lot. I will give you your wish. I will free you to travel the path you desire.

Young Ebenezer: When have I asked for freedom?

Belle: Perhaps you have not asked openly, but it is plainly what you want. I hope you will be happy with the life you have chosen. *(She starts to exit from the right)* Farewell, Ebenezer.

Young Ebenezer: Belle! *(Raises his shoulders and exits.)*

Spirit 1: Now, Belle is a happy woman, surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

Scrooge: Spirit, show me no more! Take me back! I beg of you, remain with me no longer.

**Scene 4**

Music: *A ghostly melody.*

Narrator: The steeple clock has just struck the second hour. Scrooge finds himself in his bedroom. Slowly his door, although locked, opens. The music stops. The Second Spirit enters. He is a giant man in a green coat.

Spirit 2: *(With a booming voice).* Good morning, Ebenezer. Welcome! I am the Spirit of Christmas Present. Look, upon me!
Scrooge: You are nearly a giant, but what a young face you have. I have never seen the likes of you before.

Spirit 2: I have many brothers —more than 1800, one for each Christmas Holidays from the first to this day.

Scrooge: You have come to take me with you. (The Spirit expresses "yes" with a nod of his head). Take me where you will. (He arises and goes next to the Spirit).

Spirit 2: I hope that you will profit from your journey tonight. Touch my sleeve, Ebenezer. (Scrooge touches it. The lights go out).

Sound: A chorus singing a Christmas carol.

Scrooge: The people in that church appear very happy.

Spirit 2: Yes, they are happy, because they are giving thanks for all the joys they enjoy throughout the year.

Scrooge: And there, on the boat . . . The sailors are shaking the Captain's hand.

Sound: The singing stops.

Spirit 2: They are wishing him a Merry Christmas. But hurry! We don't have much time and there is still another place we must visit. It is a very poor house in a very poor section of London. It is right here, below us.

Scrooge: It is very poor indeed. Who, may I ask, lives here?

Spirit 2: A not-very-well-paid clerk, by the name of Bob Cratchit.

Scrooge: The Bob Cratchit who works for me?

Spirit 2: The very same.

Scrooge: And that woman and those four children.

Spirit 2: They are his wife and family.
Scrooge: And there Cratchit is coming up the stairs. He is carrying a little boy.

Spirit 2: His fifth child ... Tiny Tim.

Scrooge: He has a crutch in his hand.

Spirit 2: Because he is crippled.

Scrooge: But the doctors.

Spirit 2: Cratchit, on his meager salary, doesn’t have money for doctors.

Scrooge: But ...

Spirit 2: Shhh! Listen!

Sound: The door opens.

Cratchit: Good evening, everyone!

Tim: And a Merry Christmas!

Mrs. Cratchit: Father ... Tiny Tim.

The others: (ad lib) Merry Christmas ... Hello ... Tiny Tim come, sit next to me. Father, let me take your coat.

Mrs. Cratchit: And was Tiny Tim well-behaved in church?

Cratchit: He was very good. More precious than gold.

Tim: I was glad that I was able to go to church. I wanted that all the people should see that I am crippled.

Mrs. Cratchit: What a strange thing to say, Tiny Tim.

Tim: (Energetically): No. I was in God's house and it was God who cured the blind and cripples. When the people saw me with my crutch, I hoped that they would think of the power of God and pray for me.
Mrs. Cratchit: I ... I am sure that they prayed for you.

Tim: And one day I will be cured and I will throw this crutch away, and go out and run and play like other boys.

Cratchit: *(With a mild voice).* It will happen ... one of these days, . . . you will see. *(Enthusiastically)* And now, Mother, the big question. When will dinner be ready?

The others: *(Talking freely)*

Mrs. Cratchit: It is ready right now. Just about the finest goose you have ever seen, Martha, go, get the goose. Tom, you bring the potatoes and turnips. Dick, Peter, set the chairs around the table.

Tim: And I’m going to sit between Mother and Father. This is going to be the best Christmas dinner anyone could want.

Cratchit: *(Fading).* And I am the luckiest man in the world, having such a kind family.

Scrooge: The goose doesn't look very big. I think I could eat the whole thing myself.

Spirit 2: That much is all Cratchit can afford. His family doesn't complain. For them this meager table is a sumptuous banquet. And what's more important, much more important.

Scrooge: Go on.

Spirit 2: They are a happy, united family. Look, at their shining faces. Listen.

The others: *(The Crachits ad lib in joyful and happy conversation).*

Cratchit: What a superb dinner we have had! What a goose! And what aromas!

Tim: Don't forget the plum pudding!

Cratchit: That pudding was Mrs. Crachit’s greatest success since marriage.
The others: (They laugh.)

Mrs. Cratchit: I thank you for your kind words.

Cratchit: And now what we have all been waiting for – the punch!

The others (Ad lib): The punch ... great!

Cratchit: (Putting the punch on the table) Here's the punch! Get your glasses! You, Peter ... Dick, . Martha ... Tiny Tim , Tom and Mother, fill your glasses. And let me not forget a glass for me. There!

Tim: Let's drink a toast!

Cratchit: First to the founder of the feast, the man who made this all possible. Let's drink to Mr. Scrooge's health.

Mrs. Cratchit: (Bristling) Mr. Scrooge, indeed. I wish he were here. We would see whether he'd have an appetite for the words I'd serve him.

Cratchit: My dear, the children, Christmas Day.

Mrs. Cratchit: He's a hard-hearted, insensitive, greedy old man. You know this better than anyone.

Cratchit (Mildly): My dear, remember, Christmas.

Mrs. Cratchit: Forgive me. Very well, I'll drink to his health. May he live a long life and have a Merry Christmas. To Mr. Scrooge.

The Family (Together): To Mr. Scrooge.

Cratchit: And now let us drink to our own health too. A Merry Christmas to us all.

The Family: God bless us!

Tim: God bless us every one!

Music: "Noel" rises and fades.
Scrooge: Spirit, tell me, is Tiny Tim going to live?

Spirit 2: I see an empty chair beside the chimney and in the corner there is a carefully preserved crutch without an owner. If nothing happens to change these visions, the boy will die.

Scrooge: No, no, Spirit, tell me that Tiny Tim will live, that his life will be spared.

Spirit 2: Why concern yourself? Isn't it better that die and decrease the surplus population.

Scrooge: What is that under your robe?

Spirit 2: lifts up his robe.

Scrooge: Spirit, do those children belong to you?

Spirit 2: No, they belong to mankind. The boy's name is Ignorance. The girl's is Want. Beware of them, especially the boy. On his forehead I see "Doom." if nothing is done to wipe this writing away.

Scrooge: Have they no refuge or hope? He and the others must be cared for.

Spirit 2: Are there no jails? Are the workhouses still open.

Scrooge: Do not taunt me.

Spirit 2: It is time to go. I can stay no longer. Touch my sleeve.

Scrooge: No, no, Spirit, don't abandon me! I am in need of assistance.

Scene 5

Music: Rises and falls.
Narrator: When Ebenezer comes to his senses, he finds himself in the street, standing in front of his residence. The snow is coming strong and covering a sleeping London. The wind calms down. It is still Christmas Day, early in the morning.

Music: It stops. From the distance a bell strikes three times.

Spirit 3: Ebenezer ... Ebenezer Scrooge.

Scrooge: The third and last.

Spirit 3: I am the Spirit of Christmas Yet-To-Come.

Scrooge: You are going to show me shadows of things which have not yet happened, but which will happen in the future. Is that so, Spirit?

Spirit 3: Yes, Ebenezer, that is so.

Scrooge: I am trembling already. I fear the things I am about to see.

Spirit 3: Come, Ebenezer.

Sound: A howling wind.

Scrooge: Why are we standing here on this street corner?

Spirit 3: The two men who are standing over there, do you recognize them?

Scrooge: Of course, I do business with them.

Spirit 3: Their conversation is interesting.

Man 1: When did he die?

Man 2: Last night I think.

Man 1: I thought he would never die.

Man 2: I wonder what he did with his money.
Man 1: I haven't heard. Perhaps he left it to his company. Whatever, we can be sure that he didn't leave it to charity.

Man 2: Are you going to the burial?

Man 1: I'm only going if they're giving a free dinner.

Man 2: I'm not that hungry, thank you,

Scrooge: Spirit, who is this dead man? Whoever it is, or was, he didn't have many friends.

Sound: *Howling wind.* (Mrs. Cratchit, seated, is knitting. Martha is seated at her feet.)

Scrooge: This house ... I have been here before. Bob Cratchit, my clerk lives here. Mrs. Cratchit, and her eldest daughter, Martha, are here.

Martha: Mother, you will hurt your eyes working in this dark.

Mrs. Cratchit: I will rest a bit now. I don't want to show your father tired eyes when he comes home. By now he should have been here.

Martha: He is late already. But lately he walks slower than before.

Mrs. Cratchit: I remember at the time how fast he used to walk with Tiny Tim on his shoulder. Tiny Tim was so light and your father loved him so much that it was not difficult to carry him.

Sound: *The door opens.*

Mrs. Cratchit: It's your father. *(Cratchit enters).* You are late this evening, Robert.

Cratchit: Yes, I am.

Martha: I'll bring you some tea.

Mrs. Cratchit: You went there again, Robert.
Cratchit: Yes, I wish you could have come there too, you would have been uplifted, seeing how green a place it is.

Mrs. Cratchit: One of these days I'll go with you.

Cratchit: I promised him that I would walk there every Sunday. My poor Tiny Tim! Finally he is freed of his crutch.

Mrs. Cratchit: Yes, at last he is free. Our poor Tim.

Scrooge: Tell me, Spirit, why did Tiny Tim have to die? If only someone had helped him.

Spirit 3: Come we still have another place to visit.

Sound: Wind.

Scrooge: It is a cemetery. Why have we come here?

Spirit 3: That tombstone ... read the name on it.

Scrooge: Before reading it, I have one question. Are these things that are definitely going to happen or is it merely possible that they will happen.

Spirit 3: Read the inscription on the tombstone.

Scrooge: It says ... (Slowly) "Ebenezer Scrooge." No! No! No! Spirit, listen to me. I have changed. I am not the same man that I would have been without this lesson. I will honor Christmas in my heart.

Spirit 3: But will you really honor it?

Scrooge: Yes, I will try to keep the spirit alive all year round, I will try to live in the Past, Present and Future. I shall not forget the lessons that the three spirits have taught me. Tell me that I can erase the writing on this tombstone.
Scene 6

Sound:: A strong wind. The joyous church bells on Christmas Day.

Scrooge (Moaning as if waking from a dream). Tell me that there is a chance that I might erase the writing on the stone. (Coming to). Hey, what am I holding on to? My bedstand ... I am in my bed ... the bells ... It must be Christmas Day. I wonder whether I’m right. Let’s see.

Sound: The window opens.

Scrooge: Hey, boy.

Boy: Huh?

Scrooge: What day is it today, my boy?

Boy: Today? Christmas Day of course.

Scrooge: Can you believe it? The spirits completed their work in one night.

Boy: What did you say, Sir?

Scrooge: Do you know the poultry shop on the other street?

Boy: Of course I do.

Scrooge: What an intelligent boy! What an amazing boy! Do you know the huge turkey, which was hanging in the window. Is it still there?

Boy: The one as big as me?

Scrooge: What a delightful boy! Yes, the one as big as you. Is it still there?

Boy: Yes, it’s still there.
Scrooge: Go, get that turkey! I am in earnest. Here's the
money. Catch! *(Throws a gold piece)* Take the turkey
to Bob Cratchit, who lives on Golden Street in
Camden town.

Boy: But quite a bit of money will be left over.

Scrooge: *(Laughing).* Keep it for yourself, my boy. You keep it.

Boy: *(Delighted).* Thank you, Sir.

Scrooge: And boy.

Boy: Yes, Sir.

Scrooge: Don't let Mr. Cratchit find out who sent it. He isn't
expecting anything. And boy, one more thing.

Boy: Yes, Sir.

Scrooge: A Merry Christmas to you.

Music: A Christmas Carol.

Sound: The door opens.

Fred: What is it? *(Pause)* Why, I'll be!

Scrooge: *(Energetically).* Yes, yes, it is I, your Uncle Scrooge. I
decided to dine with you. I have brought a gift for your
kind wife. From now on, I'm going to be one of your
most frequent guests. I've changed, my boy, you'll see.

Narrator: Scrooge really had changed. They say that the next
morning he had a talk like this with his clerk:

Scrooge: Hello. What's this? Is this any hour to come to work?

Cratchit: You will forgive me, Sir, for being late.

Scrooge: Are you late? Yes, I think you are right. Please, come
here a moment.
Cratchit: It only happens once a year. It won't happen again, be assured. Yesterday we made merry a little too much.

Scrooge: Now, my friend, I have something to say to you. I will not tolerate this kind of thing anymore. And for that reason, I am going to increase your salary.

Cratchit: *(Amazed)*

Scrooge: *(Shaking Cratchit's hand and slapping his back). A Merry Christmas to you, Bob!*

Narrator: Scrooge was better than his word. He fulfilled his promise and then some. He frequently visited his nephew's house, and even made Fred a partner in the business. He increased Bob Cratchit's salary so much that the poor man was left bewildered. And to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He took care of the doctor's bills and one day soon Tiny Tim will have his wish. He'll be able to throw his crutch away and run and play like the other boys. As for the three spirits, they didn't visited Scrooge anymore, since he kept the spirit Christmas alive all the rest of his days. So in Tiny Tim's beloved words, "God Bless Us, Every One."

Music: The Chorus sings "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen."

THE END

Traditional Armenian Christmas Greeting

Christ was born and revealed.

-- Blessed is the revelation of Christ.