

A **CHRISTMAS** CAROL



Script

recursos

CHARACTERS

BOB CRATCHIT, SCROOGE'S SECRETARY

EBENEZER SCROOGE

FRED, NEPHEW

JACOB MARLEY

JANE, FRED'S WIFE

JOHN, CHARITY WORKER AND LYDIA'S CURRENT BOYFRIEND

LYDIA, OLD GIRLFRIEND

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT

TINY TIM, BOB'S SON

ACT I

VOICE OVER: Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it with his own hand. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. it is important to understand this, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to tell. Old Marley was definitely dead.

(Lights up. Ebenezer Scrooge is working at his desk. Bob enters with a hammer and a nail. He goes to Scrooge's door. The "Scrooge and Marley" sign is hanging down. He tries to straighten the sign with the nail, but hits his finger. He screams and the Christmas song begins. Fred comes on stage and sings towards the audience. John appears at the other end of the stage and Fred gives him a step for the other chorus. Fred approaches Scrooge and signals him to sing, but Scrooge barely joins in. Finally, Fred and John sing the last chorus and leave the stage.)

*We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.*

*Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.*

*We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.*

*Good tidings we bring to you and your kin
We wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.*

*Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba!
Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba!
Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba!*

Leave me the office just clear!

*We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.*

BOB: Sir...

(Scrooge snarls.)

BOB: Would you like to remove the late Marley's name from the door?

(Scrooge snarls.)

BOB: Okay sir, let everything stay the same.

(Bob closes the door and takes his table in the hall. Enter Fred.)

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

BOB: A merry Christmas Fred! Thank you! God save you!

FRED: Is my ugly uncle in the office?

BOB: What do you mean, Mr. Fred? Your uncle is handsome!

FRED: Bob, the door is closed and my uncle is deaf. He can't hear you, so you stop fawning over him.

(Bob walks over to the door and checks that it is closed.)

FRED: Come on, come on, let off steam. He is the worst boss anyone could ask for. Say something inappropriate.

BOB: But...

FRED: Come on!

BOB: You are a... loser!

FRED: Yes! Continue!

BOB: Stupid!

FRED: Hahaha!

BOB: Idiot!
FRED: Hahaha! Wow, my friend!
BOB: Nobody!
FRED: Okay my friend, that's it, calm down...

(Scrooge grabs a headset and tries to find out what's going on outside.)

BOB: Stupid idiot...
FRED: Okay, Bob, that's enough... Stop, buddy.

(Scrooge gets up and opens the door.)

BOB: Vain and conceited man!

(There is a terrible silence. Bob straightens out his collar.)

SCROOGE: Thank you, Bob! And now go back to your table, I pay you to work.
FRED: Merry Christmas, uncle! God bless you!
SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

(Scrooge returns to the desk. Fred enters the office.)

FRED: Christmas a humbug, uncle! Surely you don't mean that?
SCROOGE: I do! Merry Christmas? What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.
FRED: Come then. What right have you to be miserable? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.
SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!
FRED: Don't be cross, uncle!
SCROOGE: What else can I be? Merry Christmas! Forget Merry Christmas! If I could have my way, every idiot who goes around saying "Merry Christmas" would be boiled with his own pudding.
FRED: Uncle!
SCROOGE: Nephew! You celebrate Christmas your way, and let me do it my way.
FRED: Celebrate it? But you don't celebrate it.
SCROOGE: Let me leave it alone, then. It might do you some good!

(Fred turns to leave the office, but first he turns to say something to his uncle.)

FRED: I could be depressed about the pittance I earn each year. I hang my head and cry, but believe me, uncle, I prefer to laugh and be happy during this time of year, when everyone seems to open up hearts freely; and I say, God bless it!

(Bob claps loudly.)

SCROOGE: Another sound from you and you'll celebrate your Christmas by losing your job!

BOB: Oh!

SCROOGE: You're quite a powerful speaker, sir. You should be a politician.

FRED: Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Have dinner with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE: Why did you get married?

FRED: Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE: Because you fell in love! What rubbish!

FRED: I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why can't we be friends?

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

FRED: Uncle... Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

FRED: And Happy New Year!

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

(Fred leaves the office.)

FRED: Merry Christmas, Bob!

BOB: Merry Christmas, Fred!

(Fred leaves.)

SCROOGE: What a man! My clerk, earning fifteen shillings a week, with a wife and family, talking about having a Merry Christmas. I'm going to bed.

(John enters.)

JOHN: Good afternoon. Scrooge and Marley's, I believe.
BOB: Good afternoon, here it is, please come in!
JOHN: Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?
SCROOGE: Mr. Marley has been dead for seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night.

(Suddenly a dark laugh sounds, but only Scrooge hears it.)

SCROOGE: Why are you laughing like that? What is so funny?
JOHN: Sorry? I'm not laughing, I'm here on serious business.

(Scrooge stands up and looks questioningly at Bob. Bob looks back scared. Scrooge returns to his place.)

SCROOGE: Still here?
JOHN: At this time of year, Mr. Scrooge, it is common to make some provision for the poor, who are suffering greatly at this time. Many people are in need of basic things; hundreds of thousands don't have common comforts, Sir.
SCROOGE: What about the prisons?
JOHN: What?
SCROOGE: And the workhouses? Do they still exist?

SCROOGE: *Which are your wishes?*
JOHN: *Form a crew,*
SCROOGE: *Which are your wishes?*
JOHN: *Form a crew.*
SCROOGE: *It's not my business,*
JOHN: *It's for you,*
SCROOGE: *It's not my business,*
JOHN: *It's for you.*
SCROOGE: *You want my riches,*
JOHN: *that's not true,*
SCROOGE: *You want my riches,*
JOHN: *that's not true.*
SCROOGE: *You can be niceness,*
JOHN: *look my cue.*
SCROOGE: *You can be niceness,*

JOHN: *look my cue.*

SCROOGE: And now my friend, turn around, and say goodbye!

(Scrooge sings, making it clear that it is not his problem. He finally kicks John off the stage. Scrooge prepares to close the office and Bob helps him put on his jacket.)

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

BOB: If that's possible, sir.

SCROOGE: It's not possible and it's not fair. If I took half-a-crown from your pay, you'd think it was unfair, wouldn't you?

BOB: Um...

SCROOGE: And yet, you don't think it is unfair, when I pay a day's wages for no work.

BOB: Um...

SCROOGE: There is no excuse for robbing a man every 25th December! But I suppose you should have the whole day. Make sure you are here even earlier the next morning.

BOB: Thank you sir, thank you very much, sir. A merry Christ...

(Scrooge shoves the notebook in Bob's mouth.)

SCROOGE: Eat your words!

ACT II

(The set changes and Scrooge opens the door to his house. He thinks he sees something in the lock, but it seems his mistaken.)

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

(He sits in his chair and suddenly hears chains and laughter. He gets upset but thinks they are illusions because he is tired. The bells in his room begin to ring. And the sound of chains gets louder.)

SCROOGE: Humbug! I won't believe it!

(The Ghost of Marley enters with a song.)

SCROOGE: *Mercy, tell me... who were you?*

MARLEY: *Jacob Marley.*

SCROOGE: *Impossible!*

MARLEY: *Yes, the first cause!*

SCROOGE: *Impossible!*

MARLEY: *You don't believe in me!*

SCROOGE: *I don't!*

MARLEY: *You don't see and hear me!*

SCROOGE: *I don't!*

MARLEY: *And you do not smell me!*

SCROOGE: *I don't*

MARLEY: *Don't you touch me or taste me?*

SCROOGE: *I do! Mercy!*

MARLEY: *I need to gone!*

SCROOGE: *Please go! Mercy!*

MARLEY: *I am your ghost! You'll be haunted by three ghosts*

SCROOGE: *Sorry?*

MARLEY: *Three spirits!*

SCROOGE: *Starry?*

MARLEY: *Past, present and yet to come!*

SCROOGE: *Done?*

MARLEY: *Yes, I need to run!*

SCROOGE: *Mercy, tell me... who were you?*

MARLEY: *Jacob Marley.*

SCROOGE: *Impossible!*

MARLEY: *Yes, the first cause!*

SCROOGE: *Impossible!*

MARLEY: *Yes, the first cause!*

SCROOGE: *Impossible!*

MARLEY: *Yes, the first cause!*

SCROOGE: *Impossible!*

MARLEY: *You don't believe in me!*

SCROOGE: *I don't!*

MARLEY: *You don't see and hear me!*
SCROOGE: *I don't!*
MARLEY: *And you do not smell me!*
SCROOGE: *I don't*
MARLEY: *Don't you touch me or taste me?*
SCROOGE: *I do! Mercy!*
MARLEY: *I need to gone!*
SCROOGE: *Please go! Mercy!*
MARLEY: *I am your ghost! You'll be haunted by three ghosts*
SCROOGE: *Sorry?*
MARLEY: *Three spirits!*
SCROOGE: *Starry?*
MARLEY: *Past, present and yet to come!*
SCROOGE: *Done? Done?*
MARLEY: *Yes, I need to run!*
SCROOGE: *Sorry!*
JACOB MARLEY: *Three spirits!*
SCROOGE: *Starry?*
JACOB MARLEY: *Past, present and yet to come!*
SCROOGE: *Done?*
JACOB MARLEY: *Yes, I need to run!*

(Jacob disappears. Scrooge gets into bed and closes the curtains. Fade to black. The church bells ring. Scrooge slowly opens the curtains.)

(Sound: Ding, dong!)

SCROOGE: A quarter past...

(Sound: Ding, dong!)

SCROOGE: Half-past!

(Sound: Ding, dong!)

SCROOGE: A quarter to...!

(Sound: Ding, dong!)

SCROOGE: The hour ... and nothing else! It was just a dream!

PAST: Boo!

(Scrooge jumps out of bed and suddenly the Ghost of Christmas Past appears. Scrooge falls back on to the bed, frightened. The ghost is a pirate with one eye.)

SCROOGE: Are you the Spirit, Sir, who I was told would come?

PAST: I am!

SCROOGE: Who - what - are you?

PAST: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

SCROOGE: Long Past?

PAST: No. Your past.

(The ghost holds out his hand.)

PAST: Nice to meet you!

(Scrooge shakes his hand and the ghost turns away, leaving his hand behind. Scrooge screams.)

SCROOGE: Ahhh!

PAST: Easy there, old man, let me take you back in time.

(The walls begin to move and the set changes to Scrooge's past. Everything changes into a room and Lydia enters to find a letter from Scrooge on the table.)

SCROOGE: Lydia?

PAST: Who is she?

SCROOGE: My girl... my ex-girlfriend... Lydia, hello, How are you!?

PAST: No! She can't hear you or see you.

SCROOGE: Is she a shadow of the past?

PAST: No, she isn't. We are the shadows that visit the past.

SCROOGE: The past...

(Scrooge walks over to Lydia and looks at what she is reading.)

SCROOGE: Oh! That letter...

LYDIA: *(Reading.) "My dear Lydia. I know our love was true, but my path is totally different from yours. My words will be hard to hear, but my vision for the future is to become rich and successful. You do not share my ambitions, so you cannot share my life. I hope that you find a man who makes you happy, but any proper man must fight for his future, like I am doing now. From your friend, Ebenezer Scrooge"*

(Lydia starts crying.)

SCROOGE: Oh! My poor Lydia!

PAST: What was the conversation you had with her?

SCROOGE: She told me that...

LYDIA: ...you fear the world too much! All your hopes have turned into the one hope of being above everything else. The good in you has gradually disappeared and the desire for wealth has taken over. Am I right?

PAST: And you answered...

SCROOGE: So what? So what if I have grown so much wiser? I am still the same to you.

(Lydia shakes her head.)

SCROOGE: Am I?

(Lydia has a lost look on her face. She says her words as if remembering.)

LYDIA: You have changed. When we met, you were a different man.

SCROOGE: I was a boy.

PAST: Did you really think that growing from a child to an adult meant becoming a nasty man?

SCROOGE: Spirit! Show me no more! Take me home. Why are you doing this to me?

PAST: No! wait! Now comes the best part. One more shadow. I'm going to fast-forward a bit.

(The ghost pulls out a TV remote and presses "fast forward". Lydia rushes off stage and re-enters.)

SCROOGE: What is that?
PAST: The Ghost of Christmas Future lent it to me, he's a very nice guy.
SCROOGE: Unbelievable.
LYDIA: Hello! Who's there?

(Lydia walks to the door and opens it.)

SCROOGE: I never came back.
PAST: Of course not.
JOHN: Hello, Miss Lydia. I hope I'm not bothering you.

(John offers her a bouquet of flowers.)

SCROOGE: What??? That's the little charity man. Did that idiot really want to be Lydia's boyfriend?

(Scrooge starts to laugh.)

PAST: I think they are married now.
SCROOGE: What??? Bah, Humbug!
PAST: You don't believe what I'm telling you? Wait.

(The ghost takes out a cell phone and calls the Ghost of Christmas Present.)

SCROOGE: What's that?
PAST: I'll explain later. Hi! How are you? Oh good! thank you...
SCROOGE: Tell him I think I left the fire on in the kitchen. outtell him to turn it off.
PAST: Can you go to Scrooge's kitchen and put out the fire? Ah, ok. *(He says it's off, not to worry, that you're not going to die.)*
SCROOGE: What?
PAST: Can you answer a question for me? Can you tell me if Lydia Belle and John Ford are currently married? I thought so. Thanks! I'll soon leave Scrooge in your care. Bye!
SCROOGE: So?
PAST: They will get married and be very happy. There's a spoiler for you.

(Lydia and John kiss. Scrooge looks sad. Lydia and John hug each other.)

PAST: It's time to change ghost.

(He pulls out the remote and hits "pause". Lydia and John freeze. As Scrooge and the ghost talk, the ghost takes Lydia and John off stage.)

SCROOGE: I was an idiot.

PAST: Yes, you were.

SCROOGE: Sincerity is your strong point.

PAST: Life is better when we are honest.

SCROOGE: And now... what?

PAST: I say goodbye, and leave you to the next scene....

ACT III

(The set changes to Scrooge's nephew's house. The Ghost of Christmas past leaves and the Ghost of Christmas present enters. The ghost is carrying his head under his arm.)

SCROOGE: You have no head! Please don't torture me anymore!

PRESENT: I have to! We still have an hour to go.

(He looks at his watch. Scrooge looks at him and lets out a cry of terror.)

SCROOGE: You may be the most horrible ghost I've ever seen.

PRESENT: Are you calling me ugly?

SCROOGE: Oh no. My respects, dear Ghost of ...

PRESENT: Christmas present.

SCROOGE: Ah, from the present.

PRESENT: Human! You called me ugly! Don't make me angry!

SCROOGE: I'm sorry!

PRESENT: Don't make me lose my head!

(The ghost becomes serious and silent and suddenly begins to laugh out loud.)

PRESENT: Ha, ha, ha! You got it, don't you?... lose my head! Ha, ha, ha... don't you?

SCROOGE: Can I go home now?

(Scrooge turns to leave but the ghost puts his arm around him.)

PRESENT: No, my friend. You must see this first.

(Fred enters with Jane. Jane is laughing and carrying a tray of food.)

FRED: He said that Christmas was stupid, I swear! And he believes it too!

JANE: He's missing out, Fred!

FRED: He's a comical old fellow. He is suffering.

JANE: I am sure he is very rich, Fred.

FRED: So, what if he is rich? His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't have a better life with it.

JANE: I have no patience with him.

FRED: Oh, I have! I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. He won't come and dine with us.

JANE: He is missing a very good dinner.

(Fred pours three glasses of wine and leaves one on the table. Ebenezer approaches the table to try to lift the glass but he can't.)

FRED: I'm missing him.

(Scrooge sobs.)

PRESENT: Oh, come on, don't be so sad, it's your own fault after all. Come on, sing with me, I usually sing out of tune, but never mind.

*Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,*

*Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.*

*Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.*

(Fred and Jane leave the stage.)

PRESENT: Are you feeling better?

SCROOGE: No.

PRESENT: Good. We should have played a more upbeat song. Remember that for next time! And now for something that isn't funny.

SCROOGE: You're going to end up killing me.

PRESENT: Not yet...

SCROOGE: What?

(The Ghost of Christmas Present snaps his fingers, pointing at the sound technician. The scene changes to Bob Cratchit's house.)

(Bob enters.)

SCROOGE: Ah, my little helper. What a horrible house!

PRESENT: Look, dear Scrooge, his salary isn't enough.

BOB: My boy! Have you returned from your walk?

(Tiny Tim enters the scene with two wooden crutches, but one is broken.)

TINY: Yes, but look, Dad! I'm so sorry. I got stuck on a rock and...

BOB: Don't worry, son. We'll get it fixed. Or better still, we'll buy another one.

TINY: Dad, we have no money left. And my medical treatment is very expensive.

BOB: Don't worry, you'll see! Old Scrooge will raise my salary one day.

(First Scrooge starts laughing. But Tim and then Bob follows suit... causing Scrooge to gradually become quieter.)

BOB: Yes, I know, son. Scrooge will never raise my salary.

TINY: Dad, the important thing is the time we spend together. The little time I have left...

BOB: Don't say that, son.

SCROOGE: Little time? Don't say that...

PRESENT: Shhh! No spoilers.

TINY: You have to have hope, dad. Also, look at this!

(Tiny walks around the room with only one crutch.)

TINY: There is no need to be greedy. Why two? With one I can even defeat the evillest pirates: The great Tiny Tim, in the fight against death, will defeat the powerful ships of the high seas!

BOB: Aha! Here's a pirate who will face you!

TINY: Fight, you idiot...

BOB: Tiny, don't be rude.

TINY: Fight, you're a... piggy?

BOB: Aha! Are you calling me fat?

(They play fight until Tiny slips and Bob manages to catch him so he doesn't end up falling. They both laugh.)

BOB: Go change your clothes son, we have to celebrate Christmas.

TINY: Okay, dad.

(Tiny leaves. Bob is crying.)

SCROOGE: That's not fair.

PRESENT: But you said... "What about the prisons? And the workhouses? Do they still exist?"

SCROOGE: But...I didn't know any of this!

PRESENT: Beware of ignorance, my friend. Now I must leave, it is time for you to meet the last of us.

SCROOGE: The last of...

PRESENT: Yes, "The last of us", great videogame and great HBO MAX series.

ACT IV

(The Ghost of Christmas Present leaves and the Ghost of Christmas Future enters from the opposite side of the stage. The set changes to a funeral home. The Ghost of Christmas Future (a grim reaper) points behind Scrooge.)

SCROOGE: Me? Why are you pointing at me?

(The grim reaper lowers his arm and raises it again to point.)

SCROOGE: Do I have something on my nightgown?

(Bob enters, crying, and stands behind Scrooge, stroking a gravestone.)

SCROOGE: Ghost, tell me this isn't true.

(The ghost stands beside Scrooge.)

BOB: My boy. I love you, son. You wanted me to move on, but it's so hard...

SCROOGE: Ghost, this play was supposed to be a musical comedy. But we're not singers and there's no "ha-ha's or "Hehe's.

(The ghost turns Scrooge's head towards another grave. Bob leaves the scene.)

SCROOGE: Another dead person? It won't be my nephew, will it? Ghost, answer me! Speak!

(The ghost says no with his hand.)

SCROOGE: Lydia? You killed Lydia? My ex-girlfriend?

(The ghost shakes his hand again.)

SCROOGE: John? Lydia's new husband? Well, you can kill him.

(The ghost shakes his hand once more.)

SCROOGE: Neither? Then who is it? You've got me in suspense. Confess! You unhealthy looking bug! I'm telling you, speak up!

(The ghost points at him.)

SCROOGE: How do I know? I have no idea!

(The ghost points at him with emphasis.)

SCROOGE: I have no idea! I'm really bad at guessing games!

(The ghost slaps his forehead in despair. Finally, he takes out a script for the play from under his clothes. Scrooge puts on his glasses. The ghost points something out to Scrooge.)

SCROOGE: *(Reading from the script.)* "The ghost raises his arm and points to the second grave. Ebenezer Scrooge goes to the grave and realizes that the dead man is..."

(Scrooge looks at the ghost and then back at the script.)

SCROOGE: "Ebenezer Scrooge goes to the grave and realizes that the dead man is himself. He is looking at his own grave!"

(Scrooge looks at the ghost.)

SCROOGE: "...himself..."

(The ghost nods slowly.)

SCROOGE: What? Oh, my miserable life! Am I that man who lay upon the bed? No!! Oh no, no! Ghost! Hear me! I am not the man I was! I will not be that man any more. Why show me all this, if not to make me change? Ghost, take pity on me. Tell me I can still change all these terrible things you have shown me! Let me lead a better life!

(The ghost puts a hand on his shoulder and then gives a thumbs up. Scrooge is happy.)

SCROOGE: I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. I will remember all three ghosts. I will not shut out the lessons that they have taught me. Oh, let me erase the name from this gravestone!

(The ghost erases Scrooge's name with his sleeve.)

SCROOGE: That's it? That was easy to remove! Ink from the Chinese store??

(The ghost shrugs.)

SCROOGE: We need crowdfunding for these plays.

(The ghost drives Scrooge off stage.)

SCROOGE: Where are you taking me?

(The set changes back to the first act. John enters the stage handing out charity leaflets.)

JOHN: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!...

*Jingle bells, jingle bells
jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey
In a one-horse open sleigh, hey*

SCROOGE: John!
JOHN: Mr. Scrooge!
SCROOGE: Can I see what nonsense you're spreading?
JOHN: But...
SCROOGE: Give me that...

(Scrooge snatches the leaflet from him.)

SCROOGE: Blank
JOHN: No, there are actually a lot of important things written down there. I know very well that these things mean nothing to you. For you, everything looks blank.
SCROOGE: No! I mean a blank cheque!
JOHN: What?

(Scrooge takes out a blank check and signs it.)

SCROOGE: Enter the amount you wish me to donate.
JOHN: Are you okay? Are you sick? Do you have Covid?
SCROOGE: Choose a number!
JOHN: Well...

(John, in disbelief, writes down a number.)

SCROOGE: That's all? Bah, humbug! Give me the pen and I'll add a zero.
JOHN: No, it's all right, Mr. Scrooge, I don't want to abuse your generosity! Charity is based on the contributions of many people who want to help... and Lydia wouldn't forgive me for abusing you.
SCROOGE: I understand. Is she happy?
JOHN: Lydia?
SCROOGE: Yes. Is she happy?
JOHN: Yes, she is... I think so.
SCROOGE: Take good care of her. Do not be lonely, my friend.

(Scrooge kisses him loudly and happily walks off to his office. John wipes his face in surprise.)

JOHN: What's got into him?

(John leaves the stage. Bob rushes on. He is late. He tries to enter quietly. Scrooge watches him from the corner of his eye from his desk.)

SCROOGE: Bob Cratchit! You are late!

BOB: Sir?

SCROOGE: What time of the morning do you call this?

BOB: I'm very sorry, sir... I'm a little late, sir.

SCROOGE: I know. Come here for a moment, please.

BOB: It's only once a year sir, it won't happen again. Yesterday was a really happy day!

SCROOGE: I have no doubt about it! Now, I have something to say. You must understand that I will not tolerate you laughing about me. So, I have no choice but to increase your wages.

(Scrooge starts laughing and Bob is stunned.)

SCROOGE: Don't think I've lost my mind. Bob, I'm different now. From now on I will help you and your family in any way I can, if you'll allow me to. Well... we'll talk more later, Bob, over a few beers. Well, what are you doing standing there? Come on, hurry up!

BOB: Yes sir!

SCROOGE: Bob, when you go home, take this to your son, you need to replace the one that broke yesterday.

(Bob takes the new crutch that Scrooge offers him.)

BOB: Sir, how did you know about...?

(Scrooge starts to laugh.)

SCROOGE: Merry Christmas, Bob! *(To the audience.)* Merry Christmas everyone!

THE END