

*of dramatic music. SCROOGE cries out, staggers away and goes into flamboyantly theatrical shock, which takes him careering round the stage.*

*CRATCHIT makes an extremely late entrance.*

**CRATCHIT**

YOU WERE MY SON  
I WAS YOUR DAD;  
NOW YOU'RE GONE  
AND I'M SO SAD.

*CRATCHIT exits.*

*SCROOGE collapses by the grave. Music ends. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come removes his hood.*

**GHOST/YTC** While I think of it: are there any strong men out there who'd like to do some humping after the show? Any takers? We've got to unscrew all the seats because the ballroom dancers are coming in tomorrow. I'm only planning ahead, Thelma!

*Blackout.*

*The GHOST exits.*

*SCROOGE's gravestone is struck. SCROOGE takes the cross and stands behind the bed flat. There is a merry peal of church bells. A spot comes up on SCROOGE "in bed".*

**SCROOGE** Was it all a dream? (*He "gets out of bed" and realizes he still has the cross in his hand. He disposes of it*) It must have been. And yet there are traces of earth beneath these ugly, chipped nails. It must have happened. Old Jacob Marley has given me a chance to turn over a new leaf. And I shall. Oh, bliss! Oh, rapture! (*He goes right and mimes opening a window, calling down*) I say! You, boy!

*A spot comes up left. MERCEDES walks into it, as a BOY and attempts to look up.*

**BOY** Who? Me, sir?

**SCROOGE** The very same. What day is it, my fine fellow? **BOY** Today? Why, Christmas Day.

**SCROOGE** It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. Tell me, lad, is that prize turkey still hanging in the poulterer's?

**BOY** It is, sir.

**SCROOGE** Well, go and buy it, and have it sent to Bob Cratchit's in Camden Town. Here's money for you.

*He throws a bag of coins off right. The BOY holds his hands out.*

**BOY** Thank you, sir.

**SCROOGE** Did you catch it?

**BOY** No, it hasn't arrived yet.

**SCROOGE** (*into the wings*) Hurry up and throw the money!

*A bag of coins is thrown on to the floor left.*

**BOY** Oh, I think it's just landed.

**SCROOGE** Is there enough there?

*The BOY attempts to kneel down in order to reach the bag.*

**BOY** You'll have to bear with me. I'm not as young as I was.

**SCROOGE** Just hurry up and count it, will you?

*MRS REECE's hand reaches from the wings left towards the bag.*

**BOY** Yes, I'm going as fast as I can. (*He kneels on MRS REECE's hand*)

**MRS REECE** Ow!

**BOY** What have I done?

**MRS REECE** Get off my hand.

*He does so. MRS REECE gives him the bag and goes. Simultaneously, a second bag of coins is thrown on floor right.*

**BOY** Yes, that's all correct. Well, I'll get off to the poulterer's.

**SCROOGE** Just a minute. You'd better get some stuffing as well. Here's some more money. *(He throws second bag off right)*

**BOY** More money. Right. *(He holds hands out)*

**SCROOGE** What a delightful boy. It's a pleasure to talk to him. And won't Bob Cratchit be surprised when he receives that turkey. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Oh, what a merry Christmas we're all going to have.

*The BOY crosses right to SCROOGE.*

**BOY** I didn't get the money for the stuffing.

**SCROOGE** I've just given it to you.

**BOY** It didn't arrive.

**SCROOGE** *(into the wings)* Get me another bag of coins!

*Another bag of coins is thrown on floor left.*

**BOY** I think that's it now. *(He crosses left)* All right, I'll run along to the poulterer's then.

**MRS REECE** *creeps on left and picks up the bag lying there.*

I'll pick you up a nice turkey and a lovely bit of stuffing. Mrs Reece, can I have my money?

**MRS REECE** It's not yours.

**BOY** Yes, it is. Thelma gave it to me.

**MRS REECE** No, she wants it round the other side.

**BOY** You've got to give it to me. I won't have enough money for the stuffing.

**MRS REECE** We don't need any stuffing, Mercedes.

**BOY** You can't have a turkey without stuffing.

**MRS REECE** You're being ridiculous.

**BOY** I'm not.

**MRS REECE** You are. Turkey italienne doesn't have stuffing. Montrose turkey in apricot sauce - you don't have stuffing with that...

*A fourth bag of coins is thrown on floor right.*

**BOY** What was that?

**MRS REECE** More money.

**BOY** *(to SCROOGE)* What do you want now? Cranberry sauce?

**SCROOGE** *(picking up the bag)* Yes, fine! Cranberry sauce. Why not? Going to catch the money, are you?

**BOY** Well, I won't make any rash promises.

**MRS REECE** Can we try it with one-two-three this time, folks? All right?

**MRS REECE** *exits.*

**SCROOGE**

**BOY**

**MRS REECE**

*(together)* One-two-three.

**SCROOGE** *throws the fourth bag off right. Simultaneously, a fifth bag is thrown on the floor right, and a sixth bag is thrown on the floor left. SCROOGE picks up the fifth bag, crosses left to the BOY, picks up the sixth bag, and thrusts both bags at him.*

**SCROOGE** There we are, that's for the cranberry sauce. And why don't you get a box of dates while you're about it? And some assorted crackers? I don't care what you get, but just get out of my sight!