

"Scrooge in Love" - Auditions
September 27, 2025 @ 10:00 AM
Auditions for participants in grades 5 through Adult

YOU WILL NEED TO HAVE:

Appropriate audition scripts, MEMORIZED

AND

THE SONG(S) FOR YOUR CHARACTER, MEMORIZED! (Be prepared to sing all parts in the song given.)

Please get the appropriate script(s) and song for the character you want to audition for from the website.

****For Ensemble and Children Auditions –please prepare a monologue of your choice and sing all of the song, "Just One Year"**

Bring your stage shoes for working on choreography.

Participation and costume fee: $215 (includes show t-shirt) There is an option in the registration to order a USB drive complete with a video of our production plus photos from the photographer. Cost for this is an additional $20.

Looking forward to seeing you at auditions!!!!!!

Ebenezer Scrooge	A bit younger than we've known him
Jacob Marley	Scrooge's ghostly former partner
Ghost of Christmas Past	Female, a bubbly Billie Burke, a Victorian Music Hall showgirl, giddily in love with love
Ghost of Christmas Present	A larger than life, boisterous "Gaston" type with an enormous ego
Father Christmas	Bearded holiday figure
Dick Wilkins	Cocky ladies man
Young Scrooge	Scrooge in his early 20's
Young Belle	The love interest - past - early 20's
Older Belle	Love interest present (20 years later)
Nora	Belle's young child
Fred	Scrooge's well to do nephew
Juliana	Fred's charming wife
Mr. Fezziwig	Scrooge's one time employer
Mrs. Fezziwig	Fezziwig's outgoing life partner
Bob Cratchit	Former clerk, now partner
Mrs. Cratchit	Smart, strong
Parts Assigned after auditions	
Tiny Tim	Young, adorable
Peter	The Cratchits' older son
Young Boy	The turkey boy
Martha	The Cratchit's daughter
Businessman	An admirer of Scrooge
Businessman's Wife	Businessman's Wife
Mabel	Fezziwig's daughter
Maggie	Fezziwig's daughter
Ghost of Christmas Future	Cloaked, ominous, nearly silent
Minister	Man of the cloth
Party Goers	
Drunk Man	
Friend	
Baker	
Thief	
Laundry Woman	
Artist	
Londoners	
Kids	
Carolers	
Phantoms	
Ensemble— Children & Adults	

Please complete this form and bring it to auditions September 27 @ 10:00 AM

Performing Arts Academy

4400 Lewis St. Middletown, OH 45044 513-594-7242

Scrooge in Love - AUDITION FORM

NAME _____M_____ F_____

AGE _____

ADULT PHONE _____

ADULT EMAIL: _____

T-SHIRT SIZE: YS YM YL AS AM AL AXL AXXL (Please circle one)

Are you willing to make this your priority!!!

Rehearsal Conflicts

Please check calendar on next page for full rehearsal schedule.

Performances are December 5, 6, 7, & 12, 13, 14, 2025

Please list all known rehearsal conflicts, including vacations, school, sports, leisure, or any other type of activity and the date or the projected date of missed rehearsals

Date: _____ Conflict: _____

Date: _____ Conflict: _____

Date: _____ Conflict: _____

Date: _____ Conflict: _____

“Scrooge in Love” Rehearsal Schedule

Tuesday & Thursday 6:00—9:00 PM

Saturdays 10:00 AM—1:00 PM

October 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2 X	3	4 X
5	6	7 X	8	9 X	10	11 X
12	13	14 X	15	16 X	17	18 X
19	20	21 X	22	23 X	24	25 X
26	27	28 X	29	30 X	31	

November 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 X
2	3	4 X	5	6 X	7	8 X
9	10	11 X	12	13 X	14	15 X
16	17	18 X	19	20 X	21	22 X
23	24	25 X	26	27	28	29 X
30						

December 2025

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1 X	2 X	3 X	4 X	5 X	6 X
7 X	8	9	10	11 X	12 X	13 X
14 X	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Belle , Nora

ACT ONE – SCENE 10

Belle's Modest Home. Child's Bedroom. Night.

BELLE, *twenty years older than when we last saw her, reads a bedtime story to young* NORA.

BELLE. (*reading*) And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose …

NORA. Why do they call him Saint Nick when his name is Father Christmas?

BELLE. Because this is a new story. From America.

SCROOGE. The years have made her only more beautiful.

GHOST/PRESENT. And given her a child.

SCROOGE. — which might have been mine, had I said and done what I should.

GHOST/PRESENT. The past cannot be undone.

SCROOGE. Though today is not the past. Less still, the future. Today is still something I can change, yes? If I were to find a woman like she …
(*beat*) But who could possibly compare?

BELLE. (*reading*) And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

NORA. And it all happened on Christmas Eve. Like tonight.

BELLE. Yes and I know a girl who needs to be off to dreamland before Father Christmas comes to visit.

NORA. Will he bring a doll with red curls, do you think?

BELLE. He may have something less costly in mind this year — but one thing is certain. He'll leave you a lump of coal if you're not asleep soon.

BELLE *tucks the* CHILD *into bed.*

SCROOGE. Where is her husband? Where's Dick Wilkins?

GHOST/PRESENT. You asked only to see Belle.

Belle , Nora

ACT TWO – SCENE 2

Belle's Modest Home. Day.

Bouquet in hand, SCROOGE *knocks.* NORA *answers the door.*

SCROOGE. Happy Christmas, Nora.

NORA. How do you know my name?

SCROOGE. That's a very long story I may tell you one day.
But this morning, I'm looking for your mother.

NORA. I'm afraid she's gone, sir.

SCROOGE. Out so early?

NORA. My mother and father both died some years ago.

SCROOGE. Both of them? That's not possible. It was only last night …

BELLE. Who's at the door, Nora?

BELLE *joins the* GIRL *at the door.*

NORA. He wants to see my mother.

BELLE. Finish your breakfast, please, while I speak with the gentleman.

BELLE *ushers* NORA *back inside.*

SCROOGE. This child is not yours?

BELLE. She's been left in my care. You have business with my late sister?

SCROOGE. Yes. No. That is … I'm actually here for you, Belle.

SCROOGE *holds out the flowers.* BELLE *takes them, then realizes …*

BELLE. For me? Ebenezer? Ebenezer Scrooge?

BELLE *pulls a wrap around her and steps outside to join* SCROOGE, *then continu*

After all these years? Here at my doorstep? But why?

SCROOGE. To see you, of course. And … to offer my condolences. I think. (*off her look*)
At the loss of your husband. (*off her look*) Dick Wilkins? My friend. Your husband.

BELLE. Why would you think … ? (*realizing*) I told you he'd asked.
But I hadn't said yes. I never said yes.

SCROOGE. You did not marry, then?

BELLE. I never married. I've loved only one man in my life, Ebenezer.
It was not Mr. Wilkins.

SCROOGE. It was not? Forgive my confusion, but so much I thought I understood,
I clearly do not. And this latest revelation … (*beat*) So you are entirely alone?
Matrimonially speaking.

BELLE. Why have you come this morning?

Cratchit Family

ACT ONE – SCENE 9

The Cratchit Home. Day.

Music ends as lights come up.
The CRATCHIT FAMILY *has just completed dressing a holiday tree.*

SCROOGE. Bob Cratchit?
He makes a nice wage these days, but … richer than I? In what way?

BOB *and* MRS. CRATCHIT *work on the tree along with their children* PETER, MARTHA, *and the adorable* TINY TIM, *who shows no sign of his one-time infirmity.*

BOB CRATCHIT. Beautiful work, everyone! In my professional capacity as a long-time celebrator of the holidays, I would say this is the finest Christmas tree in the entire city.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Only the city?

BOB CRATCHIT. The country then!

TINY TIM. The world!!!

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, Tim. The world. Who's to say it's not?

SCROOGE. Homemade ornaments. Strands of berries strung by loving hands. Packages under the boughs.

GHOST/PRESENT. Thanks to your generosity.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Are we quite done, then?

SCROOGE. It needs the star yet!

TINY TIM. It needs the star!

SCROOGE. (*to the* GHOST) You see, friend? We are very alike, young Tim and I. Kindred souls. Youthful spirits.

BOB CRATCHIT. The star? That it does. How did we miss that?

TINY TIM *searches for the tree-topper.*

SCROOGE. How well the boy looks. Running about with no crutch, no impairment whatsoever. He had that infirmity, you recall. (*realizes*) No, that was your brother. Well, he did. The leg, the crutch. But now he's a healthy child. A happy child.

TINY TIM. Here it is! But how will we get it up there?

BOB CRATCHIT. It's beyond my reach, but I'll wager if we were to work together …

CRATCHIT *lifts* TINY TIM *so the boy can place the star atop the tree.*

TINY TIM. We did it!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Behold the wonder, children!

BOB CRATCHIT. The Cratchit Family tree. We mark another holiday.

MARTHA. All of us together.

Cratchit Family

MRS. CRATCHIT. As it should be. As it was meant to be.
(*noting*) Bob? A penny for your thoughts.

BOB CRATCHIT. I was thinking of Mr. Scrooge. He's given us so much, yet he's alone in that immense, cold house. I wish we could give him something he needs.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Surely you're not thinking a wife?

SCROOGE. Surely not.

PETER. A wife for Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE. Terrible idea!

MARTHA. A wonderful idea!

MRS. CRATCHIT. But how? It's beyond our power.

BOB CRATCHIT. Still, if I could make a wish on that Christmas star.
A special love for our benefactor.

TINY TIM. If we all wished it together, maybe it would happen.

MARTHA. But what sort of woman should we wish for?

BOB *finds parchment and a pen, hands them to* PETER.

BOB CRATCHIT. We need to be specific.

No. 20 **The Search** *See p. 85*
(The Cratchit Family)

Dick Wilkins

ACT ONE – SCENE 2

Fezziwig & Company. Christmas. Twenty Years Earlier.

A waltz plays as a raucous party is in progress, the rafters strung with holly. Tables made of warehouse crates hold roasts and puddings.
MR. FEZZIWIG *holds court,* MRS. FEZZIWIG *beside him,*
with MAGGIE *and* MABEL, *their plain teenage daughters in matching dresses.*
Music continues under dialogue.

MR. FEZZIWIG. (*laughing, finishing a joke*) — and then the Frenchman said, he said, "That wasn't Napoleon. That was my wife!"

The GUESTS *laugh as* SCROOGE *and the* GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST *appear nearby,* SCROOGE *barefoot and still in his nightshirt.*

SCROOGE. Fezziwig's! I apprenticed here ages ago. I hadn't seen this place in years and now, twice in the space of twelve months! But I'm under-dressed for the occasion.

GHOST/PAST. They cannot see us. These are but —

SCROOGE. — but shadows of things that once were. It's coming back to me.

MR. FEZZIWIG. Treasured guests! May we have your attention!

SCROOGE. The man himself! Oh and the daughters! Sadly plain. Single to this day, I'd wager. (*a quick beat*) But lovely, lovely girls. (*a thought*) Now, where am I in this celebration?

FEZZIWIG. There's music, drink, mince-pies, and more. Should you leave tonight with an empty stomach or without a smile on your lips, you have none but yourself to blame! (*to his* WIFE) Is that not right, Mrs. Fezziwig?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Yes, indeed, Mr. Fezziwig. If you are coupled, may this holiday strengthen that bond.

FEZZIWIG *pulls his* WIFE *close for a kiss. She coyly fends him off.*

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Time for that later, love.

SCROOGE *spots* YOUNG SCROOGE *standing with* DICK WILKINS, *a handsome lad with an easy smile.*

Start ⟹

SCROOGE. Ho ho! There I am! I would know me anywhere. The young, good-looking fellow.

GHOST/PAST. (*impressed*) Ah, yes. Very nice.

SCROOGE. No, I'm the other good-looking fellow. That one is my friend, Dick Wilkins.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. And should you find yourself single as yet, may this holiday lead you to your heart's desire.

DICK. Or at least a decent pint of ale!

The CROWD *laughs along with* DICK.
Shy YOUNG SCROOGE *looks around, uncomfortable.*

YOUNG SCROOGE. You're making a spectacle, Dick.

DICK. I'm having fun, Ebenezer. And is there a better night for it? (*beat*) You seem to think today is merely another afternoon with ledgers to justify, accounts to attend. But this is the twenty-fifth of December!

YOUNG SCROOGE. I'm well aware of the date, yet is that a reason to lose all sense of decorum?

Music continues, attacca.

No. 9 A Regular Day

(Dick & Fezziwig's Guests)

See p. 71

DICK. (*over music*) Yes! It is!

Dick Wilkins

ACT ONE – SCENE 4

Fezziwig & Company. Night.

As the older SCROOGE *and the* GHOST *watch,*
YOUNG SCROOGE *and* YOUNG BELLE *step to the floor.*

YOUNG SCROOGE. Our time was not a waste after all.

YOUNG BELLE. Definitely, not a waste.

The mood right once more, YOUNG SCROOGE *summons his courage for a kiss just as …*

… there's a tap on his shoulder, interrupting.

DICK. Mind if I cut in, Ebenezer?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Can it wait for another dance?

DICK. Sorry, chum, but this is the last. May I?

YOUNG SCROOGE *allows it, the pair dancing away as* YOUNG BELLE *glances back longingly. The* DANCERS *and* YOUNG SCROOGE *freeze. Music pauses.*

GHOST / PAST. It is you she's looking at.

SCROOGE. Is it?

The GHOST *gestures, accompanied by the harp, and "rewinds" the scene, the characters reversing their actions to the point where* DICK *approached, playing* YOUNG BELLE'S *exit again. Music continues under dialogue as before.*

DICK. Mind if I cut in, Ebenezer?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Can it wait for another dance?

DICK. Sorry, chum, but this is the last. May I?

The PAIR *dances away again — but this time* SCROOGE *notices* YOUNG BELLE'S *longing, backward glance.*

SCROOGE. She is, indeed.

GHOST / PAST. Yet you said nothing? Made no move?

No. 13 The Things You Should Have Done *See p. 77*
(Scrooge)

Dick Wilkins

YOUNG BELLE. What could possibly be less complicated than falling in love?
Trusting your heart. (*beat*) If you didn't know about the proposal,
why did you ask me here?

YOUNG SCROOGE. (*a beat, a lie*) Truthfully … to say goodbye.

YOUNG BELLE. Goodbye?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Of course I knew how close you two have become.
How could I not? Myself, I plan to open my own offices before long.
I'll be very busy building an enviable bank account. A sensible life.

YOUNG BELLE. And if you're not careful, a solitary one.

YOUNG SCROOGE *produces the cameo.*

YOUNG SCROOGE. Before I go … I wanted you to have this necklace. As a remembrance.
It belonged to my mother. She wanted someone special to have it.
And as there is no one in my life...and as you are someone very special...

YOUNG SCROOGE *presses the necklace into* YOUNG BELLE'S *hands.*

YOUNG BELLE. I cannot possibly accept this.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Wear it at your wedding.
It was meant for such an occasion. It was meant for you.

YOUNG BELLE. What about your own wedding day?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I'm not even certain marriage is for me.
It's not for everyone, after all.

YOUNG BELLE. I suppose.

DICK WILKINS *enters.*

Start ⟹ DICK. So there you are, my darling. Do you remember my parents are expecting us?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I wish you such a happy life, Belle.

DICK *puts his hands lovingly on* YOUNG BELLE'S *shoulders*
as YOUNG SCROOGE *acknowledges him.*

Both of you.

DICK. Your blessing means a great deal to us.

YOUNG BELLE. Wait...

YOUNG SCROOGE. The hour is late. And I have work to do.

No. 15 The Things You Should Have Done (Reprise) *See p. 80*

(Scrooge & Young Scrooge)

Emotional, YOUNG SCROOGE *looks away.* YOUNG BELLE *reluctantly*
turns to DICK *as an emotional* OLDER SCROOGE *sings.*

Fez-

ACT ONE – SCENE 2

Fezziwig & Company. Christmas. Twenty Years Earlier.

A waltz plays as a raucous party is in progress, the rafters strung with holly. Tables made of warehouse crates hold roasts and puddings.
MR. FEZZIWIG holds court, MRS. FEZZIWIG beside him, with MAGGIE and MABEL, their plain teenage daughters in matching dresses. Music continues under dialogue.

MR. FEZZIWIG. (*laughing, finishing a joke*) — and then the Frenchman said, he said, "That wasn't Napoleon. That was my wife!"

The GUESTS laugh as SCROOGE and the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST appear nearby, SCROOGE barefoot and still in his nightshirt.

SCROOGE. Fezziwig's! I apprenticed here ages ago. I hadn't seen this place in years and now, twice in the space of twelve months! But I'm under-dressed for the occasion.

GHOST/PAST. They cannot see us. These are but —

SCROOGE. — but shadows of things that once were. It's coming back to me.

MR. FEZZIWIG. Treasured guests! May we have your attention!

SCROOGE. The man himself! Oh and the daughters! Sadly plain. Single to this day, I'd wager. (*a quick beat*) But lovely, lovely girls. (*a thought*) Now, where am I in this celebration?

FEZZIWIG. There's music, drink, mince-pies, and more. Should you leave tonight with an empty stomach or without a smile on your lips, you have none but yourself to blame! (*to his* WIFE) Is that not right, Mrs. Fezziwig?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Yes, indeed, Mr. Fezziwig. If you are coupled, may this holiday strengthen that bond.

FEZZIWIG *pulls his* WIFE *close for a kiss. She coyly fends him off.*

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Time for that later, love.

SCROOGE *spots* YOUNG SCROOGE *standing with* DICK WILKINS, *a handsome lad with an easy smile.*

SCROOGE. Ho ho! There I am! I would know me anywhere. The young, good-looking fellow.

GHOST/PAST. (*impressed*) Ah, yes. Very nice.

SCROOGE. No, I'm the other good-looking fellow. That one is my friend, Dick Wilkins.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. And should you find yourself single as yet, may this holiday lead you to your heart's desire.

DICK. Or at least a decent pint of ale!

The CROWD laughs along with DICK.
Shy YOUNG SCROOGE looks around, uncomfortable.

YOUNG SCROOGE. You're making a spectacle, Dick.

DICK. I'm having fun, Ebenezer. And is there a better night for it? (*beat*) You seem to think today is merely another afternoon with ledgers to justify, accounts to attend. But this is the twenty-fifth of December!

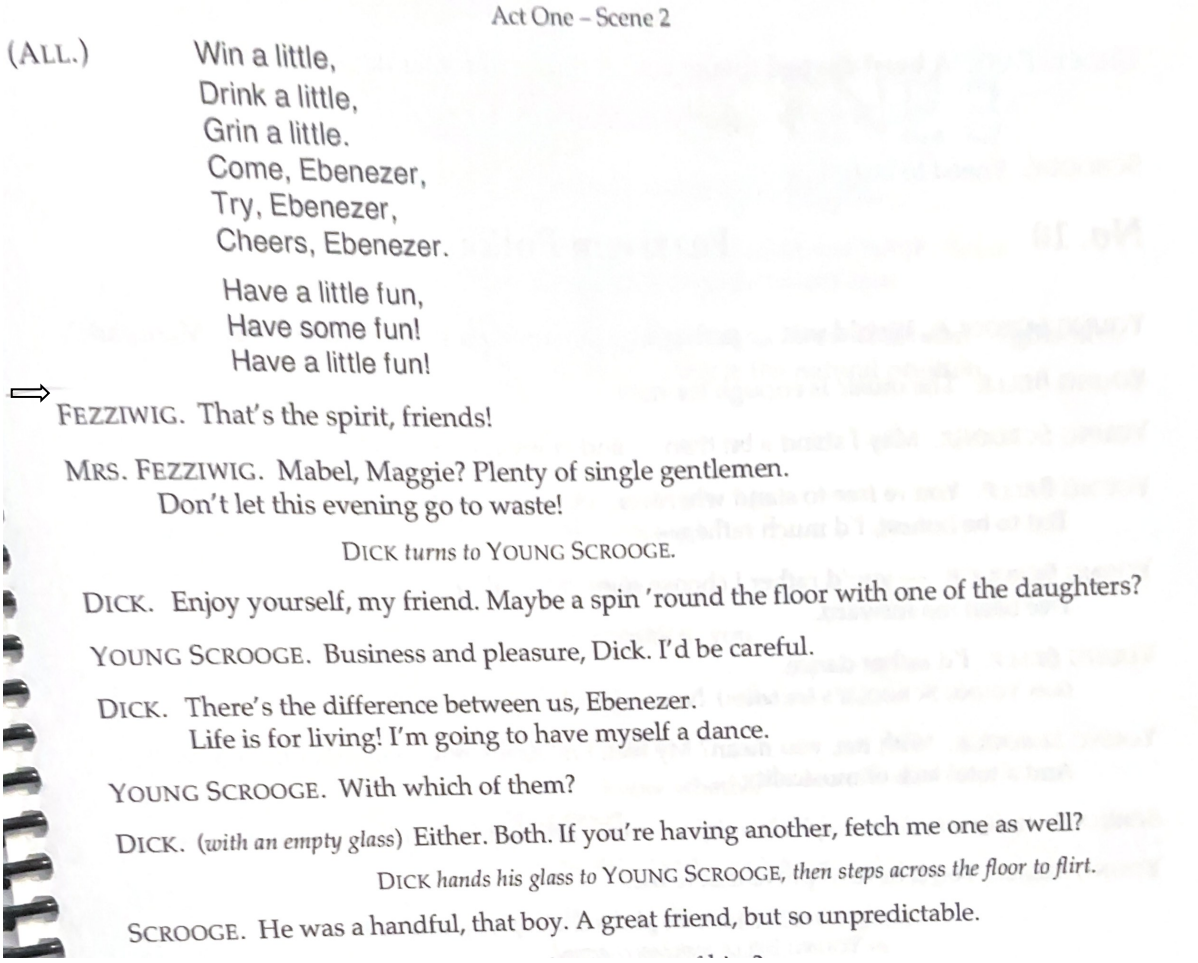
YOUNG SCROOGE. I'm well aware of the date, yet is that a reason to lose all sense of decorum?

Music continues, attacca.

No. 9 **A Regular Day** (Dick & Fezziwig's Guests)

See p. 71

Fezziwigs



Act One – Scene 2

(ALL.) Win a little,
Drink a little,
Grin a little.
Come, Ebenezer,
Try, Ebenezer,
Cheers, Ebenezer.

Have a little fun,
Have some fun!
Have a little fun!

Start ⇨ FEZZIWIG. That's the spirit, friends!

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Mabel, Maggie? Plenty of single gentlemen.
Don't let this evening go to waste!

DICK *turns to* YOUNG SCROOGE.

DICK. Enjoy yourself, my friend. Maybe a spin 'round the floor with one of the daughters?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Business and pleasure, Dick. I'd be careful.

DICK. There's the difference between us, Ebenezer.
Life is for living! I'm going to have myself a dance.

YOUNG SCROOGE. With which of them?

DICK. (*with an empty glass*) Either. Both. If you're having another, fetch me one as well?

DICK *hands his glass to* YOUNG SCROOGE, *then steps across the floor to flirt.*

SCROOGE. He was a handful, that boy. A great friend, but so unpredictable.

Fred & Juliana

(*sung*) And we hope his merry mood
Will not soon fade,
For at last when he's around,
We're not afraid.

SCROOGE. And they hardly can believe
This change was made.

SCROOGE & GUESTS.
In just … one … year!

Music segues on applause, under dialogue. JULIANA *crosses to* SCROOGE.

No. 4 Just One Year (Dance)

(Orchestra)

Start ⇒ JULIANA. Dance with me, Uncle.

SCROOGE. Oh Juliana, no, I haven't danced in years.

JULIANA. No excuses. This is your party and you're going to enjoy it. Come on now!

JULIANA *pulls* SCROOGE *to the dance, which starts awkwardly, but turns delightful.* FRED *appears with a cup of punch for* JULIANA, *his wife, who excuses herself, crossing away and leaving* SCROOGE *alone as the couples circle past him.* MARLEY *gestures and the music stops, the action freezes.*

MARLEY. There. That moment. That is why I've come.

SCROOGE. The moans and clanking? The lightning bolt? Because I had no dance partner?!

MARLEY *gestures and the action resumes as the party ends.*
The BUSINESSMAN, WIFE, *and* THE CRATCHITS *slip back into the shadows.*

Scrooge In Love! – Prompt Book

FRED. Tomorrow with us, remember. Christmas dinner?
A fine goose with all the trimmings.

JULIANA. And do bring someone if you like. We love you, Uncle.

FRED & JULIANA *follow the others into the shadows and away.*

Fred & Juliana

ACT TWO – SCENE 6

Nephew Fred's Home. Night.

The home is warm and beautifully appointed.
The group of assembled friends includes Scrooge's nephew FRED, JULIANA, *and the* CRATCHIT *family.* THEY *step back to reveal* SCROOGE *and* BELLE, *changed now for their wedding, standing before a* MINISTER.
A beaming NORA *looks on and* TINY TIM *is there as Scrooge's best man.*

No. 37 Wedding

(Orchestra)

MINISTER. I now pronounce that you are husband and wife.

SCROOGE. And family.

SCROOGE *gestures for* NORA, *and she steps close.*

MINISTER, BELLE & NORA. (*in unison*) And family.

TINY TIM. God bless us, every — !

BOB CRATCHIT. That was last year, Tim. That was last year.

FRED. I confess, I never thought I'd see the day — yet in the space of twenty-four hours, from lifelong bachelor to a husband with a child?

SCROOGE. And that, dear nephew, is perhaps the least amazing thing that's happened in that time.

SCROOGE *glances to doors onto a terrace where* MARLEY'S GHOST *floats.*
SCROOGE *steps through the doors.*

Marley

MARLEY. Ebeneeeeeeezer …

SCROOGE. But … but I've done all you asked of me last year! Each and every thing. Has word not reached you? Begone foul spirit!

MARLEY. Foul spirit?!

SCROOGE. I beg your pardon. Badly worded. Still, I am a changed man, Jacob. On my life.

JACOB MARLEY *emits a ghostly moan.* SCROOGE *continues.*

Truly. I share my good fortune willingly, my purse open to all in need. I keep Christmas in my heart the year 'round. I … I'm never without a sprig of holly on my lapel. (*realizing*) Not on my nightshirt of course. (*beat*) For what possible reason have you returned?!

MARLEY. (*ghostly*) Doooo youuuu …

SCROOGE. Yes?

MARLEY. (*casually*) Do you mind if I sit?

A weary JACOB MARLEY *sinks onto the foot of the bed.* SCROOGE *draws his feet up, keeping his distance.* MARLEY *continues.*

I can't feel the bed, actually. But the idea of it is wonderful. And these chains do weigh on a soul. Day after endless day. Year after endless year.

SCROOGE. If I could take them from you, I would. And gladly, for all you did for me.

MARLEY. They are a burden of my own making, link after link of terrible choices.

SCROOGE. Of course. Thinking of none but yourself, never lending a helping hand, never admitting your mistakes, that foul temper —

MARLEY. My point being … I alone forged these bonds and only I can undo them.

SCROOGE. So … (*awkward silence*) … is this to be an annual holiday chat? A friendly hello between old friends? One of them dead, true, but —

MARLEY. Are … you … happy?!

SCROOGE. Am I … what?

MARLEY. I didn't mean to howl it, Ebenezer. A nasty habit. Comes with the chains.

SCROOGE. You traveled all this way to ask if I'm happy? I am. I actually smile now. Not at the moment, for reasons you might imagine, but I do. Ask anyone. I smile. Had you been at the party I hosted earlier this evening, you'd have seen.

MARLEY. Yes? Show me.

SCROOGE. Show you? Now how might I possibly —?

MARLEY. Describe the gathering. I'll recreate it. Conjure the images.

SCROOGE. You can do that?

MARLEY. Parlor tricks. There's honestly not much else to do over there.

Marley

ACT TWO – SCENE 7

Outside Fred's Home. A Terrace. Night.

SCROOGE faces MARLEY to discover the figure has no chains to restrict him.

MARLEY. I've come to wish you well, Ebenezer.
We're all talking about you … over there.

SCROOGE. You have worked wonders for me.

MARLEY. And you for me. Do you notice? No clanking.
In helping you, it seems my burden is completely lifted.

SCROOGE. Our business is well and truly done, then?

MARLEY. Well and truly. Merry Christmas, dear friend. May a good, long life be yours.
And may you make more of it than I ever did.

SCROOGE. Is it time, Jacob?

Beyond, other GHOSTS appear, the phantoms with whom MARLEY traveled earlier.
MARLEY looks toward them. SCROOGE realizes the significance.

MARLEY. (*a nod*) They're not so bad once you get to know them.
And I have an eternity to accomplish that.

SCROOGE. At least have some kidney pie before you go?

MARLEY. If only I could, but it goes right through me.

MARLEY disappears into the flow. Then, from the street below …

No. 38 **Finale Ultimo** *See p. 120*
(Entire Ensemble)

Ghost of Christmas Past

SCROOGE. (*from under the covers*) Not here. No one home.

Pink light floods the room and the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST *appears, a bubbly, Victorian Music Hall showgirl.*

SCROOGE. I am not in need of your help. (*peeking out*)
Mister Copperfield, perhaps, two doors down. A most complicated fellow.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. Do you know who I am?

SCROOGE. It's only been a year. Do you imagine me a complete fool?

GHOST / PAST. Not complete, no.

SCROOGE. You are the Ghost of Christmas Past.

GHOST / PAST. Actually, this year, I am the ghost of your past.
Your past life. Your past loves.

SCROOGE. My loves? Then this might have been a very brief adventure.
Move along, move along.

GHOST / PAST. Was there never one?

SCROOGE. Love is an overrated emotion.

GHOST / PAST. On the contrary, Ebenezer. It's the loveliest emotion I know!

No. 6 **I Love Love** *See p. 68*
(Ghost of Christmas Past)

Ghost of Christmas Past

SCROOGE. (*spoken in fermata*) *Stop!* If I were to confess that once … long ago …
I may have had such feelings, might that end this maddening display?

GHOST / PAST. No. Not quite yet.

(*sung, a cappella*) Love love love love love love love love love love love love!

The high, final note causes glass to shatter (SFX).

(*sp. in rhythm*) I love love!

SCROOGE. Now?

GHOST / PAST. Possibly. A moment. (*considers*) Yes.
We're good. So you admit there was a love?

SCROOGE. There was. There was one.

No. 7 Belle Cues

(Synthesizer Harp)

The GHOST *gestures, a light swirls, and in it appears* YOUNG BELLE.
She is beautiful, in her early twenties. Music pauses.

SCROOGE. (*in fermata*) And that … that is she. That is Belle.
Exactly as I remember her. The night we met.

GHOST / PAST. A night which could be yours again
if you'll let me get on with the business at hand.

The image fades as music concludes.

SCROOGE. Tempting as it may be to revisit my increasingly distant youth,
the girl is a memory. Fog in a pleasing form, nothing more.
There's no reality to that vision. Is there?

GHOST / PAST. Why don't we find out. Together.

The GHOST *extends her hand.*

SCROOGE. So you want me to take that?
Take your hand? (*reaching out to the* GHOST) Oddly cold.

GHOST / PAST. Sorry. I did not think to dress for London.

Music in as the bedchamber vanishes and the scene changes.

No. 8 Fezziwig Waltz

(Orchestra)

Ghost of Christmas Past

ACT ONE – SCENE 4

Fezziwig & Company. Night.

As the older SCROOGE *and the* GHOST *watch,*
YOUNG SCROOGE *and* YOUNG BELLE *step to the floor.*

YOUNG SCROOGE. Our time was not a waste after all.

YOUNG BELLE. Definitely, not a waste.

The mood right once more, YOUNG SCROOGE *summons his courage for a kiss just as …*

… there's a tap on his shoulder, interrupting.

DICK. Mind if I cut in, Ebenezer?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Can it wait for another dance?

DICK. Sorry, chum, but this is the last. May I?

YOUNG SCROOGE *allows it, the pair dancing away as* YOUNG BELLE *glances back longingly. The* DANCERS *and* YOUNG SCROOGE *freeze. Music pauses.*

GHOST / PAST. It is you she's looking at.

SCROOGE. Is it?

The GHOST *gestures, accompanied by the harp, and "rewinds" the scene, the characters reversing their actions to the point where* DICK *approached, playing* YOUNG BELLE'S *exit again. Music continues under dialogue as before.*

DICK. Mind if I cut in, Ebenezer?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Can it wait for another dance?

DICK. Sorry, chum, but this is the last. May I?

The PAIR *dances away again — but this time* SCROOGE *notices* YOUNG BELLE'S *longing, backward glance.*

SCROOGE. She is, indeed.

GHOST / PAST. Yet you said nothing? Made no move?

No. 13 The Things You Should Have Done *See p. 77*

(Scrooge)

Ghost of Christmas Past

Now days pass by in spite of vows you should have made.
In spite of knowing you're the one
Who wasted time by stalling
And in time was left recalling
The millions of things you should have done.

Fezziwig's warehouse disappears, leaving only SCROOGE *and the* GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST *behind. Music continues under dialogue.*

Star ⇒ SCROOGE. (*continued*) I should have said something. I see that now.
Given her my arm, asked to walk her home. But my friend was the one.

(*sung*) Now days pass by in spite of vows you should have made.
In spite of knowing you'll never be the one.
For though it could be you there,
You missed your chance to do there
Even one of the things you should have done.

GHOST/PAST. Did you see her again?

SCROOGE. We became inseparable for a time. She and I. And Dick.
When she was near, nothing else seemed important.

GHOST/PAST. Not even money?

SCROOGE. To my great surprise. And for a time, at least, I believed she returned the feeling.
She blossomed in love. It filled her soul in ways I could not comprehend.

GHOST/PAST. That's the nature of it. Of love. Remember that feeling.

No. 14 **Scene Link**
(Orchestra)

The GHOST *takes* SCROOGE'S *hand … and lights reveal we are now in …*

Ghost of Christmas Present

ACT ONE – SCENE 7

Scrooge's Celebration Hall. Night.

A nervous SCROOGE *looks in.*

SCROOGE. (*cont'd*) Good musicians? Did you find the pay insufficient? Hello?

The room overflows with holiday spirit. Holly and mistletoe and berries. An enormous evergreen adorned with ornaments. Christmas cakes dripping in icing, topped with lighted candles.
On a throne made from this bounty sits the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT *— a bearded giant of a man in a luxurious robe and holly wreath rimmed with shimmering icicles.* HE'S *boisterous and intoxicated — possibly on whatever is in the large chalice from which he drinks, possibly on Life.*

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Come in! Come in,
Scrooge, and let us begin our acquaintance!

SCROOGE. And you might be … ?

GHOST / PRESENT. Am I so unlike my brother from last year?
My robes, my spirit? Have you no guess?

SCROOGE. I meet so many people lately.

GHOST / PRESENT. None like myself, I'd wager. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!

SCROOGE. In retrospect, I should have known. The way you speak in exclamation points.

The GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT
crosses to SCROOGE, *dwarfing him.*

GHOST / PRESENT. You are alone, Scrooge?
Only you in this enormous house on this magnificent holiday?

SCROOGE. Not entirely alone.

GHOST / PRESENT. No?

SCROOGE. There's you. If we're being precise.

GHOST / PRESENT. Of course that would be your answer! Of course! You make me laugh!

The GHOST *laughs a long, long, long and hearty laugh.*
When he finally stops …

SCROOGE. Well, I'm … I'm very glad I can bring you joy.

Ghost of Christmas Present

ACT ONE – SCENE 10

Belle's Modest Home. Child's Bedroom. Night.

BELLE, twenty years older than when we last saw her, reads a bedtime story to young NORA.

BELLE. (*reading*) And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose …

NORA. Why do they call him Saint Nick when his name is Father Christmas?

BELLE. Because this is a new story. From America.

SCROOGE. The years have made her only more beautiful.

GHOST / PRESENT. And given her a child.

SCROOGE. — which might have been mine, had I said and done what I should.

GHOST / PRESENT. The past cannot be undone.

SCROOGE. Though today is not the past. Less still, the future. Today is still something I can change, yes? If I were to find a woman like she … (*beat*) But who could possibly compare?

BELLE. (*reading*) And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight
Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.

NORA. And it all happened on Christmas Eve. Like tonight.

BELLE. Yes and I know a girl who needs to be off to dreamland before Father Christmas comes to visit.

NORA. Will he bring a doll with red curls, do you think?

BELLE. He may have something less costly in mind this year — but one thing is certain. He'll leave you a lump of coal if you're not asleep soon.

BELLE tucks the CHILD into bed.

SCROOGE. Where is her husband? Where's Dick Wilkins?

GHOST / PRESENT. You asked only to see Belle.

SCROOGE. At work is he, then? Away on some distant business?

GHOST / PRESENT. Look there …

BELLE touches the cameo around her neck.

SCROOGE. My mother's cameo. She wears it still?

The delicate chain breaks, the cameo falling to the floor.
BELLE picks it up, holds it to her heart.

GHOST / PRESENT. The woman has thoughts of you.

SCROOGE. You're mistaken. The necklace was for her wedding. It's her husband she thinks of, yes?

GHOST / PRESENT. My friends and I can only show you these shadows. Make of them what you will.

Lights fade and the room disappears, leaving
SCROOGE and the GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT alone in …

Young Belle, Young Scrooge

ACT ONE – SCENE 3

A Dock Outside Fezziwig's. Night.

The moonlit Thames behind, YOUNG SCROOGE *and* YOUNG BELLE *find a quiet spot as older* SCROOGE *and the* GHOST *enter.*

YOUNG BELLE. Right here, Ebenezer. Stand close. (*he does*) Now. This hand … goes here. And this … (*an intimate, partners' position*) … this is the natural position.

YOUNG SCROOGE. For…?

YOUNG BELLE. For dancing.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Close as this? Only for dancing?

SCROOGE. How cheeky! What a rascal I was!

YOUNG BELLE. You hear the music? Let it speak to you.

YOUNG SCROOGE. The music speaks?

YOUNG BELLE. It has a rhythm about it. Listen.

YOUNG SCROOGE. I hear, though I don't know whether it's the music or my pounding heart.

It could be a kiss. But BELLE *smiles, pulls flirtatiously away.*

YOUNG BELLE. I believe you may be better at this than you let on.

SCROOGE. (*happily in the moment*) No, I'm not. I'm truly not.

YOUNG BELLE. I'm not at all certain I should be alone with you here in the moonlight.

SCROOGE. She flirts with me. You see? How did I not notice that at the time?

YOUNG BELLE. You might prove a scoundrel and try to press your advantage.

YOUNG SCROOGE. You do misjudge me. The very thought!

YOUNG BELLE. You appear sweet, yet the seemingly sweet are often the most dangerous of all.

Music continues, attacca.

No. 11 **You're Safe With Me** *See p. 75*

(Young Scrooge & Young Belle)

Young Belle, Young Scrooge

So I think it's fairly safe to guarantee
You're safe with me!

YOUNG BELLE. (*spoken in rhythm*)
I see.

YOUNG SCROOGE. (*sp. over music*) I have no time to get into trouble.
I open these offices at dawn and am usually the last to leave.
It's hard to be a scoundrel when work is your life.

YOUNG BEL. So then you won't try to chase me?

YOUNG SCR. You're safe with me.

YOUNG BEL. Or feel an urge to embrace me?

YOUNG SCR. You're safe with me.

YOUNG BEL. And if I said you're charming,
Pleasant and disarming,

YOUNG SCR. I'd feel inclined to disagree.

YOUNG BEL. Then I do believe it's fairly plain to see …

YOUNG SCR. You're safe with me!

YOUNG BELLE. (*sp. over music*) That being the case, I suppose there's
nothing to do, but — (*off* YOUNG SCROOGE'S *look*) — dance.

YOUNG BELLE guides YOUNG SCROOGE into a joyous dance, whirling and stepping about the stage. Eventually, the music slows and THEY *lock eyes.*

YOUNG SCR. And should I hold you near me,
Still, you mustn't fear me.

YOUNG BEL. Two safer arms I'll never see.

BOTH. I think it's safe to say we both agree
You're safe … with …

Another chance for a kiss — but MRS. FEZZIWIG *comes to the door.*

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Ebenezer? Miss Moorpark? It's the last dance. (*a grin*)
Or perhaps you're fine as you are? You look fine. Are you fine?

YOUNG SCROOGE. We are absolutely … fine.

YOUNG BELLE. Absolutely.

No. 12 Fezziwig Polonaise

(Orchestra)

With a happy chortle, MRS. FEZZIWIG *exits. The scene changes as* YOUNG SCROOGE *takes* YOUNG BELLE'S *hand, walks her into …*

Young Belle, Young Scrooge

ACT ONE – SCENE 5

London Park. Summer Afternoon.

YOUNG SCROOGE *stands with a cameo on a delicate, gold chain.*

YOUNG SCROOGE. (*practicing*) Will you marry me? Will you marry me?
Would you possibly do me the great honor of —?

YOUNG BELLE. (*offstage*) Ebenezer?

YOUNG BELLE *enters.* YOUNG SCROOGE *pockets the necklace.* SCROOGE *and the* GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST *remain as* YOUNG BELLE *continues.*

I got your message. Did you doubt I'd come?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I never doubt you.

YOUNG BELLE. Since your promotion, we've seen so little of you.
Less than before and who knew that was possible?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I do take my responsibilities seriously.
I mean to afford any opportunity that presents itself.

YOUNG BELLE. But life is not a business investment, all ledgers and
budgets and inventory. And we miss you, Dick and I. (*beat*) I miss you.

YOUNG SCROOGE. There's … something we need to discuss. (*a breath*) Belle …

YOUNG BELLE. The proposal.

YOUNG SCROOGE. How could you know that?

YOUNG BELLE. I knew he must have told you. Nothing stays a secret long with him.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Dick? He proposed to you?

YOUNG BELLE. Sunday last.

YOUNG SCROOGE. And what was your response?

YOUNG BELLE. I was waiting to speak with you.
I wanted to know what you thought about it.

YOUNG SCROOGE. He's a fine man. A great friend. And you …

YOUNG BELLE. Yes?

YOUNG SCROOGE. You deserve someone fine as he. One who has the time for you,
who knows exactly what to say and what to do. How to dance.

YOUNG BELLE. Dancing isn't everything.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Unless you don't know how to do it.

YOUNG BELLE. Have you ever been in love, Ebenezer?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I may have. It's complicated.

Young Belle, Young Scrooge

YOUNG BELLE. What could possibly be less complicated than falling in love? Trusting your heart. (*beat*) If you didn't know about the proposal, why did you ask me here?

YOUNG SCROOGE. (*a beat, a lie*) Truthfully … to say goodbye.

YOUNG BELLE. Goodbye?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Of course I knew how close you two have become. How could I not? Myself, I plan to open my own offices before long. I'll be very busy building an enviable bank account. A sensible life.

YOUNG BELLE. And if you're not careful, a solitary one.

YOUNG SCROOGE *produces the cameo.*

YOUNG SCROOGE. Before I go … I wanted you to have this necklace. As a remembrance. It belonged to my mother. She wanted someone special to have it. And as there is no one in my life...and as you are someone very special...

YOUNG SCROOGE *presses the necklace into* YOUNG BELLE'S *hands.*

YOUNG BELLE. I cannot possibly accept this.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Wear it at your wedding. It was meant for such an occasion. It was meant for you.

YOUNG BELLE. What about your own wedding day?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I'm not even certain marriage is for me. It's not for everyone, after all.

YOUNG BELLE. I suppose.

DICK WILKINS *enters.*

DICK. So there you are, my darling. Do you remember my parents are expecting us?

YOUNG SCROOGE. I wish you such a happy life, Belle.

DICK *puts his hands lovingly on* YOUNG BELLE'S *shoulders as* YOUNG SCROOGE *acknowledges him.*

Both of you.

DICK. Your blessing means a great deal to us.

YOUNG BELLE. Wait...

YOUNG SCROOGE. The hour is late. And I have work to do.

No. 15 The Things You Should Have Done (Reprise) *See p. 80*

(Scrooge & Young Scrooge)

Emotional, YOUNG SCROOGE *looks away.* YOUNG BELLE *reluctantly turns to* DICK *as an emotional* OLDER SCROOGE *sings.*