

A CHRISTMAS CAROL 75

(He wheels about, taking in the entire room.)
 There's the saucepan that the gruel was in...there's the door by which the ghost of Jacob Marley entered... there's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened!

(He leaps onto the bed.)
 A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world!

(He's off the bed again.)
 I don't know what day of the month it is. I don't know how long I've been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby! Never mind, I don't care. I'd rather be a baby!

(Opening the upstage window.)
 Hello! Whoop!

(Sound Effect 20: A cacophony of bells.)
 Glorious! Glorious!

(CHARLEY enters as a boy walking down the street. He pauses, hurls a snowball at an offstage assailant, and does a somersault downstage.)
 Hello there! Hello! What's today?

BOY. Eh?

SCROOGE. What's today, my fine fellow?

BOY. *(How could anyone not know?)* Today? Why, it's Christmas Day!

SCROOGE. It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it! The spirits have done it all in one night! They can do anything they like. Of course they can! Hello there, my fine fellow!

BOY. *(Trying to figure this strange bird out.)* Hello.

SCROOGE. Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one? The one at the corner?

BOY. I should hope I did.

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SCROOGE. An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging there? Not the little prize turkey - the big one?

BOY. What, the one as big as me?

SCROOGE. What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk with him. Yes, my buck!

BOY. It's hanging there now.

SCROOGE. Is it? Go buy it!

BOY. What, me? Go on!

SCROOGE. No, no, I'm serious. Go buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here so that I may give 'em direction where to take it. Come back with the man and I'll give you a shilling!

(THE BOY turns to run off.)
 Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!

BOY. Garn!

(He runs off to fetch the poulterer.)

SCROOGE. I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sent it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim! Four times the size of Tiny Tim!

(He takes off the night cap and sleeping gown, and puts on his coat. He is now out in the street. The two PORTLY GENTLEMEN enter.)

FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN. *(Recognising SCROOGE, he tries sidestepping him and continuing on his way.)* Scrooge and Marley's, I believe.

SCROOGE. *(Stopping them and pumping their hands.)* My dear sirs, how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you - a wonderful gesture. A merry Christmas to you both!

FIRST PORTLY GENTLEMAN. Mr. Scrooge?