**SCROOGE, NARRATOR, GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST AUDITIONS**

When Scrooge awoke it was so dark, that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavouring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighbouring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to Heaven, this was, perhaps, the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long, that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

*It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white, as if with age; and* yet *the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand: and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm. Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was not its strangest quality. For, as its belt sparkled and glittered, now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness: being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body: of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein**[35] they melted away. And, in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever.*

*The FIRST SPIRIT slowly pulls back the drapes of Scrooge’s bed. She wears a white gown*

*and has a candle-like flame spouting from her head. She carries a conical hat similar to*

*those used to snuff out candles.*

4. MUSIC: [MUS-06] SPIRIT #1 ARRIVES--UNDER, PLAY THRU.

5. THE NARRATOR: ... the curtains of his bed were drawn aside and Scrooge

found himself face-to-face with the un-earthly visitor who drew them. It was a strange figure--like a child, yet... not so like a child as like an old man...

6. MUSIC: SPIRIT #1 ARRIVES--LET IT FINISH.

7. FIRST SPIRIT: Ebenezer Scrooge.

8. SCROOGE: Are you the Spirit whose coming was foretold?

9. FIRST SPIRIT: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

10. SCROOGE: Long past?

1. FIRST SPIRIT: Your past. Your welfare. Your Reclamation. Rise, and walk with me.

*SCROOGE arises from bed. The FIRST SPIRIT beckons him to follow, leading him to walk*

*Toward the “wall” He proceeds a few steps but then stops.*

2. SCROOGE: *(scared)* But I am a mortal and liable to…

3. FIRST SPIRIT: Bear but a touch of my hand and you shall be upheld--in more than this! Come!

*Scrooge and Spirit move to downstage center…. And off the plateflorm*

Spirit waves her hand from right to left, and a group of young boys playing enter from USR to to DSC are seen. They bring with them a gate or bit of fence to indicate a familiar road…

4. MUSIC: [MUS-07] CHRISTMAS PAST--UNDER, PLAY THRU.

NOTE: IT WILL PLAY RIGHT THROUGH SEVERAL

SCENES, ENDING JUST BEFORE “FEZZIWIG’S BALL.”

6. LIGHTS: GO TO BLACK WHILE BOYS ENTER TO PLAY BRIEFLY

7. LIGHTS: A SPOT UPON SCROOGE AND THE FIRST SPIRIT.

8. MUSIC: CHRISTMAS PAST CONTINUES UNDER AND THRU.

*As SCROOGE marvels at this scene, the NARRATOR EXITS--STAGE LEFT.*

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here! Look! There’s Charles and John" They’re going to take the Norfolk coach--taking them home for the Christmas holiday. (calls out) Hallo! Johnny! It’s me, Ebenezer!

*(a Man also passes carrying a parcel – the Boys offer Merry Christmas to Mr. Whitewood.)*

SCROOGE in his excitement shouts and waves “Yo HoThere! Mister Whitewood!”

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

Scrooge: Yo Ho… *Scrooge sadly drops his hand*

SPIRIT: You were a youth, a schoolboy… let us go there. "Do You recollect the way?"

SCROOGE: "Remember it!" I could walk these lanes blindfold."

*Scrooge and the Spirit walk DS and off of the platform, onto the road where Whitewood was.*

**Spirit:** Yourface so lit up as they went past… you must have had fond memories of him… and this place. Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" (mild recrimination in the voice)

Scrooge: Bah…..

SPIRIT - Here’s the School just at Christmastime.

*Scrooge and the spirit turn around and see on the corner of the stage platform a young boy aged 9 or 10 sitting on a stool, hunched over a book*

SPIRIT - But It is not quite deserted, A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is alone.

Scrooge: Yes.

*Scrooge moves cautiously behind the boy with the book, reading over his shoulder, and the spirit follows him, Scrooge flips the pages absently at first… The boy doesn’t see Scrooge.* Scrooge: (flipping a page in the child’s book) It’s Ali Baba…. Yes, I know it. One Christmas time when this child was left here all alone, This Boy read Ali Babba…. (flipping more pages) Oh! And the Sultan’s Groom! (flipping more pages) And the Genie!” (in turn nearly laughing and crying as he reminisces) Oh! And Robin Crusoe….. and the parrot with a thing like lettuce growing out of the top of his head… Og! And look there goes Friday! Running for his life!. (drifting off Scrooge stops, steps back, and then moves away… ) Poor Boy!!

SPIRIT - "Your lip is trembling," "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge: It’s just a pimple. (with an unusual catching in his voice and he wipes a tear using the cuff of his robe) and he sniffs. Scrooge and the spirit walk away. Boy onstage turns a page, but remains.

SPIRIT: (Touches Scrooge’s heart) Let us see another Christmas….