

Fan boy Scrooge

ALL. WHEEEEE!!

SCROOGE. Boys. Roughhouse.

CHRISTMAS. You were one of them.

ORSON. Well, fellows, here come my mother and father. Merry Christmas to you.

VALENTINE. Merry Christmas! *(Enter the fathers and mothers of Orson and Valentine. They hold out their arms and their sons run to them.)*

ORSON. See you next year!

VALENTINE. See you then! *(They go off with their parents.)*

SCROOGE AS A BOY. *(Quietly.)* Goodbye.

SCROOGE. *(Quietly.)* Goodbye. *(Scrooge as a Boy goes back to the window of the schoolroom with a small desk. He sits at the desk, and with a little notebook, adds up simple numbers.)*

SCROOGE AS A BOY. One hundred seventy-eight, one hundred seventy-nine, one hundred eighty. *(Scrooge looks at him through the window.)*

SCROOGE. I had forgotten this. *(Scrooge as a Boy pauses. He sighs, rubs his eyes, then goes back to his work.)* One hundred eighty-one, one hundred eighty-two — *(He counts on.)*

CHRISTMAS PAST. Why are you still in school when all the other boys have gone home?

SCROOGE. I lived at the school then.

CHRISTMAS PAST. Why?

SCROOGE. My father. He didn't want me at home. *(To Scrooge as a Boy.)* But come now, BOY! DON'T CRY!!! *(But Scrooge as a Boy does cry. Then, to comfort himself, he sings to himself.)*

SCROOGE AS A BOY. *(Singing.)*

NOEL, NOEL,  
NOEL, NOEL.

BORN IS A CHILD IN ISRAEL.

CHRISTMAS PAST. What is it?

SCROOGE. Nothing. Nothing.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. *(Singing.)*

NOEL, NOEL,  
NOEL, NOEL.

SCROOGE. There was an orphan boy singing a carol at my

door last night. *(Scrooge as a Boy wipes his tears away and goes to work again.)*

SCROOGE AS A BOY. One hundred ninety-four, one hundred ninety-five —

VOICE OF SCROOGE. And what do YOU want?

VOICE OF A BOY. Sing you a carol, sir.

VOICE OF SCROOGE. I don't like orphans!!

SCROOGE AS A BOY. One hundred ninety-nine, two hundred. Two hundred and one — *(Enter Fan, Scrooge's older sister. She is a woman of at least twenty years of age, rather plain but warm and understanding.)*

FAN. Hello, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. Fan! What are you doing here?

FAN. I've come to see you.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. Well, here I am. At my desk at school while everybody else goes home.

FAN. I know.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. Father says my work is unsatisfactory. I neglect my numbers. I neglect facts and hard reality.

FAN. I know.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. I want to play games all the time, like a silly schoolboy, instead of learning to work, like my father's son! Oh Fan!

FAN. Hush, Ebenezer, and listen to me. Our father is harsh, but it is because he wants us to be strong. He is mistaken, but only that.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. He just doesn't like me.

FAN. In his own way, he does. You know I do.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. I do know that! You are the kindest and best older sister a boy ever had! I am so glad to see you! But I still don't know why you came.

FAN. To bring you home.

SCROOGE AS A BOY. Home, but father —

FAN. I told him he couldn't treat you this way, and he agreed. So come home, with me. We'll be all together at Christmas and have the merriest time in the world!

SCROOGE AS A BOY. You did this for me? Home?

FAN. Finish your numbers and we'll go.  
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. I'll never forget you, doing this for me.  
 SCROOGE. And I never have. Never.  
 FAN. Hurry.  
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. All right! *(Fan sits with him as he finishes writing up a last set of numbers.)*  
 SCROOGE. Dearest Fan.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. A fine young woman.  
 SCROOGE. My wonderful older sister. She was warm but delicate. Never strong.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Her heart was!  
 SCROOGE. Yes. Her heart was very strong.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. She died, I believe.  
 SCROOGE. And a part of me died with her.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. She had children?  
 SCROOGE. Only one.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Your nephew?  
 SCROOGE. My nephew, Fred.  
 VOICE OF NEPHEW. Uncle!  
 VOICE OF SCROOGE. Nephew!  
 VOICE OF NEPHEW. Why do you act like this?  
 VOICE OF SCROOGE. Why did you get married?  
 VOICE OF NEPHEW. I fell in love!  
 VOICE OF SCROOGE. Love? Humbug!  
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. There! I'm finished!  
 FAN. Then let's go home, Ebenezer!  
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. Yes, Fan! Home! *(They run off.)*  
 SCROOGE. Fan! Fan! How good she was! How loving she was! Oh, Fan!  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Come, give me your hand. *(Scrooge does. Darkness, whirling light. Wind. Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Past, lights whirling around them, are flying through the air. Against the sky appear curious and images of London again.)*  
 SCROOGE. I see London again!  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Indeed you do. Guess what you see in London?  
 SCROOGE. Just London! Huge, strange, nothing like it

London!  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Look closer! Down there! What do you see?  
 SCROOGE. Well, I see factories and warehouses and oh! *(A sign appears: FEZZIWIG ENTERPRISES. Below it a counting house the same as Scrooge's at the beginning of the play, but larger and warmer and more cheerful, moves onto the stage. Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Past go to meet it.)*  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Do you know this place?  
 SCROOGE. Know it? I was apprenticed there. I learned business here!  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. From who?  
 SCROOGE. Why, from old Fezziwig, that's who. *(At a very tall desk is Fezziwig, working like Scrooge at the beginning of the play. But he is fat and pink and very jolly, wearing a comical cap made of colored wool.)* Old Fezziwig, bless his heart! Alive again! Old Fezziwig! I learned everything from him!  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Everything, Mr. Scrooge?  
 SCROOGE. Yes! And more! I even became — in time — well, never mind.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. A better businessman?  
 SCROOGE. Yes.  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Than Fezziwig?  
 SCROOGE. Yes!  
 CHRISTMAS PAST. That is to say, you made more money?  
 SCROOGE. Much more! And what's wrong with that? Making money is not against the law, is it? *(A young man, Scrooge as a Young Man, brings Fezziwig some papers to sign, and stands waiting. Fezziwig takes out his pocket watch.)*  
 FEZZIWIG. Seven o'clock.  
 SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Yes, sir.  
 FEZZIWIG. I suppose you'll want the whole day tomorrow.  
 SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Yes, sir.  
 FEZZIWIG. Do you think that's fair?  
 SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. It's only once a year, sir.  
 FEZZIWIG. Well, sir, I will tell you this. You will not go home tonight! You will stay right here in this office! Do you hear that, sir?