

Actor 2
Young Scrooge

Int. Scrooge & Isabella's Home. Christmas Eve.

(YOUNG SCROOGE marches on. He has grown grander.
More stooped.)

YOUNG SCROOGE. Isabella? What is it?

ISABELLA. Ebenezer?

YOUNG SCROOGE. What?

ISABELLA. I have something for thee sir.

YOUNG SCROOGE. What?

(She holds out her hand. A flash of diamond.)

SCROOGE. Not this scene spirit. Not this Christmas!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. I am afraid it must be borne
sir.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Your ring.

(She drops it in his hand. SCROOGE watches, frozen.)

ISABELLA. It was my blessing, sir. But now I return it.
(closes his hand over the ring) I fear you have another
'engagement' sir. That consumes your heart. Another
passion sir.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Passion? What passion?

ISABELLA. All your gain sir! Your profits! Locking them
up in your box every night of your life! That is your
passion! Not *me* Ebenezer! I am not your passion! I
am not your love! Where were you tonight?

YOUNG SCROOGE. Working!

ISABELLA. It is Christmas Eve!

YOUNG SCROOGE/OLD SCROOGE. So!!!??

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. She cannot hear thee sir.

ISABELLA. 'Tis the day we met! The day you proposed!

(Music: CAROL SINGERS in distance: "GOD REST
YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN")

YOUNG SCROOGE. What time have I for Christmas! I have
to work! I have my customers to see to! My books to
be balanced! I do it for us Belle!

ISABELLA. We were one beating heart Ebenezer. One. And full of joy. But now we are two and full of misery. How often and how keenly I have thought of this through the lonely hours of night I will not say to you. It is enough that I *have* thought of it and do think of it, and now – release you.

YOUNG SCROOGE. Release me!? You cannot release me!

ISABELLA. So leave your counting and your ledgers and your figures and your books and your *MONEY!* And come with me. For ever. With nothing! Just us!

(YOUNG SCROOGE *stares at her. An agony of indecision.*)

You cannot, can you?

(*Still YOUNG SCROOGE says nothing. SCROOGE watches spellbound.*)

Ebenezer?

(*still nothing.*)

It is said if a man follows not the true calling of his soul, his soul will turn black and bad. It will wither and die. I hope you are following your soul's true calling Ebenezer. And that your soul doth thrive. May you be happy in the life you choose sir.

(ISABELLA *turns and leaves. Both SCROOGES watch her go.*)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. You did not stop her sir.

SCROOGE. For what purpose?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. You had her heart sir!

SCROOGE. A distraction merely. A moment's weakness! A man must make his own way. He cannot afford such aberrations! She was a narrow escape if you want to know! That's all she was! (*He laughs.*) These – 'visions' do not touch me spirit!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. Just one more if you would sir. Then I am done sir.

SCROOGE. *I am done with thee spirit!*