

(SCROOGE gazes at the scene. The GHOST watches him.)

GEORGE. Belle.

ISABELLA. Yes?

GEORGE. I saw an old friend of yours tonight.

ISABELLA. Old friend?

GEORGE. I passed his office in the city. In Fetter Lane. Quite by chance. His partner Mr. Marley and he were counting their money. Heads bowed. Never once speaking. All the joys of Christmas Eve ringing in the streets around them. And they were sitting there. Oblivious. Like ghosts.

ISABELLA. He would have killed me George. Sure as light is light and snow is snow. If I had given him my heart. He surely would.

(They take each others' hands. They kiss.)

A narrow escape sir.

SCROOGE. Cratchit!!! The box Cratchit!!! Cratchit!!!

(He runs into the wings, runs back. Bumps into ISABELLA and GEORGE. Sees they are still kissing. Shouts at them.)

Cratchit! I need – Cratchit!!! WHERE IS CRATCHIT!!

(ISABELLA and GEORGE are oblivious.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. I have told thee sir. He is not here sir.

SCROOGE. Yes! I know that! *Aright! Thank you!!* I was just – just – (*gazing at them*) That's all she wanted! My heart! That's what she kept saying! (*mimicking, dances around them*) Your heart your heart! I hold you in my heart! Your heart is my blessing, Ebenezer! Oooh yes it is, Ebenezer! Your sweet tender heart, Ebenezer!

(ISABELLA and GEORGE run out past SCROOGE. He shouts after them.)

SCROOGE. *BLESSING!!!? BLESSING!!!?* A heart is not a blessing! A heart is – but a – beating muscle! A beating ugly muscle that keeps us going! 'Til we drop. That is all it is and nothing more and that's an end to it!
(laughs uproariously) Did you see *HIM!* *Ha!!!* Laden with gifts and Christmas humbug nonsense! Well he's welcome to her! They're welcome to each other! And to think I might have married her! *Hah! HAH!!* Good riddance spirit! I thought you were going to show me some important scenes! From my past! That – that one could – well – learn from and – and – could educate one – and – profit from and – and – but frankly – frankly they were – well frankly – *(He laughs.)* – a waste of time sir! A waste of precious time sir! *Madam!!!!*

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. Precious time indeed sir.

(The GHOST vanishes. SCROOGE spins round.)

SCROOGE. Spirit! Spirit!??

(Looks for the GHOST. Runs round stage, runs off.)

(offstage) SPIRIT!

(Runs back. Shouts up to the flies.)

You see! It hasn't worked has it!? I've defeated thee spirit! You've given up haven't you!? As I indicated to Mr. Marley at his attempted 'haunting', thy journey has been wasted! Repent me of my life!? Is that what you'd have me do? Well my life is mine own thank you! And I will do what I do with it and I will do it as I do it and **THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO SPIRIT!** So all your paltry pointless 'visions' are as dross! As chaff! As – as – bilge! I am unmoved! Undefeated! Unrepentant! Unchanged! Un – un – everything! *Ha ha ha ha!*

(He sings mockingly.)

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen, let nothing you dismay, da da da da da da da da da da! O Tidings of Comfort and Joy, Comfort and Joy, O tidings of comfort and blah blah blah blah blah!!!