

**Do the Narration with Standard American Speech. Use appropriate Brit dialect for scene work.**

**NARRATION**

**(remember, this is a ghost story)**

Marley was dead, to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story we're about to relate.

MRS. CRATCHIT. And how did little Tim behave?

BOB CRATCHIT. As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you have ever heard. He told me....

TINY TIM. I hoped that people saw me in the church, because I am a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

**SCENE 2 – SCROOGE & BOY**

SCROOGE Hallo there! Hallo! What's today?

BOY What?

SCROOGE What's today, my fine fellow?

BOY Today? Why Christmas Day!

SCROOGE It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it! The Spirits have done it all in one night. Hallo, my fine fellow, do you know the poulterer's, in the next street at the corner?

BOY I should hope I did.

SCROOGE Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey, the big one?

BOY What, the one as big as me?

SCROOGE Yes, my buck!

BOY It's hanging there now.

SCROOGE It is? Go and buy it.

BOY Go buy a turkey! Oh, right.

SCROOGE No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it. Bring it back, I'll give you a shilling. Bring it back in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown! (*Exit boy*) I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sent it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.