

Till I stand at the top
Of that mountain I must climb!

The Ghosts of Marley, Christmas Past and Present are seen through Scrooge's mirror, nodding approval

I will start anew.
I will make amends.
And I'll make quite certain
That the story ends
On a note of hope—
On a strong amen—
And I'll thank the world
And remember when
I was able to begin again!
I'll begin again!

Scrooge, still in his nightclothes, stands in the middle of the street, laughing and crying with joy. The church bells merrily chime nine o'clock

The Lights cross-fade to:

SCENE 9

A London street—Cheapside

A small boy trudges through the snow along the street. He stops and stares in amazement at Scrooge in his nightclothes

Scrooge Boy... Boy! What day is it?

Boy Today? Why, Christmas Day, o' course!

Scrooge *(letting out a bellow of triumph and clapping his hands)* It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it!

Christmas Children (No. 22a) starts (underscore)

(He turns back to the boy) Do you know the butcher's shop in the next street but one?

Boy I should 'ope so!

Scrooge What an intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you happen to know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up in the window? Not the big one—the enormous one!

Boy You mean the one as big as me?

Scrooge What a delightful boy! So witty! It's a pleasure to talk to him!
That's the one!

Boy It's still there.

Scrooge It is? Go and buy it.

Boy Wassat?

Scrooge Here's two sovereigns. Go and wake up the butcher and have him open up his shop. Meet me there in five minutes. Be holding that turkey, and I'll give you tuppence — sixpence — a shilling ... I'll give you half a crown! Go on, run — run — run!

The Boy disappears like a shot

Scrooge chuckles

Oh, what a lovely boy! I think I'm going to like children. *(He hurries next door to the toy shop and bangs on the door)*

The toy shop owner, Mr Pringle, his face covered in shaving cream, emerges and stares at Scrooge in a state of shock. His wife follows, equally dumbfounded

Pringle Mr Scrooge?

Scrooge Good-morning, Pringle. A merry Christmas to you. I want some toys—lots of toys—for all my young friends on this joyous day.

Pringle T-t-toys?! *You*, Mr Scrooge?

Scrooge Yes. Well, don't stand there gaping, man—make a list.

Pringle A list. Yes. Of course, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge *(pointing at the carousel)* I want that and that and that. And two of those and the hobby horse and some flutes—some trumpets, oh, and that doll in the corner, and some bows and arrows!

Pringle *(dumbfounded)* Bows and arrows...

Scrooge Oh yes, I must have a cricket bat, and these, and that horse and this piano... I like that, oh, and this beautiful coach and several kites and these boats and some of these and I'll have that...

The traumatized Pringle scribbles at great speed, trying to keep up with Scrooge's dizzying selections. His small Boy Assistant is wide-eyed with wonder at the miracle he is witnessing. Mrs Pringle watches in amazement

Pringle Y-yes, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge And how much is all that?