

# CAMPBELL THEATER PLAYHOUSE

## “A Christmas Carol”

*Originally aired December 24, 1939*

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for “Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear” old time radio recreations. [www.ttdyradio.com](http://www.ttdyradio.com)

### **CAST:**

Announcer –	Belle –
Orson Wells, the narrator –	Belle’s Husband –
Mr. Chapel-	Ghost of Christmas Present –
Ebenezer Scrooge –	Mrs. Cratchit –
Bob Cratchit--	Martha Cratchit –
Caroler	Peter Cratchit
Nephew Fred –	Belinda Cratchit
Charity Collector –	Other Cratchit Children
Jacob Marley--	Tiny Tim –
Ghost of Christmas Past –	Man on Street 1 –
Fezziwig/Caller –	Man on Street 2 –
Young Ebenezer –	Goose Boy –

### **SFX:**

Jingle Bells  
Footsteps  
Door knock, open & close  
Chair moving  
**Bell on door tinkling**  
**Church bell**  
Chains  
Window opens  
Sound collage chaos

(MUSIC)

**ANNOUNCER:** The makers of Campbell’s soup present, the Campbell Playhouse. Orson Wells, producer.

(SFX: JINGLE BELLS)

(MUSIC: THE FIRST NOEL)

**CHORUS SINGS ACAPELLA** “The First Noel, the angel did say..”

**ORSON:** Good evening, this is Orson Wells. There are clearly a number of ways in which “A Christmas Carol” could be introduced. Myself, I am most struck by the happy fortune that enables us on this Christmas Eve, to present Mr. Lionel Barrymore—the best loved actor of our time—in the world’s best loved Christmas story, “A Christmas Carol.” When Charles Dickens presented this little story to the world, almost a hundred years ago, it found an instant response in the hearts of people everywhere who saw, in it, their favorite fictional chronicle of what Christmas is and what Christmas means to all the simple people of the earth. From the day of its first printing, families have been innumerable in which there has remained unbroken, the tradition that the reading of “A Christmas Carol” was an item indispensable to a proper observance of the most important of days. It is the American way, as we know, to establish traditions quickly where popular instinct and sentiment pronounce them sound. And so it is that today actually only the fifth anniversary of Mr. Lionel Barrymore’s first playing of the part of Ebenezer Scrooge for the Campbell Playhouse, there is, I think, in all America nothing more eagerly awaited, more firmly rooted in the hearts of

the American family, that numbers millions, than this yearly performance of "A Christmas Carol".

(MUSIC AND SINGING ENDS)

"A Christmas Carol", as Charles Dickens wrote it has by common consent long been a classic. Mr. Lionel Barrymore's appearance in it is rapidly becoming one. And now just before "A Christmas Carol", Earnest Chapel has a special Christmas greeting, from the makers of Campbell soups. Mr. Chapel?

**CHAPEL:** Thank you, Orson Wells. As the old year draws to its close, we at Campbell's feel a bond of warmth and gratitude toward each of you, our friends. For, you see, in homes everywhere, throughout the land, Campbell's soups have been welcome. Day by day and week by week, you have placed confidence in us and in the foods we make. And there isn't anything we appreciate more deeply than the fact that so many of you have elected to let Campbell's make your soups for you. And so when Christmas comes, we look about to find some way to show our appreciation, some Christmas present, by which to say, "Thank You". The gift we chose five Christmas' ago, and have chosen each year since, has become a part of Christmas to many and many a family. It has become a Christmas custom, as Mr. Wells said, to gather around the radio, to hear and to enjoy "A Christmas Carol." And since it is Christmas Eve, we hope, too, that the younger members of the family are permitted to stay up and listen, before dreams and visits of Santa. We get a great deal of pleasure planning and preparing this Christmas gift, and now it's ready.

(MUSIC: (begins quietly and slowly grows- "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"))

Off come the wrappings, off come the tags that say, "Please, do not open till Christmas," out comes the cards. To you, from Campbell's. And here is the gift itself.

(MUSIC ENDS)

**ORSON:** Marley was dead to begin with. There's 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 upon change for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years. Ah, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge. A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner. And once upon a time, of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve,

(CHORUS SINGS ACAPELLA: God Rest ye, Merry Gentlemen)

old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house, a grim cheerless place, if there

ever was one. The door of Scrooge's counting house was open that he might keep an eye on his clerk, Bob Cratchet. Who, in a cold and dismal little cell beyond, worked on his ledgers.

**CRATCHIT:** 20, 21, 22, (joins in the singing) rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay. 23, 26, 29, 9 carry 2, on Christmas day, 11, 13, 17, 7

**SCROOGE:** BOB CRATCHETT!

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, Mr. Scrooge?

**SCROOGE:** Stop that infernal caterwauling.

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir. 9, 15, 17, 21, carry the one, (continues mumbling)

(SFX: FOOTSTEPS)

**SCROOGE:** All the impudence. Singing their idiotic Christmas carols at my very door.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

**CHORUS IS LOUDER:** "nothing you dismay..."

**SCROOGE:** GO ON! GET AWAY FROM MY DOOR!

(CHORUS DISAPATES AND MOANS)

**SCROOGE:** Go somewhere else and bellow your blasted carols, or I'll give you in charge.

**CAROLER:** Sorry Governor, it's an old custom at Christmastime, you know.

**SCROOGE:** Yeeaaasss! And I don't want any of your old customs. Take your fellow fools and go away. Christmas. Bleah.

**CAROLER:** Right, sir. Marry Christmas anyway, sir.

**SCROOGE:** Aaagh!

(SFX: Door close)

(MUSIC: Carolers singing fades but stays under scene. "Good king Wensleslaus looked out...")

**SCROOGE:** Now you get that letter from Higgins and Blackthorn, Cratchit. And then I want you to finish posting this ledger, and after that you can pop over to Foffagill's and tell Heathram Foffagill you've come after the seventeen shillings and sixpence he's owed me since Micklemas. And tell him I shall have a Constable over there if he doesn't pay up at once.

**CRATCHIT:** Mr. Foffigill's wife has been ill, sir.

**SCROOGE:** What do I care about his wife? I want my seventeen and six.

**CRATCHIT:** I... I just thought it being Christmas, sir...

**SCROOGE:** Christmaaaaas, Christmas. You mention that word to me once more, Bob Cratchit, and I'll...

**FRED:** Merry Christmas, Uncle. Merry Christmas, Bob.

**CRATCHIT:** Merry Christmas, Mister Fred.

**FRED:** God save you, Uncle.

**SCROOGE:** Bah, humbug.

**FRED:** Christmas a humbug, Uncle? Now I'm sure you don't mean that.

**SCROOGE:** I mean *just* that. Exactly that. Merry Christmas. What right have you to be merry? What reason have you? You're poor enough.

**FRED:** Well, what right have you to be dismal about Christmas, Uncle? You're rich enough.

**SCROOGE:** Yeeaach.

**FRED:** Now Uncle, don't be cross.

**SCROOGE:** Weeelll, what else can I be when I live in such a world of fools? What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money? Merry Christmas. A time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer. If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips would be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should...

**FRED:** Uncle?

**SCROOGE:** Now nephew, keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

**FRED:** Keep it? But you don't keep it, Uncle.

**SCROOGE:** Well, let me leave it alone, then. What do you want? A Christmas gift, no doubt.

**FRED:** I came to wish you a Merry Christmas, Uncle.

**SCROOGE:** Merry Christmas. Much good may Christmas do you. (chuckles) Much good it ever has done you.

**FRED:** There are many things from which I derived good by which I have not profited materially, I daresay, Uncle. Christmas among the rest. But I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time—and therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good and will do me good. And I say, God bless it.

**CRATCHIT:** God bless Christmas. Hurrah.

**SCROOGE:** Let me hear another sound out of you there, Bob Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.

**CRATCHIT:** Yes sir.

**SCROOGE:** And as to you, nephew, I wonder you don't go into Parliament. You talk enough nonsense.

(MUSIC CHORUS FADES OUT COMPLETELY)

**FRED:** Oh, don't be angry, Uncle, I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you. Why can't we be friends?

**SCROOGE:** Good afternoon.

**FRED:** I'm sorry you feel that way. Well, I've tried. A Merry Christmas to you, Uncle.

**SCROOGE:** GOOD AFTERNOON!

**FRED:** And a happy new year, too.

**SCROOGE:** Baaaah, humbug.

**FRED:** (Leaving) And a Merry Christmas to you, Bob, and the missus, and to Tiny Tim.

**CRATCHIT:** Thank you, Mr. Scrooge.

(SFX: DOOR OPEN, BELL RING)

**CRATCHIT:** Same to you, sir. Good day sir.

**FRED:** Good day, Bob.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE, MUSIC ENDS)

**SCROOGE:** Nonsense. Twaddle. Flummery. Talking of Christmas and not two sixpences to jangle together in his trousers pocket.

(SFX: Chair moving)

**SCROOGE:** Hey there, you, Bob Cratchit! Come here. What are you doing there.

**CRATCHIT:** I'm only putting a bit more coal in the fire, Mr. Scrooge. Seeing it's so cold in there, sir.

**SCROOGE:** You put that coal back into the scuttle. A fire. A fire, indeed. I can tell you, if you use coal at that rate, you and I will soon be parting company, Bob Cratchit. You understand that? There's many a young fellow that would like your situation, you know.

**CRATCHIT:** I'm sorry, sir. My fingers were getting a little stiff with the cold.

**SCROOGE:** Well then, put on your mittens.

(SFX: DOOR KNOCK)

**SCROOGE:** Someone at the door, go one see who it is.

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir.

(SFX: GETTING OFF STOOL, OPENING DOOR WITH BELL.)

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Good afternoon, sir.

**CRATCHIT:** Good afternoon.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** This is the firm of Scrooge and Marley?

**CRATCHIT:** Yes sir.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** I should like to see the head of the firm, if I may.

**CRATCHIT:** Oh, very good, sir.

**SCROOGE:** What is it?

**CRATCHIT:** A gentleman to see you, Mr. Scrooge

**SCROOGE:** Huh?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

**SCROOGE:** Marley's been dead these seven years tonight. I'm Scrooge.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Well now, Mr. Scrooge, at this season of the year it's only fitting that we who are more fortunate should raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. You may not believe it, sir, but many thousands are now in want of common necessities.

**SCROOGE:** (grumbles)

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** And hundreds of thousands are in want of the simplest comforts.

**SCROOGE:** (Grumbles again) Are there no prisons?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Well, there are plenty of prisons, sir.

**SCROOGE:** And workhouses. They're still in operation, I trust?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** I wish I could say they are not. But they are, sir.

**SCROOGE:** The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Both very busy, sir.

**SCROOGE:** Aahh. I'm glad to hear that. Heh. I was afraid from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** No sir, all these institutions that you mention are flourishing. But it's nevertheless true that some additional provisioning for the poor and destitute must be made.

**SCROOGE:** Bah.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** A few of us, upon change, are endeavoring to raise such a fund, you see. And, uh, what shall I put you down for?

**SCROOGE:** Nothing.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Oh, I see. You wish to remain anonymous.

**SCROOGE:** I wish to be left alone. I don't make merry myself Christmastime, and I can't afford to help make a lot of idle people merry. I help to support the establishments that take care of the poor. They cost enough. Let those who are badly off go there.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Many can't go there, sir. And many would rather die.

**SCROOGE:** Well, then my advice to them is to do so and decrease the surplus population. Besides, I've only your word for it that all this is so.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** It's the truth, Mr. Scrooge.

**SCROOGE:** Well, so be it, then. It's not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business and not to interfere with other peoples. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, sir.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** I quite understand, Mr. Scrooge. Good afternoon.

**SCROOGE:** Cratchit! Show this gentleman out.

(SFX: WALKING)

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir. This way, sir, please. (whispering) Sir. I couldn't help overhearing, I should like to contribute tuppence.

**SCROOGE:** Cratchit!

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir. (Whispering) It isn't much, but it's all I can afford. But there are others in worse situation than I.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** You're a generous fellow. I wish I might say so of your employer.

**SCROOGE:** CRATCHIT!

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Good Afternoon, sir.

**CRATCHIT:** Good afternoon.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

**SCROOGE:** CRATCHIT!!!

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Merry Christmas.

**CRATCHIT:** Merry Christma... yes, sir!

**SCROOGE:** Close the door!

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir.

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

(SFX: WALKING BACK TO DESK)

**CRATCHIT:** (sigh) 24, 31, 1 carry 3, a new scarlet tipper for Tiny Tim, a comb for Martha, 33, 3 and carry 3, a hair ribbon for Belinda, 4, 7, 12, 15,

**SCROOGE:** Cratchit!

**CRATCHIT:** fife.. yes, sir.

**SCROOGE:** It's too late to have you go to Farffagill's. He'll be closed up for Christmas like those other fools. We may as well close up the place now.

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir. It *is* getting a little dark. Hard to see the figures.

**SCROOGE:** I suppose you'll want the *entire* day tomorrow.

**CRATCHIT:** If it's quite convenient, sir.

**SCROOGE:** It's not convenient. And it's not fair, either. But I suppose I can't do anything about it. If I was to stop half a crown of your wages you'd think yourself very ill used, I'll be bound.

**CRATCHIT:** Well, sir, I...

**SCROOGE:** Yes, but you don't think *ME* ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work.

**CRATCHIT:** It's only once a year, sir.

**SCROOGE:** Once a year! Once a year, indeed. A fine excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December. But I suppose there's no good talking. You must have the whole day. Well, see that you're here all the earlier the next morning. You understand?

**CRATCHIT:** Oh, I will, sir.

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

**CRATCHIT:** I will indeed. Good night, sir. And Merry Christmas.

**SCROOGE:** Bah!

(MUSIC BEGINS)

**CRATCHIT:** Merry Christmas!

**SCROOGE:** BAAAAHH!

(SFX: DOOR CLOSE)

(MUSIC)

**ORSON:** The office was closed in a twinkling and Bob Cratchit, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist—for he boasted no

greycoat—went down a slide on Corn Hill twenty times in honor of it being Christmas eve, and then ran down home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play with his family at Blind Man’s Bluff.

(MUSIC CHANGES):

**ORSON:** Scrooge, on the other hand, took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern. And having read all the newspapers and spent the rest of the evening with his banker’s book, went to his dismal house. Darkness is cheap. And Scrooge liked it. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew it’s every stone, had to grope with his hands through the fog and the frost to find the door. Scrooge walked through his rooms to see that all was right. Sitting room. Bed Room. Lumber Room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table nobody under the sofa nobody under the bed nobody in the closet. Close the door. He locked himself in. He double locked himself in. And took off his cravat put on his dressing slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

(SFX: Bell Toll 10 times)

(MUSIC: Eerie music begins after toll 3.)

**SCROOGE:** (After fifth toll. Big Yawn. Clears throat) Marley. Marley? Marley! I could have sworn I saw old... bah, humbug. Marley’s been dead these seven years. Humbug. All humbug. What I need is a good night’s...

(SFX: CHAIN CRASH)

**SCROOGE:** Eh... wha... what’s that?

(SFX: CHAIN CRASH TWO MORE TIMES)

**SCROOGE:** Someone’s in the place.

(SFX: CHAIN CRASH AGAIN THREE TIMES)

**SCROOGE:** But the door’s locked, and double locked.

(SFX: CHAIN DRAGGING ON FLOOR)

**SCROOGE:** It... it’s... it’s coming. Some... something is... coming closer. Outside my door. Bah. I won’t believe it. It’s humbug still.

**MARLEY:** Ebenezer Scrooge. Ebenezer Scrooge.

**SCROOGE:** Huh? (Small gasp) Marley.

(MUSIC: EERIE)

**SCROOGE:** (gasp) Oh, no. Wha... what do you want of me?

**MARLEY:** I want much of you, Ebenezer.

**SCROOGE:** Who... who are you?

**MARLEY:** Ask me who I was.

**SCROOGE:** Haw, haw. You're very particular for a ghost. All right then, who WERE you?

**MARLEY:** In life, I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

**SCROOGE:** Jacob Marley. But you're dead. You died seven years ago.

**MARLEY:** Seven years ago, this very night.

**SCROOGE:** You are a ghost then.

**MARLEY:** What's wrong, Ebenezer? Don't you believe in me?

**SCROOGE:** I do not.

**MARLEY:** You doubt your senses, Ebenezer?

**SCROOGE:** Mbleah. Yes. Because a little thing effects me. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You can't be a ghost. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There may be more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are! Bah, humbug, I tell you. HUMBUG!

**MARLEY:** (SCREAMS)

**SCROOGE:** Oh! Oh, excuse me. Excuse me. I do believe in you. You are a ghost, Jacob.

**MARLEY:** Thank you.

**SCROOGE:** But why are you.... Why do you walk the earth, Jacob? Why do you come to me?

**MARLEY:** It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide to witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turn to happiness.

**SCROOGE:** But tell me, Jacob, did... What is that chain you wear around you?

**MARLEY:** I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link and yard by yard—by my own free will. Is its pattern strange to you, Ebenezer?

**SCROOGE:** Cashboxes? Keys and Padlocks? Ledgers and purses?

**MARLEY:** Yours was as heavy and as long as this seven years ago. You have labored on it since, Ebenezer.

**SCROOGE:** Aw, Jacob. Speak comfort to me, Jacob.

**MARLEY:** Comfort I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger. Weary journeys lie before me.

**SCROOGE:** You travel fast?

**MARLEY:** Yes, Ebenezer. On the wings of the wind.

**SCROOGE:** Huh. Seven years dead and traveling all the time.

**MARLEY:** Seven years, Ebenezer! Seven years of remorse. Ebenezer, do you know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused?

**SCROOGE:** But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.

**MARLEY:** Business! Mankind was my business. Charity, mercy, benevolence. They were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business.

**SCROOGE:** Oh, Jacob, Jacob, don't take on so now. Jacob.

(SFX: BELL TOLL IN DISTANCE)

**MARLEY:** Listen to me, Ebenezer.

**SCROOGE:** I'm listening to you, Jacob. Go on, Jacob, now, speak to me, but don't be so flowery.

**MARLEY:** Ebenezer, I am here to warn you that you have yet a chance of hope of escaping my fate. Do you hear that, Ebenezer?

**SCROOGE:** Yes, Jacob. You... you always were a good friend to me, Jacob. Thanks, Jacob. But... but go on, go on go on go on go on. How shall I escape? Oh, I'm afraid, Jacob.

**MARLEY:** You will be haunted by three spirits.

**SCROOGE:** Is that the only chance and hope, Jacob?

**MARLEY:** It is your only chance and hope.

**SCROOGE:** Well then, I think I'd rather not.

**MARLEY:** Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow, when the bell tolls "One".

**SCROOGE:** Couldn't I take them all at once, and have it over, Jacob?

**MARLEY:** Ebenezer, look but for your own sake you'll remember what has passed between us. And remember, when the bell tolls "One", look for the first spirit.

(SFX: CHAINS DRAGGING AWAY)

**SCROOGE:** Marley. Jacob Marley!

(MUSIC)

(SFX: Bell tolls "One".)

**ORSON:** Scrooge awoke. He was lying on his bed fully dressed. Suddenly the curtains of his bed were drawn aside and Scrooge found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow. It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man. Its hair, which hung about

its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength.

**PAST:** Ebenezer Scrooge.

**SCROOGE:** (gasps) Who...who's that?

**PAST:** Ebenezer Scrooge. I have come for you.

**SCROOGE:** Oh. You, uh. Are... are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold me?

**PAST:** I am that spirit.

**SCROOGE:** Whowhowho.. what are you?

**PAST:** I am the ghost of Christmas Past.

**SCROOGE:** Long past?

**PAST:** No. Your past.

**SCROOGE:** Wh... what do you want of me? What brings you here to haunt me?

**PAST:** Your welfare, Ebenezer Scrooge. Rise, and walk with me.

**SCROOGE:** Oh, no, nonono not not not out of the window, I can't do that, I'll... I'll fall down. I'm not a spirit. I'm mortal and I'll fall.

**PAST:** Bear but a touch of my hand upon your heart, and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come. Follow me.

(MUSIC)

(SFX: JINGLE BELLS)

**SCROOGE:** Where are we? What's become of the city?

(MUSIC AND SINGING: "God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen...")

**SCROOGE:** Heh. There's snow upon the ground. Where are we?

**PAST:** These are the shadows of the things that have been. You recognize this countryside?

**SCROOGE:** (gasp) Oh. I know every inch of it. Every rock, every tree.

**PAST:** And that bleak building over there?

**SCROOGE:** Oh, that building. Heh, I was a boy there. Yes, I went to school in that horrible place.

**PAST:** Do you recollect that path?

**SCROOGE:** Heh, I could walk it blindfolded.

**PAST:** Strange you should forget it so many years. Come, let us go closer. Look through the window into that cold, barren room. What do you see, Ebenezer Scrooge?

**SCROOGE:** I see a boy.

**PAST:** A solitary child. Neglected by his family. Alone.

**SCROOGE:** Yes, yes, I see. I know that boy. Oh, I was so lonely. Poor boy.

**PAST:** Your lip is trembling, Scrooge. And what is that on your cheek?

**SCROOGE:** It's nothing, nothing at all. I wish I... Ah, but it's too late now.

**PAST:** What's the matter?

**SCROOGE:** Nothing, nothing. The Waifs came to my door singing Christmas Carols last night, and there was a boy like that among them. A poor, pale, thin little boy in ragged coat. I should like to have given him something, that's all.

**PAST:** Is that all? Come, Ebenezer Scrooge. Let us see another Christmas.

(MUSIC)

**PAST:** Do you know this place, Ebenezer Scrooge?

(MUSIC: Violin)

(SFX: Laughter and merriment)

**SCROOGE:** Know it? Know it! Ha, ha, why this is the old counting house where I was apprentice, listen. Ha Ha, why it's my old master, bless his heart, Old Fezziwig. My master, alive again, and host of one of his Christmas parties. Heh, heh. Listen to him.

**CALLER:** ...hold hands with your partner, bow and face away, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back to your places.

**SCROOGE:** And there's Dick Wilkins. Poor Dick. Dear, dear, dear. Yes, and look, there's Mrs. Fezziwig, herself, looking younger than any of them. And the tables all loaded with roast, and cider, and mince pie and beer. Oh, what a jolly time we used to have.

**PAST:** That carefree young man with the light heart and a gay smile, do you recognize him?

**SCROOGE:** Yes, yes, yes, merciful heaven. How happy I was then.

**PAST:** A small matter for old Fezziwig to make those silly folks so full of joy.

**SCROOGE:** Small matter? Small, indeed!

**PAST:** Isn't it? He has spent only a few pounds of your mortal money. Is that so much that he deserves praise?

**SCROOGE:** Bah, it's not that, it's not that, spirit. Old Fezziwig has the power to make us happy or unhappy, to make our service light or heavy. His power lies in words and looks and in things so tiny that it's impossible to count them up. The happiness he gives, is quite as great as if it cost a...

**PAST:** What is the matter.

**SCROOGE:** Oh, nothing, nothing at all, spirit.

**PAST:** Something, I think.

**SCROOGE:** No, no.

**PAST:** Speak.

**SCROOGE:** Well, only, it's just that I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk, Bob Cratchit, that's all.

(MUSIC TAKES OVER)

**CALLER:** Swing to your partner, address the entire, bow and curtsy, thread the needle.

(MUSIC FADES)

**PAST:** My time grows short, and we have yet another journey to make.

**SCROOGE:** Where now?

**PAST:** Come.

(MUSIC AND CONTINUES UNDER)

**PAST:** This is our last visit to the past, Ebenezer. Here, in this little room, with a fair young girl by your side. Do you recognize yourself, Ebenezer?

**SCROOGE:** (gasp) No, no, nonononononono. Spare me this!

**PAST:** You're older now. A man in the prime of life. Your face has begun to weather signs of care and avarice. Your eyes are greedy. The eager, restless eyes of a miser.

**SCROOGE:** No! No, no, please.

**PAST:** She knows it, too. That girl by your side. There are tears in her eyes.

**BELLE:** It matters little, Ebenezer, to you. Very little. I know that

**YOUNG EBENEZER:** Belle, have I changed towards you?

**BELLE:** When we were engaged, we were both poor.

**YOUNG EBENEZER:** Was it better then? Better to be poor?

**BELLE:** Better to at least be happy. You're changed. You were another man then.

**YOUNG EBENEZER:** I was a boy. You blame me because I've grown wiser?  
Have I ever tried to break our engagement?

**BELLE:** In words, no. Never.

**YOUNG EBENEZER:** In what, then?

**BELLE:** In a changed nature. In an altered spirit. In everything that made my  
love of any value in your sight. So I release you from your promise.

**YOUNG EBENEZER:** Belle!

**BELLE:** Oh, at first it may cause you pain to lose me—a very brief pain. But  
soon it will be dim. Like a half remembered dream. An unprofitable dream.  
And you will be glad to be awake from such a dream. May you be happy in  
the life you have chosen, Ebenezer. For the love of him you once were.

(MUSIC ENDS)

**SCROOGE:** It's enough! Show me no more! Take me home!

**PAST:** These were shadows of things that have been. That they are what they are,  
do not blame me.

**SCROOGE:** No. No more, no more!

**PAST:** One shadow more. Come.

(MUSIC)

**PAST:** Do you see this man, Ebenezer Scrooge? This man might have been you.  
And the woman beside him, your wife. And that girl, that girl might have  
been your daughter, Ebenezer Scrooge. She might have called you "father".  
She might have been a springtime in the haggard winter of your life.

**SCROOGE:** Spirit, let me go. Show me no more.

**PAST:** Listen now, while they speak, Ebenezer.

**BELL'S HUSBAND:** Belle. I saw an old friend of yours today.

**BELLE:** Who was it?

**BELL'S HUSBAND:** Guess.

**BELLE:** How can I? It's... oh, I know. Mr. Scrooge.

**BELL'S HUSBAND:** Mr. Scrooge, it was. I passed his office window, it wasn't  
shuttered. There was a candle inside so I couldn't help seeing him. His  
partner Marley lies at the point of death, I hear. And there Scrooge sat, all  
alone. Quite alone in the world I do believe.

**SCROOGE:** Spirit. Spirit, I can't bear anymore, leave me. Haunt me no more.  
Take me back. Take me back!

(MUSIC)

(CHOIR: “Good king Wenceslas”)

**ANNOUNCER:** You are listening to the Campbell’s Playhouse. Bringing to you tonight, the fifth annual presentation of Charles Dickens’ “A Christmas Carol” Produced by Orson Wells, and starring Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

THIS IS THE WBBM AIR THEATER, WRIGLEY BUILDING, CHICAGO.

(CHORUS ENDS SONG: ...and the bitter weather.”)

BREAK

**ANNOUNCER:** And now, back to the Campbell Playhouse and our fifth annual presentation of “A Christmas Carol”. A Christmas present from the makers of Campbell’s soups.

(MUSIC)

**ORSON:** From the stroke of one, Scrooge awakened suddenly and sat in bolt upright in his own bed. He remembered the words of Marley’s ghost and wondered from which direction the second specter would appear. At that moment, nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much. Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not, by any means, prepared for nothing. And, consequently, when no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. Then, as he sat in his bed, he became aware gradually, of a great blaze of ruddy light. It seemed to shine upon him from the adjoining room. He got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door. It was his own sitting room—no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. And such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as had never been known in Scrooge’s time, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultries, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty’s horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

**PRESENT:** Come in. Come in, Ebenezer Scrooge, and know me better, man.

**SCROOGE:** You...you...

**PRESENT:** I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me. You have never seen the like of me before.

**SCROOGE:** You're... you're different from the other spirit. You're tall. Almost a giant. And that great torch you carry...

**PRESENT:** its light falls into the homes of rich and poor alike.

**SCROOGE:** Spirit, take me where you will. Last time, I went against my will, and learned a lesson which is working now. If you have anything to teach me, let me profit by it.

**PRESENT:** Touch my robe, Ebenezer Scrooge. Touch my robe.

(MUSIC)

**SCROOGE:** Where have you brought me, Spirit?

**PRESENT:** An humble dwellings, on an humble street.

**SCROOGE:** Heh, it's miserable enough.

**PRESENT:** Yet there is happiness there.

**SCROOGE:** Who... who are these people? Who's that woman, and the children?

**PRESENT:** These are the family of your clerk, Bob Cratchit.

**SCROOGE:** Oh.

**PRESENT:** See his wife dressed in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, lay the table for their Christmas dinner. And there, assisting her, is their daughter Belinda, and the young man with the fork in the stuffing, that's Master Peter Cratchit, and the two little Cratchits. Listen, Scrooge.

**BELINDA:** Here's Martha, mother.

**PETER:** Here's Martha, mother. Hurrah.

(GENERAL COMMOTION FROM THE CHILDREN)

**MARTHA:** Children, children.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Why, bless your heart alive, Martha, my dear, Merry Christmas to you

**CRATCHIT CHILDREN:** Merry Christmas, Mother. Merry Christmas.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** How late you are, my dear.

**MARTHA:** Oh, we'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and we had to clear away this morning.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Well. Never mind so long as you are here now. Sit you down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless you.

**MARTHA:** Where's father?

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** He's been to church with Tiny Tim. They'll be along directly.

**MARTHA:** How is Tiny Tim, Mother? Any better at all?

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Sometimes I think he is. And sometimes I think... oh, dear God, if anything should happen to Tiny Tim.

**BELINDA:** Mother, you mustn't even think of such a thing.

**PETER:** Here they come, father and Tiny Tim.

**COMMOTION FROM THE CRATCHIT CHILDREN:** Here they come, father and Tiny Tim! Here they are!

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** There's Tiny Tim.

**CRATCHIT:** Merry Christmas, everybody. Martha, welcome, my dear.

**MARTHA:** Merry Christmas, father, and Tim.

**TINY TIM:** Merry Christmas, Martha.

**MARTHA:** Oh, Tim, you darling.

**CRATCHIT:** (in background) Let me take your coat off, Tim.

**MARTHA:** Oh, father, I'm so glad to be home.

**CRATCHIT:** And we're so glad to have you, Martha.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** And how did little Tim behave in church, Bob?

**CRATCHIT:** Oh, as good as gold, and better.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Oh.

**TINY TIM:** I like church, mother. Oh, they sang the nicest songs. I hope people saw me there.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Saw you there? And why, Tim?

**TINY TIM:** Well, don't you see? Because I'm lame. And if they saw my crutch, it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who it was made lame beggars walk, and blind men see.

**CRATCHIT:** Bless you, my son.

**BELINDA:** Are we ready to eat, mother?

**PETER:** Oh, come on, let's eat.

(COMMOTION FROM THE CHILDREN)

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Yes, children, we're all ready. Come, take your places now, and, ah-ah, wait your turn. There's plenty of stuffing dressing and plum pudding for all of you. Martha, you take care of Tiny Tim.

**MARTHA:** Yes, mother.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** And see that he eats plenty. He must get strong and well.  
Now sit down, sit down, everyone.

**CRATCHIT:** Aaannd, now, my dears, (everyone quiets) shall we say grace?

**SCROOGE:** Spirit,

**CRATCHIT:** (In BACKGROUND) “Our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
(prayer fades into background)

**SCROOGE:** Tell me, if Tiny Tim will live.

**PRESENT:** I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved.

**SCROOGE:** Oh, no, no, no, NO kind Spirit. say he will be spared. Say he’ll live.

**PRESENT:** If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, Ebenezer, the child will die.

**CRATCHIT:** Amen.

**CRATCHIT FAMILY:** Amen.

**CRATCHIT:** (over the commotion) And now, my dears, with such a dinner, a toast. A merry Christmas to us all, and God bless us.

**TINY TIM:** God bless us, everyone.

**CRATCHIT:** And now to Mr. Scrooge.

**CRATCHIT FAMILY:** (groans)

**CRATCHIT:** I give you a toast to Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** The Founder of the Feast indeed. Who pays you all of fifteen shillings a week. I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast on, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

**CRATCHIT:** My dear, the children. Christmas Day.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Bob. Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow.

**CRATCHIT:** My dear, Christmas Day.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's, not for his. Long life to him. A merry Christmas and a happy new year. He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt.

**TINY TIM:** And I say, God bless him, too, mother. And everyone.

**CRATCHIT FAMILY:** (Sounds of merriment)

(MUSIC AND BELLS)

(MUSIC: “Oh Come, All Ye Faithful”)

**ORSON:** There was nothing of high mark in all this. They were not a handsome family—these Cratchits—they were not well dressed. Their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and had known, very likely, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time. And when at last they faded, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

(MUSIC CHANGE)

(MUSIC: BELL TOLLS RING WITH MUSIC)

**ORSON:** Many calls Scrooge made that night with the ghost of Christmas Present. Down among the miners they went, to labor in the bowels of the earth, and out to sea among the sailors at their watch. Dark, ghostly figures in their several stations. Much they saw and far they went, and many places they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sick beds and they were cheerful, on foreign lands and they were close at home, by poverty and it was rich, in Alms house, Hospital and Jail, where vain man and his little brief authority had not made fast the door and barred the spirit out, the spirit left its blessing. It was a long night, if it was only a night. And it was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older.

**PRESENT:** My life upon this globe, is very brief, Ebenezer. It ends tonight.

**SCROOGE:** Tonight?

**PRESENT:** Tonight at midnight. Hark. The hour is come.

**SCROOGE:** Oh, no, no, no, not yet. Not yet. There are still more things I wish to learn.

**PRESENT:** These you will learn from still another spirit. Still another spirit, Ebenezer.

(MUSIC)

**ORSON:** Scrooge looked about him for the ghost that had vanished and had found himself once more in his bed in his dressing gown and his nightcap on his head. He heard the clock strike, and then... he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley. And lifting up his eyes, beheld the third spirit.

(MUSIC CHANGE)

**ORSON:** A solemn phantom, shrouded in black, draped and hooded, coming towards him, slowly and silently, like a mist along the ground.

**SCROOGE:** Ahhh, I know you. You... you are the ghost of Christmas yet to come. You'll show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us. Answer me, Spirit. Ghost of the future, I

fear you more than any specter I have seen. Yet, I know your purpose is to do me good, as I hope to live to be another man from what I was. Lead on, lead on. The night's waning fast, and time's precious.

(MUSIC CHANGE)

**SCROOGE:** Spirit, why have you brought me here again? Here to Bob Cratchit's home? But it's not the same. Why... why is it so quiet? So very quiet, here.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** (crying)

**MARTHA:** Mother. Mother, please.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Oh, my son, my little son. Tiny Tim. I loved him so.

**MARTHA:** Oh, mother dear, you mustn't. It's almost time for father to be home. Don't let him see you crying.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Yes. Yes, Martha. He's late tonight. He walks slower than he used to. And yet, I've known him to walk very fast, indeed, with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.

**MARTHA:** So have I, Mother.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** But he was light to carry, and his father loved him so that it was no trouble. No trouble at...

(SFX: DOOR OPENS)

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** Bob.

**CRATCHIT:** Good evening, my dear.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** You're late, Bob.

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, I'm sorry, my dear. I went to the churchyard today. I wish you could have gone with me, it... it would have done your heart good to see how sweet and green a place it is. But you'll see it often, I promised him. Yes, I promised Tiny Tim we'd walk there on a Sunday.

**MARTHA:** Father dear.

**MRS. CRATCHIT:** It's God's will, Bob.

**CRATCHIT:** I'm trying to understand it, my dear. My son. My little son, Tiny Tim. And I loved him so.

(MUSIC)

**SCROOGE:** Oh, that's cruel. Cruel. Spirit, can't you give me one ray of hope that I may change all that? That Tiny Tim may live.

(MUSIC SWELLS)

**SCROOGE:** Where are you taking me now? Here, on a common street, spirit?  
What is there for me to learn here? Who are those men?

**MAN 1:** I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead.

**MAN 2:** When did he die?

**MAN 1:** Last night, I believe.

**MAN 2:** It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of  
anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

**MAN 1:** I don't mind going if a lunch is provided.

(They laugh)

**MAN 2:** Come to think of it, I'll bet I was his best friend.

**MAN 1:** What?

**MAN 2:** We used to nod to each other when we met in the street.

(They laugh)

**SCROOGE:** Spirit, tell me, who is this man that died? Is there no one to mourn  
the poor creature? No one to follow him to the grave? Perhaps they'll give  
him a green grave, at least, like poor Tiny Tim. Perhaps...

(MUSIC CHORD)

**SCROOGE:** Spirit, where are we now? Merciful heaven, a churchyard, overrun  
by grass and weeds, choked up with too much burying, desolate, lonely,  
crumbling gravestone. Spirit, before I draw nearer to that gravestone,  
answer me one question. Are these shadows of things that *will be*, or are  
they shadows of things that may be, only. Huh? Will you not speak to me,  
Spirit? What is that grave to which you point? (gasps) Ah. Huh. There's  
writing on that stone. The name on the gravestone is... Ebenezer Scrooge.  
EBENEZER SCROOGE! Oh, NO, NO, SPIRIT, NO, NO, No, hear me. I  
am not the man I was. Why show me this if I am past all hope? Tell me that  
I can change these dreadful shadows you have shown me, by an altered life.  
I will honour Christmas in my heart. I'll try to keep it all the year. I'll live  
in the Past, the Present, and the Future, and I'll not shut out the lessons that  
they teach. Tell me, Spirit, oh, go on, Tell me. Tell me that I can sponge  
away the writing on that stone, Spirit. I beg you, Spirit. I beg you.

(MUSIC SWELLS)

(MUSIC CHANGE & CHORUS SINGS "God Rest ye, merry Gentlemen" in  
background)

**SCROOGE:** Spirit. I promise. I promise on my knees. I promise, I promise, I...  
I...

**CAROLER:** (to the tune of “God Rest ye...”) “Let love and joy come to you and ...”

**SCROOGE:** What’s this? It’s my own bedpost. Hoh! I’m home.

**CAROLER:** “...and God bless you and send you a happy new year, happy new year.”

**SCROOGE:** In my own bed, in my own room.

(SFX: Window opens)

**CAROLER:** “...and God bless you and send you a happy new year.

(continues under scrooge)

God bless the master of this house, Likewise the mistress too,

And all the little children that round the table go.

**SCROOGE:** And the sun! The sun’s shining! It’s clear, it’s bright, no clouds.  
What a beautiful day. Oh, glorious, GLORIOUS! Hey boy, OH BOY!

**GOOSE BOY:** Yessir?

**SCROOGE:** Wha... what’s today?

**GOOSE BOY:** What’s that, sir?

**SCROOGE:** What day is it, my fine fellow?

**GOOSE BOY:** Today? Why, it’s Christmas Day.

**SCROOGE:** Ha-Haaaa! Christmas Day. Then I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. All in one night, heaven be praised.

**GOOSE BOY:** How’s that, sir?

**SCROOGE:** Listen, my lad. Do you know where the Poulterer is, in the next street?

**GOOSE BOY:** I should say I do.

**SCROOGE:** Hah, An intelligent boy, a remarkable boy. Tell me, do you know if they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging in the window?

**GOOSE BOY:** The one as big as me?

**SCROOGE:** He, he, he, what a delightful boy. `It's a pleasure to talk to you. Yes, my buck.

**GOOSE BOY:** It's hanging there now, sir.

**SCROOGE:** That’s wonderful. Go around will you, and tell them to send it to Bob Cratchit and his family on Broad Street. And mind you, they’re not to know who paid for it. Go along, hurry, hurry, my lad. Here, wait a minute. Here’s half a crown for your trouble.

**GOOSE BOY:** Yes sir, yes sir, and a Merry Christmas, sir.

**SCROOGE:** Ha Ha, and a Merry Christmas to you, my boy. Ooohhhh, I don't know what to do. I'm as light as a feather. As happy as an angel. I'm as merry as a schoolboy. MERRY CHRISTMAS! A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY!

(MUSIC BEGINS)

**SCROOGE:** A happy new year to all the world! Whooo, whoooooooooooooo!.

(MUSIC: "Hark, the Harold Angels sing")

**SCROOGE:** My dear sir, how do you do?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** I... I beg your pardon?

**SCROOGE:** You sir, aren't you the gentleman who came to my office in regard to that charity?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Why, yes, sir.

**SCROOGE:** A Merry Christmas to you.

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Uh, yes sir.

**SCROOGE:** Allow me to ask your pardon, sir. And will you have the goodness to accept—I prefer to whisper this—

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** Wha... why, Lord bless me. My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?

**SCROOGE:** If you please. Now not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Heh. Will you do me that favor?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** My dear sir, I do not know what to say to such munificence.

**SCROOGE:** Ahh, don't say anything please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

**CHARITY COLLECTOR:** I will, I will indeed.

**SCROOGE:** Thank you. I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you.

(MUSIC BEGINS: "Hark, the Harold Angels sing.")

**SCROOGE:** Merry Christmas.

**ORSON:** Next morning, Scrooge was early at his office. He went early for a reason. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late. That was the thing he had set his heart upon. And he did it; yes, he did. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come in. At last he came, his hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a

jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

**CRATCHIT:** 8 and 15, and 21, six and carry the one, 24 and carry the 2, 31, 8 and nine.

**SCROOGE:** Hello you, Cratchit!

**CRATCHIT:** Yes, sir?

**SCROOGE:** Step this way, Cratchit, if you please.

(SFX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS)

**SCROOGE:** Cratchit, what do you mean by coming in at this time of day?

**CRATCHIT:** I am very sorry, sir, I am behind my time.

**SCROOGE:** You are. Yes, yes. I think you are.

**CRATCHIT:** It's only once a year, Mr. Scrooge, it shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

**SCROOGE:** I'll tell you what, my friend, I'll not stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore, Bob Cratchit... I am about to raise your salary.

**CRATCHIT:** Mr. Scrooge, are you quite yourself, sir?

**SCROOGE:** No. No, thank heaven, I'm not quite myself. Merry Christmas, Bob. Heh, heh. Merry Christmas, my good fellow, a Merrier Christmas than I have given you in many a year. I shall raise your salary, and we'll see what we can do for Tiny Tim and the rest of your family, huh? We'll discuss it this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop.

(MUSIC BEGINS)

**SCROOGE:** Bob, make up the fire. Make it up and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another "i", Bob Cratchit.

**ORSON:** Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more. To Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them. His own heart laughed. That was quite enough for him. He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

(MUSIC ENDS)

**ORSON:** May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, Everyone.

**CHORUS:** “Joy to the world!”

**(MUSIC ends)**

**ANNOUNCER:** You have just heard our annual presentation of Charles Dickens’ “A Christmas Carol”, starring Lionel Barrymore, brought to you by the makers of Campbell’s soups. And now, here’s Orson Wells.

**(MUSIC BEGINS)**

**ORSON:** Ladies and Gentlemen, at this point in the program, it’s my custom, as you know, to present you with a few words on introduction, our guest of the evening. With your consent, I shall dispense with this tonight. To introduce tonight’s guest, to the Campbell Playhouse audience, or to any American audience, is an extravagant and superfluous procedure. For is ever an actor has won himself a lasting place in the hearts of his fellow countrymen, through years of unsparing and inspiring service, that actor is Lionel Barrymore. Mr. Lionel Barrymore.

**LIONEL:** Thank you, Orson Wells. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Well, this is the fourth year, I’ve had the pleasure of appearing in “A Christmas Carol,” on the Campbell Playhouse. And I assure you all it’s a pleasure that never tires. As long as I can remember, this has been one of my favorite stories. When we were children, it was read to us regularly at this time of year, as it is to many millions of children right now. And like many, I’m sure, the three of us—Ethyl, Jack, and I, with the aid of a sheet and some old ironware made a play of it. As I remember, we had three Scrooges in that production.

**ORSON:** Who played Tiny Tim?

**LIONEL:** I think we had three Tiny Tim’s, too. But seriously, I can think of no part that I’ve enjoyed playing again and again as much as I have, the part of that squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, scratching, covetous old sinner, Ebenezer Scrooge. And I can think of no happier or more suitable choice, for the makers of Campbell’s soups to offer the people of America, as their Christmas present each year, than Charles Dickens’ well beloved story, “A Christmas Carol.” Good night, Orson. Good night everybody. And a Merry, Merry Christmas to you all.

**(MUSIC)**

**ORSON:** Goodnight to you, Mr. Barrymore. Thank you, sir, and a Merry Christmas to you. Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday night, we’re happy to announce our version of a great, and truly American story, by a great American novelist. “Come and Get it,” by Edna Thurber. Against a background of the mighty forests of Miss Thurber’s, it tells the stirring tale of the men and women who live and die in the woods in order that lumber may come down the river every spring into the cities of the modern world.

Like so many of Miss Thurber's epic romances of American life, it was made from a best selling novel into a highly successful motion. Now we bring it to you on the air. The story of a man and his son and the girl they both loved, Lotta. Lotta, played for us by one of the loveliest and most accomplished of Hollywood's younger dramatic actresses, Miss Francis Dee. And so until next week, until "Come and Get it," my sponsors, the makers of Campbell's soups, and all of us in the Campbell Playhouse, remain, as always, obediently yours.

**(MUSIC)**

Uh, just one moment, please, Benny. Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, it's the night before Christmas, and all through the Campbell Playhouse, not a creature is stirring that doesn't join Lionel Barrymore in wishing you a Merry, Merry Christmas. This goes for all of us, from my sponsor, myself, for all of us, from Don McBain who runs the machinery in the control room to Miss Helgrin who types the Campbell Playhouse scripts, a Merry Christmas, from Benny Herman and his band of merry melodians, Merry Christmas.

**(MUSIC CRASH)**

From Max Tears, the canary throated choristers...

**(CHORUS CLASHING CHORDS)**

...a very Merry Christmas, and from Harry Estman and Chris Thornton and his crew of sound effect technicians...

**(SFX: CHAOS)**

...a Merry Christmas. And from Orson Wells and his considerable aggregation of dramatic talent who include, among others, Mr. Everet Sloan, Mr. Frank Reddick, Mr. Erskin Sandford, Mr. George Coloris, Mr. Ray Collins, Miss Georgia Bakus, Miss Bea Bennaderrit, and many, many others, a Merry Christmas, how about it everybody, a Merry Christmas!

(Cast cheers)

**ORSON:** That's right. And now, as Tiny Tim says...

**TINY TIM:** God bless us, everyone.

**(MUSIC: "Hark, the herald angels sing.")**

**ANNOUNCER:** The makers of Campbell's soups join Orson Wells in inviting you to be with us in the Campbell Playhouse again next Sunday evening, when we bring you Edna Thuber's, "Come and Get it," with Miss Frances Dee as our guest. Meanwhile, if you have enjoyed our fifth annual presentation of "A Christmas Carol," Won't you tell your grocer so this

week when you order Campbell's soups? This is Earnest Chappel saying,  
"Thank You, and a very Merry Christmas to you all."

(MUSIC: "Hallelujah")

**ANNOUNCER:** This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

**THIS IS THE WBBM AIR THEATER, WRIGLEY BUILDING, CHICAGO.**

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