

Scrooge: Oh, its Mrs. Cobbler. *Runs to his bed and closes the bed curtains...*

Mrs. Cobbler: Good Morning Mr. Scrooge. Mr. Scrooge? Sir? *(She goes up the stairs to check on him. She reaches out to pull the bed curtains apart and he startles her. She screams. Scrooge laughs. Mrs. Cobbler turns and runs down a couple of stairs. She stops when he asks her...)*

Scrooge: *(running to the edge of the top stair)* You should have seen your face!
(Laughs) Oh, *(reaching out to her...)* my dear Mrs. Cobbler, can you tell me what day it is?

Mrs. Cobbler: *(turns to Scrooge and the top of the stairs)* Why its Christmas Day, of course! *(she starts down the stairs to clean the parlor and takes the dishes out.)*

Scrooge: *(getting dressed)* Christmas Day! Well then, I havent missed it! The angels did it all in one night! Of course, you see, God can do anything. *(opens the window)* *Boy starts to use a sling shot...*

Scrooge: No, wait! *(ducks behind window. Grabs his handkerchief and waves it out the window...)* Young man, *(as he slowly gets back up, peeking out the window)* do you know the Butchers over on the next street?

Lad: *(boy still with sling shot...)* I should say I do!

Scrooge: What, a bright child! *(lad puts the sling shot away. Scrooge turns to yell for Mrs. Cobbler)* Eh, Mrs. Cobbler? *(turns back to the boy)* But tell me, so they still have the prize turkey hanging in the window? Not the little scrawny one, but the big one?

Lad: Its hanging there now!

Scrooge: What a delightful lad! Praise the Lord! *(takes his money bag and tosses a coin to him)* Ill tell you what, my friend. It is worth a half a crown to me if you would go and fetch it for me.

Lad: Half a crown ! Im on my way, Sir!

Scrooge: Yes, my Lad. Send it to Bob Cratchit in Camden town. Will you?
Thank you.

Lad: I will! I will! *Scrooge closes the window.*

Scrooge: He shant even know who sent it. *(giggles)* Why, its twice the size of Tiny Tim. *(Scrooge continues to get dressed, singing "Oh, this time, Ill do as you say!")*
Oh, of course, Bob you can take the day off, if you like. After all its Christmas Day. Oh, Bob, take off tomorrow...take off the whole week, it doesnt matter!!! *(giggles...singing "Oh, this time, Ill do as you say!")*
Oh, Ebenezer Scrooge, you dont deserve to feel so good. But I cant help myself. *(giggles)* Oh I cant wait to see their faces. I cant wait at all. Oh...*(frustrated)* If you want anything done in this world...*(pauses, smiles and looks to heaven)* you have got to have the Lord to help you. *(Giggles then falls in the bed, singing "Oh, this time, Ill do as you say!")*

Mrs. Cobbler comes in and starts up the stairs as she is saying...

Mrs. Cobbler: Are you quite yourself sir? *She stops midway up the stairs.*

Scrooge: I dont know. I dont think so. Oh, I hope not! *(laughs, sets up and hugs his curtains)* Mrs. Cobbler, my curtains are still here and you didnt sell them after all! *(Mrs. Cobbler looks at him with concern)* Do you know, Mrs. Cobbler, I feel as light as a feather...as an angel. Why I am so giddy as a drunken man! *(Scrooge chases Mrs. Cobbler down the stairs. She falls in the chair. Scrooge takes her arms and pulls her to her feet and twirls her around. She is still apprehensive, but goes along with him.)*

Mrs. Cobbler: *(catching her breath)* Mr. Scrooge are you well? Do I need to fetch the doctor? You are not yourself, sir!!!

Scrooge: *(looks in the mirror)* Ah, Merry Christmas to you, Ebenezer Scrooge, you old humbug *(turns but turns to the mirror again)* and Happy New Year, though you dont deserve it! *(turns to Mrs. Cobbler and takes her hand)* and a very Merry Christmas to you, too, Mrs. Cobbler.

Mrs. Cobbler: *(worried)* The same to you, sir! *(pause)* Mr. scrooge, do you want me to send for the doctor or should I call for the constable?

Scrooge: A fig upon the constable, Mrs. Cobbler. Here *(reaches in his*

pocket and hands her a coin) this is for you.

Mrs. Cobbler: For me? What for?

Scrooge: Ill give you one guess.

Mrs. Cobbler: To keep me mouth shut?

Scrooge: *(Scrooge laughs)* No, Mrs. Cobbler. That is a Christmas gift. *(attempts to put his arms around her but she quickly grabs the coin.)*

Mrs. Cobbler: A Christmas gift? For me? *(looking stunned)*

Scrooge: And a very Merry Christmas, too *(Bows to her)* Ive got a lot to do this morning - many, many thing. Mrs. Cobbler, how much do I pay you a week?

Mrs. Cobbler: 2 shillings a week.

Scrooge: 2 shilling a week!!! Tis robbery, isnt it? Well, >tis forthwith raised to 10.

Mrs. Cobbler: 10 shillings!!!! *(Stunned)* Youre sure you dont want me to call the doctor?

Scrooge: No, not the doctor *(giggles)* not the undertaker *(giggles)* nor any such thing. Now, you be off like a good girl and enjoy your very -- Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Cobbler: Thanks be to you, Sir! Thanks be to you!!*(frozen-stunned)*