

HUMBUG!

A Christmas Carol

A Musical In Two Acts

Book, Music & Lyrics by Chuck Puckett

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Chuck Puckett
Puckett Publishing: www.puckettpublishing.com
629 Jackson St. SE, Decatur, AL 35601
Email: charlesgpuckett@gmail.com
Phone: (256) 682-0783

Setting

London.

Time

Early 19th century.

Cast of Characters

Ebenezer Scrooge. The notorious miser
Fred Hollister. Scrooge's nephew, kind-hearted and generous
Bob Cratchit. Scrooge's clerk, browbeaten, loves his family
Jane Cratchit. Cratchit's wife, strong-spirited and loving
Tiny Tim Cratchit. Younger son, a cripple. Sweet disposition
Belinda Cratchit. Younger daughter
Peter Cratchit. Elder son
Martha Cratchit. Elder daughter
Ghost of Jacob Marley. Scrooge's dead partner
Young Scrooge. Scrooge as a young man, not yet mean-spirited
Belle/Christmas Future. Scrooge's sweetheart when he was young
Christmas Present. A large, jovial presence
Christmas Past. Fairy-like, graceful
Beggar Tom. A beggar
Danbridge. A business man
Barnsworth. His partner
Betsy Littleton. Flower-seller
Fotheringay. Butcher
Boy Scrooge. Scrooge as a boy
Fan. Scrooge's younger sister
Scrooge's Father. A stern man who kept his son at a distance
Scrooge's Mother. A kind, but not strong woman
Mister Fezziwig. Scrooge's jovial employer
Mrs. Fezziwig. Fezziwig's wife
Felicia Fezziwig. His daughter
Dick Wilkins. Scrooge's friend as a young man
Lydia Hollister. Fred's Wife
Topper. Fred's friend
Elizabeth. A girl whom Topper fancies
Ignorance. A child who signifies ignorance
Want. A child who signifies poverty
Old Joe. A fence for stolen goods
Charwoman. A cleaning woman
Mrs. Dilber. Scrooge's housekeeper
Undertaker. Another grave robber
A Lad. Street Urchin
Fezziwig & Fred guests, Londoners
Schoolboys
Governess
Christmas Sylphies (Christmas Present's entourage)

Scene Synopsis

Act I

- Scene 1. Busy London street.
- Scene 2. Scrooge's counting house
- Scene 3. On the street before Scrooge's shop & home
- Scene 4. Scrooge's bedroom
- Scene 5. The same, at one AM
- Scene 6. Scrooge's boyhood school
- Scene 7. Fezziwig's home
- Scene 8. Scrooge's counting house

Act II

- Scene 1. Scrooge's bedroom.
- Scene 2. London Street at night.
- Scene 3. Cratchit home.
- Scene 4. Fred's home.
- Scene 5. London Street at night
- Scene 6. London Street late at night
- Scene 7. Cratchit home.
- Scene 8. Highgate Graveyard
- Scene 9. Scrooge's bedroom, the next morning
- Scene 10. London Street, Christmas morning

Musical Numbers

Act I

- Scene 1. "Humbug". Scrooge, Ensemble
- Scene 3. "All We Need Is Us". Cratchit Family
"Meanest Man In London". Danbridge, Barnsworth,
Fotheringay, Betsy
- Scene 4. "Marley's Lament". Marley, Scrooge
- Scene 6. "Going Home For Christmas". Schoolboys
"A Simple Wish". Boy Scrooge, Scrooge, Scrooge's Mother
and Father
- Scene 7. "A Bit Of Punch". Fezziwigs, Ensemble
"Fezziwig's Jig". Ensemble Dance
"Auld Lang Syne". Fezziwig, Scrooge, Ensemble
- Scene 8. "The Value of Love". Belle, Young Scrooge, Scrooge
"Belle's Farewell". Belle

Act II

- Scene 1. "You've Not Seen the Likes Of Me". Christmas Present,
Scrooge, Sylphies
- Scene 3. "God Bless Us Everyone". Cratchit Family
"He'll Need No Crutch". Bob and Jane Cratchit
- Scene 6. "Quite a Lot of Stuff". Old Joe, Charwoman, Mrs.
Dilber, Undertaker
- Scene 8. "Not the Man I Was". Scrooge
- Scene 10. "A Heart Full Of Christmas". Ensemble, Scrooge
"God Bless Us Everyone (Reprise)". Ensemble

ACT I

SCENE 1

I.1-1: Overture

A busy London Street. A sign over one shop reads "Scrooge & Marley". Vendors, shoppers, businessmen, urchins all pass in the parade. A group of carolers sing, and passersby drop coins in their pail. BELLE, ethereally dressed as she is at the end of the play, her face obscured by a hood, enters.

BELLE

To begin with, Marley was dead. 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. That was Scrooge. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail, however dead *that's* supposed to be. Scrooge knew he was dead?

SCROOGE enters, scowls at assemblage, looks at his watch.

How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for many years. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood above the counting house door: Scrooge and Marley. People new to the business sometimes called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley.

I-1.2 Humbug

BELLE (CONT'D)

He answered to both names, it was all the same to him. Everything was the same to the-

Humbug

MEAN, CHEAP,

TOWNS PERSON 1
IMPATIENT, CANTANKEROUS,

TOWNS PERSON 2
MONEY-GRUBBING, PENNY-PINCHING,

MORE TOWN PEOPLE
BAD-TEMPERED, MISANTHROPIC
FOUL-MOUTHED, CAUSTIC

ALL

SCROOGE!

BELLE

He could sum it up in one small word.

SCROOGE crosses down center.

SCROOGE

HUMBUG! THIS WORLD IS A HUMBUG!
I'VE SAID IT ALL MY LIFE
AND I WILL SAY IT TO MY GRAVE
HUMBUG, OH IT'S A HUMBUG
IT'S NOTHING BUT A TRICK THEY PLAY
ON EVERY FOOLISH KNAVE

(spoken)

I've made my way alone with no one's help or
aid. I'm proud of what I've done, of the money
I have my made. It's a crime to take it from me
in the name of charity. I ask for help from no
one, they should do the same for me.

HUMBUG! CHRISTMAS IS A HUMBUG!
THESE GRINNING, SINGING FACES
HIDE THE MINDS OF SIMPLE FOOLS
HUMBUG, YES IT'S A HUMBUG
THEY WISH SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING
DON'T THEY UNDERSTAND THE RULES?

THE RIGHT AND PROPER ACTION
OF A MAN WHO WOULD BE WISE
IS TO CALL THE WORLD'S ATTENTION
TO THIS HOLIDAY OF LIES
WE'RE NOT MADE TO SHARE OUR BOUNTY
WITH THE LAZY AND THE LAME
IF THEY FAILED TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES
THEY'VE JUST THEMSELVES TO BLAME

**Music continues underneath. BETSY,
a flower seller, approaches
SCROOGE, offering poinsettias**

BETSY

Dear Mister Scrooge, would you be wanting to
buy one of me pretty Christmas flowers this
fine Christmas Eve, sir?

SCROOGE

Fine Christmas Eve? There's nothing fine about
it as near as I can tell, old woman. Typical
London December day, damp, dreary and crowded.

BETSY

Why then, one of these beautiful blooms would take away the dreariness, don't you think?

SCROOGE

(checking his notebook)

Wait a minute. I know you. You borrowed five quid from my firm last month, did you not? Ah yes, Betsy Littleton. Payable last week, I see.

BETSY

Mercy, Mister Scrooge. I don't have it, and not likely to for a few more days.

SCROOGE

Don't have it? But madam, it is due. There'll be a fine for being late, a substantial fine.

BETSY

Mercy, sir. It's Christmas Eve, sir!

SCROOGE

MERCY! THAT IS JUST A HUMBUG
SOMETHING THAT THE WEAK REQUEST
WHEN ASKED TO PAY THEIR DEBT
HUMBUG! I MUST CRY HUMBUG!
YOU'LL PAY ME WHAT YOU OWE ME
DON'T YOU THINK I WILL FORGET

BETSY

Oh, sir!

She runs off

ENSEMBLE

MERCY IS A HUMBUG
KINDNESS IS ONE, TOO
PATIENCE IS A HUMBUG
FORGIVENESS WILL NOT DO
CARING? OF COURSE
CHARITY? THAT'S WORSE
A HUMBUG'S ANYTHING
THAT MIGHT DECREASE HIS REVENUE

HUMBUG! CHRISTMAS IS A HUMBUG!
A HUMBUG TO THE LAST
EBENEZER IS AGHAST
AND HE HATES TO BE HARASSED
BY ALL THIS HUMBUG, HUMBUG!
THIS CHRISTMAS FULL OF

SCROOGE

HUMBUG!

**Music continues underneath. The
butcher, FOTHERINGAY, carrying a
large ham, bumps into SCROOGE**

FOTHERINGAY

Pardon. Why, it's your own honorable self,
Mister Scrooge. Merry Christmas to you, sir!

SCROOGE

Bah, humbug. I despise that insipid sentiment,
Mister Fotheringay. I see you are about your
business, sir. At least some are still plying
an honest trade.

FOTHERINGAY

Sir? Oh, this ham. On my way to the almshouse,
Mister Scrooge. I donate a ham there each
Christmas Eve, a bit of charity for them as
less well off than me.

SCROOGE

The almshouse, Fotheringay? Your largesse is
astonishing. Business must be doing quite well
to afford such generosity.

FOTHERINGAY

Well, the time of year and all, sir. Folk seem
well-disposed at Christmas, and-

SCROOGE

Are they, sir? Are they indeed? With all that
business, the note my counting house holds on
your shop will no doubt be paid on time, will
it not?

FOTHERINGAY

Note, Mister Scrooge?

SCROOGE

Note, Mister Fotheringay. The note you made
with Scrooge and Marley last summer. Perhaps
you have forgotten? If it is not paid in full
by the first of the year, your shop is forfeit.
Forfeit, Mister Fotheringay.

FOTHERINGAY

Oh, Mister Scrooge, I was hoping you might see
your way to delay that a bit, sir.

SCROOGE

Delay if you wish, Fotheringay. I will then
acquire your shop without delay. First of the
year, sir.

FOTHERINGAY

But, Mister Scrooge! Please have patience!

SCROOGE

PATIENCE! THAT'S ANOTHER HUMBUG!
I'M SICK OF ALIBIS
YOU'LL PAY ME IF YOU'RE WISE

**FOTHERINGAY retreats hastily.
SCROOGE turns on the crowd**

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

I DARESAY THAT MOST OF YOU
OWE ME YOUR LIVELIHOOD
AND ALL OF YOU WILL NEVER
WANT TO PAY ME WHAT HE SHOULD
YOU'LL BLAME IT ON THIS SEASON
WITH "GOD REST YE MERRY MEN"

(shakes fist at carolers)

BUT I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HEARING
THAT MY DEADLINES MUST EXTEND

ENSEMBLE

MISTER SCROOGE PLEASE HAVE MERCY
MISTER SCROOGE PLEASE HAVE PITY

SCROOGE

THIS CHRISTMAS CHEER IS WASTED ON MY SOUL
THIS CHRISTMAS TIME IS GETTING VERY OLD
THE GIFTS AND THE FEASTING
THE SILLY YULETIDE LOG
THE GOING TO THE PARTIES
WITH THE WASSAIL AND THE NOG
I'VE HAD MY FILL OF CHRISTMAS
WITH ITS CAROLS AND ITS MIRTH
A HUMBUG ON YOUR CHRISTMAS
FROM NOW ON AND HENCEFORTH
IT'S A HUMBUG!

SCROOGE enters the counting house

ENSEMBLE

DON'T LISTEN TO THIS MISER OF A MAN
HE'LL MAKE YOU DISLIKE CHRISTMAS IF HE CAN
IF YOU SEE HIM COMING, BEST TO TURN AWAY
AND PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL NEVER SAY (NEVER SAY)
PLEASE PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL NEVER SAY
I HOPE AND PRAY
YOU WILL NEVER SAY:
CHRISTMAS IS A HUMBUG!

I-1.3 Scene Change - "Humbug"

TRANSITION TO COUNTING HOUSE

SCENE 2

The counting house. BOB CRATCHIT sits at a tall desk, in a coat, shivering, figuring away in a ledger. SCROOGE enters, removes his coat, hands a key to CRATCHIT.

SCROOGE

Cratchit! Fetch a coal for the stove. But only one coal, mind you.

CRATCHIT

(blowing his hands)

Mayn't we have more than one piece of coal, sir? There's quite a chill this evening.

SCROOGE

Coal is money, Mister Cratchit, and we will not waste it. Thrift, sir! Think on thrift and warm yourself on that.

CRATCHIT

Yes, sir.

SCROOGE sits at his desk, opens his ledger. CRATCHIT unlocks the coal bin, removes a coal, places the key on Scrooge's desk, and goes to the stove. Without acknowledging Cratchit, SCROOGE returns the key to his pocket. The doorbell sounds and Scrooge's nephew FRED HOLLISTER enters.

FRED

A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE

Bah! Humbug!

FRED

Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that.

SCROOGE

I do. Merry Christmas! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

FRED

Come, then, what reason have you to be sad? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE

Bah!

FRED

Don't be cross, uncle!

SCROOGE

What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools? Fie upon Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer. If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled in his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!

FRED

Uncle!

SCROOGE

Nephew. You keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

FRED

Keep it! But you don't keep it.

SCROOGE

Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you. Much good it has ever done you.

FRED

There are many things from which I might have derived good, but not profited by them. I have always thought of Christmas time as a kind, forgiving, charitable time. The only time of the year when men and women open their hearts freely. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and *will* do me good. And I say, God bless it!

CRATCHIT applauds: becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he pokes the fire

SCROOGE

Let me hear another sound from you, Mister Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your employment.

(to FRED)

You're quite the powerful speaker, sir. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

FRED

Don't be angry, uncle. Come see us. Dine with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE

I'll see you all right. I'll see you in Hades.

FRED

But why? Why?

SCROOGE

Why did you get married?

FRED

Because I fell in love.

SCROOGE

Because you fell in love! The one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. Good afternoon!

FRED

I want nothing from you, I ask nothing of you. Why cannot we be friends?

SCROOGE

Good afternoon.

FRED

I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. But I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. And so a Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE

Good afternoon!

FRED

And Merry Christmas to you, Bob Cratchit.

CRATCHIT

As well to you, Mister Hollister. And a prosperous new year!

FRED exits. SCROOGE crosses to CRATCHIT, who does his best to ignore the intrusion.

SCROOGE

Here's another fellow, my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. If I hear much more of this humbug I'll retire to Bedlam. You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

CRATCHIT

If it's quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE

It is *not* convenient, sir, nor is it fair. If I was to short your pay a single pence, you'd think yourself ill-used, would you not? And yet you don't think me ill-used when I pay a whole day's wages for no work.

CRATCHIT

But it's only once a year, Mister Scrooge.

SCROOGE

A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Therefore be here all the earlier the next morning.

CRATCHIT

You may depend on it, Mister Scrooge.

SCROOGE

And here are you wages. A whole day's wages, mind you!

He puts a few coins in CRATCHIT's hand. CRATCHIT's face shows a brief disappointment at the meager amount, then he recovers.

CRATCHIT

Thank you, sir. And merry Christmas, sir!

SCROOGE

Bah! Humbug!

SCROOGE ignores CRATCHIT, who puts on his coat and exits.

I-2.1 Scene Change - "Humbug"

TRANSITION TO THE STREET

SCENE 3

The street before Scrooge's counting house. CRATCHIT enters from the counting house, and his WIFE, BELINDA, PETER, MARTHA & TINY TIM meet him in the street.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Well? Did the old skinflint give you an hour free tomorrow?

CRATCHIT

(feigning sadness)

I'm afraid not, my dear.

(whirling her around)

He gave me the whole day!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Oh, Bob! We can have a proper Christmas.

BELINDA

Poppa! We'll have such a merry time!

CRATCHIT

You may count on it, Belinda my love!

A BEGGAR appears, begging from an affluent couple who ignore him. TINY TIM sees him.

TINY TIM

I wish everyone was as rich as us, and could have a merry time.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Rich as us! Child, you've no idea what you're saying-

CRATCHIT notices where TIM is looking. He sweeps the boy up in his arms and goes to the BEGGAR

CRATCHIT

Right you are, Tim, right you are! We must look to the needs of those less fortunate than us!

He gives TIM a coin, who puts it in the BEGGAR's bowl.

BEGGAR

Thankee kindly sir, and Merry Christmas to you and yours!

BEGGAR exits. MRS. CRATCHIT pulls BOB aside.

MRS. CRATCHIT

(whispering)

Bob! We're the last people on earth who can afford to give away the little we have!

CRATCHIT

Jane, our Tiny Tim has the richest heart on earth. How can we afford *not* to help as best we can? We will do well if we allow his heart to lead us.

I-3.1 "All We Need Is Us"

All We Need Is Us

A HEART AS BIG AS ALL OF US
WE SHARE AT CHRISTMAS TIME

ALL CRATCHITS

A WORLD THAT'S BIG ENOUGH FOR US
IS OURS AT CHRISTMAS TIME
WE HAVE EACH OTHER, THAT IS ALL
WE NEED TO GET US BY
WE HAVE EACH OTHER'S LOVE TO SHARE
AND WILL TIL THE DAY WE DIE

They stand back to back

WE'LL ALL STAND BACK TO BACK
STRONG AS THE UNION JACK
AND ALWAYS TRY TO DO WHAT'S GOOD AND JUST
WE DON'T NEED MUCH, IT'S TRUE
TO SOMEHOW GET US THROUGH
ALL WE NEED IS US

THE WORLD MAY SEEM A DISMAL PLACE
UNTIL WE ALL COME HOME
OUR HOUSE IS SUCH A LOVELY SPACE
WITH ALL OF US AT HOME

MRS. CRATCHIT

AND EVEN SCROOGE CAN'T REACH US THERE
TO RUIN OUR FAMILY'S JOYS

CRATCHIT

NO, MISTER SCROOGE CAN'T DO A THING

BOTH

TO HARM OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

ALL CRATCHITS

They link arms

WE'LL ALL STAND SIDE BY SIDE
PROCLAIM OUR THEME WITH PRIDE
WE ALWAYS TRY TO DO WHAT'S GOOD AND JUST
WE DON'T NEED MUCH, IT'S TRUE
TO SOMEHOW GET US THROUGH
ALL WE NEED IS US

CHILDREN
ALL WE NEED IS EACH OF US
TO HELP EACH OTHER EVERY DAY

CRATCHIT & MRS. CRATCHIT
ALL WE NEED IS ALL OF US
TO PULL AS ONE

ALL CRATCHITS
ALONG THE WAY

Facing each other

WE'LL ALL STAND FACE TO FACE
AND LIVE IN LOVE AND GRACE
AND ALWAYS TRY TO DO WHAT'S GOOD AND JUST
WE DON'T NEED MUCH, IT'S TRUE
TO SOMEHOW GET US THROUGH
ALL WE NEED IS US

CRATCHIT
Now, children! What say we go down to
Fotheringay's butcher shop and choose his
biggest bird for our feast tomorrow!

**They exit. Passersby appear in the
street. SCROOGE exits his shop,
two gentlemen approach him.**

BARNSWORTH
Scrooge and Marley's, is that correct? Have we
the pleasure of addressing Mister Scrooge or
Mister Marley?

SCROOGE
Jacob Marley died seven years ago. This very
night as I recall. Any pleasure you might have
in addressing him is doubtful. You address his
still-breathing partner, Ebenezer Scrooge.

BARNSWORTH
I am Stephen Barnsworth, and this is my
associate, Elijah Danbridge.

SCROOGE

(abruptly)

Do either of you owe me money?

BARNSWORTH

(taken aback)

Ah- I don't think...

Looks at DANBRIDGE, who shakes his head "no"

No, we do not.

SCROOGE

Then your names mean nothing to me, sir.

DANBRIDGE

(recovering his composure)

Yes, well, ah, Mister Scrooge, we have no doubt Mister Marley's liberal nature-

SCROOGE

Liberal nature?! Hah!

DANBRIDGE

-is well-represented by his surviving partner.

BARNSWORTH

No doubt whatsoever.

DANBRIDGE

At this festive season of the year, Mister Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute.

BARNSWORTH

Who suffer greatly at the present time.

DANBRIDGE

Thousands are in want of common necessities.

SCROOGE

Common necessities? But aren't there any prisons?

BARNSWORTH

Prisons? There are far too many-

SCROOGE

And all of the workhouses? Are they still in operation?

DANBRIDGE

They are, though we wish that they were not.

SCROOGE

Thank God! I was afraid from what you said that something had prevented their humane operation. Their goal, I believe, is to provide assistance to the poor, is it not?

DANBRIDGE

Well, they scarcely furnish Christian cheer.

BARNSWORTH

So a few of us are asking the more fortunate among us to raise a fund-

DANBRIDGE

To buy the *less* fortunate among us some meat and drink and means of warmth.

BOTH

What shall we put you down *for*?

SCROOGE

(whispering in his ear)

Nothing.

BARNSWORTH

You wish to remain anonymous?

DANBRIDGE

A very noble wish-

SCROOGE

I wish to be left alone! Since you ask me what I wish, that is my answer. I don't make merry at this time of year and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I donate to prisons and union houses. If they need someplace to go, let the rabble go there

BARNSWORTH

Many go, they have no choice.

DANBRIDGE

With nothing to live for most would rather die.

SCROOGE

If they would rather die, then best they do so, and decrease the surplus population

DANBRIDGE

But you don't mean it, Mister Scrooge

BARNSWORTH

Surely you have some regard for-

SCROOGE

Indeed I mean it, sir. The poor aren't my affair. It's enough for a man to understand his business.

DANBRIDGE

But, Mister Scrooge--

SCROOGE

(ignoring them)

My business occupies me--

BARNSWORTH

Many go to prison--

SCROOGE

I've no time for yours. Good afternoon to you!

He starts away, turns back

If you wish to continue your attempts at solicitation from Scrooge & Marley, may I suggest that you contact Marley instead. You can find him in Highgate. Highgate Cemetery.

Laughing, SCROOGE leaves the two men confounded, they exit. Fog swirls around him. He starts when he hears voices moaning "Scrooge!"

SCROOGE (CONT'D)

What's that? Those greedy fools have disturbed my mind, reminding me of Marley. Seven years ago, this very night.

SCROOGE and begins to unlock his door. The door knocker famously turns into MARLEY's face.

MARLEY

Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE starts back in terror and the door resumes its normal aspect

SCROOGE

What in God's--? Damn those idiots, and damn my imagination! Marley? Humbug!

He enters house. After a moment, DANBRIDGE & BARNSWORTH re-enter. From the other direction enter FOTHERINGAY & BETSY.

DANBRIDGE
I've never met a more
disagreeable human being.

FOTHERINGAY
That man will be my
ruination, Mrs. Littleton.

BARNSWORTH
I completely concur!

BETSY
I'll be out of house and home
on his account.

DANBRIDGE
Is there any meaner man than-

FOTHERINGAY
There's not a meaner man than-

ALL TOGETHER
Ebenezer Scrooge!

They turn & look at each other.

DANBRIDGE
I beg pardon, but did you say Ebenezer Scrooge?

BARNSWORTH
Of Scrooge and Marley?

BETSY
That we did!

BARNSWORTH
Do you know the man?

FOTHERINGAY
Know him? I should say we do!

BETSY
And wish we didn't.

I.3.4 "The Meanest Man in London"

The Meanest Man In London

BETSY (CONT'D)
HE'S AS NASTY A MORTAL AS EVER DREW A BREATH

DANBRIDGE
HE'S ABOUT AS PLEASANT AS WARMED OVER DEATH

FOTHERINGAY
IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW MEAN A MAN CAN BE

BARNSWORTH
LOOK ANYWHERE YOU WISH

ALL
THERE'S NO MEANER MAN THAN HE

BETSY

HAVE YOU EVER MET A MEANER MAN?
A HARDER SOUL CANNOT EXIST

BARNSWORTH

A MEANER OR OBSCENER MAN
WHO'S EVER HAD A TIGHTER FIST?

DANBRIDGE

HIS HEART MUST BE AS COLD AS ICE

FOTHERINGAY

IF HE'S GOT A HEART AT ALL

DANBRIDGE & FOTHERINGAY

IN SHORT HE ISN'T VERY NICE

ALL

AND THAT IS WHY HE'S CALLED

THE MEANEST MAN IN LONDON TOWN
THE WORST, THE MEANEST MAN AROUND
HIS SOUL IS MADE OF STONE
SO YOU BEST LEAVE HIM ALONE
HE'S THE MEANEST MAN YOU'LL FIND IN LONDON TOWN

BETSY & FOTHERINGAY

HE'D REPOSSESS THE CHILDREN'S TOYS
IF THEY OWED HIM HALF A PENCE

BARNSWORTH & DANBRIDGE

HE'D NOT LOAN A SINGLE QUID
UNLESS YOU PROMISED TEN PERCENT

ALL

HE'S AS BLOODLESS AS A TURNIP IS
A COMPLETELY WICKED PHILISTINE
THE TITLE THAT IS SOLELY HIS:
THE MEANEST MAN OF MEANS!

THE MEANEST MAN IN LONDON TOWN
THE WORST, THE MEANEST MAN AROUND
HIS SOUL IS MADE OF STONE
SO YOU BEST LEAVE HIM ALONE
HE'S THE MEANEST MAN YOU'LL FIND IN LONDON TOWN
THE MEANEST MAN YOU'LL FIND IN LONDON TOWN!

FOTHERINGAY

Come along, gents-

BETSY

Ahem.

FOTHERINGAY

And lady! Let me buy you a pint!

They exit, chatting.

I.3.4 Scene Change - "The Meanest Man in London"

TRANSITION TO SCROOGE'S BEDROOM