



EPISODE 2 (GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST)

- Are you the spirit whose coming was foretold to me?
- I am.
- Is it possible that you might put your cap on?
- Would you so soon put out, with your worldly hands the light I give?
- No, no! No, no! I'm so sorry. I meant nothing by it. I meant no offense. I just thought I...
- Who and what are you?
- I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
- Long past?
- Your past. Rise. And walk with me.
- But I am mortal and liable to fall.
- Bear but a touch of my hand there... and you shall be up held in more than this.

- Good heavens. I was bred in this place. I was a boy here.
- Your lip... is trembling. And what's that? On your cheek?
- Nothing. Something in my eye.
- Do you remember the way?
- Remember it? I could walk it blindfolded.

- These are but shadows of things that have been. They have no consciousness... Of us.
- I knew them. I know every one of them. They were schoolmates of mine.
- Let's go on.

- This... This was my school.
- This school is not quite deserted. A solitary child... neglected by his friends... is left here still.
- I know.
- Poor boy. Poor, poor boy.

- Let's... See another Christmas.

- Ebenezer! Ebenezer! Dear, dear brother! I've come to bring you home!
- Home, little Fan?
- Yes, home! Father is so much kinder than he used to be. He spoke so gently to me one night. I was not afraid to ask him if you might come home. And he said yes! And he sent me in a coach to fetch you. And we're to be together all the Christmas long. And to have the merriest time in all the world!
- You're quite a woman, little Fan.

- She had a large heart.
- She died a woman. And had, as I think... children.
- Yes, one child.
- True. Your nephew.
- Yes.

(Scrooge is an apprentice)

- Do you know this place?
- Know it? I was an apprentice here!
- Why, it's old Fezziwig. Bless his heart! It's Fezziwig alive again!
- Yo–ho! Ebenezer, come on! Come on! Dick! Come on! It's 6:00.
- They're going to be here soon.

- Dick Wilkins. Bless me, yes. There he is, Dick Wilkins. He was very attached to me, was Dick.
- Yo–ho, me lads! No more work tonight. It's Christmas Eve!
- Hooray!
- Dick, Ebenezer, let's get cleared away. We want lots of space. Lots and lots of space.
- Hee–hi!
- Maestro!
- May I present?

- Well done! Well done! And now, kind fiddler, if you please. It is time for Sir Roger de Coverley!
- Might I have this dance with you?

(Scrooge talks to his wife)

- Ebenezer, it's your pass.
- Another idol has replaced me.
- Another idol? What idol?
- A golden one.
- There is nothing on this earth more terrifying to me... than a life doomed to poverty.
- You fear the world too much, Ebenezer. You've changed.
- Changed?
- Perhaps grown wiser, but I have not changed toward you.
- Our contract is an old one.
- It was made when we were both poor and content to be so.
- When it was made... You were another man.
- I was a boy!
- I release you, Ebenezer.
- Have I ever sought release?
- In words, no.
- In what, then?
- In an altered spirit. In another atmosphere of life. In everything that made my love of any worth in your sight. Tell me, Ebenezer, if this contract had never been between us...would you seek me out now? No.
- You think not?
- I would gladly think otherwise if I could. But if you were free today, would you choose a dowerless girl? A girl left penniless by the death of her parents? You, who weighs everything by gain?
- I release you, Ebenezer. May you be happy in the life you've chosen.

- Spirit, remove me from this place.
- I told you, these were shadows of things that have been. They are what they are. Do not blame me.
- Remove me. I cannot bear it.

- Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!