



EPISODE 3 (GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT)

- Oh, blast!
- Enter, Scrooge!
- Come in! Come in and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the likes of me before?
- Never.
- Have never walked forth with my elder brothers?
- I don't think that I have. You have many brothers?
- More than 1,800. 1,842, to be exact.
- I see you wear a scabbard, but no sword.
- Indeed. Peace on Earth. Good will toward men.
- Spirit, conduct me where you will.
- Touch my robe.
- What's happening? What are you doing?
- Very strange.
- Indeed. Not many mortals are granted a heavenly perspective of man's world.
- Yes.

– It's quite beautiful.

- Spirit, these poor people have no means to cook their food. And yet you seek to close the only places... in which they can warm their meager meals every seventh day.
- Hear me, Scrooge. There are some upon this earth of yours...who claim to know me and my brothers...– ...and do their deeds of ill will and selfishness in our name. These so-called "men of the cloth"...are as strange to me and my kins if they never lived. Charge their doings to them, not us.
- Aye. I will.

(In the house of Mr. Cratchit)

- Smell that? Cooking goose! Come on!
- I take it this bleak paupers' dwelling is of some significance.
- It is all your loyal clerk can afford for his meager 15 bob a week.
- Mother! Papa! We just came by the baker shop. And smelled our goose, cooking delicious.
- Shut the door, please. What happened to your precious father? And your brother. And Martha, she wasn't as late last Christmas Day.
- Mother, here she is, Mother. Here's Martha.
- Martha! Wait till you see our goose. This is a wonderful one.
- Peter, off with you to the baker's and collect the bird. And take the children with you. And pray, no dallying.
- Why, bless your heart alive! Dear, how late you are!

– We had a deal of work to finish up last night and clear away this morning.
 – Never mind. Long as you're here. Sit ye down before the fire and have a warm.
 – No. No, no, no. There's Father coming.
 – Hide, Martha. You must hide. Hide, Martha.
 – It's cold out there.
 – Hello, Father. Hello, Timmy.
 – Why, where's our Martha?
 – Not coming.
 – Not coming? Not coming upon Christmas Day?
 – Here I am, Father!
 – We got you, Father.
 – I couldn't bear to see you in a state of disappointment. If only for a giggle.
 – It's so lovely to see you, my Martha.
 – Come on, Timmy. I hear the pudding singing in the copper. Shall we have a look, then?
 – How did little Timmy behave?
 – As good as gold. And better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much... and he thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people sawed him in church... because he was a cripple... and it might make pleasant for them to remember it upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.
 – I believe he grows more hearty and stronger every day, my dear.
 – The pudding looks delicious! The whole wash house smells like a pastry cook's shop.
 – Spirit, tell me, will Tiny Tim?
 – I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney corner...and a crutch without an owner. Carefully preserved.

– Hurrah!
 – The Christmas goose!
 – Make space. Let's get that cover off.
 – Lovely! Well done, Peter.
 – I don't believe I've ever seen a more magnificent goose cooked.
 – It is a beautiful bird, that's for sure. But I'll pray that one Christmas, perhaps....the children might taste a turkey.
 – Perhaps one day, my dear. Perhaps one day.
 – A toast.
 – To Mr. Scrooge.
 – The founder of our feast.
 – Founder of the feast, indeed. I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon...and I'd hope he'd have a good appetite for it.
 – My dear, the children...It's Christmas Day.
 – Christmas Day, I'm sure. How can one drink the health...of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge? As you know he is, Robert. Nobody knows it better than you.
 – My dear, Christmas Day.
 – I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his.
 – A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.
 – He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt.
 – A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us.
 – God bless us.
 – God bless us, everyone.
 – Merry Christmas and happy New Year.
 – God bless.
 – Kind spirit, say Tiny Tim will be spared.
 – If these shadows remain unaltered by the future...the child will die.
 – Die! No, spirit. No.
 – What then? If he is to die, he had better do it. And decrease the surplus population.

(In the house of Scrooge's nephew)

– So you're thinking of an animal?
 – Yes.
 – A live animal?
 – Yes.
 – A rather disagreeable animal?
 – Yes.
 – A savage animal?
 – Yes.
 – Wait, wait! Is it an animal that grunts and growls?
 – Yes!
 – And lives in London?
 – Yes.
 – A horse?
 – No.
 – A cow?
 – No.

- A dog?
- A pig?
- No.
- An ass?
- Yes and no.
- I know who it is, Fred! I know! It's your Uncle Scrooge!
- Yes!
- Christmas a humbug? Now, he actually said that? As I live. And he believes it.
- I have no patience with him, Fred.
- I have. I'm sorry for him. Who suffers from his ill whims? Only himself. He decides to dislike us, won't come and dine with us... and what's the consequence? He loses a dinner.
- Indeed, he loses a very good dinner.
- Hear, hear. A magnificent dinner.
- Great.
- He's certainly given us plenty of merriment, that's for sure... and I think it would be ungrateful not to drink to his health. He wouldn't take it from me, but he may have it nevertheless.
- A merry Christmas to the old man, whatever he is. Uncle Scrooge.
- To Uncle Scrooge.

- Are spirits' lives so short?
- My life upon this globe is very brief. It ends tonight.
- Tonight?
- Tonight at midnight. Hark. The time is drawing near.
- Forgive me.....but I see something strange protruding from your skirt. Is it a foot or a claw?
- It might be a claw, for the scant amount of flesh there is upon it.
- Look here.
- Naff off!
- Oh, man. Look here. You daft old geezer.
- Look! Look! Down here!
- Go away!
- Are they yours?
- They are man's. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both.
- Have they no refuge? No resource?
- Are there no prisons?
- Are there no workhouses?