



EPISODE 4 (GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME)

– Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? You're about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened but will happen. Is that so, spirit?

– Ghost of the Future, I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But I know your purpose is to do me good. I am prepared to bear you company. Lead on.

– The night is waning fast. It's precious time to me.

– Lead on, spirit.

– When did he die?

– Last night, I believe. Or sometime Christmas Day.

– I thought he'd never die.

– What's he done with his money?

– Hasn't left it to me. That's all I know.

– It is likely to be a cheap funeral.

– For the life of me, I can't think of anyone who'd want to attend it.

– I don't mind going... if lunch is provided.

– There, yes.

– What a frightful fellow.

– All right.

– Good day, gentlemen.

– Get a hold of yourself, Ebenezer. You're having a wobbly.

– You won't get me in here. Christmas pudding, no doubt. I'm... I'm on Lime Street. Come now.

(Scrooge is dead)

– Merry Christmas, Joe.

– And happy New Year, to be sure. Come in. Sit down in me parlor and let's have a look. Here.

– What do you call these, Mrs. Dilber, huh?

– Mrs. Dilber?

– Bed curtains.

– You mean to say you took them down while he was lying there?

– I do. And why not? You was born to make your fortune, and you certainly will do it. Well, I shan't hold back my hand when I can get something by it... Don't you go getting grease on them blankets now.

– His blankets?

– Whose else do you think? He won't be feeling the cold without them now, I dare say.

– I hope he didn't die of anything catching.

– Don't you be afraid of that.

– I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about. You can look through that shirt till your eyes ache... and you won't find one hole in it. It was the best he had.

– Mrs. Dilber!

– Would have been wasted, only for me.

- You're fired! Fired!
- How did you mean "wasted"?
- Somebody was fool enough to put it on him to be buried in. But I took it off him. This is the end of it, you see. He frightened everyone away while he was alive. Only to profit us now that he's dead. If he'd had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death... instead of lying there, all alone, gasping out his last breath... well, we wouldn't have these things to sell now, would we?
- Spirit! I see! I see! The case of this unhappy man who dies a solitary, lonesome death... might be my own. My life tends that way now.
- Merciful heavens! What's this? Spirit, this is a fearful place. When I leave it, I shall not leave its lesson. Trust me. Let's go!
- I understand. And I would, if I could, but I have not the power.
- Spirit, if there is any person who feels emotion caused by this man's death... show that person to me, I beg you.
- Are we ruined?
- There is hope yet.
- Hope? Only if he relents.
- He is past relenting. He is dead.
- Dead? To whom will our debts be transferred?
- I don't know, but by then we'll have the money. And even if we don't, it's unlikely any new creditor will ever be so merciless.
- We shall sleep tonight with light hearts, my dear.
- Let me see some tenderness connected to death... or this chamber will forever haunt me!

(At the house of Mr. Cratchit)

- It's late.
- Past your father's time.
- He's walked slow these last few evenings.
- Oh, he has walked... with Tiny Tim on his shoulders... fast, indeed. But he was very light... to carry, and... your father loved him so.
- Father.
- You went today, then?
- Yes, my dear.
- I wish you could have gone.
- Would have done you good to see how green a place it is.
- You'll see it often. And I promised him I would walk there every... Every Sunday. My little child! My little child.
- Father, please don't be grieved. Please, Father.
- I'm all right, love. I'm quite at peace.
- I'm sure none of us will ever forget our poor Tiny Tim.
- Oh, no, Father.
- Never ever.
- Thank you. Thank you, my dears.
- Bob.

(Scrooge at his own grave)

- Specter... Something tells me our parting moment is at hand. Tell me... who... was that man we saw lying dead?
- Spirit... before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point... answer me one question! Are these the shadows of things that will be...or shadows of things that may be? Men's courses in life foreshadow certain ends. But if these courses are departed from, these ends will change. Isn't that so?
- No. No! Am I that man who lay upon the bed?
- No. Spirit, hear me! I'm not the man I was! Why show me this if I'm past all hope?
- Spirit! Spirit, assure me that I may change these shadows you've shown me! Change them by an altered life!
- No, spirit! No! No, spirit!
- Good spirit... Help me!
- Spirit! Help me, spirit!
- Help, spirit!
- Spirit, I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will not shut out the lessons of the past, nor present, nor future.
- Oh, please, spirit... tell me I may sponge away the writing on that stone!