



Mayor of the Town
Presents
“*A Christmas Carol*”
Starring Lionel Barrymore
Transcribed by B.J. George

ANNOUNCER: *A Christmas Carol*... starring Lionel Barrymore.

[*Theme music*]

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight, Lionel Barrymore takes leave of absence from his duties as *Mayor of the Town* to portray once again, the immortal Scrooge. Mr. Barrymore’s sponsor, the makers of Noxzema, relinquish all commercial time to bring you uninterrupted enjoyment of Dickens’s... *A Christmas Carol*.

[*Musical bridge*]

NARRATOR: Once upon a Christmas Eve, on a mean and shabby street in London, stood the warehouse of Scrooge and Marley’s. Marley was seven years dead, but Scrooge never bothered to paint out the name. “It was a waste of time, paint and money.” Oh, he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone was Ebenezer Scrooge. A squeezing, grasping, clutching, covetous old sinner. A frosty rime upon his head, and on his eyebrows, and on his wiry chin. And the cold within him iced his office in the dog-days... and didn’t thaw it out one degree at Christmas. A fact that could be attested by Bob Cratchit, his over-worked and shivering clerk.

And what did Scrooge think of Christmas?... Listen...

[*Musical bridge*]

SCROOGE: And what do you think you’re about to do with that coal scuttle, Mr. Cratchit?

CRATCHIT: Why, ah... (*coughs*) Well, you see, my stove’s gone out, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: Tell me, Mr. Cratchit. Ah, do you like working here?

CRATCHIT: Oh, yes. Yes indeed.

SCROOGE: Well. And you have reason for fifteen bob a day, as it is?

CRATCHIT: Oh, yes. You see, there's my wife and Tiny Tim and Belinda and Martha-

SCROOGE: Oh, ha-ha, yes. And then may I suggest you forget the fire and get back to your work. Unless, of course, you would prefer to keep Christmas by losing your situation?

CRATCHIT: Yes, sir. *[A young boy sings "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" from outside]* Right away, sir. It won't happen again, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE: And chase that blasted little creep away from the door! *(To himself)* Christmas, agh... bah...

[Musical bridge followed by a door opening and a man walking across the wooden floor]

FRED: A Merry Christmas! God save you, uncle!

SCROOGE: May the lord pity you, nephew. Humbug.

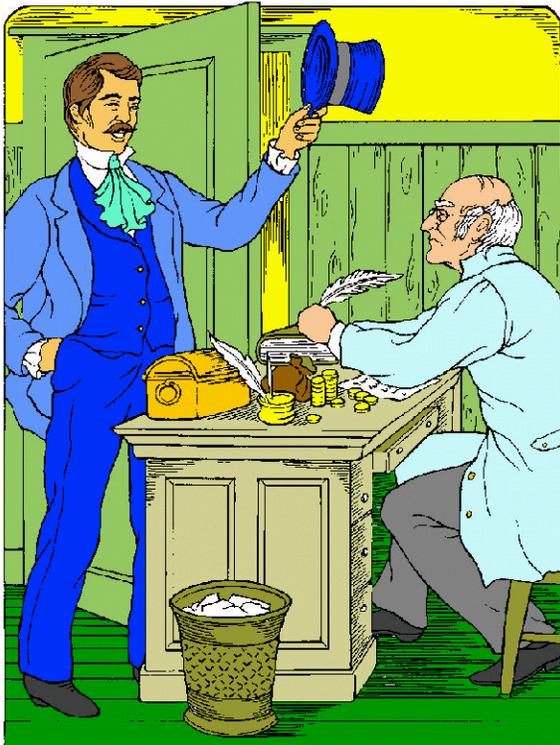
FRED: Oh, come now, you don't mean that.

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

FRED: Then what right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE: Bah... Humbug.

FRED: Now don't be cross, uncle.



SCROOGE: What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money. A time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer. A time for balancing your books and having them in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you?

FRED: Uncle.

SCROOGE: Yes! If I had my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips would be boiled in his own pudding. And buried with a stake of holly through his heart.

FRED: Uncle!

SCROOGE: Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

FRED: But you don't keep it.

SCROOGE: Well, let me leave it alone then.

FRED: Won't you at least come and dine with us tomorrow?

SCROOGE: Good afternoon, nephew.

FRED: It's Christmas Day, you know.

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

FRED: Well, if I don't see you, a Merry Christmas, uncle.

SCROOGE: Good afternoon.

FRED: And a Happy New Year!

SCROOGE: (*Screaming*) Good afternoon!

[*Musical bridge*]

FIRST MAN: Please understand that we aren't asking for a large donation, Mr. Scrooge. Even a small sum will provide a brighter Christmas for the poor and destitute.

SECOND MAN: Ah, what amount may we put you down for, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Nothing.

FIRST MAN: Oh, you wish to be anonymous?

SCROOGE: I wish to be let alone.

SECOND MAN: Mr. Scrooge!

SCROOGE: I don't make myself merry at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help support the prisons and the workhouses, and heaven knows they cost enough. Those who are badly off can go there.

FIRST MAN: But many would rather *die* than go there.

SCROOGE: Oh, if they'd rather die, the better thing to do, (*Chuckles*) and decrease the surplus population. Besides, I find it quite enough for a man to mind his own business, and not interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen, good afternoon.

[*Musical bridge and a door closes*]

NARRATOR: It was cold and dark when Scrooge left the ancient warehouse and made his way to the lowering pile of buildings where he had a gloomy suite of rooms. Since Marley's death, no one lived

there but Scrooge.

Then, as he put his key in the lock of the door... a strange thing happened.

SCROOGE: Ah! That door knocker! I could have sworn it was Marley's face... Ah, rubbish... Humbug.

[Musical bridge]

NARRATOR: *(Softly)* Scrooge entered, then locked and double locked the door behind him. He wasn't a man to be frightened by a door knocker. He lit his candle, and started up the stairs *[Footsteps echoing from the wooden stairs]* His footsteps echoing through the quiet house.

MARLEY: *(Echoing)* Ebenezer Scrooooooge-

SCROOGE: Huh? Who's there?

NARRATOR: What was that noise deep down below in the cellar? As if someone were dragging a heavy chain.

MARLEY: *(Echoing)* Ebenezerrrrr-

SCROOGE: What's that?

NARRATOR: The sound grew louder on the cellar stairs... rose higher in the empty halls below... then climbed and clattered on the stairs behind Scrooge as he fled!

SCROOGE: Ahh! *[Scrooge runs up the stairs, opens the door and enters his room]*

NARRATOR: He closed the door of his room and locked it.

SCROOGE: *[Scrooge walks about on the wooden floor of his room]* Humbug. I don't believe it.

NARRATOR: *[Eerie music]* Then, as though a part of the fog outside, the ghost of Jacob Marley passed through the closed and locked door.

SCROOGE: Ah-ahh!

MARLEY: *(Echoing)* Ebenezer!

SCROOGE: Who are you?

MARLEY: In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.

SCROOGE: What do you want?

MARLEY: Much. Oh, *much*, Ebenezer.



SCROOGE: Be gone! I don't believe in you.

MARLEY: Why do you doubt your senses?

SCROOGE: Oh-ho-ho, because a little thing effects them. A very slight disorder of the senses makes them cheats. Why you might be an undigested bit of beef... a blot of mustard... a crumb of cheese... ha-ha, or a fragment of underdone potato... ha-ha. There's more gravy than grave about you.

MARLEY: *(Wailing)* Ahhhhhh!

SCROOGE: Uh-uh, hey, don't do that now! I beg of you.

MARLEY: Oh man of the worldly mind! Do you believe in me or not?

SCROOGE: I do, I do, if it makes you any happier, Jacob. But why do spirits walk the earth? Why do *you*

come to *me*?

MARLEY: It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men.

SCROOGE: Yes... Jacob?

MARLEY: And if that spirit goes not forth in life... it is condemned to do so after death.

SCROOGE: Oh... But why must you wear that heavy chain? A chain of cash boxes, and keys, and padlocks, and ledgers, and deeds, and swollen purses?

MARLEY: It is the one I forged in life. I made it link by link and yard by yard.

SCROOGE: Oh, but why should you be so cursed? You were always a good man of business, Jacob.

MARLEY: Business? Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business. Charity, mercy, forbearance were all my business.

SCROOGE: Heh-heh, but, Jacob-

MARLEY: Hear me!

SCROOGE: I will-I will-I will...

MARLEY: You may still have a chance and hope of escaping my fate.

SCROOGE: Thank you, Jacob, thank you.

MARLEY: You will be haunted by three spirits.

SCROOGE: Three, Jacob?

MARLEY: Receive them, and for your own sake, remember what has passed between us!

SCROOGE: Jacob, wait now! Don't leave me! Jacob, please!

MARLEY: Look to see me no more... Farewell, Ebenezer...

SCROOGE: Jacob, Jacob, wait...

MARLEY: ... Farewell...

SCROOGE: Jacob! Jacob!

[Musical bridge and then the clock's chimes strike]

GHOST: *(Echoing)* Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE: Huh? Huh, oh... Who are you?

GHOST: *(Echoing)* I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. *Rise* and walk with me.

SCROOGE: Walk? In these slippers, dressing gown, nightcap?

MARLEY: Come. We will leave by the window.

SCROOGE: Oh, no, no-no. It's all very well for spirits. But, I'm only a mortal, a-and liable to fall.

GHOST: Bear but a touch of my hand, rest on your heart, and you shall be upheld in more than this!
Come, Ebenezer Scrooge!

[Musical bridge]

GHOST: Look, just below us, Ebenezer Scrooge. Do you know this place?

SCROOGE: Why, yes, of course I know it, Spirit. I was a boy here. See, there's my old school with the cupola, and the bell hanging in it.

GHOST: An ugly, *lifeless* place.

SCROOGE: It was Christmas Day. And all the boys have gone home for the holidays.

GHOST: All? Who is that lonely child left behind? And chiding these tears by the school master.

SCROOGE: (*Tearfully*) Ah... I was that child, Spirit.

[*Musical bridge*]

SCHOOL MASTER: And now, Master Ebenezer, no tears if you please. There's nothing more degrading than self-pity. Besides, Christmas isn't at all important.

[*Musical bridge*]

GHOST: A very *wise* man, the school master. Don't you agree, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE: Agh... 'course I don't agree! Why, Christmas is *very* important to a child of that age, Spirit... Ah, poor boy... I wish... Oh, well, too late now.

GHOST: What is it?

SCROOGE: Oh, nothing. Nothing much. Oh, but there was a boy singing a Christmas Carol outside my warehouse. I wish I'd given him something, that's all.

GHOST: Yes? Come, let's see another Christmas!

[*Musical bridge*]

GHOST: Now we are in the city. And that lonely boy is *older*. Do you know this warehouse, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE: Know it! Why, of course I know it! I was apprentice here.

GHOST: Were you happy?

SCROOGE: Oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes. I was *very* happy, Spirit. My employer was a kind man, a-and yet... Why bless his heart! There he is... It's old Fezziwig! Old Fezziwig *alive* again!

[*Musical bridge*]

FEZZIWIG: Ho-ho-ho. Yo-ho, lads. No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! We're having a party!

YOUNG MAN: A party, Mr. Fezziwig?

FEZZIWIG: Ha-ha-ha. And he's a fiddler already. Clear away, lads, clear away.

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir!

FEZZIWIG: Come, Mr. Fiddler, and nimble your fingers and give us something for dancing with plenty of life in it! Christmas Eve, you know! The best time of the year! God bless us!

[*Musical bridge*]

GHOST: A very simple and foolish man, old Fezziwig.

SCROOGE: Nonsense, Spirit. Why he was one of the greatest men in life.

GHOST: Indeed!

SCROOGE: I only wish...

GHOST: Yes?

SCROOGE: Nothing. I was just thinking of my own clerk, Bob Cratchit.

GHOST: Really? My time grows short. Prepare yourself to meet the Spirit Of Christmas Present.

[Musical bridge as the clock chimes the hour]

SCROOGE: Ahh! Spirit, where are you? Don't leave me alone!

SECOND GHOST: *(Echoing)* Be not afraid, Ebenezer Scrooge. Behold in me the Spirit Of Christmas Present!

SCROOGE: But this place is strange. Where are we?

SECOND GHOST: There, below us lies Camden Town.

SCROOGE: Camden Town. Why, that's where my clerk, Bob Cratchit lives.

SECOND GHOST: Yes. And there is the poor roof that shelters his family. Come, we will go in.

[Musical bridge as members of the Cratchit Family chatter and bustle about the house]

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh, the gravy, the gravy. Great heavens, I nearly forgot the gravy! There, Belinda, you watch the applesauce.

BELINDA: Yes, mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT: And Martha, you dust off the hot plate.

MARTHA: *(From the other side of the room)* I will, mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Joseph and Thomas...

THOMAS: ... Yes? ...

MRS. CRATCHIT: ...start setting the chairs at the table.

THOMAS: Yes, mother, we will.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh, I don't see what's keeping your father and Tiny Tim.

THOMAS: Here they come now, mother.

MARTHA: Oh, they just came in the parlor.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Thank goodness. Open the door for them, Belinda.

BELINDA: *[Walking over to open the door]* Yes, mother.

[The entire family chatters as Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim enter the room]

BELINDA: Oh, he's riding on father's shoulders.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Be careful, doll.

BELINDA: Oh, watch out for that icy spot!

CRATCHIT: Oh, hi-ho, everybody! Merry Christmas!

ALL: Merry Christmas!

TINY TIM: Merry Christmas, mother!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Merry Christmas, Tiny Tim.

CRATCHIT: And may God bless us all!

ALL: God bless us.

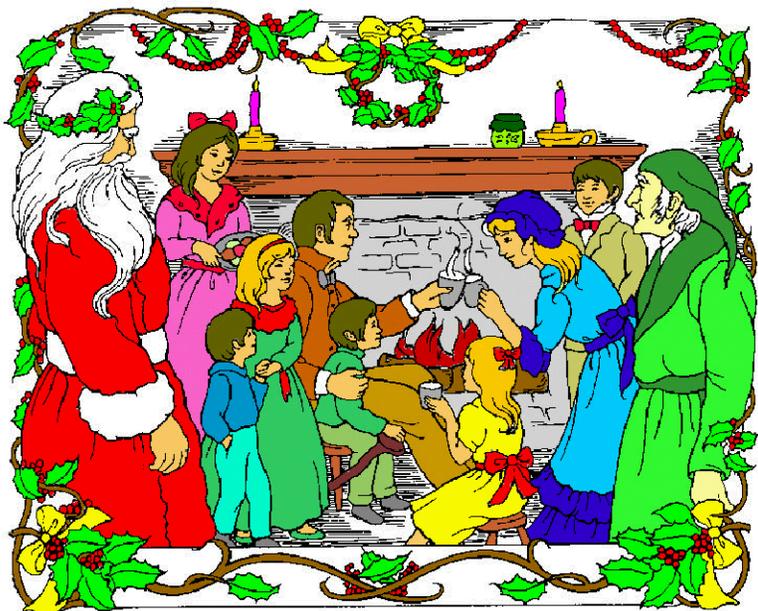
CRATCHIT: And what do you say, Tiny Tim?

TINY TIM: God bless us, everyone!

ALL: *(Chuckle)*

CRATCHIT: Now, there you come. *[Cratchit lowers Tiny Tim off of his shoulders]* There you are. Joseph! Tommy! Take him off and get his hands clean for dinner.

THOMAS: Come on, Tiny Tim. Wait 'till you see what's in the oven. There never was such a bird!



CRATCHIT and MRS. CRATCHIT: *(Chuckle)*

MRS. CRATCHIT: How did he behave in church, Bob?

CRATCHIT: Oh, ho-ho. He was as good as gold. But you know, he gets thoughts there sitting by himself so much. He thinks the strangest things you ever heard.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I know. I know.

CRATCHIT: He told me coming home, that he hoped people saw him in church, because he was a cripple.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh.

CRATCHIT: And that it might be pleasant for them to remember on Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh, boy... Poor boy.

[Musical bridge]

SECOND GHOST: *(Echoing)* Why are there tears in your eyes, Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCROOGE: Cratchit never told me the boy was lame.

SECOND GHOST: He has worn that iron brace, and carried that little crutch ever since he can remember. But my time is up... Good bye, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE: Wait. Wait, wait, wait. Wait, please. Oh... Tell me this before you leave me.

SECOND GHOST: Yes?

SCROOGE: May, ah... May Tiny Tim live?

SECOND GHOST: I see a vacant seat, and a crutch without the owner.

SCROOGE: Oh no. No, no, now don't say that.

SECOND GHOST: If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child must die.

SCROOGE: No, Spirit, no, no, no.

SECOND GHOST: Will it not be better if he dies? As you once said, "It will decrease the surplus population."

SCROOGE: Aw, Spirit!



SECOND GHOST: Farewell, Ebenezer. The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come awaits you!

[Musical bridge]

SCROOGE: Where am I? What place is this? So dark and cold and... thick with fog... Ah! Who are you, dark phantom with the hidden face? I fear *you* more than any of the others. Are you the Ghost Of Christmas Yet To Come? [The Spirit shrieks] Ah-ha. Why... why this is a burial ground. Depletive, overgrown with grass and weeds. The resting place of those forgotten and unloved. (Pauses) Ah, why do you point to that stone? What name is written *there* that I must read?... The letters are too dim, I can't see 'em. The fogs too heavy. Tell me, Spirit, who rests in this lonely, untended earth?

THIRD GHOST: (Echoing) You are that man, Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE: (Pleading) Ah... Spirit, hear me now! I'm not the man I was! I-I will not be the man I must have been! But, for this night, I'll honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. Hear me, Spirit, and tell me... I may sponge away the writing on that stone!... oh stone...

[Musical bridge]

SCROOGE: Spirit? Do you hear me? Spirit? Ah, I am not afraid at all. (Pauses) My own bedpost. This isn't a graveyard. This is my own room. Yes. There's the door where I saw Marley's ghost. And there's the window where the first spirit... Why, it's broad daylight, and no fog and no mist. It's a beautiful, sunny, glorious day. [Scrooge opened the window and church bells and outside sounds entered his room] And people on the street! All dressed in their best. And church bells, too!... (Scrooge calls out) Ohh, boy! Hey, boy! You down there!

BOY: Yes, sir?

SCROOGE: Ah, what day is today, my fine fellow?

BOY: What day? Why, this is Christmas Day, of course.

SCROOGE: (Delighted) Christmas Day! Christmas Day, and I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it *all* in one night! (Calling out to the boy) Hey, hallo down there!

BOY: Yes, sir?

SCROOGE: Ah, do you know the poulterer shop at the corner?

BOY: I should hope so, sir.

SCROOGE: Ha-ha. An intelligent boy. A remarkable boy. (*Calling out again*) Tell me, do you know if they've sold the prize turkey?

BOY: The little one?

SCROOGE: No! No, no, no, no. The *big* prize turkey!

BOY: It's hanging there right now!

SCROOGE: Ah, yes. Go and tell them to bring it here! Yes, and ah, come back with the man, I'll give you a shilling. Come back in less than five minutes and you get half-a-crown!

BOY: Yes, sir!

SCROOGE: He-he-he. Look at him run. Ha. I'll send it off to Bob Cratchit's, and he sha'n't know who sent it. Hey, what a joke that will be. Why it's twice the size of Tiny Tim!

Ah, lets see, I better get dressed. Yes, I've got so much to do, it's going to be a busy day. Yes, ha, a *very* busy day.

[*Musical bridge*]

NARRATOR: And it was a busy day. Ebenezer Scrooge was out observing Merry Christmas in the merriest way. And he looked so delighted, that people just couldn't resist speaking to him.

MAN: Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge!

SCROOGE: Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!

NARRATOR: Yes, and he stopped to pat children on the head.

SCROOGE: He-he. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, my dear!

NARRATOR: And gave shillings to beggars.

BEGGAR: God bless you, Mr. Scrooge.

NARRATOR: And he even went calling on his nephew. And his nephew's wife *kissed* him. Oh, he had a *wonderful* time. And a *wonderful* Christmas.

[*Musical bridge*]

NARRATOR: The morning after Christmas, he was early at the office. Scrooge wanted to be there first. And he wanted to catch Bob Cratchit coming in late.

[Musical bridge as the door closes]

SCROOGE: *(Sternly)* Well, Mr. Cratchit. So, you finally got here, did you? Look at that clock! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

CRATCHIT: I-I'm very sorry, Mr. Scrooge, it won't happen again-

SCROOGE: Oh, indeed it won't. Ha-ha. Step over here to my desk, if you please.

CRATCHIT: *(Meekly)* Yes, sir. Heh... It's only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE: A poor sort of excuse, Mr. Cratchit!

CRATCHIT: But, sir, I-

SCROOGE: *(Yells)* Quiet! I'm not going to stand for this kind of thing any longer. And therefore, my friend...

CRATCHIT: Yes, sir?

SCROOGE: I'm about to raise you salary.

CRATCHIT: *(Confused)* What?

SCROOGE: Merry Christmas, Bob! A Merrier Christmas than I've given you for many a year. I'll raise your salary. I endeavor to assist your struggling family. Now, ah, make up a fire and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another I, Bob!

[Musical bridge]

NARRATOR: And Scrooge was even better than his word. He did it all and infamously more. And to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend and as good a man as the good old city ever knew. Or any other good old city, town or burrow in the good old world. And it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us... and all of us.

[Musical bridge playing 'Silent Night']

SCROOGE: And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us, everyone!"

NARRATOR: Thank you, Mr. Barrymore! And thank you, ladies and gentlemen for joining us tonight. *[Theme music plays]* Next week at this same time you will hear Lionel Barrymore as *The Mayor of the Town*, with Agnes Moorehead as Marrilly and Conrad Binyon as Butch. Be sure to listen. Mr. Barrymore appears through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwin-Meyer, producers of *They Were Expendable*, starring Robert Montgomery and John Wayne. And now, it's Merry Christmas to All and to All a Goodnight, from the makers of two famous products...

LADY: Noxzema Skin Cream for a smoother skin.

NARRATOR: Noxzema Shave Cream for a cooler shave.

[Theme music plays]

ANNOUNCER: This is CBS, The Columbia Broadcasting System.

The End

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