

# Young S. BELLE JK

LOVE AND JOY COME TO YOU.  
AND TO YOU, YOUR WASSAIL TOO.  
AND GOD BLESS YOU AND SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.  
AND GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

*A lively dance begins.*

*The moment shifts, music changes to a romantic theme. FEZZIWIG and GUESTS fade off stage, leaving YOUNG SCROOGE and BELLE to dance, SCROOGE, overcome with emotion, attempts to join in. For a moment, his movements match YOUNG SCROOGE's perfectly, and he briefly dances with BELLE.)*

**START**

MUSIC: DELICATE WALTZ - THE BETROTHAL

*YOUNG SCROOGE kneels before BELLE holding a ring for her finger.*

YOUNG SCROOGE: It's only a shilling ring, Belle, but one day it'll be a gold one. When I'm rich enough.

BELLE: Oh, it's a beautiful ring, but I fear I should not accept it.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Why not? Because it's not good enough for you?

BELLE: Oh, no! No, Ebenezer, I...

YOUNG SCROOGE: Because I'm not rich enough for you.

BELLE: Of course not. Oh, how foolish of you. But you're still so young, you may have a change of heart one day.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Belle, if ever I have a change of heart towards you, it will be because my heart has ceased to beat. *(Music chord)*

BELLE: And it makes no difference that I am poor?

YOUNG SCROOGE: I love you because you're poor, *(Music chord)* not proud and foolish.

BELLE: Will you always feel this way?

× SCROOGE: Yes.

YOUNG SCROOGE: As long as I live. No. Longer — for ever and ever.

BELLE: Then, Ebenezer, I accept your ring.

MUSIC: I ACCEPT YOUR RING

YOUNG SCROOGE: God bless you, Belle. From now to eternity, we two are as one.

*YOUNG SCROOGE and BELLE kiss and exit.*

*FEZZIWIG and GUESTS return to the stage, music resumes and they all continue the dance. SCROOGE watches from the sidelines and then, joins in*

MUSIC: THE PARTY CONTINUES

ALL:

HERE WE COME A WASSAILING, AMONG THE LEAVES SO GREEN.

HERE WE COME A-WANDERING SO FAIR TO BE SEEN.

LOVE AND JOY COME TO YOU.

AND TO YOU, YOUR WASSAIL TOO.

AND GOD BLESS YOU AND SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AND GOD SEND YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

*The dance ends. The GUESTS freeze on a gesture from PAST*

**18A. MUSIC: AFTER FEZZIWIG**

CHRISTMAS PAST: A small matter to make these silly folks so full of gratitude.

SCROOGE: Small?

CHRISTMAS PAST: Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money: three or four, perhaps. Is it so much that he deserves this praise?

SCROOGE: It isn't that, Spirit. It isn't that. He had the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lay in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count them up: what then? The happiness he gave us quite as great as if it had cost...a fortune.

*The FEZZIWIG PARTY GUESTS break their freeze and exit.*

CHRISTMAS PAST: What is the matter?

SCROOGE: Nothing in particular.

CHRISTMAS PAST: Something, I think.

SCROOGE: No. No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all.

**SCENE V. A London Street.**

*We hear the three-quarter hour clock chime.*

CHRISTMAS PAST: My time grows short. Quick! There is one more Christmas, one more Christmas – two years later.

**MUSIC: TWO YEARS LATER**

NARRATOR: Again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now, a man in the prime of life. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion of greed that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

*BELLE & YOUNG SCROOGE, dressed in outerwear, enter in mid-conversation.*

He was not alone, but walked with Belle, in whose eyes there were tears which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

*NARRATOR, CHRISTMAS PAST, the PEARLIES exit*

YOUNG SCROOGE: Belle? What can you mean?

BELLE: It matters little. To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.

YOUNG SCROOGE: What idol has displaced you?

BELLE: A golden one.

YOUNG SCROOGE: This is the even-handed dealing of the world! There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!

BELLE: You fear the world too much. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one until the master passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?

YOUNG SCROOGE: What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you. Am I?

BELLE: Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man.

YOUNG SCROOGE: I was a boy!

BELLE: Your own feeling tells you that you are not what you were. I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it, and can release you.

YOUNG SCROOGE: Have I ever sought release?

BELLE: In words? No. Never.

YOUNG SCROOGE: In what, then?

BELLE: In a changed nature; an altered spirit. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. Tell me, if this had never been between us, would you seek me out and try to win me now?

X SCROOGE: Say you would. Say you'll change. You love her...I *still* love her. Do not let her go...

Belle: Ah, no.

YOUNG SCROOGE: You think not.

BELLE: I would gladly think otherwise if I could, Heaven knows! But if you were free today, can I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl –

**19. MUSIC: BELLE'S REJECTION WASSAIL**

you, who weigh everything by Gain? Do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do, and I release you, Ebenezer, with a full heart, for the love of him you once were. May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

*BELLE gives YOUNG SCROOGE back his ring and exits.*

**20. MUSIC: EXIT CHRISTMAS PAST**

YOUNG SCROOGE: *(Starting to follow her, then stopping)*...Belle!

*YOUNG SCROOGE exits in the opposite direction. SCROOGE follows her, but stops short.*

SCROOGE: Spirit! Show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?

*SCROOGE attempts to run toward PAST; he is held back by the PEARLIES, who enter to restrain him.*

CHRISTMAS PAST (V.O.): I told you these were shadows of things that have been. That they are what they are, do not blame me!

*The PEARLIES guide SCROOGE to his bed location as Big Ben tolls.*

SCROOGE: *(Falling to his knees on his bed)* Spirit, remove me from this place! I cannot bear it! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!

**TIME TRAVEL**