

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The December 24, 1939 performance
starring Lionel Barrymore
with Orson Welles and Ernest Chappell
for the Campbell Playhouse.

Produced and Hosted by

John F. Barber

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International

Re-Imagined Radio
Season 13, Episode 13

Final draft

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The classic radio telling of this timeless tale.

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Season 13, Episode 13
Final Draft

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Synopsis

The December 24, 1939 performance of "A Christmas Carol" by *The Campbell Playhouse*. Starring Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge. His fourth performance of Scrooge for *The Campbell Playhouse*. Barrymore played Scrooge on every radio network, every Christmas, but two, between 1934 and his death in 1954. This one is considered the "Classic."

Credits

Lionel Barrymore as Ebenezer Scrooge
Everett Sloane as Marley's Ghost
Frank Readick as Bob Cratchit
Erskine Sanford as Fezziwig
George Coulouris as Ghost of Christmas Present
Ray Collins
Georgia Backus as Mrs. Cratchit
Bea Benaderet as Martha Cratchit
Edgar Barrier
Bernard Herrmann as composer and conductor
Orson Welles as producer and narrator
Ernest Chappell as announcer
Charles Dickens as original author

Color Code

Yellow highlighted text = sound effect(s), or actualities.

~~**Magenta highlighted text with strike through**~~ = text deleted for episode timing

MUSIC = pre-recorded

MUSIC = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

MUSIC: CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

LIONEL
BARRYMORE

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is the fourth year I've had the pleasure of appearing in "A Christmas Carol" here on the Campbell Playhouse. And I assure you all it's a pleasure that never tires. As long as I can remember, this has been one of my favorite stories. When we were children, it was read to us regularly this time of year as it is to many millions of children right now.

I can think of no part that I've enjoyed playing again and again as much as I have the part of that squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner, Ebenezer Scrooge. And I can think of no happier or more suitable choice for the makers of Campbell Soups to offer the people of America as their Christmas present each year, than Charles Dickens' well-beloved story "Christmas Carol."

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling. With each episode we explore how dialogue, sound effects, and music can engage your listening imagination and promote storytelling. Here to tell you about THIS episode is John Barber, producer and host.

HOST OPEN

HOST

Thank you Rylan. Hello everyone. Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio and our special holiday episode, "A Christmas Carol."

Every year since 2013, Re-Imagined Radio has offered a radio adaptation of this much beloved novel by Charles Dickens, published December 19, 1843.

Dickens, then 31-years old, had already written a shelf-full of books, *The Pickwick Papers* (1836), *Oliver Twist* (1837), *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838), *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840), *Barnaby Rudge* (1841), and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843).

The first edition of *A Christmas Carol* numbered 6,000 copies. Each featured special end papers, binding, and hand-colored illustrations by John Leech. Every copy was sold by Christmas Eve.

Since then, *A Christmas Carol* has been adapted as motion pictures, television shows, stage plays, recordings, and radio programs.

Quite a number of radio programs actually. Hundreds. But, according to Craig Wichman, author of *Standing in the Spirit at Your Elbow: A history of Dickens' Christmas Carol as radio/audio drama*, the classic telling of this timeless tale is *The Campbell Playhouse* performance of December 24, 1939, starring Lionel Barrymore, as Ebenezer Scrooge, Orson Welles as director and

narrator, and actors of *The Mercury Theatre on the Air*.

In his introduction, Welles calls Barrymore [QUOTE] "the best loved actor of our time." [UNQUOTE] Welles, of course, is famous for his October 30, 1938 *Mercury Theatre on the Air* radio adaptation of the H.G. Wells novel *The War of the Worlds*, a radio broadcast which is still today considered the most famous in the history of broadcasting.

It's also the broadcast that persuaded Campbells Soups to sponsor and rename *The Mercury Theatre on the Air* as *The Campbell Playhouse*.

Barrymore's first radio reading of *A Christmas Carol* was December 24, 1934. This was also his first time performing on radio (Wichman 173, *Radio Broadcasts and Charles Dickens*).

The rest, as they say, is history, and Barrymore portrayed Scrooge eighteen times on all four American radio networks before his death in November 1954 (Wichman).

As I said, Re-Imagined Radio has offered a performance of *A Christmas Carol* every year since 2013. This holiday season we devote our entire episode to the 1939 *Campbell Playhouse* performance starring Lionel Barrymore as Ebenezer Scrooge.

For more information, and the episode script, visit our website, reimagedradio dot fm.

HOST Thank you for listening as Re-Imagined Radio presents "A Christmas Carol" as heard on *The Campbell Playhouse*, December 24, 1939.

MUSIC: CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE THEME ... UNDER)

ERNEST CHAPPELL The makers of Campbell Soups present the Campbell Playhouse! Orson Welles, producer!

SFX: JINGLE BELLS

MUSIC: SINGERS BEGIN "THE FIRST NOEL," FADE UNDER AND OUT DURING THE FOLLOWING.

ORSON WELLES Good evening. This is Orson Welles. There are clearly a number of ways in which "A Christmas Carol" could be introduced.

Myself, I am most struck by the happy fortune that enables us on this Christmas Eve to present Mr. Lionel Barrymore, the best-loved actor of our time, in the world's best-loved Christmas story, "A Christmas Carol."

~~When Charles Dickens presented this little story to the world almost a hundred years ago, he found an instant response in the hearts of people everywhere who saw in it their favorite~~

~~fictional chronicle of what Christmas is, and what Christmas means to all the simple people of the Earth.~~

~~From the day of its first printing, families have been innumerable in which there has remained unbroken the tradition that the reading of "A Christmas Carol" was an item indispensable to a proper observance of the most important of days.~~

It is the American way, as we know, to establish traditions quickly where popular instinct and sentiment pronounce them sound. And so it is that today, actually only the fifth anniversary of Mr. Lionel Barrymore's first playing of the part of Ebenezer Scrooge for *The Campbell Playhouse*, there is, I think, in all America nothing more eagerly awaited, more firmly rooted in the hearts of the radio family that numbers millions than this yearly performance of "A Christmas Carol."

MUSIC: FADES OUT

ORSON WELLES

"A Christmas Carol," as Charles Dickens wrote it, has, by common consent, long been a classic. Mr. Lionel Barrymore's appearance in it is rapidly becoming one. And now, just before "A Christmas Carol," Ernest Chappell has a special Christmas greeting from the makers of Campbell Soups. Mr. Chappell?

ERNEST CHAPPELL Thank you, Orson Welles. As the old year draws toward its close, we of Campbell's feel a bond of warmth and gratitude toward each of you, our friends. ~~For, you see, in homes everywhere throughout the land, Campbell Soups have been welcomed. Day by day and week by week, you have placed confidence in us and in the foods we make. And there isn't anything we appreciate more deeply than the fact that so many of you have elected to let Campbell's make your soups for you.~~

SFX: BOTTLE OF WINE BEING UNCORKED.

ERNEST CHAPPELL And so, when Christmas comes, we look about to find some way to show our appreciation, some Christmas present by which to say, "Thank you."

The gift we chose five Christmases ago, and have chosen each year since, has become a part of Christmas to many and many a family. It has become a Christmas custom to gather around the radio to hear and to enjoy "A Christmas Carol."

And since it is Christmas Eve, we hope, too that the younger members of the family are permitted to stay up and listen before dreams and visit of Santa.

We get a great deal of pleasure planning and preparing this Christmas gift ... and now, it's ready.

MUSIC: BELLS RING AND THEN "HARK!
THE HERALD ANGELS SING" ... UNDER

ERNEST CHAPPELL Off come the wrappings. Off come the tags that say, "Please do not open till Christmas." Out comes the card. To you, from Campbell's. And here is the gift itself.

MUSIC: UP ... BRIDGE ... THEN OUT

NARRATOR Marley was dead to begin with. There's no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Scrooge and Marley were partners for I don't know how many years.

Ah! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone, was Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! And once upon a time ... of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve ...

MUSIC: CHOIR SINGS "GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN" ... UNDER

NARRATOR ... old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house, a grim, cheerless place if ever there was one. The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, Bob Cratchit, who in a cold and dismal

little cell beyond, worked at his ledgers.

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

BOB CRATCHIT (TO HIMSELF) ... nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two ... (SINGS ALONG WITH CHOIR) ... merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay ... (TO HIMSELF) ... twenty-three, twenty-six, twenty-nine, nine carry two ... (SINGS ALONG WITH CHOIR) Christmas Day! ... (TO HIMSELF) ... eleven ... fifteen ... seventeen ... carry one ...

SCROOGE Bob Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT Er, yes, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE Stop that infernal caterwauling!

BOB CRATCHIT Yes, sir. (TO HIMSELF) ... nine, fifteen, seventeen ... twenty

SFX: SCROOGE'S FOOTSTEPS TO THE FRONT DOOR

SCROOGE (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) The impudence ... singing their idiotic Christmas carols at my very door.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS

MUSIC: CHOIR UP A LITTLE AS DOOR OPENS

SCROOGE Go somewhere else and bellow your blasted carols or I'll give ya in charge.

CHOIR (STOPS SINGING, PROTESTS MILDLY) Awww!

CHILD Why, Guv'nor? It's an old custom at Christmas time, you know!

SCROOGE Yes! And I don't want any of your old customs! Take your fellow fools and go away. (TO HIMSELF) Christmas! Blah!

CHILD Right, sir! Merry Christmas anyway, sir!

SCROOGE (DISMISSIVE) Ahhh!

SFX: DOOR SLAMS SHUT, SCROOGE'S FOOTSTEPS AWAY

MUSIC: CHOIR SINGS "GOOD KING WENCESLAS" AS IT MOVES OFF

FRED A merry Christmas, uncle! A merry Christmas, Bob!

BOB CRATCHIT Merry Christmas, Mr. Fred!

FRED God save you, uncle!

SCROOGE Bah! Humbug!

FRED Christmas a humbug, uncle! Now, I'm sure you don't mean that!

SCROOGE I mean JUST that ... exactly that! Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you? You're poor enough.

FRED Well, what right have you to be dismal about Christmas, uncle? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE Bah!

FRED Now, uncle, don't be cross.

SCROOGE Well, what else can I be when I live in such a world of fools? What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money? Merry Christmas! A time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer. If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips'd be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

FRED Uncle!

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

FRED Keep it! But you don't keep it, uncle.

SCROOGE Well, let me leave it alone, then. What do you want? A Christmas gift, I've no doubt.

FRED I came to wish you a merry Christmas, uncle.

SCROOGE A Merry Christmas! Much good may Christmas do you. Much good it ever HAS done ya.

FRED There are many things from which I derive good by which I have not profited materially, I dare say, uncle. Christmas among the rest. But I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

BOB CRATCHIT (APPLAUDS) God bless Christmas! Hurrah!

SCROOGE Let me hear another sound out of you there, Bob Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! As to you, nephew, I wonder you don't go into Parliament. You talk enough nonsense.

FRED Don't be angry, uncle. I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you; why can't we be friends?

SCROOGE Good afternoon.

FRED Well, I'm sorry you feel that way. I tried. (EXITING) A merry Christmas to you, uncle!

SCROOGE Good afternoon.

FRED And a happy New Year, too!

SCROOGE Bah. Humbug.

FRED And a merry Christmas to you, Bob! And the missus! And to Tiny Tim!

BOB CRATCHIT Thank you, Mr. Fred! Same to you, sir.
Good day, sir.

FRED Good day, Bob!

SFX: DOOR HAS OPENED AND SHUT

SCROOGE (TO HIMSELF) Nonsense. Twaddle.
Flummery. Talking of Christmas and not
two sixpences to jingle together in his
trousers' pocket.

SFX: COAL IN THE SCUTTLE

SCROOGE You there! Bob Cratchit! Come here! What
are you doing there?!

BOB CRATCHIT I was only putting a bit more coal in
the fire, Mr. Scrooge, seeing it's so
cold in there, sir.

SCROOGE You put that coal back into the scuttle!
A fire! A fire, indeed. I can tell you,
if you use coal at that rate, you and I
will soon be parting company, Bob
Cratchit. You understand that? There's
many a young fella'd like your
situation, you know.

BOB CRATCHIT I'm sorry, sir. My fingers were getting
a little stiff with the cold.

SCROOGE Then put on your mittens.

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

SCROOGE There's someone at the door. See who it
is.

BOB CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

SFX: A COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, DOOR
OPENS

GENTLEMAN Good afternoon, sir.

BOB CRATCHIT Good afternoon.

GENTLEMAN This is the firm of Scrooge and Marley?

BOB CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

GENTLEMAN I should like to see the head of the firm, if I may.

BOB CRATCHIT Oh, very good, sir.

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

SCROOGE What is it?

BOB CRATCHIT A gentleman to see you, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE Huh?

GENTLEMAN Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?

SCROOGE Marley's been dead these seven years tonight. I'm Scrooge.

GENTLEMAN Well, now, Mr. Scrooge, at this season of the year, it's only fitting that we who are more fortunate should raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. You may not believe it, sir, but many thousands are now in want of common necessities.

And hundreds of thousands are in want of the simplest comforts, sir.

SCROOGE (GROWLS) Are there no prisons?

GENTLEMAN Well, there are plenty of prisons, sir.

SCROOGE And the workhouses? They're still in operation, I trust?

GENTLEMAN I wish I could say they are not. But they are, sir.

SCROOGE The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?

GENTLEMAN Both very busy, sir.

SCROOGE Ah! I'm glad to hear that. I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course.

GENTLEMAN No, sir. All these institutions that you mention are flourishing. But it's nevertheless true that some additional provision for the Poor and the Destitute must be made.

SCROOGE (SCOFFS)

GENTLEMAN A few of us upon 'Change are endeavoring to raise such a fund, you see. And, uh, what shall I put you down for?

SCROOGE Nothing!

GENTLEMAN Oh, I see. You wish to be anonymous, sir?

SCROOGE I wish to be let alone! I don't make merry myself at Christmastime and I can't afford to keep a lot of idle people merry. I help to support the establishments that take care of the poor. They cost enough. Let those who are badly off go there.

GENTLEMAN Many can't go there, sir. And many would rather die.

SCROOGE Then, my advice to them is to do so and decrease the surplus population. Besides, I've only your word for it that all this is so.

GENTLEMAN It's the truth, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE Well, so be it, then. It's not my business. It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, sir!

GENTLEMAN I quite understand, Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE Cratchit! Show this gentleman out.

BOB CRATCHIT Yes, sir.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS TO THE DOOR

BOB CRATCHIT This way, sir, please. (LOWERS HIS VOICE) Sir, I couldn't help overhearing. I should like to contribute tuppence.

SCROOGE Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir! (LOWERS HIS VOICE, TO GENTLEMAN) It isn't much but it's all I can afford. But there are others in worse situation than I.

GENTLEMAN You're a generous fellow. I wish I might say so of your employer.

SCROOGE (IMPATIENT) Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir!

GENTLEMAN Good afternoon, sir.

BOB CRATCHIT Good afternoon.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

GENTLEMAN Merry Christmas.

BOB CRATCHIT Merry Christmas. (TO SCROOGE) Yes, sir!

SCROOGE Merry Christmas! Close the door!

BOB CRATCHIT Yes, sir. I have closed it sir

SFX: DOOR SHUTS, CRATCHIT'S
FOOTSTEPS SLOWLY BACK TO DESK

BOB CRATCHIT (SIGHS, TO HIMSELF) ... twenty-four, thirty-one. One, and carry three. A new scarlet tippet for Tiny Tim. A comb for Martha. Thirty-three. Three and carry three. A hair-ribbon for Belinda. Four, seven, twelve, fifteen.

SCROOGE I suppose you want the entire day tomorrow?

BOB CRATCHIT If it's quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE It's not convenient ... and it's not fair. But I suppose I can't do anything about it. If I was to stop half-a-crown of your wages, you'd think yourself very ill-used, I'll be bound.

BOB CRATCHIT Well, sir, I ...

SCROOGE Yeah, but you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.

BOB CRATCHIT It's only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE Once a year! Once a year, indeed. A fine excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose there's no good talking. You must have the whole day. Well, see that you're here all the earlier the next morning. You understand?

BOB CRATCHIT Oh, I will, sir. (EXITING) I will, sir indeed. Good night, sir. And merry Christmas.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SCROOGE Bah!

BOB CRATCHIT Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE Bah!

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

MUSIC: SLEIGH BELLS AND A JAUNTY TUNE ... AS A BRIDGE AND THEN UNDER

NARRATOR

The office was closed in a twinkling, and Bob Cratchit, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play with his family at blindman's-buff.

MUSIC: TAKES A DARK TURN ... UNDER

NARRATOR

Scrooge, on the other hand, took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern, having read all the newspapers, and spent the rest of the evening with his banker's-book, went to his dismal house.

Darkness is cheap. And Scrooge liked it. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, had to grope with his hands through the fog and the frost to find the door. Scrooge walked through his rooms to see that all was right. Sitting-room. Bedroom. Lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa, nobody under the bed, nobody in the closet. Close the door.

He locked himself in. He double-locked himself in. And took off his cravat; put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

MUSIC: EERIE ... UNDER

SFX: CLOCK STRIKES

SCROOGE (YAWNS MIGHTILY, COUGHS, THEN AMAZED)
Marley. Marley? Marley! I could have sworn I saw old ... Ah! Humbug. Marley's been dead these seven years. Humbug. It's all humbug. What I need is a good night's ...

SOUND: CLANKING NOISE, DEEP DOWN BELOW

SCROOGE What? What's that?

SOUND: MORE NOISE, LIKE DRAGGING CHAINS, INCREASINGLY LOUDER AND CLOSER

SCROOGE Someone's in the wine cellar. But the door's locked and double-locked! Something's ... is coming! Some ... something is ... is coming closer. Outside my door. Bah! I won't believe it. It's humbug still!

SFX: NOISE ... OUT

MARLEY (GHOSTLY) Ebenezer Scrooge! Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE (GASPS) Oh, no. What do you want with me?

MARLEY I want much of you, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE Who are you?

MARLEY Ask me who I was.

SCROOGE You're very particular, for a ghost. All right then. Who were you then?

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

SCROOGE (SKEPTICAL) Jacob Marley! But you're dead. You died seven years ago.

MARLEY Seven years ago this very night.

SCROOGE You are a ghost then?

MARLEY What's wrong, Ebenezer? Don't you believe in me?

SCROOGE I do not.

MARLEY You doubt your senses, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Yes. Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You can't be a ghost. You may be an undigested bit of beef, or a blot of mustard, or a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. (CHUCKLES) There may be more gravy than grave about you, whatever you are! Humbug, I tell ya. Humbug!

MARLEY (RAISES A FRIGHTFUL CRY)

MUSIC: MATCHES THE CRY, THEN
SUBSIDES AND CONTINUES UNDER EERILY

SCROOGE (SHIVERS AND SHUDDERS IN FEAR) Excuse me, Jacob. Excuse me. I do believe in you. You ARE a ghost, Jacob.

MARLEY Thank you.

SCROOGE But why ... why do you walk the earth, Jacob? Why do you come to me?

MARLEY It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellowmen, and travel far and wide, to witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness.

SCROOGE But tell me, Jacob, what is that chain you wear around you?

MARLEY I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard; by my own free will. Is its pattern strange to you, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Cashboxes? Keys and padlocks? Ledgers, purses?

MARLEY Yours was as heavy and as long as this, seven years ago. And you have labored on it since, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE Ahh, Jacob, speak comfort to me!

MARLEY Comfort I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger. Weary journeys lie before me.

SCROOGE You travel fast?

MARLEY Yes, Ebenezer. On the wings of the wind.

SCROOGE Ah, seven years dead and traveling all the time.

MARLEY Seven years, Ebenezer. Seven years of remorse. Ebenezer, do you know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused?

SCROOGE But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.

MARLEY Business! Mankind was my business! Charity, mercy, benevolence ... they were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!

SCROOGE Oh, Jacob, don't take on so. Jacob ...

MARLEY Listen to me, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE I'll listen to you, Jacob. Go on, Jacob, now. Speak to me but don't be so flowery.

MARLEY Ebenezer, I am here to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. Do you hear that, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE Yes, Jacob. You always were a good friend to me, Jacob. Thank you, Jacob. But ... but go on, go on, go on, go on. How shall I escape? Oh, I'm afraid, Jacob.

MARLEY You will be haunted by Three Spirits.

SCROOGE Is that the only chance and hope, Jacob?

MARLEY It is your only chance and hope.

SCROOGE Well, then, I think I'd rather not.

MARLEY Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One.

SCROOGE Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?

MARLEY Ebenezer, look that for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us! And remember, when the bell tolls One, look for the first Spirit!

SCROOGE Marley! Jacob Marley!

MUSIC: UP FOR AN ACCENT, THEN A BRIDGE, THEN UNDER

SFX: BELL TOLLS ONE

NARRATOR Scrooge awoke. He was lying on his bed, fully dressed. Suddenly, the curtains of his bed were drawn aside. Scrooge found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them. As close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure ... like a child. Yet not so like a child as like an old man.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Ebenezer Scrooge.

SCROOGE (GASPS) Who ... who's that?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Ebenezer Scrooge, I have come for you.

SCROOGE You ...? You are the Spirit, sir, whose
 coming was foretold me?

GHOST OF I am that Spirit.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE Who ...? What are you?

GHOST OF I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE Long past?

GHOST OF No. Your past.
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE But ... what do you want of me? What
 brings you here to haunt me?

GHOST OF Your welfare, Ebenezer Scrooge. Rise!
CHRISTMAS PAST and walk with me!

SCROOGE Oh, no, no, no. No! Not ... not out of
 the window! Why, I can't do that. I'll
 fall down. I'm not a Spirit. I'm mortal.
 I'll fall.

GHOST OF Bear but a touch of my hand upon your
CHRISTMAS PAST heart, and you shall be upheld in more
 than this. Come! Follow me!

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN UNDER ...
SLEIGH BELLS AND CHILDREN SINGING
"GOD, REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN"
UNDER

SCROOGE Where are we? What's become of the city?
 And there ... there's snow upon the
 ground. Where are we?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST These are the shadows of the things that have been. You recognize this countryside?

SCROOGE (GASPS) Oh. I know every inch of it. Every rock. Every tree.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST And that bleak building over there?

SCROOGE Ah, that building! I was a boy there! Yes, I went to school in that horrible place.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Do you recollect that path?

SCROOGE I could walk it blindfold.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Strange you should have forgotten it so many years. Come, let us go closer. (BEAT) Look through the window into that cold, barren room. What do you see, Ebenezer Scrooge?

SCROOGE I see a boy.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST A solitary child, neglected by his family. Alone.

SCROOGE Yes, yes, I see. I know that boy. (SIGHS) Oh. I was so lonely. Poor boy.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Your lip is trembling, Scrooge. And what is that on your cheek?

SCROOGE It's nothing. Nothing, nothing at all. I wish I ... Ah, it's too late now.

GHOST OF What's the matter?
CHRISTMAS PAST

SCROOGE Nothing, nothing. The waifs came to my door singing Christmas carols last night and there was a boy like that among them. A poor thin pale boy in a ragged coat. I should like to have given him something, that's all.

GHOST OF IS that all? Come, Ebenezer Scrooge. Let
CHRISTMAS PAST us see another Christmas!

MUSIC: A BRIEF BRIDGE ... MERRY
PARTY MUSIC UNDER

GHOST OF Do you know this place, Ebenezer
CHRISTMAS PAST Scrooge?

SFX: CROWD OF PARTYGOERS LAUGH AND
TALK UNDER

SCROOGE (DELIGHTED) Know it?! Know it! This is the counting-house where I was apprenticed! (AFTER A PAUSE) Why it's my old master! Bless his heart; old Fezziwig! My master ... alive again! And hosting one of his Christmas parties! (CHUCKLES HAPPILY). Listen to it.

FEZZIWIG (CALLS A DANCE IN BACKGROUND) Pick your partners! Thread the needle. And back to your places.

SCROOGE Listen to him!

FEZZIWIG Corkscrew! Thread the needle and back to your places!

SCROOGE (LAUGHS ALONG WITH CROWD) And there's Dick Wilkins. Poor Dick. Dear, dear, dear. Yes, and look! There's Mrs. Fezziwig herself, looking younger'n any of 'em! And the tables, all loaded with roasts and cider, mince pie and beer! Oh, what a jolly time we used to have!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST That carefree young man with the light heart and the gay smile? Do you recognize him?

SCROOGE Yes, yes, yes. Merciful Heaven. How happy I was then.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST A small matter for old Fezziwig to make those silly folks so full of joy.

SCROOGE (INDIGNANT) Small matter! Small, indeed.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Isn't it? He has spent only a few pounds of your mortal money. Is that so much that he deserves praise?

SCROOGE (SCOFFS) It's not that. It's not that, Spirit. Old Fezziwig has the power to make us happy or unhappy. To make our service light or heavy. His power lies in words and looks and in things so tiny it's impossible to count 'em up. The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a ... a ...

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST What is the matter?

SCROOGE Nothing. Nothing at all, Spirit.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Something, I think?

SCROOGE No, no.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Speak.

SCROOGE Only ... It's just that I should like to be able to say a word or two to MY clerk, Bob Cratchit just now. That's all.

SFX AND MUSIC: PARTY NOISES AND MUSIC UP FOR A MOMENT, THEN FADES OUT

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST My time grows short. And we have yet another journey to make.

SCROOGE Where now?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Come!

MUSIC: A BRIEF BRIDGE, THEN UNDER

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST This is our last visit to the past, Ebenezer. Here, in this little room, with a fair young girl by your side. Do you recognize yourself, Ebenezer?

SCROOGE (GASPS) No, no. No, no, no, no. Spare me this!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST You're older now. A man in the prime of life. Your face has begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. Your eyes are

greedy. The eager, restless eyes of a miser.

SCROOGE No! No, please!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST She knows it, too ... that girl by your side. There are tears in her eyes.

MUSIC: TURNS GENTLE AND SAD, UNDER

BELLE It matters little, Ebenezer, to you, very little ... I know that.

YOUNG SCROOGE Belle, have I changed toward you?

BELLE When we were engaged, we were both poor.

YOUNG SCROOGE Was it better then? Better to be poor?

BELLE Better, at least, to be happy. You're changed. You were another man, then.

YOUNG SCROOGE I was a boy! You blame me because I've grown wiser? Have I ever tried to break our engagement?

BELLE In words, no. Never.

YOUNG SCROOGE In what, then?

BELLE In a changed nature. In an altered spirit. In everything that made my love of any value in your sight. So I release you from your promise.

YOUNG SCROOGE Belle!

BELLE Oh, at first, it may cause you pain to lose me ... a very brief pain. But soon it will be dim, like a half-remembered dream ... an unprofitable dream. And you will be glad to be awake from such a dream. May you be happy in the life you have chosen, Ebenezer, for the love of whom you once loved.

MUSIC: OUT

SCROOGE Spirit, it's enough! Show me no more!
Take me home!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST These were shadows of the things that HAVE been. That they are what they are, do not blame me.

SCROOGE No. No more. No more.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST One shadow more! Come!

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Do you see this man, Ebenezer Scrooge? This man might have been you. And the woman beside him, your wife. And that girl ... that girl might have been your daughter, Ebenezer Scrooge. She might have called you father. She might have been a spring-time in the haggard winter of your life.

SCROOGE Spirit ... let me go. Show me no more.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST Listen, now, while they speak, Ebenezer.

BELLE'S HUSBAND Belle, I saw an old friend of yours today.

BELLE Who was it?

BELLE'S HUSBAND Guess.

BELLE How can I? It ... Oh! I know. Mr. Scrooge.

BELLE'S HUSBAND Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window ... it wasn't shuttered. And there was a candle inside so I couldn't help seeing him. His partner Marley lies at the point of death, I hear; and there Scrooge sat ... all alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.

SCROOGE Spirit, Spirit, I can bear no more. Leave me. Haunt me no more. Take me back! Take me back!

MUSIC: A BRIDGE ... THEN CAROLERS
SING "GOOD KING WENCESLAS" ...
UNDER

PROGRAM BREAK

ERNEST CHAPPELL You are listening to the Campbell Playhouse, bringing you tonight the fifth annual presentation of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," produced by Orson Welles and starring Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: CONCLUDES

ERNEST CHAPPELL And now back to the Campbell Playhouse and our fifth annual presentation of "A Christmas Carol," a Christmas present from the makers of Campbell Soups.

MUSIC: OMINOUS ... BELL CHIMES ...
UNDER

NARRATOR On the stroke of One, Scrooge awakened suddenly and sat him bolt upright in his own bed. He remembered the words of Marley's ghost and wondered from which direction the second specter would appear. At that moment, nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. Then, as he sat in his bed, he became aware gradually of a great blaze of ruddy light, which seemed to shine upon him from the adjoining room. He got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

It was his own sitting-room ... there was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove. And there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's

horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the corner.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

Come in! Come in, Ebenezer Scrooge, and know me better, man!

SCROOGE

You're ...?

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

I am the Ghost of Christmas Present!

SCROOGE

Spirit, take me where you will. Last time I went against my will and learned a lesson which is working now. If you have anything to teach me, let me profit by it.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

Touch my robe, Ebenezer Scrooge! Touch my robe!

MUSIC: UP FOR A TRANSITION, THEN
UNDER

SCROOGE

Where have you brought me, Spirit?

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

An humble dwelling in an humble street.

SCROOGE

It's miserable enough.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

Yet there is happiness there.

SCROOGE Who are these people? Who's that woman?
And the children?

SFX: FAMILY CHATTER INCREASES UNDER
FOLLOWING

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT These are the family of your clerk, Bob Cratchit. See his wife, dressed in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, laying the table for their Christmas dinner. And there, assisting her, is her daughter Belinda. And the young man with the fork in the stuffing ... that's Master Peter Cratchit. And the two little Cratchits. Listen, Scrooge. And watch.

SFX: FAMILY CHATTER UP

GIRL Here's Martha, mother!

AD LIBS Martha! (EXCITED CHATTER)

MRS. CRATCHIT Quiet everybody. Now, sit ye down before the fire Martha and have a warm, Lord bless ye!

MARTHA Where's father?

MRS. CRATCHIT He's been to church with Tiny Tim. They'll be along directly.

MARTHA (CONCERNED) How IS Tiny Tim, mother? Any better at all?

MRS. CRATCHIT Sometimes I think he is. And sometimes I think ... oh, dear God, if anything should happen to Tiny Tim.

MARTHA Mother! You mustn't even THINK of such a thing!

CHILDREN AD LIB Here they are!

MRS. CRATCHIT There's Tiny Tim!

BOB CRATCHIT Merry Christmas, everybody! Martha! Welcome, my dear!

MARTHA Merry Christmas, father! And Tim!

TINY TIM Merry Christmas, Martha!

MARTHA Oh, Tim, you darling! Oh, father, I'm so glad to be home.

BOB CRATCHIT And we're glad to have you, Martha.

MRS. CRATCHIT And how did little Tim behave in church, Bob?

BOB CRATCHIT Oh, as good as gold, and better.

TINY TIM I like church, Mother. Oh, they sang the nicest songs. I hope people saw me there.

MRS. CRATCHIT Saw you there? And why, Tim?

TINY TIM Well, don't you see? Because I'm lame. And if they saw my crutch, it might be pleasant for them to remember on Christmas who it was made lame beggars walk, and blind men see.

BOB CRATCHIT Bless you, my son.

CHILDREN AD LIB Are we ready to eat, Mother? Come on,
let's eat!

SFX: CHILDREN CONTINUE TO CHATTER
UNDER FOLLOWING

MRS. CRATCHIT Yes, children. We're all ready. Come,
come take your places now. And, Bob,
wait your turn ... there's plenty!
Stuffing and dressing and plum pudding
for all of you. Martha, you take care of
Tiny Tim, and see that he eats plenty.
He must get well and strong.

MARTHA Yes, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT Now, sit down, sit down, everyone!

BOB CRATCHIT Ah, now, my dears.

CHILDREN (INSTANTLY SILENT)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT I see a vacant seat in the poor chimney-
corner, and a crutch without an owner,
carefully preserved.

SCROOGE Oh, no, no. No, no, kind Spirit! Say
he'll be spared. Say he'll live.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT If these shadows remain unaltered by the
Future, Ebenezer, the child will die.

BOB CRATCHIT (FINISHES GRACE) And pray thy name.
(PAUSE) Amen.

CHILDREN Amen.

BOB CRATCHIT And, now, my dears, with such a dinner,
 a toast. A Merry Christmas to us all.
 And God bless us!

MRS. CRATCHIT Amen.

TINY TIM God bless us every one!

BOB CRATCHIT And, now, to Mr. Scrooge!

BOB CRATCHIT I give you a toast to Mr. Scrooge ...
 the Founder of the Feast!

CHILDREN AD LIB (Unhappy) Awwwww!

MRS. CRATCHIT (Upset) The Founder of the Feast indeed!
 Who pays you all of fifteen shillings a
 week! I wish I had him here. I'd give
 him a piece of my mind to feast on, and
 I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

BOB CRATCHIT (Protests) Oh, my dear ... the children!
 Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT It should be Christmas Day, I'm sure, on
 which one drinks the health of such an
 odious, stingy, unfeeling man as Mr.
 Scrooge. You know he is, Bob! Nobody
 knows it better than you, poor fellow!

BOB CRATCHIT (Insists) My dear, Christmas Day.

MRS. CRATCHIT I'll drink his health for your sake and
 the Day's, not for his. Long life to
 him! A merry Christmas and a happy new
 year! He'll be very merry and very
 happy, I have no doubt!

TINY TIM And I say, God bless him, too, Mother.
 And everyone.

CHILDREN AD LIB (AGREEING WITH TIM)

MUSIC: MOURNFUL CHOIR ... THEN
CHURCH BELLS, "O COME ALL YE
FAITHFUL" AS A BRIDGE, THEN UNDER

NARRATOR There was nothing of high mark in all
 this. They were not a handsome family,
 these Cratchits; they were not well
 dressed. Their shoes were far from being
 water-proof. Their clothes were scanty
 and had known, very likely, the insides
 of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy,
 grateful, pleased with one another, and
 contented with the time. When, at last,
 they faded, Scrooge had his eye upon
 them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until
 the last.

MUSIC: TAKES A DARKER TURN, UNDER

NARRATOR Many calls Scrooge made that night with
 the Ghost of Christmas Present. Down
 among the miners they went, who labor in
 the bowels of the earth and out to sea
 among the sailors at their watch ...
 dark, ghostly figures in their several
 stations.

Much they saw, and far they went, and
many places they visited, but
always with a happy end. The Spirit
stood beside sick beds, and they were
cheerful. On foreign lands, and they
were close at home. By poverty, and it
was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and

jail, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, the Spirit left his blessing. It was a long night ... if it was only a night. And it was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

My life upon this globe, is very brief, Ebenezer. It ends to-night.

SCROOGE

To-night!

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

To-night at midnight. Hark! The hour has come.

SCROOGE

Oh, not yet! Not yet! There ... there ... there are still more things I wish to learn.

GHOST OF
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT

These you will learn from still another Spirit. Still another Spirit, Ebenezer.

MUSIC: A HUGE ACCENT, THEN UNDER

NARRATOR

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost. It had vanished. And he found himself once more in his bed, in his dressing gown and his nightcap. He heard the clock strike and then ... he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley. And lifting up his eyes, beheld the third Spirit.

MUSIC: DARKER ... UNDER

NARRATOR ... a solemn Phantom, shrouded in black, draped and hooded, coming towards him, slowly and silently, like a mist along the ground.

SCROOGE I know you. You ... you are the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. You'll show me the shadows of things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us. Answer me, Spirit, Ghost of the Future! Oh, I fear you more than any specter I've seen. Yet, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, lead on. Lead on! The night is waning fast. Time is precious.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT ... THEN UNDER

SCROOGE Spirit! Why ... why have you brought me here again? Here to Bob Cratchit's home? But it's not the same ... What ... ?

MUSIC: OUT

SCROOGE Why is it so quiet? So very quiet here?

MRS. CRATCHIT (WEEPING)

MARTHA Mother ... Mother, please.

MRS. CRATCHIT (WEEPING) Oh, my son. My little son. Tiny Tim. I loved him so.

MARTHA Oh, Mother dear, you mustn't. It's almost time for father to be home. Don't let him see you crying.

MRS. CRATCHIT Yes. Yes, Martha. He's late tonight. He walks slower than he used to. And yet I've known him to walk very fast indeed with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.

MARTHA So have I, Mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT But he was light to carry. And his father loved him so that it was no trouble. No trouble at all.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

MRS. CRATCHIT Bob!

BOB CRATCHIT Good evening, my dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT You're late, Bob.

BOB CRATCHIT I'm sorry, my dear. I ... I went to the church yard today. I wish you could have gone with me. It would have done your heart good to see how sweet and green a place it is. You'll see it often, I promised him. I promised Tiny Tim we'd walk there on a Sunday.

MARTHA Oh Father, dear.

MRS. CRATCHIT It's God's will, Bob.

BOB CRATCHIT I'm trying to understand it, my dear.
(TO HIMSELF) My son. My little son, Tiny Tim. And I loved him so.

MUSIC: DARK, UNDER

SCROOGE Oh, that's cruel. Cruel. Spirit? Can't you give me one ray of hope—that I may change all that? That Tiny Tim may live?

MUSIC: A HUGE, SUDDEN ACCENT, THEN UNDER, EERILY

SCROOGE Spirit! Where are we now? Merciful Heaven! A church yard! Overrun by—grass and weeds, choked with too much burying ... desolate, lonely, crumbling gravestones.

Spirit! Before I draw nearer to that gravestone, answer me one—question. Are these shadows of things that Will be, or ... or are they—shadows of things that May be, only? Huh? Will you not speak to me,—Spirit? What IS that grave to which you point?

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN UNDER

SCROOGE Ah, now I see. There's writing on that stone. The name on—the gravestone is ... (READS, AWED) Ebenezer Scrooge. Ebenezer Scrooge?! Oh,—Oh ... Oh Spirit, no, no, no! Spirit! Hear me! I'm not the man I was! Why show me this,—if I am past all hope?! Tell me that I may change these dreadful shadows—that have come that you've shown me that have come by an altered life! I'll honor Christmas in my heart! I'll ...—I'll try to keep it all the year. I'll live in the Past, the Present, and the—Future. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Tell me, do Spirit.—Please tell me that I can

sponge away the writing on that stone,
Spirit. I beg you, Spirit! Spirit!

MUSIC: BIG DARK ACCENT, THEN
ABRUPTLY GENTLE, DISTANT CAROLERS
SING "GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN"

SCROOGE (WHISPERS) Spirit, I promise. I promise
on my knees. I promise. I promise. I ...
I ... (PAUSES, HEARS CAROLERS SINGING)
Why, what's this? It's my bedpost. Oh!
I'm home! In my own bed! In my own room!

SFX: WINDOW OPENS, CAROLERS LOUDER,
THEN UNDER

SCROOGE And the sun! The sun's shining! It's
clear! It's bright! No fog! Oh, what a
beautiful day. Glorious, glorious.
(CALLS OUT) Hey, boy! Oh, boy!

BOY Yes, sir?

SCROOGE Eh ... Eh ... What's today?

BOY What's that, sir?

SCROOGE What day is it, my fine fellow?

BOY Today? Why, it's Christmas Day.

SCROOGE Christmas Day! Ha ha! Then I haven't
missed it. The Spirits have done it all
in one night. All in one night. Heaven
be praised.

BOY How's that, sir?

SCROOGE Listen, my lad, er, you know where the Poulterer is, in the next□street?

BOY I should say I do!

SCROOGE Ha! An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Tell me, do you know if□they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging in the window?

BOY The one as big as me?

MUSIC: HAS QUIETLY FADED OUT

SCROOGE Hee hee hee! What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to ya.□Yes, my buck!

BOY It's hanging there now, sir.

SCROOGE Ohh ... That's wonderful. Go around, will ya? And tell 'em to send it to Bob□Cratchit and his family on Broad Street. And, mind you, they're not to know□who paid for it. Hurry along my lad. And here, here.□Here's half-a-crown for your trouble.

BOY Yes, sir! Yes, sir! And a Merry Christmas!

SCROOGE Ha ha! And a Merry Christmas to you, my boy! (TO HIMSELF) Oh! I don't□know what to do! I'm as light as a feather! As happy as an angel! I'm as merry□as a schoolboy! (CALLS OUT) Merry Christmas! (LAUGHS) A Merry Christmas to□everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Whoo! Whoo! Hallooo!

MUSIC: "PEACE ON EARTH" AS A
BRIDGE, THEN UNDER

NARRATOR Next morning, Scrooge was early at his office. He went early for a reason. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he'd set his heart upon.

And he did it. Yes, he did! The clock had struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Scrooge sat with the door wide open, that he might see him come in.

At last he came. His hat was off, before he opened the door. His comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

BOB CRATCHIT (QUICKLY) ... fifteen and twenty-one, six and carry the one. Twenty-four and carry the two, thirty-one and eight and nine ...

SCROOGE Hallo, you Cratchit!

BOB CRATCHIT Yes, sir?

SCROOGE Step this way, Cratchit, if you please.

SFX: (RELUCTANT FOOTSTEPS)

SCROOGE Cratchit! What do you mean by coming in at this time of day?

BOB CRATCHIT Oh, I am very sorry, sir. I am behind my time.

SCROOGE You are. You are. Yes, I think you are.

BOB CRATCHIT Oh, it's only once a year, Mr. Scrooge. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

SCROOGE I'll tell you what, my friend ... I'll not stand this sort of thing any longer! And therefore, Bob Cratchit ... I'm about to raise your salary.

BOB CRATCHIT (AFTER A PAUSE, TREMBLING) Mr. Scrooge? Are you quite yourself, sir?

SCROOGE No. No, thank Heaven, I'm not quite myself. Merry Christmas, Bob! (LAUGHS) Merry Christmas, my good fellow! A merrier Christmas than I've given you in many a year! I'll raise your salary, and we'll see what we can do for Tiny Tim and the rest of your family. Hah?! (CHUCKLES) We ... we'll discuss it this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of Smoking Bishop.

MUSIC: PLAYFUL, CHEERY ... SNEAKS
IN AND UNDER

SCROOGE Bob! Make up the fire! Make it up and ... and ... and buy another coal- scuttle before you dot another i!

MUSIC: CONTINUES AS A BRIDGE, AND
UNDER)

NARRATOR Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more. To Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as

good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them. His own heart laughed. That was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards, and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge.

MUSIC: OUT

NARRATOR May that be truly said of us. All of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One.

MUSIC: CHOIR SINGS "JOY TO THE WORLD" ... THEN, OUT

ERNEST CHAPPELL You have just heard our annual presentation of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" starring Lionel Barrymore, brought to you by the makers of Campbell Soups. And, now, here is Orson Welles.

ORSON WELLES At this point in the program, ladies and gentlemen, it is my custom, as you know, to present to you, with a few words of introduction, our guest of the evening. With your consent, I shall dispense with

this tonight. To introduce tonight's guest to the Campbell Playhouse audience, or to any American audience, is an extravagant and superfluous procedure ... for if ever an actor has won for himself a lasting place in the hearts of his fellow countrymen through years of unsparing and inspiring service, that actor is Lionel Barrymore. Mr. Lionel Barrymore.

LIONEL
BARRYMORE

Thank you, Orson Welles. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is the fourth year I've had the pleasure of appearing in "A Christmas Carol" here on *The Campbell Playhouse*. And I assure you all it's a pleasure that never tires. As long as I can remember, this has been one of my favorite stories.

When we were children, it was read to us regularly this time of year as it is to millions of children right now.

(CHUCKLES) And like many of them, I'm sure, the three of us ... Ethel, Jack and I ... with the aid of a sheet and some old ironware, made a play of it. As I remember, we had three Scrooges in that production.

ORSON WELLES

(AMUSED) Uh, Mr. Barrymore, who played Tiny Tim?

LIONEL
BARRYMORE

I think we had three Tiny Tims, too.

ORSON WELLES

(CHUCKLES)

LIONEL
BARRYMORE

But, seriously, I can think of no part that I've enjoyed playing again and again as much as I have the part of that squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner, Ebenezer Scrooge. And I can think of no happier or more suitable choice for the makers of Campbell Soups to offer the people of America as their Christmas present each year, than Charles Dickens' well-beloved story "Christmas Carol." Good night, Orson. Good night, everybody. And a merry, merry Christmas to you all.

MUSIC: UNDER

~~ORSON WELLES~~

~~Good night, Mr. Barrymore. Thank you, sir, and a merry Christmas to you. Ladies and gentlemen, next Sunday night, we're happy to announce our version of a great and truly American story by a great American novelist ... "Come and Get It" by Edna Ferber. Against a background of the mighty forests of Miss Ferber's own Wisconsin, it tells a stirring tale of the men and women who live and die in the woods in order that lumber may come down the rivers every Spring into the cities of the modern world.~~

MUSIC: OUT

~~ORSON WELLES~~

~~Like so many of Miss Ferber's epic romances of American life, it was made from a bestselling novel into a highly successful motion picture. Now, we bring it to you on the air. The story of a man~~

~~and his son and the girl they both loved, Lotte. Played for us by one of the loveliest and most accomplished of Hollywood's younger dramatic actresses, Miss Frances Dee. And so, until next week, until "Come and Get It," my sponsors, the makers of Campbell Soups and all of us in the Campbell Playhouse, remain, as always, obediently yours.~~

MUSIC: PLAYHOUSE THEME BEGINS

ORSON WELLES Ah, just ... one ... moment, please, Benny! Ladies and gentlemen, it's the night before Christmas.

MUSIC: OUT

ORSON WELLES ... and all through the Campbell Playhouse, not a creature is stirring that doesn't join Lionel Barrymore in wishing you a merry, merry Christmas! This goes for all of us. For my sponsor, for myself, for – for all of us – from John Dietz who runs the machinery in the control room to Miss Helgrin who types the Campbell Playhouse scripts, a Merry Christmas! From Benny Herrmann and his band of merry melodians, Merry Christmas!

MUSIC: MUSICIANS PLAY LOUD AND OUT OF TUNE ... MERRILY ... THEN, OUT

ORSON WELLES From Max... uh, canary-throated choristers ...

CHOIR (WARBLES AN OSTENTATIOUS PHRASE)

ORSON WELLES ... a very merry Christmas! And from Harry Essman and ... and his crew of sound effect technicians ...

SFX: VARIOUS NOISY SOUND EFFECTS

ORSON WELLES ... a merry Christmas! And from Orson Welles and his[]considerable aggregation of dramatic talents which include, among others, Mr. Frank Readick, Miss Georgia Backus, Miss Bea Benadaret, Mr. Ray Collins, Mr.[]Everett Sloane, Mr. George Coulouris, Edgar Barrier, Erskine Sanford, Tommy Lane, William Allen, Betty DeWalters, Eric Burgess, and of course myself and George Philburn. A Merry Christmas! How 'bout it, ladies and gentlemen?

CAST A Merry Christmas!

ORSON WELLES And finally, as Tiny Tim says:

TINY TIM God bless Us, Every One!

MUSIC: "PEACE ON EARTH" ... UNDER

ERNEST CHAPPELL The makers of Campbell Soups join Orson Welles in inviting[]you to be with us in the Campbell Playhouse again next Sunday evening when we[]bring you Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It" with Miss Frances Dee as our guest.[]Meanwhile, if you have enjoyed our fifth annual presentation of "A Christmas[]Carol," won't you tell your grocer so this week when you order Campbell Soups?[]This is Ernest Chappell saying thank you and a Merry Christmas to you[]all!

MUSIC: "HALLELUJAH CHORUS" ... ENDS
ABRUPTLY

MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH, THEN
FADE OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST CREDITS

HOST

You've just listened to "A Christmas Carol," the December 24, 1939 episode of *The Campbell Playhouse*, starring Lionel Barrymore with Orson Welles and Ernest Chappell.

The Campbell Playhouse was a live radio drama series, heard on CBS, a sponsored continuation of *The Mercury Theatre on the Air*, offering hour-long adaptations of classic plays and novels, like *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.

This *Campbell Playhouse* performance is considered a classic for the performance by Lionel Barrymore as Ebenezer Scrooge.

I hope you enjoyed listening to this timeless tale of self-redemption and good will toward others.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, DUCK UNDER AND
CONTINUE

HOST

Re-Imagined Radio is produced in collaboration with The Electronic Literature Lab at Washington State University Vancouver.

Our programs are broadcast and streamed by partner community radio stations KXRW-FM (Vancouver, Washington), KXRY-FM (Portland, Oregon), KNOM-AM (Nome, Alaska).

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Caitlyn Kruger-Lesperance for social media management.

Follow Re-Imagined Radio on Instagram, TikTok, Facebook, X, Blue Sky, LinkedIn -- and our YouTube channel ... [at sign] reimagedradio.

VISIT our website, reimagedradio DOT FM, for scripts and information about our episodes.

SUBSCRIBE to the Re-Imagined Radio podcast and never miss an episode.

I'm John Barber. Thank you for listening.

**MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK
UNDER THE FOLLOWING**

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

This is a production of Re-Imagined Radio. To learn more, visit our website, reimagedradio (all one word, no punctuation) DOT FM.

Please join us for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio as we continue our exploration of sound-based storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.