

Excerpt from A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens! Adapted by James Hutchison

FRED

I love Christmas – there's a spirit in the air. It is a time of joy and celebration. It is a time when people are more kind and more considerate.

Well, most people, that is. There are those who see Christmas as a waste of time and energy and my Uncle Scrooge was not only a member of that tribe but in all likelihood their loudest cheerleader and most ardent supporter. He hated Christmas. He hated anything that did not make him richer and so he hated Christmas most of all.

And on this particular Christmas when I dropped in to see him he was in a particularly foul mood. Maybe it was because seven years ago this very night his business partner, and only friend in the world, Jacob Marley had died. Marley was long dead and buried. This you must remember or nothing wonderful can come of the tale you are about to see.

And so, on a crisp and chilly Christmas Eve my Uncle Scrooge, that tight fisted, grasping, scrapling, clutching, covetous, old sinner was – as you can believe it – conducting business in his counting house!