The Muppet Christmas Carol

By Jerry Juhl
— Well. That was a fine meal.
— Yes. It was. Wasn't it?
Well. Where shall we go now?
— Let's have. Uh. Lunch!
— Oh. Good idea.
— Now quiet down. You melons.
— Hey. I'm being stolen!
— Hey. Help me! Help me!
— Hey. Put me down!
— What about my nose?
— Ow!
— Banana peels comin' down!
— Come along. Ladies.
— Here's a nice Christmas turkey.
— Turkeys!
— Get your Christmas turkey.
— Hey. Wha...
— Get back in that box there!
— Get your boomerang fish.
— Oh! Guaranteed fresh.
— Throw the fish away.
— and it comes back to me.
— Get 'em while they're fresh.
— Apples! Christmas apples!
— We got McIntosh!
— Get your Christmas apples.
— Red Delicious.
— Tuppence a piece while they last.
— We... They won't last long
the way you're eating them.
— Hey. I'm creatin' scarcity.
— Drives the prices up.
— Rizzo...
— Hello! Welcome to
— The Muppet Christmas Carol.
— I am here to tell the story.
— And I am here for the food.
— My name is Charles Dickens.
— And my name is Rizzo the Rat.
— Hey. Wait a second.
— You're not Charles Dickens.
— I am too!
— No.
— A blue. Furry Charles Dickens
who hangs out with a rat?
- Absolutely!
- Dickens was a 19th-century novelist.
- A genius!
- Oh. You're too kind.
Why should I believe you?
Well. Because I know the story of "A Christmas Carol"
like the back of my hand.
- Prove it!
- All right.
Um. There's a little mole on my thumb
and. Uh. A scar on my wrist...
- From when I fell off my bicycle.
- No. No. No. No.
Don't tell us your hand.
Tell us the story.
Oh. Oh. Thank you. Yes.
The Marleys were dead to begin with.
- Wha- Wha... Pardon me?
- That's how the story begins. Rizzo.
The Marleys were dead to begin with.
as dead as a doornail.
It's a good beginning.
It's creepy and kind of spooky.
- Oh. Thank you. Rizzo.
- You're welcome. Mr Dickens.
In life. The Marleys
had been business partners...
with a shrewd moneylender
named Ebenezer Scrooge.
You will meet him
as he comes around that corner.
- Where?
- There.
- When?
- Now.
There he is.
Mr Ebenezer Scrooge.
Say. Is it gettin' colder out here?
When a cold wind blows
it chills you
Chills you to the bone
But there's nothing in nature that freezes
your heart like years of being alone
It paints you with indifference
Like a lady paints with rouge
- And the worst of the worst
- The most hated and cursed
Is the one that we call Scrooge
- Unkind as any
- And the wrath of many
This is Ebenezer Scrooge
Oh, there goes Mr Humbug
There goes Mr Grimm
If they gave a prize
for bein’ mean
The winner would be him
Old Scrooge, he loves his money
'cause he thinks it gives him power
If he became a flavour
you can bet he would be sour
Even the vegetables
don't like him.
There goes Mr Skinflint
There goes Mr Greed
The undisputed master
of the underhanded deed
He charges folks a fortune
for his dark and draughty houses
Us poor folk live in misery
It's even worse for mouses
Please. Sir.
I want some cheese.
He must be so lonely
He must be so sad
He goes to extremes
to convince us he's bad
He's really a victim
of fear and of pride
Look close and there must be
a sweet man inside
- Nah.
- Uh-uh.
There goes Mr Outrage
There goes Mr Sneer
He has no time for friends or fun
His anger makes that clear
Don't ask him for a favour
'cause his nastiness increases
No crust of bread for those in need
No cheeses for us meeces
Scrooge liked the cold.
He was hard and sharp as a flint...
secretive. Self-contained.
as solitary as an oyster.
There goes Mr Heartless
There goes Mr Cruel
He never gives
He only takes
He lets his hunger rule
If being mean's a way of life
You practise and rehearse
Then all that work is paying off
'cause Scrooge is getting worse
Every day in every way
Scrooge is getting worse
- Oh. Boy!
- How the time flies! Look at this.
- I've got to go.
- What happened?
Hey. Guys. What happened?
Humbug.
What an unpleasant fella!
He was a tightfisted hand
at the grindstone. Scroo...
- Boy. This really is a dirty city.
- You're telling me!
- Come here.
- Hmm?
Thank you for making me
a part of this.
He was a tightfisted hand
at the grindstone. Scrooge...
a squeezing.
wrenching. Grasping...
clutching. Covetous old sinner.
- Bob Cratchit?
- Yes. Mr Scrooge?
- Who is this?
- It's Mr Applegate. Sir.
He's here to speak to you
about his mortgage.
Please. Mr Scrooge.
I know you're very angry about this.
And I didn't mean to fall behind
in the payments.
Lord knows.
it being Christmas and all.
Please don't shout at me. Sir.
That and. Of course. Little Gwen.
Her lungs aren't right.
The doctor takes his share. Don't he?
I mean. You can yell and scream and
you're right. But it won't do no good...
because I'm the stone
you can't squeeze blood from.
And that's the truth!
Thank you for not shouting at me.
- Seventy-two...
- Seventy-four...
Let us deal with the eviction notices
for tomorrow. Mr Cratchit.
- Tomorrow is Christmas. Sir.
- Very well.
You may gift-wrap them.
- Let us help you with that. Mr Cratchit.
- Oh. My. There are certainly a lot today.
- We'll get 'em.
- Okay. Okay.
- There you go. Boss.
- Here you go.
- Look out on that end.
Look out. Iook out!
Come on. Guys. Whoa!
Whoa! Look out!
Look out! Look out!
Christmas is a very busy time
for us. Mr Cratchit.
People preparing feasts.
giving parties...
spending the mortgage money
on frivolities.
One might say that December
is the foreclosure season.
Harvest time for the moneylenders.
- Tell him. Mr Cratchit.
- Come on. Do it now. Boss.
- Uh. If you please. Mr Scrooge...
  it's gotten colder.
  and the bookkeeping staff...
  would like to have an extra
  shovelful of coal for the fire.
- We can't do the bookkeeping.
- Yeah. All of our pens
  have turned to ink-cicles.
  Our assets are frozen!
How would the bookkeepers like
to be suddenly unemployed?
Heatwave!
This is my island in the sun
- I believe you've convinced them
  once again. Mr Scrooge.
At that moment.
  who should arrive at the door...
  but Scrooge's nephew. Fred.
  his only living relative.
- Nephew Fred? I don't see him.
- Trust me.
Hello? Uncle?
- Rizzo?
- You're very good at that. Mr Dickens.
A merry Christmas. Uncle Scrooge.
- God save ya!
- Merry Christmas? Bah humbug.
Quick! It'll be warmer in there.
Christmas a humbug. Uncle?
Oh. You don't mean that. Surely.
Actually. I think
  it's colder in here.
Merry Christmas you say?
What right have you to be merry?
You're poor enough.
What right have you to be dismal?
You're rich enough.
He's got him there.
The old boy's speechless.
If I could work my will...
every idiot who goes about
with "Merry Christmas" on his lips... would be cooked with his own turkey and buried...
- With a stake of holly through his heart.
- Well. Not quite speechless.
- Oh. Uncle!
- Nephew...
you keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.
Christmas is a loving. honest and charitable time.
And though it's never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket...
I believe that Christmas has done me good and will do me good...
and I say. God bless it!
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah!
And how does one celebrate Christmas on the unemployment line?
Now. In these times. It was customary on Christmas Eve...
for well-meaning gentlemen to call upon businesses...
collecting donations for the poor and homeless.
Mr Scrooge. I presume?
Who are you?
We're from the Order of Victoria Charity Foundation.
We'd like to speak to you about a donation.
Ah. Welcome! This jolly old gentleman here is Mr Scrooge.
- He's very generous to charities.
- My dear nephew!
At this festive season of the year. Mr Scrooge...
many of us feel that we must take care of our poor and homeless.
And are there no prisons?
No poorhouses?
Oh. Plenty of those. Sir.
Oh! Excellent!
For a moment. I was worried.
Some of us are endeavouring to raise a fund for the poor and the homeless. What might I put you down for?
- Nothing.
- You wish to remain anonymous?
I wish to be left alone.
I do not make merry myself at Christmas.
- That certainly is true.
- And I cannot afford to make idle people merry.
That is certainly not true.
Don't you have other things to do this afternoon. My dear nephew?
Sadly. I do. Uncle.
So I shall make my donation...
and leave you to make yours.
Thank you so very much.
Oh. Uncle. Come and have Christmas dinner with me and Clara tomorrow.
- Why ever did you get married?
- Why? Because I fell in love.
That's the only thing in the world sillier than a merry Christmas.
It's no use. Uncle. I shall keep my Christmas humour to the last.
A merry Christmas to you and a happy New Year.
- Merry Christmas. Fred.
- Merry Christmas. Bob.
Humbug!
Now. Then. Sir.
about the donation?
Well. Now. Let's see.
I know how to treat the poor.
My taxes go to pay for the prisons and the poorhouses.
- The homeless must go there.
- But some would rather die.
If they'd rather die.
then they'd better do it...
and decrease the surplus population!
Oh. Dear. Oh. Dear.
- Oh. Dear. Oh. Dear.
- This is the door. You may use it.
All right. Beaker. Come along.
I think we've taken enough
of Mr Scrooge's time.
Oh. Dear. Dear. Dear.
Good King Wenceslas looked out
on the Feast of Stephen
Though the snow lay round about
deep and crisp and even
Brightly shown
the moon that night
Though the
- What do you want?
- Uh. P-penny for the song. Guv'nor?
Seventeen. Twenty-four. Fifty-eight...
two fifty-two. Twenty-one.
seventy-eight.
Uh. Excuse me. Mr Scrooge.
but it appears to be closing time.
Very well. I'll see you
at 8.00 tomorrow morning.
- Tomorrow's Christmas.
- 8.30 then.
If you please. Sir. Half an hour off hardly
seems customary for Christmas Day.
- Hardly customary.
- Not at all!
How much time off is customary.
Mr Cratchit?
Uh. Why. Um.
the. Uh. Whole day.
- Yes! Yeah. That's right! The whole day!
- The entire day?
No. That's the frog's idea.
If you please. Mr Scrooge.
why open the office tomorrow?
Other businesses will be closed.
You'll have no one to do business with.
It'll waste a lot
of expensive coal for the fire.
- Yes. That's definitely a point.
- That's a point.
- That's right.
It's a poor excuse for picking
a man's pocket every December the 25th.
But as I seem to be the only person
around who knows that...
- Take the day off.
- Yay!
What a boss! Oh. Man!
- We love you. Ebenezer!
- Will you stop that?
Thank you. Mr Scrooge.
- Be here all the earlier the next morning.
- Okay. Sir! You bet!
With their employer gone at last...
Bob Cratchit and the bookkeepers
immediately began...
that most pleasant of activities.
the celebration of Christmas.
He's gone!
Gentlemen.
let's close up for Christmas.
There's magic in the air this evening
Magic in the air
The world is at her best
you know
When people love and care
The promise of excitement
Is one the night will keep
After all, there's only
one more sleep till Christmas
- Okay. Fellas. Are you ready?
- Ready. Go.
- Alley-oop!
- Yay!
The world has got a smile today
The world has got a glow
- There's no such thing as strangers
when a stranger says hello
- Alley-oop! Yay!
And everyone is family
We're having so much fun
After all, there's only
one more sleep till Christmas
Okay. Ready.
Here we go.
Alley-oop!
- Yay!
- Ta-da!
- Easy. Easy.
Back it up.
All right!
That's it!
- We're all done.
- Very good. Gentlemen.
'Tis the season
to bejolly and joyous
With a burst of pleasure
we feel it arrive
It's a season when the saints
can employ us
To spread the news about peace
and to keep love alive
What's that?
Oh. Iook!
It's the penguins'
Christmas skating party.
Oh. My.
- Ah! Hmm. Uh. Yeah.
- Hey. What...
Hey. It's Bob Cratchit!
Oh. You big klutz.
you big klutz!
Oh. Thank you.
Thank you very much. What...
Wow!
- No way!
- Come on. Rizzo.
No way! No!
Oh. Boy.
Fun. Huh?
Merry Christmas. Penguins.
There's something in the wind today
- That's good for everyone
- Yeah.
Yes, faith is in our hearts today
We're shining like the sun
And everyone can feel it
- The feeling's running deep
- Merry Christmas. Mr Cratchit.
- After all, there's only
  one more sleep till Christmas
- Merry Christmas!
After all
there's only one more sleep
Till Christmas Day
- Merry Christmas!
- Hmm.
Wow.
Scrooge lived in chambers
which had once belonged...
to his old business partners.
Jacob and Robert Marley.
- Have some bread?
- Not while I'm working.
- Whoa. Whoa.
- Okay. Suit yourself.
The building was a dismal
heap of brick on a dark street.
Now. Once again. I must ask you to
remember that the Marleys were dead...
- And decaying in their graves.
- Yuck!
That one thing
you must remember...
or nothing that follows
will seem wondrous.
- Um. Why are you whispering?
- It's for dramatic emphasis.
Oh.
Jacob Marley?
Scrooge!
Hey. You okay?
Humbug.
Oh. Gonzo. Speak to me.
I mean. Mr Dickens.
Charley. Are you hurt?
To say that Scrooge
was not startled would be untrue.
Still. The moment had passed.
and the world was as it should be.
He ain't hurt.
Didn't even break his concentration.
- Hmm?
- Nothin'.
- Oh.

Come on. Rizzo.
We'll follow him in.
In a minute. I had a little bag
of jelly beans over here.
Will you just get over here!
- All right.
- Sheesh.
- Steady. Steady.

- Scrooge made his way up the staircase...
caring not a button for the darkness.

Darkness was cheap.
and Scrooge liked it.
But the incident at the door
had made Scrooge wary.
Before he shut himself in for the night.
he searched his rooms.
- Okay. That does it!
- Pardon?

How do you know
what Scrooge is doin'?!
- We're down here. And he's up there.
- I keep telling you.

Storytellers are omniscient.
I know everything.
Hoity-toity.
Mr Godlike Smarty-pants.
To conduct a proper search.
Scrooge was forced to light the lamps.
How does he do that?
It's my best dressing gown.
No harm done.
Look! It's Ebenezer Scrooge.
Looking older and
more wicked than ever.
I knew he wouldn't disappoint us.
Who are you?
In life.
we were your partners. Jacob...
And Robert Marley!
It looks like you.
but I don't believe it!
Why do you doubt your senses?
Because a little thing
can affect them.
A slight disorder of the stomach
can make them cheat.
You may be a bit
of undigested beef...
a blob of mustard.
a crumb of cheese.
Yes. There's more of gravy
than of grave about you!
- "More of gravy than of grave"?
- What a terrible pun.
- Where do you get those jokes?
- Leave comedy to the bears. Ebenezer.
Please. Jacob. Robert.
don't criticize me.
You always criticize me!
- We were always heckling you.
- It's good to be heckling again.
It's good to be doing anything again.
Why do you come to me?
We're Marley and Marley
Avarice and greed
We took advantage of the poor
Just ignored the needy
We specialized in causing pain
Spreading fear and doubt
And if you could not pay the rent
We simply threw you out
There was the year we evicted
the entire orphanage!
I remember the little tykes
all standing in the snowbank.
With their little
frostbitten teddy bears.
We're Marley and Marley
Our hearts were painted black
We should've known our evil deeds
Would put us both in shackles
Captive bound
we're double-ironed
Exhausted by the weight
- As freedom comes from giving love
- So prison comes with hate
We're Marley and Marley
We're Marley and Marley
But. My friends. You were not
unfeeling toward your fellow men.
True. There was something
about mankind we loved.
I think it was their money.
Doomed, Scrooge
You're doomed for all time
Your future is a horror story
written by your crime
Your chains are forged
by what you say and do
So have your fun when life is done
A nightmare waits for you
What are these terrible chains?
Oh. The chains!
We forged these chains in life
by our acts of greed.
You wear such a chain yourself.
Humbug.
Speak comfort to me. Friends.
Comfort?
You will be haunted
by three spirits.
Haunted?
I've already had enough of that.
Without these visits. You cannot hope
to avoid the path we tread.
Expect the first ghost tonight
when the bell tolls 1.00.
Can't I meet them all at once
and get it over with?
When the bell tolls 1.00!
We're Marley and Marley
We're Marley and Marley
We're Marley and Marley
Change!
And with that. The spirits of Scrooge's
partners vanished into the darkness...
leaving him once again...
- Alone in his room.
- Whoa. That's scary stuff.
Hey. Should we be worried
about the kids in the audience?
- Nah. That's all right. This is culture.
- Oh.
Oh. Uh. Jelly bean?
I had 'em in my pocket all along.
What?
Humbug.
- Come on!
- But I really hate this.
You wanted to know
what was happening.
Now. Scrooge's bedchamber is
on this side of the house. Now. Jump.
There's only two things in this life
I hate... heights and jumping from them.
Too late now.
Come on. I'll catch ya.
God save my little broken body.
Missed.
Oh. Wait a second!
I forgot my jelly beans. Um...
Oh. Good.
- What?
- You can fit through those bars?
Yeah.
- You are such an idiot.
- What? What?
Hey. What?
What? What?
Oh. Dear.
Scrooge slipped into the empty silence
of a dreamless sleep.
You know. A guy could break his tail
falling out of this tree.
You want to see
what's going on. Don't you?
- Yes.
- Look. There's Scrooge's window.
Oh. Yeah.
Expect the first ghost
when the bell tolls 1.00!
Wow!
Are you the spirit whose coming
was foretold to me?
I am.
But...
- You're just a child.
- I can remember nearly 1,900 years.
I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
- What business has brought you here?
- Your welfare.
A night's unbroken rest
might aid my welfare.
Your salvation then.
Take heed.
Come.
I beg you. Spirit.
1... I am mortal and liable to fall.
A touch of my hand
and you shall fly.
- What are we doin'?
- Nothin'.
- What?
- Well. Just hold on.
- What?
- W-Watch out. Rizzo.
- What? Ow! Oh!
Whee!
Hello. London!
- Goodbye. Lunch!
- Yeah!
- Spirit?
- Yes?
Nothing.
- Oh. I look. Rizzo.
- I don't wanna look.
Spirit. What is that light?
It cannot be dawn.
It is the past.
Look! It's beautiful. Rizzo.
Mommy!
Hey. We're going down.
Hang on. Rizzo!
- Sorry. Madam.
- Ouch!
Pardon me. Sir.
Look out. Rizzo!
- Rizzo. This is Louise.
- Yeah. We've met.
And so they arrived
in Ebenezer Scrooge's childhood.
- That was the worst trip of my life!
- Well. It's over now.
Yeah. Safe at last.
No.
No! No!
Oh. No. Stop.
Nice kitty. Nice kitty.
Ow! Ouch! I'm from New Jersey!
It was the afternoon
of Christmas Eve...
and Scrooge was conscious
of a thousand odours...
each one connected
with a thousand thoughts...
and hopes and joys and cares...
long. Long forgotten.
It's my old school.
I was a boy here.
That... That's Henry!
And Edmund. My best friend.
Hello. Boys.
Hello?
These are but shadows
of your past. Ebenezer.
They can neither see nor hear you.
Come and let us go inside.
- Rizzo. Stop playing with the cat.
- Help me! Save me!
- Help me! Save me! Help me! Save me!
- Follow me.
Help me! Save me!
Ow.
And what a flood of memories
came back to him...
as Scrooge beheld his old classroom.
I know it all so well. Spirit.
The desks.
The smell of the chalk.
I chose my profession in this room.
And is he. Too. Familiar?
Scrooge beheld a small boy...
a boy he knew.
oh. Very well indeed.
Good heavens.
It's me.
Hurry. Ebenezer.
The last coach is leaving.
Come on.
He never goes home for Christmas.
Who cares about stupid old Christmas?
I was often alone.
More time for reading and study.
The Christmas holiday was a chance
to get some extra work done.
A time for solitude.
- Rats don't understand these things.
- You were never a lonely child?
I had 1.2 74 brothers and sisters.
Sheesh.
Rats don't understand these things.
Let us see another Christmas
in this place.
They were all very much the same.
- Nothing ever changed.
- You changed.
The years performed
their terrible dance...
and in a moment. Scrooge had seen
his entire childhood pass.
He saw his old schoolroom
age and decay.
What? What the...
Hey. Hey! Ow!
So. Master Scrooge.
graduation day. And yet...
That's my old headmaster.
This man taught me my greatest lesson.
Stand up. Build your life
as this school is built.
Push!
My ear! My ear! My ear!
Ah. Yes! Work hard. Work long
and be constructive.
Oh. Ebenezer.
life is a golden opportunity.
Today you go forth
into the real world.
You must keep your nose
to the grindstone.
Work hard. Lad. And one day
your life will be as solid...
as this very building!
- I've been meaning to fix that shelf.
- Yes. Headmaster.
Well. Young man. You have been
apprenticed to a fine company in London.
Today you become a man of business.
- I'm looking forward to it. Headmaster.
- You will love business.
It is the American way.
- Sam?
- Hmm?
Oh. It is the British way!
- Good.
- Yes. Headmaster.
Oh. Here is your coachman. Ebenezer.
Come. Scrooge.
There is much to see.
Remember. Don't tip the driver.
A moment later. Scrooge found himself
standing on a city street...
Looking at a building
he had not seen in years.
Tell me. Ebenezer Scrooge.
do you know this place?
Know it?
My first job was here.
This is Fozziwig's
old rubber chicken factory.
Once again.
it was Christmas Eve.
Night was falling. And the lamplighters
were plying their trade.
Light the lamp. Not the rat!
- Light the lamp. Not the rat!
What are you doing?
- Oops! My apologies.
Put me out! Put me out! Put me out!
Put me out! Put me out! Put me out!
- Rizzo!
- What?
- Th-Th-Thank you.
- You're welcome.

There he is.
old Fozziwig himself.
Look. My lads.
dusk has fallen.
The lamplighters are at work.
It's Christmas Eve for certain.
What an employer he was.
As hard and as ruthless
as a rose petal.
It's time for the party to begin!
It's the Fozziwig Christmas party.
Rizzo. Come on!
Rizzo. Just grab hold of the stick.
Merry Christmas!
- Merry Christmas.
- Thank you. Thank you.
Excuse me. Everyone.
C-Can we have some quiet. Please?
Whoa!
I suppose I should
be grateful for that.
You're welcome.
Please. Can I have your attention
for a moment?
Look. It's the Marley brothers...
my old partners as they were as lads.
Can I have your attention. Please?
Quiet!
- Thank you.
- That's better.
Welcome to Fozziwig and Mom's
annual Christmas party.
At this time in the proceedings.
it is a tradition for me
to make a little speech.
And it's a tradition for us
to take a little nap.
Pay no attention to them.
My speech.
Here is my Christmas speech.
"Thank you all.
and Merry Christmas."
- That was the speech?
- It was dumb!
- It was obvious!
- It was pointless!
It was short.
- I loved it!
- I loved it!
I'm bored with speeches.
Let's dance. Son.
Hey. Here's Mrs Fozziwig
to start the party.
- Way to go. Ma!
- Hit it. Boys!
Hello!
Hey. Iook. There's a buffet over here.
I'm kinda hungry.
In this ferdy hurdy bursky
Fa la la la la
la la la la
Ah. Forget it.
Mother always taught me...
ever eat singing food.
It's a pleasure having you
here at the party.
- Please. Enjoy yourself.
- Excuse me. Mr Fozziwig?
- Excuse me.
- Yes. I've been going over the accounts.
Do you know how much the firm
is spending for this party?
Master Scrooge. This is Christmas!
It's a time for generosity!
Stop working. Enjoy yourself.
Go meet some people.
Go ahead. Go ahead.
You dancing fool!
Belle. You know. I love these
annual Christmas parties.
I love 'em so much.
I think we'll do it twice a year!
Excuse me.
Oh. Master Scrooge!
Excuse me.
Belle. I'd like to introduce you
to Ebenezer Scrooge...
the finest young
financial mind in the city.
Ebenezer. This is Belle.
a friend of the Fozziwig family.
I'm pleased to meet you.
Well. I'm glad you two finally met.
Do you remember this meeting?
Remember?
Yes.
I remember.
There was. Of course.
another Christmas Eve...
with this young woman
some years later.
Oh. Please...
do not show me that Christmas.
Another year
before our wedding. Ebenezer.
Well. It can't be helped. Belle.
How could we marry now? There's not
even enough for a decent home.
The investments
haven't grown as they should.
So you said last year.
Business continues to be poor.
You're a partner in your own firm now.
And barely clearing expenses.
- You said the partnership was the goal.
- This is for you.
I love you. Belle.
You did once.
Oh. Rizzo.
Spirit. Show me no more.
Why do you delight
in torturing me?
I told you. These were the shadows
of the things that have been.
That they are what they are.
do not blame me.
Scrooge was left alone and exhausted in his bedchamber. And thus he remained until the nearby clock began to strike the hour.

- What was that?
- 2.00.
- Oh. Is it too early for breakfast?
- Yes.
- Oh. Good.

Supper time.

Scrooge knew that the second of the ghosts was due to appear. Yet now. As the clock finished striking...

Nothing.

Come in and know me better. Man.

- Did I already say that?
- You did. Yeah.

I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

This is the night before the dawn before the day of Christmas!

Did I tell you that I am the Ghost of Christmas Present?

- You did. Yeah.
- Come in and know me better. Man!

You're a little absentminded. Spirit.

No! I'm a large absentminded spirit!

My mind is filled with the here and now.

And the now is Christmas!

I don't believe I've ever met anybody like you before. Sir.

Really? Over 1.800 of my brothers have come before me.

1.800?

Imagine the grocery bills.

Have you ever noticed that everything seems wonderful at Christmas?

In all honesty. Spirit. No.

Perhaps I've never understood
about Christmas.
Before this day is done.
you will understand!
Oh. No. Oh. No!
Ah. We shall go out into the world.
I suppose you enjoyed that.
Of course.
May I welcome you
to Christmas morning.
It's in the singing
of a street corner choir
It's going home
and getting warm by the fire
It's true
wherever you find love
It feels like Christmas
A cup of kindness
that we share with another
A sweet reunion
with a friend or a brother
In all the places you find love
It feels like Christmas
It is the season of the heart
A special time of caring
The ways of love made clear
And it is
the season of the spirit
The message, if we hear it
Is make it last all year
It's in the giving
of a gift to another
A pair of mittens
that were made by your mother
It's all the ways
that we show love
That feel like Christmas
A part of childhood
we'll always remember
It is the summer
of the soul in December
Yes, when you do
your best for love
It feels like Christmas
It is the season of the heart
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The ways of love made clear
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of a street corner choir
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and getting warm by the fire
It's true
wherever you find love
It feels like Christmas
It's true
wherever you find love
It feels like
Christmas
It feels like Christmas
It feels like Christmas
It feels like Christmas
Spirit. I had no idea.
I wish to see friends. Kin.
Show me family.
It's... It's Fred.
My dear nephew Fred and his wife Clara
having Christmas with friends.
- Hey. I look! Fruit!
- Well. There now!
We've had the plum pudding and sung
the carols.
- What now. My lovelies?
- A game. Fred.
Yeah. We must have
a game at Christmas.
- Do people play games at Christmas?
- I love games!
Say. Do you know
that fruit is wax?
Oh. Yeah.
I wondered about the texture.
- Let's play "Yes and No."
- A wonderful game!
- Oh. Yes!
- Ah! That's a great game! I'll be it.
Yes. Let Fred be it.
He always thinks of good things.
I do have a good one. Clara.
Guess!
- Is it vegetable?
- No.
- Mineral?
- No.
- Animal. Then?
- What else?
- What else. Indeed!
- Is it found on a farm?
- Never.
- In the city?
- Usually.
- Does it pull a hansom cab?
- Certainly not!
How about a dog?
- No.
- A cat?
- A cat?
- I said it first.
No.
Wait. Then.
Is this an unwanted creature?
- Often.
- A mouse.
- No.
- A rat.
- You called?
- A cockroach.
- No.
- A leech.
- Oh. Dear. It's too wonderful.
- Wait! Wait! I know!
An unwanted creature.
but not a rat. A leech or cockroach.
- Then what?
- Then what?
- What?
- It's Ebenezer Scrooge!
- Yes!
Wonderful!
- Yes!
- That's a good one!
That's a killer!
Come.
There's much to see.
No more.
I wish to see no more.
Here.
Why have we come to
this odd corner of the town?
It's Christmas here. Too. You know.
That's Bob Cratchit's house.
Perhaps it was the spirit's
own generous nature...
and his sympathy
for all poor men...
that led them straight to the home
of Scrooge's faithful clerk.
Goose!
They're cookin' goose down there!
- Rizzo. Get out of the way!
- Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey!
Don't be sweeping the chimney now.
You're blockin' the smell!
This is Bob Cratchit's house?
- How do you know that?
- You just told me.
Well. I'm usually trustworthy.
- Who's that?
- Mrs Cratchit. Of course!
Peter. Do not stop turning that spit.
That is the whole secret
of a properly roasted goose.
It smells so good. Mother.
It does. Doesn't it?
Oh. That smells wonderful!
Oh. Good grief!
Hey. I'm stuck.
Get me outta here.
I knew you weren't
suited for literature.
At least I landed
on something soft.
And hot!
Hot! Hot! Hot! Hot! Hot!
Mother. Mother. Mother! I thought
you said we couldn't eat the chestnuts...
until Father and Tiny Tim get home.
I-I wasn't eating them.
I was... I was merely checking them
to see if they were not burnt.
It's a chef's thing. Dear.
And do not shout. Betina.
- I'm Belinda!
- I'm Betina!
Of course you are. Betina.
- Belinda!
- Whatever.
- Hmmph!
- Hmmph!
'Tis the season
to be jolly and joyous
Fa la la
With a burst of pleasure
we feel it arrive
Fa la la
It's a season when
the saints can employ us
Fa la la
To spread the news about peace
and to keep love alive
- Come on. Son.
- Yeah.
Let's go see
if Christmas dinner is ready yet.
- Oh. Yeah.
- Yes.
Careful.
Merry Christmas. Everyone.
Daddy!
Merry Christmas. Girls.
Merry Christmas. Peter.
- Merry Christmas.
- Children. Children. Children!
Now... Now it's time to set the table.
Go ahead.
Wait for me!
- Merry Christmas. Emily.
- Merry Christmas. Cratchie.
- Emmie!
- Hmm?
I fell down the chimney and landed
on a flaming hot goose.
You have all the fun.
What?
Oh. Peter!
The Christmas dinner!
The goose!
The goose!
now you've gotten too excited.
You go sit in your chair a moment.
Okay. Rest. Rest a moment.
- How was he at church?
- As good as gold and better.
He told me that he hoped the people
saw him in church because...
it might be pleasant for them
to remember upon Christmas Day...
who made lame beggars walk
and blind men see.
A remarkable child!
And with that. The Cratchits
came to what was surely...
the happiest single moment
in all the livelong year.
- Such a meagre feast.
- But very much appreciated.
I pay Bob such a small amount.
- Mr Scrooge!
- Bob!
Bob Cratchit!
It only seems right that I should
lift a glass to my employer.
I give you Mr Scrooge.
the founder of the feast.
- The founder of the feast. Indeed!
- Hmmph!
If I had him here. I would give him
a piece of my mind to feast upon.
And I bet he would
choke on it. Hmm!
- Choke!
- Choke!
My dear!
The... The children!
Christmas Day!
Well. I suppose that
on the blessed day of Christmas...
one must drink to the health
of. Uh. Mr Scrooge.
- Even though he is odious. Stingy...
- Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.
- Wicked and unfeeling...
- Mm-hmm! Mm-hmm!
and badly dressed...
- And...
- To the founder of the feast. Mr Scrooge!
To Mr Scrooge.
He'll be very merry and happy
this day. I have no doubt.
- No doubt.
- Cheers!
God bless us. Every one!
Life is full of sweet surprises
Every day's a gift
The sun comes up
and I can feel it
Lift my spirit
Fills me up with laughter
Fills me up with song
I look into the eyes of love
And know that I belong
Bless us all
Who gather here
The loving family I hold dear
No place on earth
Compasses with home
And every path will bring me back
from where I roam
Bless us all
That as we live
We always comfort and forgive
We have so much
That we can share
With those in need
we see around us everywhere
Let us always love each other
Lead us to the light
Let us hear the voice of reason
Singing in the night
Let us run from anger
And catch us when we fall
Teach us in our dreams
And please, yes, please
Bless us one and all
Bless us all
With playful years
With noisy games and joyful tears
We reach for you
And we stand tall
And in our prayers and dreams
we ask you bless us all
We reach for you
And we stand tall
And in our prayers and dreams
We ask you bless us all
Let's all take our seats now.
Let's have dinner.
Spirit. Tell me if
Tiny Tim will live.
That is the future.
My realm is the present.
However. Ah. I see a vacant seat
by the chimney corner...
and a crutch
without an owner.
If these shadows
remain unaltered...
I believe the child will die.
What then? If he's going to die.
he had better do it...
and decrease
the surplus population.
Oh. Spirit.
As the Cratchit family
vanished into the darkness...
Scrooge kept his eyes
upon Tiny Tim until the last.
Come. My time grows short.
- Spirit. Do you grow old?
- I do.
Are spirits' lives so short?  
My time upon this globe is very brief.  
I believe it will end  
upon the stroke of 12.00.  
Uh! One.  
Now? But. Spirit. I have  
learned so much from you.  
- Three.  
- Nothing Scrooge could do or say  
could stop the relentless march...  
- Four.  
- Of those terrible bells.  
- Five.  
Oh. Spirit. Do not leave me.  
I think I must. In fact.  
You have meant so much to me.  
You have changed me.  
And now I leave you with the Ghost  
of Christmas Yet to Come.  
You mean the future?  
- Must I?  
- Go forth and know him better. Man!  
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!  
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!  
Am I in the presence...  
of the Ghost of Christmas  
Yet to Come?  
Spirit. I fear you more...  
than any spectre I have yet met.  
Oh. This is too scary. I don't think  
I want to see any more.  
Oh. When you're right.  
you're right.  
You're on your own. Folks.  
We'll meet you at the finale.  
- Yeah. Oh!  
- Ah!  
I am prepared to follow  
and to learn...  
with a thankful heart.  
Will you not speak to me?  
Oh. Yes. Yes.  
The night is waning fast.  
Lead on. Spirit.
No. I don't know much about it either way.
I only know he's dead.
- Yeah.
- When?
- Last night. I believe.
- Hmm. Wonder what he died of.
- Mm!
I thought he'd never go.
Well. I don't know or care why he's gone.
I'd just like to know what he's done with his money.
- That's right!
- Wouldn't we all?
- Well. He didn't give it to me.
- No. No.
- No!
- Well. It's likely to be a cheap funeral.
I don't know a single soul who'd go to it.
- I wouldn't mind goin'.
- Hey?
- What?
If lunch is provided.
- I say!
- Speaking of lunch...
Oh. Good Lord.
Look at the time.
Yes. We must be off.
I know some of those gentlemen. Spirit.
Of what poor wretch do they speak?
So. Back from the house of sadness. I see.
Huh! Sad that he didn't die years ago.
the old skinflint.
- Hear. Hear!
- Well. Let me see.
What do you got for old Joe. Eh?
What do you got for me to remember him by?
Joe. Get off!
Well. I got these collar buttons
from his dresser.
- Mother-of-pearl.
- No. No. No. No.
I got his bed curtains.
- Very fine damask.
- Oh.
Very cheap damask.
but worth a few coins.
- Now. I've got his blankets.
- Oh. His blankets?
Why. Mrs Dilber.
they're still warm.
I don't pay extra
for the warmth. You know.
You should.
It's the only warmth he ever had.
Only warmth he ever had!
The only warmth
he ever had.
I understand. Spirit.
The case of this unhappy man
might be my own.
My-My life tends that way now.
Merciful heavens.
Let me see some tenderness
connected with this world...
or I'll be haunted by that
terrible conversation forever.
It's Bob Cratchit's house.
Oh. Yes. Spirit.
A place of joy and laughter.
Thank you
for bringing me here.
It's so quiet.
Why is it so quiet. Spirit?
Oh. Mother. You're crying again.
Oh. Um. No. It's just the lamplight
that hurts my eyes.
Oh.
Not Tiny Tim!
Th-There. There now.
My eyes get weak
in the... in the dim light.
I would not want to show
weak eyes to your father...
when he gets home
for anything in the world.
He... He should be back now.
I think he's walked a little slower
these past two evenings.
  - Hello. My dears.
  - D-Daddy.
  - Oh.
  - Hello.
Children. Please...
please go set the table.
Thank you.
  - How was the churchyard?
  - Oh. It'll be lovely. Emily.
It would have done you good
to see how green the place is.
1... I picked a spot for Tim
where he can see...
It-It's a spot on the hill...
and you can see
the ducks on the river.
  - Tiny Tim...
  - Tiny Tim always loved...
watching the ducks
on the river.
Oh. Spirit. Must there
be a Christmas...
that brings this awful scene?
How can they endure it?
It's all right. Children.
Life is made up of meetings and partings.
That is the way of it.
I am sure we shall never forget
Tiny Tim...
or this first parting
that there was among us.
Must we return
to this place?
There's something else
that I must know...
is that not true?
Spirit. I know
what I must ask.
I fear to. But I must.
Who was the wretched man
whose death brought so much...
glee and happiness to others?
Answer me one more question.
Are these the shadows
of things that will be...
or are they the shadows
of things that may be only?
These events can be changed.
A life can be made right.
"Ebenezer Scrooge."
Oh. Please. Spirit. No.
Hear me.
I'm not the man I was.
Why would you show me this
if I was past all hope?
1... I will honour Christmas
and try to keep it all the year.
I will live my life in the past.
the present and the future.
I will not shut out the lessons
the spirits have taught me.
Tell me that I may sponge out
the writing on this stone.
Oh. Spirit. Please speak to me.
I'm home.
Yes. The bedposts were his own.
The bed was his own.
The room was his own.
- Hi. Guys! We're back.
- We promised we would be.
- Mm-hmm.
But the thing that made Scrooge
happiest of all...
was that his life lay before him
and it could be changed.
I will live my life in the past.
the present and the future.
Oh. Jacob and Robert Marley...
Oh. Heaven and the Christmas time
be praised for this day.
I say it on my knees. Jacob and Robert.
On my knees.
Oh. They're not torn down.
They're here.
And I'm here.
More is the miracle.
Oh! Oh.
I don't know what to do.
1-I'm as light as a feather.
I'm as happy as an angel.
I'm... I'm as merry as a schoolboy.
Um. Do you think it's safe
for us to be up here?
- Scrooge is saved.
What can happen now?
- Yeah.
- You there. Boy.
- What. Me?
Uh. That is. What. Me. Sir?
- What's today?
- Pardon?
What's today. My fine fellow?
Today? Well. Today
is Christmas Day.
It's Christmas Day?
I haven't missed it.
The spirits did it all in one night.
They can do anything they like.
- Of course they can.
Of course they can.
- Uh. Of course they can.
- Do you know the poultry shop
in the next street?
- Yes. Sir. I do.
An intelligent lad.
A remarkable lad.
Do you know whether the prize turkey
has been sold in the window?
Oh. The one twice as big as me?
It's still there.
Oh. It's a pleasure
talking with you. Lad.
- Go and buy it.
- Be serious.
I am being serious. Buy it for me.
and I'll give you a shilling.
- Oh!
- No. I'll give you five shillings.
- What?
- Wow!
- And so the boy was off like a shot.
- So eager...
- Wah!
Um. Sorry.
I'll bring it to Bob Cratchit's house.
What a surprise it'll be.
It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.
And a few moments later.
dressed in his finest...
Scrooge appeared
on the streets of the city...
to wish "Merry Christmas"
to all the world.
- Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas.
Gee. Thanks.
Everyone was out and about
this fine morning...
and soon he encountered
two familiar faces.
M-M-Mr Scrooge?
Pardon me. Gentlemen. But about
the charity donation...
- You asked me for yesterday.
- Oh. Yes?
Put me down for...
- That much?
- Not a penny less.
A great many back payments
are included in it. I assure you.
Oh. My goodness.
I don't know what to say.
I just wish there was something
we could give you.
A gift?
A gift for me?
Thank you.
Thank you... 50 times.
And a Merry Christmas.
- Here's your turkey. Mr Scrooge.
- Follow me. Lad.
With a thankful heart
With an endless joy
With a growing family
Every girl and boy
Will be nephew
and niece to me
Nephew and niece to me
Will bring love, hope
and peace to me
Love, hope
and peace to me
Yes, and every night will end
and every day will start
With a grateful prayer
and a thankful heart
With an open smile
and with open doors
I will bid you welcome
What is mine is yours
With a glass raised
to toast your health
With a glass raised
to toast your health
And a promise
to share the wealth
A promise to share the wealth
I will sail a friendly course
File a friendly chart
- On a sea of love and a thankful heart
- On a sea of love and a thankful heart
Life is like a journey
Who knows when it ends
Yes, and if you need to know
The measure of a man
You simply count his friends
Stop and look around you
The glory that you see
Is born again each day
Don't let it slip away
How precious life can be
With a thankful heart
that is wide awake
I do make this promise
Every breath I take
Will be used now
to sing your praise
Used now to sing your praise
And to beg you
to share my days
Beg you to share my days
With a loving guarantee
That even if we part
- I will hold you close in a thankful heart
- I will hold you close in a thankful heart
I will hold you close
In a thankful heart
In a thankful heart
- Okay. Okay.
- Oh. Yes. Yes.
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh. Yes.
Bob Cratchit!
- So here you are.
- Uh. M-M-Mr Scrooge. Uh...
You. Sir. Were not at work this morning
as we had discussed.
Oh. But-but. Mr Scrooge. Sir.
we did discuss it.
It's Christmas Day.
You gave me the day off.
I? I. Ebenezer Scrooge?
- Would I do a thing like that?
- No.
I mean yes.
But-But you did.
Bob Cratchit.
I've had my fill of this.
- And I have had my fill of you.
Mr Scrooge.
- Emily! Emily! Mr Scrooge.
- And therefore. Bob Cratchit...
- And therefore. You can leave
this house at once!
And therefore. I'm about
to raise your salary.
- Oh! And I am about to raise you right
off the pavement and out... Pardon?
- Pardon?
Yes. Bob. Raise your salary...
and pay your mortgage
on this house.
- Oh. Yes. Yes.
Bob Cratchit. Would you
and your family...
care to join us for a little turkey dinner
on this fine Christmas Day?
Merry Christmas!
- Ho-ho! Merry Christmas!
- Merry Christmas! Ho-ho-ho-ho!
- Try a truffle?
- Oh. My goodness.
- I don't know...
And Scrooge was
better than his word.
He did it all
and infinitely more!
And. Uh. Tiny Tim?
- And Tiny Tim. Who did not die...
- Aw. Isn't that swell!
To Tiny Tim. Scrooge
became a second father.
He became as good a friend.
as good a master and as good a man...
- As the good old city ever had!
- Hmm.
And It was always said of him that he
knew how to keep Christmas well...
if any man alive
possessed the knowledge.
May that truly be said of us.
and all of us!
And so.
as Tiny Tim observed...
God bless us.
God bless us. Every one!
The love we found
We carry with us
So we're never
quite alone
The love we found
The love we found
The sweetest dream
That we have ever known
- Hey! See ya later!
- Goodbye!
- The love we found
The love we found
- We carry with us
- Bye-bye!
- Goodbye!
So we're never
quite alone
- Nice story. Mr Dickens.
- Oh. Thanks.
- If you like this.
you should read the book.
- Ho-ho-ho-ho!
It's in the singing
of a street corner choir
- It's going home and getting warm
by the fire
- Merry Christmas!
It's true
wherever you find love
- It feels like Christmas
- Yes. It does!
The cup of kindness
that we share with another
- A sweet reunion with a friend
or a brother
- Hello!
In all the places
you find love
It feels like Christmas
It is the season of the heart
A special time of caring
The ways of love made clear
And it is
the season of the spirit
The message
if we hear it
Is make it last all year
Ho-ho-ho! Yes!
- Make it last all year.
- So we give our gift to another
- A pair of mittens that were
made by your mother
- Merry Christmas!
- It's all the ways that we show love
- Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!
- That feel like Christmas
- Yes.
A part of childhood
we'll always remember
- It is the summer of the soul
in December
- Bye-bye!
- Yes, when you do your best for love
- Ho-ho-ho! Merry Christmas!
- It feels like Christmas
- And remember...
It is the season of the heart
A special time of caring
The ways of love made clear
It is the season of the spirit
The message
if we hear it
Is make it last all year
Yes!
It's in the singing
of a street corner choir
It's going home and getting
warm by the fire
It's true
wherever you find love
It feels like Christmas
It's true
wherever you find love
It feels like
Christmas
It feels like Christmas
It feels like Christmas
It feels like Christmas
- It feels like Christmas!
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!
- It feels like Christmas
It feels like Christmas
There comes a moment
in your life
Like a window
and you see
Your future there before you
And how perfect
life can be
But adventure calls
With unknown voices
calling you away
Be careful
or you may regret
The choice you make someday
When love is gone
When love is gone
The sweetest dream
That we have ever known
When love is gone
When love is gone
I wish you well
But I must leave you now alone
It was almost love
It was almost always
It was like a fairy tale
We'd live out
you and I
And, yes, some dreams
come true
Yes, some dreams
fall through
And, yes, the time
has come for us
To say goodbye
Yes, some dreams
come true
Yes, some dreams
fall through
Yes, the time has come
for us
To say goodbye