

JAKE LAURENTS. *(To the audience:)* Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to a live broadcast from WBFR in Manhattan. We have just a couple of minutes before we're live on the air, which gives me just enough time to introduce the fine acting ensemble who will be performing tonight's play... You know him as Father Fagin in *Satan is a Woman*—heard each and every week on another network—and soon to be seen in RKO Pictures' *The Mockingbird Murder Mystery*. Playing Ebenezer Scrooge in this evening's play, it is my thrill to introduce Mr. Freddie Filmore...

("APPLAUSE" sign flashes.)

(FREDDIE FILMORE takes a bow and approaches a microphone.)

FREDDIE FILMORE. *(To the audience:)* You know this little lady as Sadie Davenport on the popular soap opera *The Moon in the Gutter* and soon to be seen on Broadway in *Lament for a Virgin*, please join me giving a warm welcome to your favorite and mine, Miss Sally Applewhite...

("APPLAUSE" sign flashes.)

(SALLY APPLEWHITE takes a bow and approaches a microphone.)

SALLY APPLEWHITE. *(To the audience:)* I am thrilled to share the stage once again with one of my favorite funny men, star of *Too Many Monkeys* and soon to be seen taking a dramatic turn in Monumental Pictures' *Mother Was a Nazi*, here's Mr. Harry "Jazzbo" Haywood...

("APPLAUSE" sign flashes.)

(HARRY "JAZZBO" HAYWOOD takes a bow and approaches a microphone.)

HARRY "JAZZBO" HAYWOOD. *(To the audience:)* Hello, America! *(To someone he finds attractive in the audience:)* And hello to you, too! *(Gets a look from JAKE LAURENTS that he should continue. Doing so:)* You know her from the Broadway smash *Over the Teacups*, and heard every week as Oolie on the popular mystery program *Homicide Hussy*, I give you (and be so kind as to give her back): the incomparable Miss Lana Sherwood...

("APPLAUSE" sign flashes.)

(LANA SHERWOOD takes a bow and approaches a microphone.)

LANA SHERWOOD. *(To the audience:)* And, finally, a man who needs no introduction: starring each and every week as Detective Dicky Dickerson on *Crime Does Not Pay* and host of WBFR's popular kiddie program *The Mr. Peanut and Petunia Pig Hour*, here's the always dashing Mr. Jake Laurents...

("APPLAUSE" sign flashes.)

(JAKE LAURENTS takes a bow and approaches a microphone.)

JAKE LAURENTS. *(To the audience:)* Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. *(Sees a signal from the STAGE MANAGER:)* I am getting a signal from our stage manager that we will be live on the air in less than ten seconds. Please remember that this evening's play is being broadcast live, coast-to-coast, and our audience at home is counting on your reaction to aid in their listening pleasure. So feel free to laugh, cry and applaud mightily as you enjoy the performance!

STAGE MANAGER. We're on the air in five...four...three...two...

(The "ON AIR" sign lights.)

MUSIC CUE #1: WBFR JINGLE

MEN. W

WOMEN. B

MEN. F

WOMEN. R

ALL. IN NEW YORK CITY.

JAKE LAURENTS. This is WBFR Playhouse of the Air!

("APPLAUSE" sign flashes.)

MUSIC CUE #2: WBFR THEME

JAKE LAURENTS. Good evening, everyone, this is Jake Laurents, the host of this program. Each and every week, the WBFR Playhouse of the Air dedicates ourselves to bringing to you, over the air, your favorite stories performed by the brightest stars of Broadway and Hollywood. And tonight is no exception, as we bring you Charles Dickens' famous Yuletide ghost story *A Christmas Carol*, starring Freddie Filmore as Ebenezer Scrooge. We take you now to London, 1843, and raise the curtain on Act One of *A Christmas Carol*...

MUSIC CUE #3: "GOD REST YE"/BLEAK UNDERSCORE

HARRY "JAZZBO" HAYWOOD. Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. Scrooge knew he was dead, of course. They were partners for many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole friend and sole mourner.

SALLY APPLEWHITE. Scrooge never painted out Old Marley's name; there it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door at the firm of Scrooge and Marley.

JAKE LAURENTS. What a tight-fisted hand at the grind-stone was Scrooge. And the cold within him didn't thaw one degree at Christmas.

LANA SHERWOOD. Once upon a time, on Christmas Eve, Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. He kept his eye on his clerk, Bob Cratchit, who was in a dismal little cell copying letters. It was just before closing time when, through the door came Scrooge's only nephew, Fred...

Scene 2. Scrooge's Counting-house

(SFX: Door with bell opens/closes.)

(FRED enters.)

FRED. *(Cheerful:)* Merry Christmas, Bob!

BOB CRATCHIT. And the same to you, Fred.

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

SCROOGE. Bah, humbug!

FRED. Christmas a humbug, uncle?! You don't mean that, I am sure.

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

FRED. Come, then. What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE. Bah, humbug.

FRED. Don't be cross, uncle!

SCROOGE. What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? What's Christmas time to you but a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer. If I could work my will, every imbecile who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!

FRED. Uncle!

SCROOGE. *(Sternly:)* Nephew! *(Quick beat.)* You keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

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

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!