*OLD JOE\_MRS DILBER\_UNDERTAKERS\_MAN\_AUDITIONS*

**SCENE 18**

***INT. RAG AND BOTTLE SHOP - NIGHT***

*SETTING:*

*This scene takes place DOWNSTAGE RIGHT, in front of the dark street set. A table is*

*littered with rags and junk. A small oil lamp sits--lit--on the table.. Heaps of rags are all*

*around the floor.*

*AT RISE:*

*OLD JOE stands RIGHT of the table. Across from him stand CHARWOMAN, MRS.*

*DILBER and the UNDERTAKER’S MAN. SCROOGE and the THIRD SPIRIT stand*

*DOWNSTAGE CENTER watching them.*

5. LIGHTS: A SPOT FADES UP GRADUALLY ON THE RAG AND

BOTTLE HAGGLERS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

6. SCROOGE: *(to the Spirit)* Oh! What obscure part of the town are we in

now, Spirit? This whole quarter reeks with crime, with filth,

and misery. Why bring me to this low-browed, beetling

hovel? A rag-and-bottle shop. Who are these grotesque

people?

7. CHARWOMAN: *(laughing)* Look here, Old Joe! Let the charwoman be the

first! Let the laundress be second... and let the undertaker's

man be third.

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1. OLD JOE: Ah, then. What have you got to sell? What have you got to

sell?

*The CHARWOMAN plops a bundle of linen upon the counter. OLD JOE begins to untie and*

*examine the contents--curtains, pillowcases and blankets.*

2. CHARWOMAN: Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a

dead man, I suppose.

3. MRS. DILBER: No, indeed! If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead--the

wicked old screw--why wasn't he natural in his lifetime?

4. OLD JOE: *(scolding)* Mrs. Dilber!

5. MRS. DILBER: Well, if he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after

him when he was struck with Death... Instead of lying there,

gasping out his last--alone--by himself.

6. OLD JOE: ‘Tis the truest word that ever was spoke. It's a judgment on

him, it is. Huh? *(shocked)* What’s this? Bed-curtains?

*OLD JOE holds up bed curtains--with rings--that resemble those from Scrooge’s fourposter*

*bed.*

7. CHARWOMAN: *(laughs)* Ahhh, yes! Bed-curtains!

8. OLD JOE: You don't mean to say you took them down-- rings and all--

with him lying there? (*he holds an oil lamp aloft to*

*illuminate the curtains better)*

9. CHARWOMAN: Why not? *(startled)* Ah! Don't drop that oil upon the

blankets, now.

10. OLD JOE: His... blankets, too?

11. CHARWOMAN: And this fine shirt! (she holds up the shirt) It's the best he

had. They'd have wasted it--by dressing him up--if it hadn't

been for me! *(laughs)*

12. JOE & LAUNDRESS: *(horror into laughter under)* Ha-ha-ha-ha...

13. LIGHTS: FADE TO BLACK ON THE RAG AND BONE HAGGLERS.

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1. SCROOGE: Oh, Spirit! I see, I see! The case of this unhappy man might

be my own. My life tends that way, now...

2. SOUND: [SFX-26] CYMBAL ROLL. WIND-CHIME--UNDER.