A blue and gold text on a black background

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

AUDITION NOTICE

A red and white sign

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

A

CHRISTMAS

CAROL

being

A Ghost Story for Christmas

by

Charles Dickens

Adapted & Directed

by

Simon H West

It is Christmas Eve. In the shadowy stillness, the miserly Ebenezer Scrooge is visited by the restless spirit of his long-dead business partner, Jacob Marley, who delivers a grim warning: his eternal suffering is the price of a life consumed by greed—and Scrooge is hurtling toward the same dreadful doom. Yet there is a flicker of hope. Marley reveals that Scrooge’s soul might still be spared … but only if he can endure three more terrifying encounters that wait for him in the long, harrowing night ahead.

Be transported to a traditional Victorian Christmas with this immersive & atmospheric new production!

A maximum of 3 Performances in the Spiegel Theatre at the Cardiff Christmas Festival in Sophia Gardens.

Performance Dates: (9th), 10th, 11th December

Offsite Tech on 7th December

Onsite Tech / Dress on 8th December

Rehearsals from 16th October (tbc)

Rehearsal days (tbc)

Thank you for your interest in this exciting new venture for Everyman Theatre. As part of the Cardiff Christmas Festival, Charles Dickens’s perennial festive favourite: *A Christmas Carol* will be performed in the fabulous Spiegel Theatre right in the heart of Cardiff.

If you’re not interested in auditioning, we recommend you stop reading now (#spoileralert) and grab yourself a ticket! Here’s the link: <https://cardiffchristmasfestival.co.uk/>

But if you’d like to know more about the project and the auditions, read on …

**THE PLAY**

*A Christmas Carol* was written by Charles Dickens and first published on December 19, 1843. Dickens wrote it during a time of financial difficulty and social concern, and the novella quickly became one of his most famous and enduring works. Its themes of redemption, compassion, and the haunting consequences of greed have resonated with readers ever since. There have been many versions for stage, radio and film. A script is being adapted for this production.

A red tent with many chairs

AI-generated content may be incorrect.

**THE VENUE**

A European Spielgel Tent is the ultimate cabaret and live seated theatre space where guests are never more than a few metres from the performers.

Built from wood, cut mirrors, canvas, leaded glass, and detailed in velvet brocade, Spiegel Tents were used as travelling dance halls, Bohemian entertainment salons and wine tasting marquees during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. They used to be the number one attraction at Belgian funfairs.

A person on a stage with fire

AI-generated content may be incorrect.****For the last 3 years, the Cardiff Christmas Festival have brought a Spiegel Tent to the centre of Cardiff offering the very best in cabaret, music, and family entertainment.

**THE PRODUCTION**

“This will be an energetic and actor-focussed telling of the story. A company of around **12 performers** – using simple settings, costume and props – will multi-role to bring Dickens’s words to life. It will be traditional but semi-immersive with actors engaging directly with the audience to bring them into Scrooge’s haunted world. Lighting and sound and no-doubt some London fog will add to the ghostly atmosphere. Running time will be approximately 75 minutes plus Interval.

I shall be looking for an experienced cast with bags of energy. Age and gender are less important than the strengths of character acting and storytelling. You will possess the technical ability of being heard clearly in a big space and have no fear of working close to and within the audience. The ability to move swiftly between a variety of Dickensian characters with barely a change of hat is vital. There will be some singing and some movement, and it is anticipated that you will remain on stage throughout.

There will be a short rehearsal period of just a few weeks, an offsite tech for costume, props and sound, then an onsite combined tech/dress to drop in the lighting and effects. You need to be confident that you can hit the ground running as soon as you arrive at the venue as you’ll be in front of an audience before you know it!

Apart from the actor playing Scrooge – who will remain in the same role throughout – the cast will play all the characters below. They will also appear as a narrative ‘Chorus’, to link the scenes, create the atmosphere and move the play forward.

A black text on a black background

AI-generated content may be incorrect.The whole process from start to finish will be quick, fun and very festive. And performing in the Spiegel Tent is an experience not to be missed. I look forward to seeing new and familiar faces at the auditions.”

**THE CHARACTERS**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| EBENEZER SCROOGE | FLORA – *friend of Alice* |
| BOB CRATCHIT – *Scrooge’s clerk* | TOPPER – *friend of Fred, in love with Flora* |
| MRS CRATCHIT – *his wife* | JACK – *friend of Fred* |
| MARTHA CRATCHIT | MILLICENT – *his companion* |
| BELINDA CRATCHIT | OLD JOE – *a criminal* |
| PETER CRATCHIT | MRS DILBER – *an old launderess* |
| TINY TIM | MRS CATCHPOLE – *a charwoman* |
| FRED – *Scrooge’s nephew* | MR DRABB – *an undertaker’s apprentice* |
| ALICE – *his wife* | MR DRAYPENCE – *a debtor* |
| THE GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY | MR BIMBRELL – *another debtor* |
| THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST | CAROLINE – *his wife* |
| THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT | A BOY |
| THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE | MISS CRIMPSTONE – *a charitable lady* |
| YOUNG SCROOGE | MISS SPROTTLE – *her companion* |
| EVEN YOUNGER SCROOGE | IGNORANCE |
| FAN – *Scrooge’s sister* | WANT |
| DICK WILKINS – *boyhood friend of Scrooge* | MR POTTAGE – *a businessman* |
| MR FEZZIWIG – *Scrooge’s former employer* | MR THUMBOLD – *a businessman* |
| MRS FEZZIWIG – *his wife* | MR WIGGLE – *a businessman* |
| BELLE – *Young Scrooge’s fiancée* | MR FLITSOME – *a businessman* |
| ELSIE – *Belle’s shy young friend* | MR HOGGWIT – *a businessman* |
| GEORGE – *a young gentleman* | CHORUS / CAROL SINGERS |

**THE DIRECTOR**

SIMON H WEST is a freelance director, performer and producer. Before he trained at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, Simon was a member of Everyman Theatre and appeared in many of their productions at Dyffryn Gardens and Chapter Arts Centre.  Since then, he has directed over sixty professional productions for the stage, appeared in theatre, television and commercials across Europe and lectures in Performing Arts & Musical Theatre for Cardiff and Vale College where he recently directed ‘We Will Rock You’, ‘Chicago’ & ‘The Wizard of Oz’.  He directed his first production for Everyman – ‘Bouncers & Shakers’ – in 1998 followed by Shakespeare’s ‘Twelfth Night’ at the 2001 Cardiff Open Air Theatre Festival.  Other Festival shows include ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’, ‘Comedy of Errors’, ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’, another ‘Twelfth Night’, ‘The Gondoliers’, ‘HMS Pinafore’, ‘Blackadder II’, ‘Blackadder the Third’, ‘Allo ‘Allo!’, ‘Macbeth’, The Merchant of Venice’ ‘Hi-de-Hi’, ‘The Railway Children’ ‘Blackadder Goes Forth’, ‘Calendar Girls’ and ‘One Man, Two Guvnors’ for the final Festival in 2024.  He also works regularly for Simply Theatre in Geneva, Switzerland where he has directed ‘Macbeth’, ‘The Tempest’, another version of ‘The Railway Children’ yet another ‘Twelfth Night’, ‘The Crucible’ and ‘The Compleat Works of William Shakespeare (abridged)’. Other productions as Director include ‘Closer’ & ‘After Miss Julie’ for Theatre by the Lake, Keswick; ‘84 Charing Cross Road’, ‘Veronica’s Room’, ‘Elsie and Norm’s Macbeth’; and Resident Director on ‘Jack and the Beanstalk’ for The Barbican Theatre, London. With GO Productions, Simon co-produced the Open-Air Festival’s Family Show from 2013 to 2024 as well as productions of ‘Confusions’, ‘Flint Street Nativity’, ‘13: The Musical’, ‘Carrie’, ‘Be More Chill’, ‘Godspell’, ‘Urinetown’ and ‘SpongeBob the Musical’.

He is delighted to direct for Everyman Theatre once again and particularly pleased that they’ve finally let him back indoors.

**THE AUDITIONS**

Auditions will be held at **Chapter Arts Centre** on: **Saturday 19th July 10am – 1pm & 2pm – 6pm**

Please book your audition time at the link below.

**If you would like to audition but cannot attend in person, we will accept a self-tape. Self-tape instructions are at the end of the pack.**

* Please arrive **15mins** **before** your audition slot. You will be asked to complete a form on arrival. This is just for the Director.
* You will be **reading** script extracts in front of a panel which will include the Director and a Board representative of Everyman Theatre.
* Scripts are attached to this pack, but some copies will be available on the day. You are not required to learn them.
* **Recalls** will only be held if considered necessary.

**TO BOOK AN AUDITION SLOT, PLEASE EMAIL:** [**amy@everymantheatre.co.uk**](mailto:amy@everymantheatre.co.uk)

**AUDITION SCRIPTS BEGIN ON THE NEXT PAGE.**

**IF YOU ARE SUBMITTING A SELF-TAPE, PLEASE READ THE NOTES CAREFULLY ON PAGE 15**

**AUDITION SCRIPTS**

Instructions

There are **9** audition extracts below. **No. 1** to **6** are from the play, **No.** **7, 8** & **9** are from the novel.

Pick **2** of the play extracts and a role in each. The emphasis is on broad characterisation.

Then pick **2** of the novel extracts. The emphasis is on moving between characters, creating atmosphere and telling the story.

We look forward to seeing you at Chapter.

**1**

**Scrooge / Fred**

Scrooge Bah! Humbug!

Fred Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don’t mean that, I am sure.

Scrooge I do. Merry Christmas indeed! What reason have you to be merry? You’re poor enough.

Fred Come then, what reason have you to be morose? You’re rich enough!

Scrooge Humbug!

Fred Don’t be cross, uncle.

Scrooge What else can I be, when I live in a world of fools such as this? What’s Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; 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 should be boiled with his own pudding!

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.

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

Fred I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time as a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. The only time I know of in the long calendar year when men and women seem, as one, to open their shut-up hearts freely and think of people less fortunate. And therefore, Uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good - and I say, God bless it!

*[Cratchit applauds involuntarily]*

Scrooge *(to Cratchit)* Let me hear another sound from you, Cratchit, and you’ll keep Christmas by losing your situation. [*to Fred*] You’re quite a powerful speaker, sir, I wonder you don’t go into Parliament.

Fred Don’t be angry, Uncle. Come! Dine with us at our house tomorrow.

Scrooge I will dine with you in Hell, first!

Fred But why, Uncle? Why? You would be very welcome. Alice would love to see you.

Scrooge Why did you get married?

Fred Because I fell in love.

Scrooge Because you fell in love! Good afternoon!

Fred Nay, uncle . . . You never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as reason for not coming now?

Scrooge Good afternoon.

Fred I am sorry to find you so resolute, Uncle. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been party, but I will keep my Christmas humour to the last and wish you a Merry Christmas.

Scrooge Good afternoon.

**2**

**Scrooge / Miss Crimpstone**

Miss Crimpstone *(pleasantly)* Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr Scrooge or Mr Marley?

Scrooge *(sourly)* Mr Marley has been dead this past seven years. He died seven years ago … this very night.

Miss Crimpstone My sympathies . . .

Miss Sprottle ... sympathies.

Miss Crimpstone Still, we have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner.

Miss Sprottle ... partner.

Scrooge Hmmm!

Miss Crimpstone At this festive season of the year, Mr Scrooge, it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comfort.

Miss Sprottle ... comfort, yes.

Scrooge Are there no prisons?

Miss Crimpstone Plenty of prisons.

Scrooge And the Union workhouses . . . Are they still in operation?

Miss Crimpstone They are, I wish I could say they were not.

Scrooge The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?

Miss Crimpstone Both very busy, sir.

Scrooge I’m very glad to hear it.

Miss Crimpstone Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind and body to the multitude, a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the Poor some meat and drink and means of warmth.

Miss Sprottle Warmth, indeed . . .

Scrooge Indeed.

Miss Crimpstone We choose this time because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices.

Miss Sprottle Rejoices!

Miss Crimpstone What shall I put you down for?

Scrooge Nothing!

Miss Crimpstone You wish to be anonymous?

Scrooge I wish to be left alone.

Miss Crimpstone I don’t understand . . .

Scrooge Then let me make myself clear, ladies . . . I don’t make myself merry at Christmas, and I can’t afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned . . . they cost enough . . . and those who are badly off must go there.

Miss Crimpstone Many can’t go there, many would rather die.

Scrooge If they would rather die, they had better do it and decrease the surplus population. Besides - excuse me - I don’t know that.

Miss Crimpstone But you might know it.

Scrooge It’s not my business. It’s enough for a man to understand his own business and not interfere with other people’s. Mine occupies me constantly and you have kept me from it long enough . . . Good afternoon, ladies!

**3**

**Scrooge / Marley**

Marley You don’t believe in me?

Scrooge I don’t.

Marley What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?

Scrooge I don’t know.

Marley Why do you doubt your senses?

Scrooge Because, a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheat. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There is more of gravy than grave about you, whatever you are!

*[The ghost says nothing and continues to stare at Scrooge]*

You see this toothpick?

Marley I do.

Scrooge You are not looking at it.

Marley But I see it notwithstanding.

Scrooge I have but to swallow this and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you, humbug!

*[Marley raises a terrible cry and shakes his chains with a dismal and appalling noise. Scrooge falls to his knees and clasps his hands in front of his face.]*

Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?

Marley Man of the worldly mind - do you believe in me or not?

Scrooge I do, I do . . . I must . . . but why do spirits walk the earth and why do they come to me?

Marley It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so in death. It is doomed to wander through the world - oh woe is me! - and witness what it cannot share but might have shared on earth and turned to happiness.

Scrooge You are fettered. Tell me why?

Marley I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. I girded it on of my own free will and of my own free will I wore it.

Scrooge You have my sympathy.

Marley Is its pattern strange to you? Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself?

Scrooge I wear no chain.

Marley It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it since. It is a ponderous chain.

Scrooge Jacob . . . Old Jacob Marley. Tell me more. Speak comfort to me.

Marley I have none to give. It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more, is all that is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house - mark me! . . . In life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me.

Scrooge Seven years dead and travelling all the time?

Marley The whole time. No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse.

Scrooge You travel fast?

Marley On the wings of the wind. Yet always bound by these chains.

Scrooge You were always a good man of business, Jacob.

Marley Mankind was my business. Their common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance and benevolence were my business. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode?

Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?

I cannot rest, I cannot stay. I cannot linger anywhere. How it is that I appear before you now in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day. I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate.

Scrooge Thank you, Jacob. You were always a good friend to me.

**4**

**Young Scrooge / Belle**

Young Scrooge You no longer love me?

Belle You no longer love me.

Young Scrooge When have I ever said that?

Belle In words, never.

Young Scrooge In what, then?

Belle In the way you have changed.

Young Scrooge How have I changed towards you?

Belle By changing towards the world. You told me once that Mr Fezziwig was the most kindly employer you ever wished to have and that you would take him as your model in everything. Do your clerks look on you as you looked on him?

Young Scrooge Mr Fezziwig was a fool. A pleasant fool I grant you, but a fool, nonetheless.

Belle Mr Fezziwig was twice the man you will ever be.

Young Scrooge Is it such a terrible thing for a man to struggle for something better than he is?

Belle I see another idol has displaced me in your heart; if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve.

Young Scrooge What idol has displaced you?

Belle A golden one.

Young Scrooge It is singular that a world that can be so brutally cruel to the poor professes to condemn the pursuit of wealth in the same breath.

Belle You fear the world too much. All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the one passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?

Young Scrooge What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you.

Belle Aren’t you? Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man.

Young Scrooge I was a boy.

Belle If this had never been between us, tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now?

Young Scrooge Of course I would

Belle No. If you were free today, would you choose a dowerless girl, with neither wealth nor social standing, you who now weigh everything by Gain. It would bring you nothing but regret . . . That is why . . . I release you . . .

*[Belle removes the ring from her finger and holds it out to Young Scrooge who takes it from her without question.]*

Belle You know I’m right, then?

Young Scrooge I must bow to your conviction that you are.

Belle May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

*[Belle turns and exits]*

**5**

**The Cratchits**

Cratchit *(to Mrs Cratchit)* A merry Christmas, my dear . . . why, where’s our Martha?

Mrs Cratchit Martha . . . Oh, she’s not coming.

Cratchit Not coming? Not coming on Christmas Day?

Martha *(appearing)* Yes I am father. I can’t bear to let them tease you.

Cratchit Why bless your heart . . . It never would have been Christmas if they’d kept you late.

Mrs Cratchit How did little Tim behave in church?

Cratchit As good as gold and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, he thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see . . . He’s growing strong and hearty though, Martha, my dear, isn’t he, my love?

Peter My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen - the Punch!

Cratchit Punch?

Mrs Cratchit There is sufficient for a toast now — and another to follow.

Cratchit Well, well! I should be much obliged to know how many families of our humble acquaintance might lay claim to *two* rounds of the finest gin punch.

Is everyone’s cup at the ready?

All Yes!

Cratchit Before I raise my glass, I have news to share with you all — and with Master Peter most particularly.

Peter What father? Tell us.

All Yes, tell us.

Cratchit I have waited until this occasion to impart some news for Master Peter …

Peter Me?

… having grown to full estate and bearing himself with the noble dignity befitting a gentleman – in one of my old collars no less – I have set my sights upon a situation for him, which, if secured, shall yield no less than five shillings and sixpence each week!

Martha You’ll be quite the independent gentleman, Peter.

Peter Thank you, father.

Mrs Cratchit Well I never, what next, I wonder?

Cratchit A toast . . . A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us.

All God bless us!

Tim God bless us, every one.

Cratchit Mr Scrooge! I’ll give you Mr Scrooge, the founder of the feast!

Mrs Cratchit Founder of the feast indeed! I wish I had him here. I’d give him a peace of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he’d have a good appetite for it.

Cratchit My dear. . . The children . . . 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!

**6**

**Old Joe / Mrs Dilber**

Old Joe You couldn’t have met in a better place, Mrs Dilber.

Mrs Dilber Well matched and suitable to our calling. There’s older bones than mine here. Now then Joe, you’ll not be telling anyone where I obtained these ‘ere items.

Old Joe Every person has a right to take care of themselves, Mrs Dilber, *he* always did!

Mrs Dilber That’s true indeed. No man more so. Who’s the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose.

Old Joe No, indeed.

Mrs Dilber If he wanted to keep ‘em after he was dead, the wicked old screw, why wasn’t he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he’d have someone to look after him when he was struck by Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself.

Old Joe The truest word that ever was spoke.

*[Old Joe unknots the bundle and pulls out a corner of some heavy cloth]*

What do you call this?

Mrs Dilber Bed curtains.

Old Joe You don’t mean to say you took ‘em down, rings and all, with him lying there?

Mrs Dilber Yes I do. Why not?

Old Joe *(a rasping laugh)* You were born to make your fortune, and you’ll certainly do it, I’ll be bound.

*[Old Joe pulls out a white shirt]*

Mrs Dilber Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache, but you won’t find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. They’d have wasted it, if it hadn’t been for me.

Old Joe What do you call wasting of it?

Mrs Dilber Putting it on him to be buried in it, to be sure. Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain’t good enough for such a purpose, it isn’t good enough for anything. He can’t look uglier than he did in that one.

*[Old Joe hands over some money]*

Old Joe There’s your account. Eighteen shillings.

*[They exit in different directions. Counting coins]*

**7**

**Chorus / Narration**

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlours, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful.

Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cosy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness.

There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them.

Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbour’s house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter–artful witches, well they knew it–in a glow!

But, if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high.

Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

**8**

**Chorus / Narration**

“Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?” asked Scrooge.

“I am!”

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

“Who, and what are you?” Scrooge demanded.

“I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.”

“Long Past?” inquired Scrooge: observant of its dwarfish stature.

“No. Your past.”

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

“Your welfare!” said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

“Your reclamation, then. Take heed!”

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

“Rise! and walk with me!”

“I am a mortal,” Scrooge remonstrated, “and liable to fall.”

“Bear but a touch of my hand there,” said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, “and you shall be upheld in more than this!”

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

**9**

**Chorus / Narration**

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time.

“Hallo!” growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. “What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?”

“I am very sorry, sir,” said Bob. “I am behind my time.”

“You are?” repeated Scrooge. “Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.”

“It’s only once a year, sir, it shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.”

“Now, I’ll tell you what, my friend,” said Scrooge, “I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore,” he continued, leaping from his stool, and therefore I am about to raise your salary!”

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

“A merry Christmas, Bob!” said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. “A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you, for many a year! I’ll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!”

**SELF-TAPE INSTRUCTIONS**

**If you are unable to attend the audition in person**, you may submit a video recording (self-tape) using your smartphone, tablet or video camera.

Before you make your recording, please email [amy@everymantheatre.co.uk](mailto:amy@everymantheatre.co.uk) to let us know that you will be submitting a tape. This is so we can capture your contact details and know to expect a recording. You will then record your self-tape at home at a time convenient to you. Do not try to email your video, please use the Upload Link below.

Instructions

There are **9** audition extracts. **No. 1 to 6** are from the **play**, **No.** **7, 8** & **9** are from the **novel**.

Pick **2** of the play extracts and a role in each. The emphasis is on broad characterisation.

Then pick **2** of the novel extracts. The emphasis is on moving between characters, creating atmosphere and telling the story.

* Read the extracts to camera. You may record as many ‘takes’ as you need but please only upload one version of each extract.
* You do not have to learn the lines, but it is recommended that you are familiar enough with them that you can lift your head from the page.
* It is preferable to have someone speak the other lines in the extract off camera.
* Please begin your recording by clearly stating your name.
* Upload your files as .mov or .mp4. Use your name for the video filename.
* PLEASE watch your video before uploading or sending. If you cannot see or hear yourself very well on the video, we won't be able to either.

Upload your video to: <https://www.dropbox.com/request/BXRONLZzgN7nx0x5PBLQ> any time before 6pm on Saturday 19th July. Tapes received after this cannot be considered.

We look forward to receiving your tape.

NOTE: All videos are **deleted** once casting is complete

Please Note: By accepting a role in A Christmas Carol, you acknowledge that your photograph will be taken during rehearsals and performances and permit these to be used for any marketing by Everyman Theatre and/or Cardiff Christmas Festival (including on websites, social media, and printed material).

Consent can be withdrawn at any time by emailing [marketing@everymantheatre.co.uk](mailto:marketing@everymantheatre.co.uk). This cannot apply to material already published.