

SCROOGE

If they would rather die they had better do it
and decrease the surplus population.

1ST MAN

But, Sir.

SCROOGE

(indignantly)

It's not my business. It's enough for a man to
understand his own business, let alone
interfere in other people's. Mine occupies me
constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!

As the two men leave, Scrooge's
nephew FRED enters. Fred and the
two men exchange a hearty merry
Christmas. Cratchit smiles as he
joins in the greetings quietly.
Fred is handsome and friendly.

FRED

(in a strong and jovial voice)

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! 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

Humbug!

FRED

Don't be cross, uncle.

SCROOGE

What else can I be when I live in such a world
of fools as this? Merry Christmas! What's
Christmas time but a time for paying bills
without money and a time for finding yourself a
year older and not an hour richer.

(MORE)

SCROOGE (cont'd)

If I could work my will, every idiot 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! He should!

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 leave it alone, then. Much good it may do you. Much good it has ever done you.

FRED

There are many things from which I have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, and Christmas is among them. But, I have always thought of Christmas as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable and pleasant time: the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women, by one consent, open their shut up hearts freely, and see each other as fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefor, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I say God bless it!

Cratchit, getting caught up in the oration, involuntarily applauds. Scrooge shoots him an icy glare.

SCROOGE

(to Cratchit)

Let me hear another sound from you, Cratchit, and you'll keep Christmas by losing your situation.

(to Fred)

You're quit a powerful speaker, Sir. I wonder you don't go into parliament.

FRED

Don't be angry, uncle. Come and dine with us tomorrow.

SCROOGE

No.

FRED
But, why? Why?

SCROOGE
Why did you get married against my wishes?

FRED
I got married because I fell in love.

SCROOGE
(with disgust)
Because you fell in love. Good afternoon.

FRED
I want nothing of you. I ask nothing of you.
Why can't we be friends?

SCROOGE
(becoming more agitated)
Good afternoon!

FRED
I am sorry with all my heart to find you so
resolute. But I have made my trial in homage to
Christmas, and I shall keep my Christmas humour
always. So, a Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE
Humbug!

FRED
(gleefully with a hearty laugh)
And a Happy New Year!

Fred exits briskly, stopping to
shake Cratchit's hand.

SCROOGE
(more enraged)
Humbug! I say, humbug!

NO. 6 - "HUMBUG!"

WHY SHOULD I, EBENEZER SCROOGE
BE SURROUNDED BY SUCH A BAND OF FOOLS?
TO THINK THAT ALL THESE BLOODY IDIOTS
GO ABOUT WITH MERRY CHRISTMAS ON THEIR LIPS,
IT'S INSIDIOUS.
HUMBUG! HUMBUG! HUMBUG!
EVERYTHING ABOUT IT
IS HUMBUG, HUMBUG, HUMBUG!
PRESENTS, TOYS,
LITTLE GIRLS, LITTLE BOYS.
CHRISTMAS IS A HUMBUG.