

Fezziwig's / Scrooge / Young Scrooge

FAN. Finish your numbers and we'll go.
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. I'll never forget you, doing this for me.
 SCROOGE. And I never have. Never.
 FAN. Hurry.
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. All right! *(Fan sits with him as he finishes writing up a last set of numbers.)*
 SCROOGE. Dearest Fan.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. A fine young woman.
 SCROOGE. My wonderful older sister. She was warm but delicate. Never strong.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Her heart was!
 SCROOGE. Yes. Her heart was very strong.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. She died, I believe.
 SCROOGE. And a part of me died with her.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. She had children?
 SCROOGE. Only one.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Your nephew?
 SCROOGE. My nephew, Fred.
 VOICE OF NEPHEW. Uncle!
 VOICE OF SCROOGE. Nephew!
 VOICE OF NEPHEW. Why do you act like this?
 VOICE OF SCROOGE. Why did you get married?
 VOICE OF NEPHEW. I fell in love!
 VOICE OF SCROOGE. Love? Humbug!
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. There! I'm finished!
 FAN. Then let's go home, Ebenezer!
 SCROOGE AS A BOY. Yes, Fan! Home! *(They run off.)*
 SCROOGE. Fan! Fan! How good she was! How loving she was! Oh, Fan!
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Come, give me your hand. *(Scrooge does. Darkness, whirling light. Wind. Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Past, lights whirling around them, are flying through the air. Against the sky appear cutouts and images of London again.)*
 SCROOGE. I see London again!
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Indeed you do. Guess what you see in London?
 SCROOGE. Just London! Huge, strange, nothing like it

London!
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Look closer! Down there! What do you see?
 SCROOGE. Well, I see factories and warehouses and oh! *(A sign appears: FEZZIWIG ENTERPRISES. Below it a counting house the same as Scrooge's at the beginning of the play, but larger and warmer and more cheerful, moves onto the stage. Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Past go to meet it.)*
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Do you know this place?
 SCROOGE. Know it? I was apprenticed there. I learned business here!
 CHRISTMAS PAST. From who?
 SCROOGE. Why, from old Fezziwig, that's who. *(At a very tall desk is Fezziwig working like Scrooge at the beginning of the play. But he is fat and pink and very jolly, wearing a comical cap made of colored wool.)* Old Fezziwig, bless his heart! Alive again! Old Fezziwig! I learned everything from him!
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Everything, Mr. Scrooge?
 SCROOGE. Yes! And more! I even became — in time — well, never mind.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. A better businessman?
 SCROOGE. Yes.
 CHRISTMAS PAST. Than Fezziwig?
 SCROOGE. Yes!
 CHRISTMAS PAST. That is to say, you made more money?
 SCROOGE. Much more! And what's wrong with that? Making money is not against the law, is it? *(A young man, Scrooge as a Young Man, brings Fezziwig some papers to sign, and stands waiting. Fezziwig takes out his pocket watch.)*
 FEZZIWIG. Seven o'clock.
 SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Yes, sir.
 FEZZIWIG. I suppose you'll want the whole day tomorrow.
 SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Yes, sir.
 FEZZIWIG. Do you think that's fair?
 SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. It's only once a year, sir.
 FEZZIWIG. Well, sir, I will tell you this. You will not go home tonight! You will stay right here in this office! Do you hear that, sir?

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Yes, sir.

FEZZIWIG. You will stay right here and work! And I have someone who is going to work with you! When you see this person, you will understand, sir, how hard I mean for you to work, Christmas or no Christmas! Belle, come in! (*Enter Belle, a beautiful young woman.*)

SCROOGE. Belle.

FEZZIWIG. Belle, this is young Mr. Scrooge.

BELLE. How do you do, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Very well, thank you.

FEZZIWIG. Do you understand now, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. No, sir.

FEZZIWIG. Mrs. Fezziwig! Children! It's Christmas Eve, Ebenezer! (*Fezziwig hops down from his desk.*) Yo ho, yo ho! No more work tonight! Up with the shutters! On with lights! In with the family! In with the neighbors! Let's have wine! Let's have music! Let's have a dance! Hurrah! It's Christmas! (*Enter Mrs. Fezziwig, as plump and pink as her husband and as colorfully dressed, all one great substantial smile.*)

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Mr. Fezziwig!

FEZZIWIG. My dear! You know my clerk, young Mr. Scrooge.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Indeed I do. How has my husband been treating you, Mr. Scrooge?

SCROOGE. Very well.

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Very well, Mrs. Fezziwig.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Have you met our cousin, Belle?

SCROOGE. Yes, I have.

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Yes, I have.

BELLE. Mr. Fezziwig was playing a joke on Mr. Scrooge.

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. I enjoyed it very much.

FEZZIWIG. Ah! You see! There's life in the young man, after all! Very gallant, Scrooge. Belle?

BELLE. Very gallant.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. So don't let my husband work you to death, Mr. Scrooge!

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. No, ma'am.

MRS. FEZZIWIG. There's more to life than that! (*A burst of giggles and a great flouncing of lace and an entrance of young*

people.) There are your daughters, sir! (*Enter three Fezziwig daughters, as colorful, ungrainily smiling and lovable as their mother and father, with three young suitors, and as many other clerks, friends, as possible, including a Man with a Violin.*)

FEZZIWIG DAUGHTERS. Merry Christmas, Papa!

FEZZIWIG. Merry Christmas, my darlings!

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Now, sir?

FEZZIWIG. Now, madame?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Are you going to ask me for this dance, or do I box your ears?

FEZZIWIG DAUGHTERS. Box his ears!

FEZZIWIG. (*Quickly.*) Madame, may I have the honor of this dance?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. You may, sir! (*The Man with a Violin begins to play. Music. All but Scrooge as a Young Man dance: hands half round and back again the other way, down the middle and up again, in whatever joyful, clumsy, bumping, affectionate manner seems right. Scrooge, watching, begins to tap his foot. Scrooge as a Young Man, begins to tap his foot. Mrs. Fezziwig stops the dance.*) Your clerk!

FEZZIWIG. Scrooge?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. He's not dancing!

FEZZIWIG. Then he shall!

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. No, sir!

FEZZIWIG. Why not?

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. I can't!

MRS. FEZZIWIG. You must!

ALL BUT SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. It's Christmas!

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. But I can't!

FEZZIWIG. You must!

SCROOGE. Yes! You must!

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. I don't know how!

BELLE. Would you like to dance with me?

SCROOGE. Yes!

BELLE. I will teach you, if I can.

SCROOGE. God! Do it!

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Thank you.

BELLE. Belle.

SCROOGE AS A YOUNG MAN. Belle. (*Scrooge as a Young*

Finish