

Scrooge It is not convenient, sir. And it is not fair. And yet if I stopped your wages for it you'd think yourself ill-used, no doubt. Aren't I ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work?

Bob Cratchit Well, it *is* Christmas Day, Mr Scrooge. And it *is* only once a year, sir.

Scrooge A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! I don't pay good money for you to be forever on holiday!

Bob Cratchit I appreciate your kindness, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge That's my weakness—I'm a martyr to me own generosity! I give you one Christmas Day off and you expect' em all! Very well, take the day. But be here all the earlier next morning!

Bob Cratchit Oh, I will, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. And a merry Christmas, Mr Scrooge.

Scrooge (*thundering*) A merry what!?

Bob Cratchit I mean, I beg your pardon, sir. No offence, sir.

Bob scuttles quickly out of the door

Scrooge immediately hurries across to blow out the meagre candle still burning on Cratchit's desk

Scrooge (*grumbling to himself*) There's another one. Fifteen shillings a week, a wife and five children, and still talks about a merry Christmas. Belong in a lunatic asylum, the lot of 'em... Humbug! (*He obsessively starts to lock, bolt, bar and chain every door, drawer, cupboard and window of his establishment He takes every possible precaution, even locking the sole remaining piece of coal in the coal-scuttle in his safe*)

No. 2: M.O.N.E.Y.

(*Singing*) Everywhere you look—everywhere you turn—
 Someone's after every single penny that you earn!
 Everyone's a thief!—that is my belief!
 Anyone who says they're not is sure to come to grief.
 I seek but I shall never find
 A deeper peace of mind—
 'Cos I'm convinced that everyone
 Is out to rob me blind!
 Accumulating money is the quest of all mankind!
 And God forbid that Ebenezer Scrooge be left behind!

There is only one God up in heaven on high,