



THE ENDING

- Still here? They're still here. I'm still here. I'm still here. I'm still here! I don't know what to do. I'm light as a feather, merry as a schoolboy. I've heard that laugh before.
- I say, what's today?
- Eh?
- What's today, my fine fellow?
- Today? Why, Christmas Day.
- It's Christmas Day? I haven't missed it. The spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can.
- Hello, my fine fellow. Do you know the poulterer's on the corner?
- I should hope I did.
- What an intelligent boy.
- Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging there?
- Not the little prize turkey, the big one.
- The one as big as me?
- What a delightful child.
- Yes, my buck.
- It's hanging there now.
- Is it? Go and buy it, then!
- Walker!
- No, no, I'm in earnest. Go and buy it, bring it back here, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back in less than five minutes, and I'll give you a half a crown
- I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sent it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim.
- Mrs. Dilber. Merry Christmas!
- Oh, my God! He's gone mad!
- My dear Mrs. Dilber... you're the loveliest creature I have ever laid eyes upon. Dance with me, Mrs. Dilber. Dance with me!
- You're barmy, Mr. Scrooge! Unhand me!
- He's completely deranged! Help!
- What a charming woman.
- Help!

- I shall love it as long as I live.
- What an honest face it has.
- Hello. Here's the bird.
- Hello! Whoop!
- How are you? Merry Christmas.
- Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town. You must have a cab.
- Drive on, my good man!

– Hilly– ho! Chirrup! Hip, hip! Chirry– up!

– Bob’s your uncle! Fanny’s your aunt! Here’s your aunt’s fanny. Live it up, folks! You’ll be a long time dead! Don’t let the worms have all the fun. Merry Christmas.

– Good morning, sir. A merry Christmas to you.

– And to you, sir.

– Happy holiday! – And a merry Christmas to you.

– "God bless you, sir."

– Thank you, sir.

– Glad tidings.

– Sir.

– My dear sir, how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. A merry Christmas to you, sir.

– Mr. Scrooge?

– Yes. That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. But allow me to ask your pardon.

And will you have the goodness...

– Lord bless me! My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?

– And not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you.

– My dear sir, I don’t know what to say to such...

– Do not say anything. I’m much obliged to you. Many thanks to you. And bless you.

(Scrooge at his nephew’s)

– Is your master at home?

– Yes, sir.

– I’m... His uncle.

– Is it an animal that grunts and growls?

– Yes.

– And lives in London?

– Yes.

– A horse?

– No.

– A cow?

– No.

– A dog?

– A pig?

– No.

– An ass?

– Yes and no.

– I know what it is, Fred! I know!

– What?

– It’s your...

– Uncle Scrooge? Well, bless my soul.

– I’ve... Come to dinner...if you’ll have me.

– Of course, Uncle! Welcome! Welcome!

– Merry Christmas! Everybody, this is my uncle, Ebenezer.

– Be good and pass this.

– Here you go. Enjoy.

– Next year we must have this dinner at my house. I insist. I’ll spare no expense. After all, you can’t take it with you, can you?

– No, you can’t.

(At Scrooge’s counting house)

– A full 16 minutes late. What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

– I’m very sorry, sir. I am a bit behind in my time.

– You are, indeed. Step in here.

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

– Now, I’ll tell you what, Mr. Cratchit. I’m not going to stand for this sort of thing any longer.

And therefore...And therefore... I am about to raise your salary! A merry Christmas to you, Bob. A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow...than I’ve given you in many a year. I’ll raise your salary, and do whatever I can to help your struggling family. And we’ll discuss your affairs...this very afternoon over a bowl of Christmas punch. But first, let’s make up the fires. I want you to go out...and buy another scuttle of coal...before you dot another "I", Bob Cratchit. Off with you, Bob.

We’ve wassailing to do. Hilly– ho, Bob!

– Yeah. Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

And Scrooge was better than his word. He did all that he said he would and more. And to our Tiny Tim, who got well, Scrooge was like a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master... and as good a man as the good old city ever knew. And it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well. And so, as Tiny Tim observed...

– **God bless us, everyone.**