

Mr. & Mrs. Fezziwig

Scrooge look around. No Fezziwigs in sight.) Gosh darn it! Come on, get a move on here, I demand to conjure up the FEZZIWIGS! (Great noise and commotion. Lights go out, and flash around. Everyone in the pub sort of scurries on and offstage; clearly something is happening. Maybe the sounds of alarm bells ringing too. When the lights settle back on, the set is more or less the same, except a Christmas tree has been brought on ... the people in the pub have put on different accents to their costumes — festive hats? or Christmas tinsel around their necks, or something. And significantly — Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are there. They are dressed [and padded] to look like a male and female Tweedledee and Tweedledum; they have bright orange wigs on and look extremely "Dickensian" in a clichéd, over-the-top way. They are extremely cheerful and happy, they dominate the room.)

MR. and MRS. FEZZIWIG. MERRY CHRISTMAS, ONE AND ALL, FROM YOUR FRIENDS AND EMPLOYERS, THE FEZZIWIGS!

MRS. FEZZIWIG. And God bless us, every one!

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Tiny Tim says that!

MRS. FEZZIWIG. Tiny who? (Mrs. Cratchit looks around confused. She's not sure where she is. She knows it's not quite the pub she walked into a minute ago, but she also knows she's a bit drunk, and doesn't know where she is.)

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Where am I, I wonder? Things looks different.

MR. FEZZIWIG. It's time to stop work, everyone. You too, Ebenezer Scrooge, you too, Dick Wilkins. Everyone get ready to drink some Christmas punch, spiked with a little Christmas cheer, and get ready to dance a merry ol' dance with our two matrimonially available daughters. (The two matrimonially available Fezziwig daughters enter just now, and grin at everyone, very happy and very available.)

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Yes, it's good ol' Mr. Fezziwig. I recognize him indeed. I and Dick Wilkins were apprentices to him when we were young men.

GHOST. Thank goodness, we finally got here! It's the past. And I am the Ghost of Christmas Past, and that's where we are. Phew!!!

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Where's the Christmas punch? Give me some punch!

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Oh, Lord. Why is she here?

GHOST. I don't know. She shouldn't be here. It's some glitch or other. Just pay her no attention.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Some glitch? Oh I'm hearing voices again. (Hits her head with her hand.) Shut up, shut up!

GHOST. The lesson for you to learn is about how well the Fezziwigs celebrate Christmas, and how they make it fun for their employees. Can you focus on that please?

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Well, I'll try.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. I need some punch please!

MR. FEZZIWIG. Get this woman some punch! (Someone hands Mrs. Bob Cratchit a glass of punch. She gulps it.)

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Mmmmm, delicious. Good. Now as soon as I'm really drunk, I want to kill myself.

MR. FEZZIWIG. Ha ha ha, that's a dark bit of humor there, now now, killing oneself is for other days, not for Christmas, and not for Christmas Eve. Am I right, Mrs. Fezziwig?

MRS. FEZZIWIG. You're right, Mr. Fezziwig. Holidays are wonderful things. And Christmas is the most wonderful holiday of them all. And why is that, Mr. Fezziwig?

MR. FEZZIWIG. Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Fezziwig. (The Fezziwigs are just so darn happy they can't help but sing a song. It eventually builds to everyone joining in joyfully, even Scrooge, who has fond memories of his apprenticeship. The only one who doesn't join in is Mrs. Bob Cratchit, who stays over by the punch bowl. Or gets pushed around the stage haphazardly when dance movements take over.)

BE HAPPY AND PERKY
YOU'RE GONNA EAT TURKEY
BE SNIPPY AND SNAPPY
'CAUSE CHRISTMAS IS HAPPY

SCREAM OUT, BE ELATED
EAT UP 'TIL YOU'RE SATED
BE ZESTFUL AND ZINGY AND TANGY AND GAY

MR. and MRS. FEZZIWIG.

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY
PLAY GAMES UNDER MISTLETOE BERRY
EAT, DRINK AND BE JOLLY
RUN MAD, HANG SOME TINSEL AND HOLLY
IT'S CHRISTMAS AND WE'RE GLAD
THE OPPOSITE OF SAD
WITH JOY WE MAY GO MAD