

Scrooge: Cratchit, that noise, is that what I think it is?

Cratchit: Yes, uncle...Sir. It's some Christmas Carolers. They mean no harm.

Scrooge: Well, then, you tell them to go away.

Cratchit: Ah, Uncle. Why is it that Christmas sours you so?

Scrooge: Sours me? Why is it that Christmas cheers you so?

Cratchit: Now, there's a question, uncle! Christmas is a time for all people to be of good cheer! It's the day of our Saviors birth; a time to give thanks!

Scrooge: Yes, thank Him that you're starving to death.

Cratchit: I may not be rich, but He meets my needs. I've yet to go without, or my family. I'd say He provides rather well!

Scrooge: I'd say "I" provide rather well...ah, Cratchit?

Cratchit: Can't you be merry, even on Christmas?

Scrooge: No, I can't and neither should you! Merry? Indeed! You are a simpleton, Cratchit. How can you be merry when you're so poor?

Cratchit: How can you be so miserable when you're so rich?

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug! Christmas is for fools, Cratchit. What good has it ever done you? Merry Christmas - Bah! The words of idiots! What's Christmas time to you, but a time for squandering unearned money on gifts; a time for finding yourself a year older and not one hour richer; a time for weighing down your already unbalanced books! Complete foolishness!

Cratchit: Uncle. Gifts are not the meaning of Christmas...giving is! We proclaim the wonderful gift God has given us by giving to each other!

Scrooge: He's given me not gifts! I've worked for everything I have. You keep Christmas in your way and I'll keep it in mine.

Cratchit: But that's just it, Uncle. You don't keep it!

Scrooge: Then let me leave it alone if I wish.

Cratchit: But don't you see? Christmas is the time to share our blessings with one another.

Scrooge: Oh! Sharing is it? A fine lot of good that will do me! I've never seen a profit from it!

Cratchit: Profit! I dare say, not everything turns a profit, at least not in gold and silver. Ah, but some things profit us in far better ways. We proclaim the gift that God has given us by giving to each other. I say, Praise Him for showing us what has real value.

Scrooge: ...and I say blast Him for not leaving me alone!

Cratchit: Oh, Uncle Ebenezer... Don't you see? We have...

Scrooge: I don't pay you to preach, I pay you to work...which I won't do for long if you don't get back to it! If you want to thank God for something, thank Him that I'm your Uncle! If not for that, Cratchit, you'd have found your home in the gutter long ago. Now, to your work... before I sever our wonderful relationship!

Cratchit: Very well, Uncle Ebenezer.

Scrooge: Cratchit! The door!