

Isabella: Look Father, the Cratchit's are having a party. Do you think Mr. Scrooge is there? Do you think he decided to join the fun?

Father: I don't think so. *(laughing)* You know, Isabella, you were feeling sorry for Mr. Cratchit, earlier, but now I think I am feeling pity for old Mr. Scrooge.

Isabella: Why, Father?

Father: There he is... he is an independent, shroud -- wealthy business man *(pause)* and yet he is an object of their amusement.

Isabella: That must be quite a shock! ...And sad!

Father: Quite a shock, indeed! Mr. Scrooge has much more to learn.

Isabella: Learn, Father?

Father: I believe that the worst is yet to come...