

*He found himself in the bright clean drawing room of his nephew Fred's house with his niece by marriage and a small group of revellers. (party music / laughter)*

FRED: It's true I tell you. He said Christmas was a humbug (general disbelief) He did! And he believed it too! He's a comical old fellow, that's the truth: and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. (*he thinks of his uncle*) I am sorry for him. I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? So what he didn't dine with us? (*joking*) He didn't lose much of a dinner!

What are the consequences? He loses some pleasant moments which could do him no harm, and some pleasanter companions than his thoughts in his dusty old office. Indeed, I can only pity him. Surely if I visit him every year wishing him only the joy and compliments of the season, he can't help but think better of it at last, even if it only means putting him in the vein to leave his poor clerk 50 pounds. That's something surely.