

FRED: God save you, uncle!

SCROOGE: Bah! Humbug!

FRED: Christmas a humbug, uncle! Now, I'm sure you don't mean that!

SCROOGE: I mean JUST that -- exactly that! Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you? You're poor enough.

FRED: Well, what right have you to be depressed about Christmas, uncle? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE: Bah!

FRED: Now, uncle, don't be angry on Christmas!

SCROOGE: What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money? Merry Christmas! A time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer. If I had my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

(Bob Cratchit, his clerk, moans sadly) Let me hear another sound out of you there, Bob Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! As to you, nephew, I wonder you don't go into politics. You tell enough lies.

(*to himself*) Nonsense. Twaddle. Flummery. Talking of Christmas and not two sixpences to jingle together in his trousers' pocket.

Hey, hey, you there! Bob Cratchit! What are you doing there?! You put that coal back! If you use coal at that rate, you will soon be fired, Bob Cratchit! You understand that? There're many men who can do your job, you know.