

(bell tolls the hour of 7 - Bob begins to tidy up)

SCROOGE: Seven o'clock. Seven o'clock. *(putting on coat)* You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

CRATCHET: If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE: It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I were to stop you half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill used, I'm sure. And yet you don't think me ill used when I pay a days wages for no work.

CRATCHET: It's only once a year.

SCROOGE: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning.

CRATCHET: Oh! I will, Mr. Scrooge. I will indeed. Thank you, sir. Merry Christmas, Mr. Scrooge!