

**Scrooge**

And there is Mrs. Fezziwig!

**Christmas Past**

I bet she really loved his balls.

**Scrooge**

How dare you sir, that is inappropriate!

**Christmas Past**

Wait...but you just...

*There is laughing and merriment. The partygoers all are singing and dancing. A fiddle player is fiddling away. Mr. Fezziwig clinks a glass to make a speech.*

**Mr. Fezziwig**

Attention! Attention! May I have your attention please? Thank you all so much for joining the missus and I for our annual Christmas Ball. I know how much everyone loves my balls. I, in fact, am very proud of my balls. Each and every year they grow bigger and bigger.

**Christmas Past**

Does he not hear what he's saying either?

**Mr. Fezziwig**

My balls have gotten so big that they have been written about in the local newspaper!  
My balls take up two pages!

**Christmas Past**

Ok, if this is just going to be a bunch of ball jokes I'm fast forwarding this.

*Christmas Past pulls out a remote control and "fast forwards" the scene. The actors should react in quick motions as if being fast forwarded for a comically extended period of time. Christmas Past hits "stop" toward the end of Mr. Fezziwig's speech.*

**Mr. Fezziwig**

But, enough about my balls...

**Party Goer**

We want to hear more!

**Mr. Fezziwig**

Ok, just a little more about my balls....

*Christmas Past hits "fast forward" on the remote again. The actors move about frantically fast forwarding. Christmas Past hits 'stop'*

**Mr. Fezziwig**

...and I said liquor....I hardly know her! Anyway...on to my annual Christmas Tradition. The giving of the Christmas bonus'. Mrs. Fezziwig. Will you do the honor and pass out the envelopes.

*Mrs. Fezziwig begin to give out envelopes to each guest at the party.*

I hope and your families have prosperous new year! I love each and every one of you as if you were my own!

**Scrooge**

Mr. Fezziwig was the kindest boss. He loved every employee as his own children.

**Christmas Past**

Sounds like a great man.

**Scrooge**

He was. This is where I met my Belle.

**Christmas Past**

Who is Belle?

**Scrooge**

My Fiance...well...she was. There we are...

**Mr. Fezziwig**

Ebby, I want you to meet my niece...Isabella

*Teen Scrooge and Isabelle look at each other, a spotlight on them and a heavenly choir are heard. Once that cue is over, they both look around for where both things came from.*

**Teen Scrooge**

Hello, nice to meet you, Isabella.

**Isabella**

Call me Belle.

**Teen Scrooge**

You may call me Ebenezer Scrooge.

**Christmas Past**

Wow. You were even a dick to her?