

FAN. Ebenezer! Dear, dear brother! I have come to take you home!

SCROOGE. Fan!

YOUNG EBENEZER. Home, Fan?

FAN. Yes, home, for good and all. Father is so much kinder than he used to be. He spoke so gently to me the other night that I wasn't afraid to ask him once more if you might come home. And he said yes, you should! He sent me in a coach to bring you.

YOUNG EBENEZER. This *is* a Merry Christmas, Fan!

FAN. We'll be together all Christmas and have the merriest time in the world. Let's get your trunk!

(They exit.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered.

SCROOGE. *(Looking after them.)* But she had a large heart.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. So she had. She died a young woman and had, I think, children.

SCROOGE. One child.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. True. Your nephew.

SCROOGE. I wish...

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. What is the matter?

SCROOGE. Nothing, nothing. There were some children singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given them something, that's all.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. Let's look at another Christmas.

(The lights go full.)

Do you know this place?

SCROOGE. *(Something about the place jogs his memory.)* Know it? I was apprenticed here!

(LEMON, as FEZZIWIG, to whom SCROOGE was apprenticed long ago, bustles in, wearing the wig he was given by DICKENS.)

FEZZIWIG. Yo ho there! Ebenezer! Dick!