

NARRATOR #2. Fred is a cheerful and well rested chap.

NARRATOR #1. It's Christmas time. Plus he just had a good nap.

BED-HEADED FRED. Good Uncle "The Scrooge," Merry Christmas to you.

THE SCROOGE. (*Handing BED-HEADED FRED a comb:*) Bah! Humbug, Nephew! Try combing that "doo."

(BED-HEADED FRED *takes the comb and puts it in his hair and leaves it there.*)

BED-HEADED FRED. Christmas a humbug? You can't be that gruff.

THE SCROOGE. How are you merry? You're still poor enough.

BED-HEADED FRED. A good Christmas nap gave my hair staying power.

But what about you? You're quite rich and still sour.

THE SCROOGE. Now, Nephew, shoo! Don't waste my time. Keep Christmas your way, and I'll keep it mine.

BED-HEADED FRED. But, Uncle. You don't keep it. Come, let's be real.

THE SCROOGE. What good has it done you? I mean what's the deal?

BED-HEADED FRED. Christmas! It's like we're all on the same train, Of goodwill, and joy, and hair unrestrained.

(CRATCHIT *starts to applaud* BED-HEADED FRED.)

THE SCROOGE. Hey-ma-na! Whoa! Zip, zip! Watch it there, Bob! One more peep from you and bye-bye to your job.

BED-HEADED FRED. Come, Uncle Scrooge.

THE SCROOGE. Uncle *The* Scrooge to you.

BED-HEADED FRED. Join us for dinner tomorrow. Please do.

THE SCROOGE. No.

BED-HEADED FRED. Come on.

THE SCROOGE. Nuh-uh.

BED-HEADED FRED. Please?

THE SCROOGE. Nein.

BED-HEADED FRED. There's a feast.

THE SCROOGE. Not a chance.

BED-HEADED FRED. We'll let you carve the roast beast.