

Fan, Young Ebenezer

THE BOY SITS DEJECTEDLY, HIS BACK TO THE DOOR. A MOMENT PASSES. THEN A YOUNG GIRL ENTERS. SHE TIPTOES TO THE BOY AND PUTS HER HANDS OVER HIS EYES.

FAN: (TO BOY.) Ebenezer. Guess who I am!

BOY: (PULLS AWAY HER HAND, STARES AT HER IN DISBELIEF.)
Fan? Is it really you?

FAN: Yes, brother, it's me Fan! Oh, Ebenezer! (HUGS HIM)

BOY: (HUGS HER TOO.) Fan! But why are you here?

FAN: (LAUGHING AND JUMPING UP AND DOWN EXCITEDLY.) I've come to bring you home, Ebenezer! To bring you home, home, home!

BOY: Home Fan? Really?

FAN: Yes! Home for good and all. Home for ever and ever!

BOY: But what does father say?

FAN: Father is so much kinder than he used to be. He spoke to me so gently one night when I was going to bed, that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home.

BOY: What did he say?

FAN: He said, yes, you could. And he sent me in a coach to bring you.

BOY: A coach!

FAN: And you're never to come back here. We're to be together all Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world.

BOY: Oh, Fan, I can't believe it! (HUGS HER AGAIN.)

FAN: (PULLS YOUNG SCROOGE BY THE HAND.) Come along, Ebenezer. Let's hurry!

BOY: I'm coming, Fan! (STOPS AND HUGS HER AGAIN.) We will have the merriest Christmas ever! (THEY LAUGH AGAIN AND DASH OUT HAPPILY HAND IN HAND.)