

Mr. Fezziwig, Mrs. Fezziwig

FEZZIWIG: (BELLOWING.) Tonight we'll have dancing and singing and merriment fit to shake the rafters down!

MRS. FEZZIWIG: (LAUGHS.) You'll shake the rafters down yourself, if you keep bellowing like that!

FEZZIWIG: Christmas only comes once a year, my love! (HE DANCES A FEW TURNS.) I feel twenty-five again!

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Well, you don't look twenty-five, Freddie, and if you keep dancing like that you're going to feel a hundred and twenty five! (LAUGHS.) Just look at you! Dancing like that!

FEZZIWIG: Would you like to dance, my love?

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Oh, no, not me. You'll not see me acting like a child. All this to do is too much for an old lady!

FEZZIWIG: You're not old, my love, you're just not as young as you used to be!

MRS. FEZZIWIG: Oh, posh!

FEZZIWIG: Oh, posh, yourself, my love! You're going to dance, and that's that! (HE TWIRLS HER AROUND.)

MRS. FEZZIWIG: (LAUGHS AND GASPS AS SHE DANCES.) Ooooooh! Freddie! Freddie! Stop this at once! Fredrick Fezziwig! Stop! Freddie!

FEZZIWIG: (STILL LAUGHING AND DANCING.) Keep on dancing, my love! It's just once a year!

MRS. FEZZIWIG: (STILL LAUGHING.) Oh, my! Please, Freddie, stop! I'm dizzy!

(THE FEZZIWIGS FINALLY STOP, LEANING AGAINST EACH OTHER FOR SUPPORT, BOTH PUFFING HEAVILY.)

MRS. FEZZIWIG: I told you!

FEZZIWIG: As long as we can still walk, we can still dance!