SCROOGE. Precisely. No more questions.
JUDGE PEARSON. You may step down. *(FRED does so.)* Mr. Rothschild, your witness.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. I'd like to call to the witness stand Miss Sara Wainwright, Your Honor.
JUDGE PEARSON. Miss Sara Wainwright.

(SARA ANN WAINWRIGHT, a wealthy dowager with a golden spoon up her hams, takes the stand.)

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Would you please state your full name for the court, please.
SARA WAINWRIGHT. Sara Ann Wainwright.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Miss Wainwright, may I call you Sara?
JUDGE PEARSON. Oh God.
SARA WAINWRIGHT. Yes sir, you may.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. On the night in question, did you see Mr. Scrooge?
SARA WAINWRIGHT. I most certainly did.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. And where was that?
SARA WAINWRIGHT. At his office.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. And what business brought you to Mr. Scrooge's office?
SARA WAINWRIGHT. Well, at Christmastime I go door to door to the various businesses in and around the London area, soliciting money for the poor and destitute.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Rather noble of you.
SCROOGE. Objection.
JUDGE PEARSON. Sustained. Mr. Rothschild, please keep your opinions to yourself.

SARA WAINWRIGHT *(in a whisper to ROTHSCHILD)*. Thank you.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Sara, what charitable organization do you work for?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. Oh I don't work for an organization. I do this on my own.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. You've taken it upon yourself to help the poor?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. Yes I have.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. What prompted you to undertake this cause?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. Several Christmases ago we were having a party at our home. Someone said it was snowing so we all rushed to the front window to look out, and when we did, there in the street stood a homeless family. Just standing there. In the snow. They looked so...homeless. You know...cold, hungry, sad. They were just staring at us and I couldn't help staring right back. We had some leftover food, so I put on my coat, my hat, my mittens and my new mink muffler and took the food out to them. I wished them a Merry Christmas and... they were so grateful. I felt a warmth inside me and in that moment I realized that Christmas is more than parties and presents and pretty dresses. Oh sure, that's a big part of it, but it's more than that. So every Christmas, when Want is keenly felt and Abundance rejoices, I trod door to door to raise funds to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. I believe everyone is entitled to that on Christmas.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. How many people benefit from your efforts?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. Not nearly enough. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries and hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Out of everyone you solicit, approximately how many give money?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. Nearly everyone. At Christmas-time, abundance truly rejoices.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. On the night in question, how much did Mr. Scrooge give you?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. Nothing.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. He wished to remain anonymous?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. He wished to be left alone.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Alone?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. That was his wish.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Mr. Scrooge didn't give you any money?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. No, he did not.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Did he give a reason why?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. It was Mr. Scrooge's opinion that since he pays taxes for the prisons and workhouses that those who are badly off should go there.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Should they?

SARA WAINWRIGHT. It is well documented that the establishments to which Mr. Scrooge was referring scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude. Frankly, many people would rather die than go to the workhouses. And when I told him that he said…

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Yes?

SARA WAINWRIGHT.
He said, and I quote, "If they had rather die, they had better do so and decrease the surplus population."
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD.
No more questions, Your Honor.
JUDGE PEARSON.
Mr. Scrooge, your witness.
SCROOGE.
Miss Wainwright, how long have you lived in London?
SARA WAINWRIGHT.
My entire life. Born and raised here.
SCROOGE.
So you're fairly familiar, then, with the city?
SARA WAINWRIGHT.
Yes, I am.
SCROOGE.
How would you describe the weather here?
SARA WAINWRIGHT.
Perfect.
BAILIFF.
(snorts). Perfect if you're a duck.
(The JUDGE gives the BAILIFF a look, and if looks could kill, the JUDGE would be doing hard time now.)
Ducks love it here. It's cold and wet.
JUDGE PEARSON.
Mr. Connolly, please refrain from sharing your opinions during questioning or the ducks won't be the only ones who are cold and wet.
BAILIFF.
Oh, right. Sorry. Sorry.
SCROOGE.
Mr. Connolly thinks it's cold and wet.
SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD.
Objection.
JUDGE PEARSON.
Sustained. Mr. Scrooge, Mr. Connolly's want-witted opinions shall not be taken into account.
SCROOGE.
Very well. I think it's cold and wet. Rainy and foggy. What do you think, Miss Wainwright?
SARA WAINWRIGHT.
Yes, well, I agree we have our share of that kind of weather.