

MRS. CRATCHIT

Well! Never mind so long as you are home.

MARTHA

I brought some oranges and apples for the feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Lord bless ye! Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm. (Bob Cratchit with Tiny Tim are seen coming down the street singing.)

PETER

No, no! There's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide! (Martha hides.)

BOB CRATCHIT

Merry Christmas, everyone!

TINY TIM

Merry Christmas!

BOB CRATCHIT

Why the long faces? Why where is our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT

Not coming.

BOB CRATCHIT

Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas Day!

MARTHA

Oh don't be sad, father! I'm here! It was only a joke. (She give her father a hug.)

BOB CRATCHIT

Martha, my dear. I've missed you so.

MRS. CRATCHIT

My dear Bob, you never do doubt the words of others. But how did little Tim behave today?

BOB CRATCHIT

As good as gold and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be

pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see. Tiny Tim is growing strong and hearty.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Yes. Of course he is. And now I shall go and get the pudding! Bob, can you pour the punch? (She exits.)

BOB CRATCHIT

(playing with the children) Suppose the pudding's not done enough?!

MARTHA

Suppose it should break coming out of the pan?!

PETER

Suppose somebody came over the back wall and has stolen it?!

BELINDA

That's horrible! It can't be! It can't be!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Tada! The pudding is saved!

BOB CRATCHIT

Oh, how wonderful! I would have to say that this pudding is the greatest achievement by my dear wife- since choosing me to be her husband!

MRS. CRATCHIT

(the following statement also refers to her husband) I had my doubts- about the amount of flour -but I must say it is a lovely pudding. (She kisses Bob.)

BOB CRATCHIT

Before we begin I propose a toast. (All take cups.) A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God Bless us!

ALL

God bless us!

TINY TIM

God bless us every one!

SCROOGE

Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.