

## **SCENE 9: Cratchit home**

**MRS. C:** Master Peter you look ever so elegant and grown-up in your father's collar, and it's been mended only a little where it won't show. A real Christmas collar, if I may say it. Belinda. . .help me lay the cloth, it's past your father's time already. Peter, tend the potatoes.

*(enter little Cratchits)*

**CHILD 1:** Mother. . . mother we were outside the bakers and we could . . .

**CHILD 2:** Mother, we smelled our goose baking. Peter it smelled specially scrumptious.

**CHILD 1:** Specially scrumptious, Belinda, the stuffing, . . .the onions. . .then sage.

**CHILD 2:** The stuffing, Peter. . . .mmmm . . .the stuffing. Mother I'm starving.

**CHILD 1:** Starving, starving.

**PETER:** Starving, mother.

**BELINDA:** *(laughing)* We must wait for father.

**MRS C:** Whatever is keeping your precious father, then? And your brother Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!

*(Martha enters)*

**MARTHA:** Here's Martha, Mother!

**CHILD 1:** Here's Martha, Mother!

**CHILD 2:** Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!

**MRS C:** Why bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!

**MARTHA:** We'd a lot of work to finish up last night and had to clear away this morning, Mother.

**MRS C:** Well! Never mind so long as you're here. Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless you.

**CHILD 2:** No, no! There's father coming. Hide!

**CHILD 1:** Hide, Martha hide! (Martha hides. Bob enters with Tiny Tim on his shoulder)

**BOB:** Why, where's our Martha?

**MRS C:** Not coming.

**BOB:** Not coming! Not coming on Christmas Day! (*Martha comes out of hiding, runs to Bob*)

**MARTHA:** Here I am, father! I'm here!

**CHILD 2:** Tim,. . . Tim came out to the wash house. Mother has the pudding cooking out there and you can hear it singing in the copper.

**CHILD 1:** It is singing, Tim, you can hear it. It's a special scrumptious pudding, Tim. Isn't it Mother?

**MRS C:** I would hope it is, after all the work went into it. I would hope with all my heart. (*children & Tim exit*) And how did little Tim behave?

**BOB:** As good as gold and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He is always such a good child; generous, thoughtful, never unkind, never jealous of the good health of other children. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in church because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant for them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see. But he is growing stronger. More so every day. Is he not, my dear?

*(Children enter, sit Tim by the fireplace.)*

**TIM:** It does sing Mother. . .the pudding does, Father, and it steams and smells. I shall be most impatient to eat it.

**MRS C:** Well, let's hope it lives up to its song and proves to be worth the wait.

**BOB:** Peter, my good man, don't delay a moment longer. Go to the bakers and fetch the goose straightway.

**PETER:** Yes, sir! *(he exits followed by the two youngest children)*

**BOB:** Here we are Tim, the lemons have been squeezed and the cloves ground. You stir in the cloves and sugar while I obtain the secret ingredient. *(Bob obtains a bottle from the chimney corner)*

**TIM:** Father.

**BOB:** Yes, my boy. Stir, Tim, stir, we are creating a masterpiece.

**TIM:** A Christmas masterpiece, Father!

*(Bob and Tim share a moment. Bob sad, Tim thoughtful)*

**BOB:** *(hiding his emotions)* Mighty damp and cold out today,. . .  
*(cheerful again)* But let us taste this wonderful elixir. *(He pours two small cups of the punch. The drink. Bob smacks his lips and Tim does the same.)*  
Hmmm? What do you think Tim?

**TIM:** It's wonderful Father, truly!

**BOB:** *(finishing his cup)* You have very discerning tastes, for one so young Tim. I quite agree, it is truly wonderful. Now we'll leave this to simmer to perfection on the hob till after dinner.

*(Mrs C enters with food. Peter and little Cratchits enter with goose. Food goes on the table. They take their places.)*

**BOB:** *(standing)* Lord, we thank thee for allowing us this Merry Christmas together, all strong and healthy. *(gently touches Tim's head)* And we thank thee for many more in the future. *(sits)* There never was such a goose cooked, never on any previous Christmas.