

# Side #1 - Bob Cratchit

*Scrooge enters. There is a knock at the door. He opens it, begrudgingly.*

*A YOUNG CHILD is revealed and begins to sing...*

YOUNG CHILD

AWAY IN A MANGER. NO CRIB FOR A BED. THE LITTLE LORD JESUS  
LAID DOWN HIS SWEET HEAD. THE STARS IN THE SKY LOOKED DOWN  
WHERE HE LAY. THE LITTLE LORD JESUS ASLEEP ON THE HAY.

*In response to this sweet verse... Scrooge slams the door in the child's face.*

SCROOGE

(to himself)

If I never hear another *blasted* Christmas Carol!

*Unaware of Scrooge's presence, Bob, bundled up, walks into the room with homemade Christmas decorations, singing...*

BOB CRATCHIT

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY! FA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
LA... TIS THE SEASON TO BE... Mr. Scrooge! Welcome back, sir!

*Bob hides the decorations behind his back.*

SCROOGE

Bob Cratchit. What is that glittering nonsense behind your back?

BOB CRATCHIT

Oh! This. Decorations made by my children. They must have slipped them in my bag this morning. I'll just put them away.

*Scrooge drops a trash can on Bob's desk.*

SCROOGE

You can put them here.

**Start**

BOB CRATCHIT

Oh! But I couldn't...

SCROOGE

You're right. What was I thinking? Throw them in the fire. It will richen the value of today's coal. (Beat. He ignores Bob's moral struggle.) This holiday gets worse each year, Cratchit.

BOB CRATCHIT

Regarding Christmas, sir...

SCROOGE

You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?

BOB CRATCHIT

If quite convenient, sir.

SCROOGE

It's not convenient! And it's not fair.

BOB CRATCHIT

It *is* only once a year, sir.

SCROOGE

A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning.

BOB CRATCHIT

Yes, sir! Of course, sir! Thank you, sir!

*End*

*There is a knock on the door,  
(which was truly only a courtesy  
because) immediately enters  
Scrooge's cheerful nephew, FRED.*

FRED

A merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you! Merry Christmas, Bob.

*Fred gives Bob a warm handshake,  
who then proceeds to hide the  
decorations.*

SCROOGE

Bah! Humbug!

SCROOGE

Surely, these are not those people...

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

What ever has your precious father, then? And Tiny Tim. And Martha.

*MARTHA enters looking worn.*

MARTHA CRATCHIT

Here I am, Mother.

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

*Elizabeth covers her daughter in kisses and removes her shawl.*

MARTHA CRATCHIT

We'd a deal of work to finish up last night and had to clear away this morning.

*She hands her mother her meager factory wage.*

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

Never mind that, it's Christmas. You're here now. Sit ye down by the fire and have a warm, Lord bless ye!

BELINDA CRATCHIT

There's Father coming. Hide, Martha, hide!

*Martha hides herself and in enters BOB and TINY TIM.*

BOB CRATCHIT

Elizabeth, the house is smelling wonderful. Excellent work with the goose, Peter. Why, where's our Martha?

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

Not coming, I'm afraid.

BOB CRATCHIT

Not coming! Upon Christmas Day?

*Start*

*Martha doesn't like to see Bob disappointed, if in joke; so she comes out prematurely from her hiding spot and straight to Bob.*

MARTHA CRATCHIT

I'm sorry, father. It was just in jest.

BOB CRATCHIT

As long as you are home and we are all together! Please, now, help Tiny Tim get ready for dinner.

*Martha peels away and leads her brother, who is beaming by her presence, off.*

BELINDA CRATCHIT

Did you find my Christmas decorations, Father?

BOB CRATCHIT

Oh, yes! Beautiful work. I love them!

BELINDA CRATCHIT

And Mr. Scrooge? Did he love them too?

BOB CRATCHIT

(Re: the fire) They... warmed him up, that is certain.

*Belinda skips away, pleased.*

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

And how did little Tim behave?

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 in church as it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

***End***

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

I worried about the long walk home.

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

And his Father loved him so, that it was no trouble: no trouble. And there is your father at the door.

*Bob enters and puts on his bravest face for his family. Belinda runs to him with a hug and her present.*

BOB CRATCHIT

Did you make these, Belinda? They are beautiful! Wash up for dinner now.

*The children exit as instructed.*

*Start*

ELIZABETH CRATCHIT

You went today, then, Robert?

BOB CRATCHIT

Yes, my dear. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green the place is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that we would walk there on a Sunday. (Beat) My little, little child. My little child.

*He breaks down. The children return. He addresses them.*

BOB CRATCHIT

However and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim -- shall we -- or this first parting that there was among us.

MARTHA CRATCHIT

Never, father.

BOB CRATCHIT

And I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was; we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.

PETER CRATCHIT

No, never, father!

BOB CRATCHIT

I am very happy, then. I am very happy.

*End*