

*We see Bob, Caroline, Martha, Robert Jr., Tiny Tim, and Belinda Cratchit. Their friends, Fred and Mary are over with their children Little Bob and Jennifer, Grandma and Grandpa (Victor). Everyone is helping decorate the Christmas tree. The Cratchit's are a poor family, but the family is doing its best to make their Christmas a happy one.*

**Mrs. Cratchit:** Now everyone join in. Fred, Mary, all of you as well. Vicar Sunday and children, can put these on the tree. *(Handing them a box of ornaments; Caroline, taking Bobs arm and bringing him away from everyone else)* Ah, Bob another Christmas. It will be a merry one, wont it?

**Bob Cratchit:** You know Caroline, this Christmas I feel especially blessed, *(pause)* surrounded by family and friends. We have every reason to be merry.

**Mrs. Cratchit:** *(Looking over at the child who sits alone, front center stage)* And our Tiny Tim enjoys the season so. Why I believe it's even brought the color back to his cheeks.

**Bob Cratchit:** Caroline, if you could have seen him in church, it would have done your heart good. He seemed so happy.

**Mrs. Cratchit:** That boy has such faith. He seems to find joy in every situation.

**Bob Cratchit:** That he does and I believe its a special gift, Caroline. He grows closer to God through his hardships. Why, on the way home he told me he hoped people saw him in church.

**Mrs. Cratchit:** *(Looking at him oddly)* Whatever did he mean, Robert?

**Bob Cratchit:** Well, he said that because he was a cripple, it might help them remember upon Christmas Day, that Jesus made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

**Mrs. Cratchit:** Oh! *(lovingly)* That child!

*Lights go up on the Cratchit family, dim on Scrooge and Angel. Scrooge and Angel move to the table. Everyone is just getting settled in the living room. Fred and Mary are standing by the tree. Kids are setting on the floor in front of Grandparents.*

**Bob Cratchit:** Mum...that smells like another fine Christmas meal. How do you

do it?

**Mrs. Cratchit:** Considering the pittance Mr. Scrooge pays you, Robert, I'd say it *(pause, thinking...)* is divine intervention. *(everyone laughs)*

**Bob Cratchit:** Ah, yes, Uncle Ebenezer! He must be every lonely, all by himself on Christmas. Once again, he will miss our feast! *(Scrooge walks over toward Mrs. Cratchit but turns abruptly when she shows anger)*

**Mrs. Cratchit:** I wish I had him here! *(Scrooge goes over to Caroline but turns as she shakes her fist in anger)* I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast on and hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

**Bob Cratchit:** Well, perhaps the Christmas season will work some good in him.

**Mrs. Cratchit:** It would have to be Christmas for it to work good in a stingy, *(pause)* hard, *(pause)* unfeeling man like Ebenezer Scrooge. Even with Tiny Tim's condition, he refuses to show you any kindness... and him, family!

**Bob Cratchit:** It is Christmas! God showed us the true kindness by sending His son, Jesus, to bare all of our suffering and all our pain. He even came to heal our Tiny Tim.

**Mrs. Cratchit:** I think you're right, Robert.