

(BOB CRATCHIT enters with TINY TIM on his shoulder.  
TINY TIM is a lame and sickly seven year-old. He could  
be mimed, a puppet, a mask or simply a voice.)

BOB CRATCHIT. Happy Christmas my beloved ones!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Blessings be Mr. Cratchit! (*suddenly anxious*)  
And how did Tiny Tim fare?

BOB CRATCHIT. How did you fare Tiny Tim?

TINY TIM. As good as gold as I hope mother!

MRS. CRATCHIT AND CHILDREN. Good Tiny Tim, good!

TINY TIM. And now I'm ready for my dinner.

(*Everyone claps. TINY TIM claps too. CRATCHIT lifts  
him to the ground. TINY TIM walks firmly but painfully  
towards the table. SCROOGE gazes wide-eyed.*)

(*Music: "IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER" – Ketil  
Bjornstad – The Rainbow Sessions. 0:45"*)

(*They all watch with baited breath until TINY TIM sits  
at last in his seat. Audible relief as he does so.*)

MRS. CRATCHIT. (*She kisses him.*) Ah my blessed boy! But –  
(*Under her breath*) – how was he?

CRATCHIT. Strong and hearty as the best of 'em my dear  
Mrs. C.

(*A painful moment. They know this isn't true.  
CRATCHIT claps his hands.*)

Now then my dearest ones! Where is our Christmas  
feast we heard so much about, eh Tiny Tim?

MRS. CRATCHIT. What did you hear father?

CRATCHIT. Well that our turkey is a mighty feathered  
phenomenon. The greatest turkey ever known!  
That Ursula's gravy is hissing hot and Master Peter's  
potatoes mashed to a tee and Miss Kate and Miss  
Abigail's apple-sauce the sweetest this side of China  
and Miss Martha's chestnut stuffing fit for no less  
than our beloved queen herself!

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\*Please see Music Use Note, p. 3

(MRS. CRATCHIT exits. Returns with the turkey. It is tiny. Even SCROOGE looks twice.)

MRS. CRATCHIT. Ta-da!

TINY TIM. Ta-da!

CRATCHIT AND CHILDREN. Hooray!!!

(She puts it on the table. MR. CRATCHIT carves. MRS. CRATCHIT serves.)

(Music: "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" – 'Celtic Tidings' – Chris Caswell)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Well darlin'? This is a 'profligate Christmas bean-feast' to be sure!

SCROOGE. Profligate. Precisely.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. All 'humbug' ain't it sir?

SCROOGE. Humbug! Exactly!

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME. A sham and a fraud sir!

SCROOGE. A sham and a fraud indeed!

CRATCHIT. But first a toast! To Mrs. Cratchit and all my blessed Cratchits! Merry Christmas to us, my dears. And God bless us all!

TINY TIM. God bless us each and all and every one!

(Everyone claps, except SCROOGE. CRATCHIT holds TINY TIM close, holds his hand in his. MRS. CRATCHIT wipes away a tear. The CRATCHITS tuck into their tiny turkey. SCROOGE gazes at the scene.)

SCROOGE. This um – this – er – child?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Tiny Tim darlin'?

SCROOGE. Tiny – um – whatever, yes.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. What of him dear?

SCROOGE. Will he – will they –

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. – put him somewhere dear? 'Are there no workhouses'? 'No prisons' they could bung him in? Or up a chimney p'raps? Or down a coal mine? All on his own dear? In the dark

dear? Children is highly prized in mines so I hear,  
'Cos the mines is so narrow and twisty-like. Or – better  
if he died. Do us all a favour. Wouldn't yer say darlin'?

SCROOGE. So will he?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. What dear?

SCROOGE. Die?

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. I am but the spirit of  
Christmas Present, sir. I live but for a day. I cannot  
tell thee dear. Sorry.

SCROOGE. Simply – simply I mean simply that if he  
should – er – die, it will grieve Cratchit presumably  
so it will make his work that much slower. Which will  
impact upon the exigencies and necessities of my  
business. Which is the reason I ask it obviously.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. But it would 'decrease the  
surplus population'? Would it not sir?

SCROOGE. It would. Precisely.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. 'Boo hoo hoo but there  
we are'. Ain't that how it goes sir?

SCROOGE. Indeed it is madam.

TINY TIM. Tell us a story father?

CRATCHIT. After supper Tiny Tim.

TINY TIM. Will you tell us my favourite? Ali Baba and the  
Forty Thieves?

SCROOGE. *(starts)* Ali Baba?

TINY TIM. When he finds the hidden treasure in the deep  
dark cave? Oh please father. When he says 'Open  
Sesame!'

SCROOGE. Open Sesame?

*(GHOST watches SCROOGE as the memory stirs.)*

TINY TIM. And finds the rubies and the diamonds and the  
bright blue sapphires? Oh please father please!

CRATCHIT. *(hugs TINY TIM)* I will tell it to us all little man,  
but first let us sing I do declare!