

(Bob Cratchit returns home from work & the sledding hill and reports to Mrs. Cratchit)

MRS. CRATCHIT

And how did little Tim behave?

CRATCHIT

As good as gold, and better. Somehow, he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, (Indicating TIM on the stool at the fireplace.) and thinks the strangest thoughts you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped people saw him in the 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. (And makes a toast at dinner)

CRATCHIT

Mr. Scrooge! I give you Mr. Scrooge. The founder of the feast!

MRS. CRATCHIT

The founder of the feast, indeed. I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon.

CRATCHIT

My dear, the children. Christmas day.

MRS. CRATCHIT

It should be Christmas day on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow.

CRATCHIT

My, dear. Christmas day.

MRS. CRATCHIT

I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his. Long life to Mr. Scrooge! A merry Christmas and a happy new year!