

Mrs Cratchit You know he is, Bob. Nobody knows it better than you, my poor love.

The sparkle seems to have left Bob Cratchit. Tiny Tim hobbles over to him and hands him his glass of punch. Bob touches his wife's hand, smiles at her sadly and raises his glass to her

Bob Cratchit To Christmas, my dear.

Mrs Cratchit Children, we shall drink to your father, for all the love and happiness he gives us, and to Tiny Tim, for the health we wish him... (*She catches Bob's eye*) And for the sake of your father, I'll even drink to that old miser Mr Scrooge. Long life to him, and to us all!

Bob Cratchit A merry Christmas to us all.

Children Merry Christmas.

Bob Cratchit God Bless us.

Tiny Tim God Bless us, every one.

They drink. Bob Cratchit squeezes Tiny Tim's hand

Christmas Present What an unpleasant child! You know, there are few things more nauseating than a happy family enjoying themselves at Christmas! Do you not agree, Scrooge?

Scrooge I think Bob Cratchit's really rather fond of me!

The Ghost roars with laughter

Christmas Present So's his wife! Couldn't you tell?

Scrooge She doesn't really know me.

Christmas Present That is one of the few things wherein Fate has blessed her.

Bob Cratchit As I said to the Lord Mayor, if Her Most Gracious Majesty is feeling bored, I said, you just wheel her over to Camden Town, I said! We'll have her back on her regal feet in no time, I said, with a glass of Bob Cratchit's hot punch ... and a song from young Tiny Tim.

All heads turn to Tiny Tim. Tim blushes, but finally responds to the vociferous urging of his brothers and sisters. Bob Cratchit lifts him up to stand on the table. The family cheers and applauds. Everyone falls silent

No. 16: The Beautiful Day

Tiny Tim	On a beautiful day That I dream about In a world I would love to see
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