

Martha, Belinda – Female Children; Peter, Tim – Male Children; Cratchit - Father

MARTHA. Surprise!

*(PETER and BELINDA laugh and ad-lib: “Martha’s here!” “She was hiding!” “Are you surprised, Father?” “Look, Tim, Martha’s here!” Etc.)*

CRATCHIT. Martha! Hiding from me! You did come!

MARTHA. Of course I came, Father! How could I not on Christmas!

*(PETER and BELINDA laugh at the great trick they have pulled on their father:)*

PETER. Let Tim down, Father!

BELINDA. We want to show him

PETER. Come into the kitchen, Tim!

BELINDA. Oh, do, Tim! Mother has made the most wonderful pudding!

PETER. It’s not out yet, but you can hear it singing in the copper!

BELINDA. It smells so like Christmas should smell!

PETER. Come see!

TIM. Oh! I have to see! Let me down, please, Father!

CRATCHIT. Down you go, then, Tim! Not so fast! Here, take your crutch first!

PETER. Come, Tim! *(Fading.)* Come see!

TIM. I’m coming! *(Fading.)* I’m coming!

TIM. You should smell the pudding, Father!

PETER. A perfect pudding!

TIM. The best pudding ever in the world!

CRATCHIT. Oho! And what makes you such an expert on puddings?

TIM. Haven't I tasted the puddings Mother makes every year?

CRATCHIT. Indeed you have.

TIM. They're the best puddings that could ever be ... and this pudding is the best of the best!