

FAMILY. Father! Timmy!

CRATCHIT. Merry Christmas, my family.

THE SCROOGE. What child is with Bob? Is *he* employed gainfully?

PRESENT. That's Little Timmy Loo Hoo in the mix

He's just a surgeon, and that's 'cuz he's six.

All of them work. They work all the time.

But since they're just kids they won't make but a dime.

THE SCROOGE. Timmy Loo Hoo. Why does he have a crutch?

PRESENT. His legs don't walk good, at least not good that much.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Lord Bless you now, Bob, and sit down for dinner.
It's Christmas time and so our dinner's a winner.

Sally, bring in the banana peel salad.

SALLY. You'll just love the pitted prune dressing we added.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Ringo, please pour the zoot fruited fruit juices.

PRESENT. Zoot fruits grow on antlers of zoot fruited mooses.

RINGO. This juice is delish, but a thimble will do ya.

MRS. CRATCHIT. And don't drink it fast. It'll shoot its way through ya.
And last on our menu let me introduce,
The main course of all. Our binka bird goose.

(MRS. CRATCHIT lifts a cover off of a plate upon which sits a tiny little roasted bird. The whole family is astonished at the bird and simultaneously join in saying:)

FAMILY. Oooooooooooooo.

THE SCROOGE. There's not too much meat on that bird...just a smidgen.

PRESENT. A binka bird goose is the size of a pigeon.

CRATCHIT. Oh, Mother! You've done it. That binka bird goose is
The best one I've seen served with zoot fruited juices.
Let us say grace for these Christmas provisions.

(The CRATCHITS bow their heads at the table.)

THE SCROOGE. That can't feed their family. What are they magicians?

MRS. CRATCHIT. Will you carve the bird, Bob? This knife will suffice it.

THE SCROOGE. That can't feed them.

PRESENT. That depends how you slice it.

THE SCROOGE. Have they no public food shelf that will listen?

PRESENT. What of the workhouses? Are there no prisons?

THE SCROOGE. Hey.

PRESENT. See what I did there?

THE SCROOGE. Yes. Those words are mine.

PRESENT. In haunting school we learned that stuff all the time.
It's called a guilt trip.

THE SCROOGE. Yes. I know what it's called.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Better start carving. Don't let it get cold.

CRATCHIT. (*Carving:*) Lovely. We all should get one piece of meat,
That's one inch, by one inch, by an eighth inch deep.

THE SCROOGE. What that's insane! That would not fill *my* tummy!
That's sorta like eating just one pepperoni.
Look how they savor it, and how they're grateful.

PRESENT. Even though they hardly have half a plateful.

But don't be alarmed by all of this gratitude.

Mrs. C's about to cop a big attitude.

CRATCHIT. (*Raising his glass:*) Ah! What a meal with which our
chins are greased.

A toast to The Scrooge. The king of the feast.

MRS. CRATCHIT. The Scrooge! Our feast's king? Oh that's a good one.
I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast on.

CRATCHIT. Now, now, dear. Think of the children. It's Christmas.

MRS. CRATCHIT. It better be Christmas to toast that man's grimness.
That stingy old, crusty old, miserly doofus.

I'll drink to him, Bob, for your sake and not his-es.

(*Glasses raised:*)

Cheers to the Scrooge...whose life is deficient.

May he live just as long as is sufficient.

CRATCHIT. And may God Bless...

LITTLE TIMMY LOO HOO. God bless us, every one.

FAMILY. Blessings to each of us under the Son.

THE SCROOGE. Aw...Timmy Loo Hoo is a dear cutie pie.

Tell me now spirit... is he going to die?

PRESENT. Na, Tim will live to be old and well fed.

No. I'm just kidding. The kid'll be dead.