

THE JINGLE BELLS DING DING
LET'S GO A-CAROLING

Scene 2

Bob Cratchit

Scrooge's office. Bob Cratchit, a mild-mannered, suffering blob of a man, sits at his desk, shivering and writing in a notebook. Nearby, set off somewhat, is Scrooge's desk. Near his desk two gentlemen in topcoats are standing, waiting for him. Scrooge enters in a bad mood.

IT'S TIME CONSUMING, TRUE

IT MAKES SOME PEOPLE BLUE

AND YET WE WOULDN'T HAVE

IT ANY OTHER WAY!

WE LOVE CHRISTMAS,

WE LOVE CHRISTMAS,

WE LOVE CHRISTMAS,

CHRISTMAS DAY!

(Thumps people all disperse, waving at each other or maybe the audience. Mrs. Bob Cratchit fiddles with Bob's long scarf, making sure he's warm. Then she leads Tiny Tim and the other two children off, while Bob goes off in the same direction. Scrooge had exited. Set change starts.)

GHOST: Well I hope you enjoyed that. Sometimes I prefer to sing a Billie Holiday song, but "Fairytale" Nobody's Business "If I Do" doesn't seem very Christmasy. So it's time to begin our journey of redeeming Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge. And the first place we should go is his place of work, the office of Scrooge and Marley. Because M. Scrooge felt sick to his stomach, luckily Bob Cratchit was able to get there first. *(Seeing the set is complete.)* Ah, and here's the set change.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT.
(To audience.) Yes it is.

Well, a little.

Well I would! *(Laughs.)*

Did I turn the oven off?

Oh!!! — where are the other children?

(She joins the last song line.)
CHRISTMAS DAY!

Bob Cratchit

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BOB CRATCHIT. Good morning, Mr. Scrooge.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. You still alive, Bob Cratchit? You haven't died of pneumonia yet?

BOB CRATCHIT. Well I'm very cold, it's true, Mr. Scrooge. Might we put another coal on the fire?

EBENEZER SCROOGE. No we may not. I am not made of money, Bob Cratchit. A little cold never hurt anyone.

BOB CRATCHIT. I have this sort of pain right in the middle of my chest every time I breathe in the cold air.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Really? Well when you're about to fall over dead, tell me, so I can go out and hire your replacement.

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, sir. Oh, Mr. Scrooge, there are two gentlemen to see you, sir.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. What did I tell you about letting people wait for me in my office?

BOB CRATCHIT. You said not to do it.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. And so why did you do it?

BOB CRATCHIT. I have trouble saying no to people, Mr. Scrooge.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Slap yourself in the face, Bob Cratchit.

BOB CRATCHIT. I'd rather not, Mr. Scrooge.

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Don't say no to me.

BOB CRATCHIT. Very well, sir. *(Bob slaps himself in the face.)*

EBENEZER SCROOGE. Ah, very good. I knew there was some reason I paid you your tiny weekly salary.

BOB CRATCHIT. And why is that, sir?

EBENEZER SCROOGE. You amuse me. Hit yourself again. *(Bob hits himself again.)* Oh very good. You're starting to put me in a good mood. Now, let me go be abusive to the gentlemen in my office.

(Scrooge goes into his office area. The two gentlemen speak to him.)