

NICE MRS. CRATCHIT

loving. Yes, let's go to the law firm of Havisham, Heap and Fagin, and sue the pants off them.

BOB CRATCHIT. I will have justice. I won't just lie down and take it.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Bob would never say that.

CLARENCE. Maybe with you not born he would.

BOB CRATCHIT. But I'm forgetting this bundle of joy. Let me look at it. Oh what an adorable child. Hee haw, hee haw. Oh. I felt a sudden pang of missing the children in the root cellar.

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Now, Bob, we both agreed ... it was too small for them down there. And we found them a wonderful home, and we didn't have to split them up, Mia Farrow took all eighteen of them.

BOB CRATCHIT. Sill I do miss them.

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Oh you're so tender-hearted. That's why I love you, Bob Cratchit. But let's focus on the new baby, Hee Haw.

BOB CRATCHIT. What?

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Didn't you name the child Hee Haw?

BOB CRATCHIT. No, no, I just said that, you know like baby talk. Google-google.

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. I think Hee Haw is a better name than Google-google.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Oh she's an idiot.

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, we'll name the baby later on.

Now, say! Where's Fido? Shouldn't he meet the new addition too?

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, where is that dog? Oh, Fido! *(Enter Tiny Tim on all fours, barking and panting.)* Look, Fido, a new bundle of joy in the family. *(Tiny Tim barks approvingly.)*

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. What a good and loving dog he is. And so good with children.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. I don't understand, what's this?

CLARENCE. Well you weren't born, so the soul of Tiny Tim incarnated into a dog.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Really? *(Laughs.)* I'm oddly amused.

Well I don't see him limping. He's not a crippled dog?

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. How's Fido's paw today?

BOB CRATCHIT. Oh much better. And I taught him to roll over and play dead. Roll over, Fido! *(Tiny Tim rolls over.)* Very good. Now play dead. *(Tiny Tim lies down still.)* Good boy. Now, where's Flicka?

Oh, Flicka! *(Little Nell comes bounding into the room. She is a horse.)*
LITTLE NELL. Neigh!!!! Neigh!!!! *(Shakes her mane, stomps her foot.)*

BOB CRATCHIT. Flicka, my friend Flicka — look, a new baby.

LITTLE NELL. Neigh!!!!

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Little Nell is a horse? Well that's fine.

Tell me, does she eventually get turned into glue?

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Bob, I know you love little Flicka. But I've been meaning to speak to you about having her in the house. *(Nell/Flicka looks mad, snorts, stomps.)* Granted she's a wonderful horse, but she's so big, and she always bumps into the walls and the furniture.

BOB CRATCHIT. I know, Meredith dear. But I feel such a tender feeling in my heart for both Tiny Fido and Little Flicka.

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Well maybe someday we can afford a stable. *(Nell/Flicka doesn't like this conversation, and neighs and whinnies and stamps a bit.)*

BOB CRATCHIT. There, there, little Flicka, we won't put you in the stable, I promise. Oh Tiny Fido, you can stop playing dead now. *(Tiny Tim gets up, pants and barks happily. He now kneels, pants and does a dog's "begging for food" gesture.)* Oh Meredith, darling, I think Tiny Fido and the children are hungry.

THE NICE MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, no worry — I have a delicious, elaborate, carefully prepared Christmas dinner simmering in the kitchen. Christmas goose, huckleberries, candied yams and the piece de résistance, pudding. And don't worry, children, it's just tapioca — no rotted fruit, no suet, just lovely eggy goodness and those little tapioca things all through it.

CHILDREN. Ooooooh, Mummy! Scrumptious! *(Tiny Tim and Little Nell/Flicka bark and neigh and show their approval too. The Nice Mrs. Cratchit exits to the kitchen.)*

CHILD 2. Oh, Daddy — Mummy is the best mummy in the world.

BOB CRATCHIT. Yes, she is, Little Willie. The best mummy and the best wife in all of Christendom. She is perfection.

CLARENCE. You see, Mrs. Cratchit — what life would have been like if you had never been born? *(Mrs. Bob Cratchit is a bit speechless.)*

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT. Well, yeah. She's perfection, and I was a disaster. So everyone's much happier with me never having been born. *(There is a pause.)*

CLARENCE. Well ... um ...

EBENEZER SCROOGE. She's right. Bob Cratchit seems happier.