

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL, Scene 2**

MARTHA, PETER, BELINDA, MRS. CRATCHIT

MARTHA

I'm home! Hello, hello, Merry Christmas.

PETER *(turning and grabbing MARTHA)*

Got you!

BELINDA

Martha!

MRS. CRATCHIT

Oh, my dear Martha, you are home!

MARTHA

They kept us late to finish up, mother. What smells so wonderful?

BELINDA

Pudding, pudding, PUDDING!

MRS. CRATCHIT

They kept you late on Christmas Eve? Is nothing sacred? You're as cold as ice.

*(CRATCHIT and TINY TIM can be heard singing offstage)*

PETER

I see father coming!

BELINDA

Let's play a trick. Hide, Martha!

MARTHA

Oh, no, please, I just want to sit down and catch my breath.

BELINDA

Please, please, please, Martha! I know father will laugh!

MARTHA

I'm tired.

MRS. CRATCHIT

Now, respect your sister's—

PETER

Don't be a stick in the mud Martha!

BELINDA

Stick in the mud stick in the mud!

MRS. CRATCHIT

All right, that is enough -

MARTHA

I'm far too old for this but, fine, fine, fine!