

MARTHA: Mother... Mother, please. It's almost time for father to be home. Please don't let him see you crying.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Yes. Yes, of course, Martha.

PETER: He's late tonight.

MRS. CRATCHIT: he walks slower than he used to. And yet I've known him to walk very fast indeed with... with Tiny Tim on his shoulder.

MARTHA: So have I, mother.

MRS. CRATCHIT: But he was light to carry. And his father loved him so that it was no trouble at all...

BOB CRATCHIT enters.

MARTHA: Father!

PETER: Good evening, father.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Bob!

BOB: Good evening, my dears. I'm sorry to be late. I... I hope you didn't worry.

MRS. CRATCHIT: You're here, Bob. We're fine.

BOB: I was late today because... I went to the churchyard. I couldn't stay away. Oh, how I wish you could have gone with me. It would have done your heart good to see how sweet and green a place it is. But you'll see it often, I promised him. Yes, I promised Tim we'd walk there on a Sunday.

MARTHA: Father, dear...

MRS. CRATCHIT: Oh, my dear Bob...

BOB: *(breaking down)* I'm trying to understand it, my dear. I truly am.
(to himself) My son. My little son, Tiny Tim. My sweet child...

PETER: Father... please don't grieve so.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (*encouraging*) Bob... Timmy is part of all of us. And for his sake we must go on living. So long as we love one another, he will always be alive.

BOB: (*regaining his composure*) Of course, my dear. Oh, I'm sorry. I have all of you... a blessing to be thankful for!