PETER SIDE

(Mrs. Cratchit kneads dough at the head of the table. Peter stirs the pudding with a copper stick. Belinda runs into the room.)
BELINDA. Mother! Mother! The bakery smelt so delicious! And there was the most enormous oven!
PETER. Did the baker try to push you in?
BELINDA. No, silly. He was very kind. He let me throw on the onions!
MRS. CRATCHIT. You did? What a treat!
PETER. Help me stir the pudding!
MRS. CRATCHIT. What’s keeping your precious father, then? And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn’t nearly this late last Christmas Day!
PETER. Here’s Martha, mother! (Martha enters.)
BELINDA. Here’s Martha, mother! Hurrah!
MARTHA. Peter, Belinda, Merry Christmas. (She hands them small brown bags full of candy.)
PETER AND BELINDA. Thank you, Martha!
MRS. CRATCHIT. Sit down at the table, my dear, and have a cup of hot tea!
PETER. No, no! There’s father coming! Hide, Martha, hide!