

We see Bob Cratchit emerging from the bakery stall with a small parcel in his hands

Bob Cratchit Fourpence for a Christmas pudding—it's scandalous!

Baker Woman Sorry.

Cratchit joins his two children, clutching their meagre shopping, as they stare into the toy shop's window

Bob Cratchit Well, Kathy, my love, which one do you like best?

Kathy I like that doll in the corner.

Tiny Tim I like all of 'em!

Bob Cratchit Good boy! And why not one in particular?

Tiny Tim Well, you said I can't have none of 'em, so I might as well like 'em all!

Bob Cratchit Tiny Tim, you are a philosopher and a gentleman, and I've still got twelve shillings left in me pocket...

Kathy/Tiny Tim (*impressed*) Twelve shillings!

Bob Cratchit Twelve shillings, which says the Cratchit family will have as good a Christmas as the Lord Mayor of London 'imself.

He kisses the little boy's face and lifts him up on to his shoulder. As they move away from the window, the music starts under

Tiny Tim (*in awe*) Twelve shillings!

Kathy I do like that doll in the corner!

Christmas Children (No. 4) starts (underscore)

The Cratchits move on to a laden fruit stall

Bess With your lot to feed, Bob Cratchit, I'd say the apples at six a penny are the best bet. (*She puts the apples in Cratchit's basket*)

Bob Cratchit (*handing her the money*) True, Bess, true.

Kathy (*to Tim*) I'd rather have that dolly in the corner.

Tiny Tim I'd rather have the oranges.

They move on to the wine store. The Wine Merchant is serving a wealthy customer

Wine Merchant (*placing three bottles into a carpet bag*) Your change, Mr Carstairs. Eighteen-forty is the best vintage in twenty years!

Mr Carstairs At two shillings a bottle, it should be! A happy Christmas to you!