

JUDGE PEARSON. Mr. Connolly—

BAILIFF. And he says he has more than eighteen hundred brothers.

JUDGE PEARSON. Mr. Connolly—

BAILIFF. I don't like them odds.

JUDGE PEARSON. Mr. Connolly, he is sprinkling an unknown substance into people's food.

SCROOGE. And he's harboring two children under his robe.

JUDGE PEARSON. He's what?

SCROOGE. Two children. They live under his robe.

JUDGE PEARSON (*to the BAILIFF*). Notify Scotland Yard.

SCROOGE. They're dirty, dressed in rags, they haven't bathed in God knows how long.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. They're his children.

SCROOGE. He told me they're Mankind's.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. He takes care of them.

JUDGE PEARSON. Forcing them to live under his robe is not taking care of them. Mr. Connolly...now.

(*The BAILIFF exits.*)

SCROOGE (*yelling off to him*). Beware them both, but most of all beware the boy! He's the one with "Doom" written on his brow.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Your Honor, he really is good to them.

JUDGE PEARSON. That will be for the courts to decide. Mr. Rothschild?

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. I'd like to call back to the stand Mr. Robert Cratchit.

# CRATCHIT

JUDGE PEARSON. Mr. Robert Cratchit.

(*CRATCHIT takes the stand.*)

## START

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Bob, when you began working at Scrooge and Marley's ten years ago, what was your salary?

CRATCHIT. Fifteen shillings a week.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Were you able to live on that?

CRATCHIT. We made do.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. By "we" who do you mean?

CRATCHIT. My family.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. At that time, how big was your family?

CRATCHIT. It was my wife, myself and two children.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. A family of four on fifteen shillings?

CRATCHIT. Yes, sir.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. On the night in question, how big was your family?

CRATCHIT. It was my wife, myself and six children.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. You've been busy. And how much were you making by then at Scrooge and Marley's?

CRATCHIT. Fifteen shillings a week.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. You worked at Scrooge and Marley's for ten years and never once received a raise?

CRATCHIT. That's correct.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Did you ever receive a Christmas bonus?

CRATCHIT. No.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. After Mr. Marley's death, did Mr. Scrooge ever talk to you about becoming a partner?

CRATCHIT. I asked him about that once but he said it would cost too much money to change the sign.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. The sign?

CRATCHIT. Scrooge and Marley.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. That's right. He never painted out old Marley's name, did he?

CRATCHIT. No, sir. It still says Scrooge and Marley.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Doesn't that confuse people?

CRATCHIT. Sometimes people new to the business call him Mr. Scrooge and sometimes Mr. Marley. But he answers to both.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. So you were supporting a wife and six children on fifteen shillings a week, with no hope of a raise or becoming a partner?

CRATCHIT. Yes, sir.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. How were you able to do that?

CRATCHIT. It wasn't easy.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. I'd say it's nearly impossible.

SCROOGE. Objection.

JUDGE PEARSON. Overruled.

SCROOGE. But he—

JUDGE PEARSON. Overruled.

*(The BAILIFF comes running in.)*

JUDGE PEARSON. Have you found him?

BAILIFF. Yes.

JUDGE PEARSON. Good.

BAILIFF. But—

JUDGE PEARSON. You may continue, Mr. Rothschild.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Bob, I want to talk about your youngest child.

CRATCHIT. Tim.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Yes, you have a nickname for him, don't you?

CRATCHIT. Tiny Tim.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. I'm assuming because he's tiny?

SCROOGE. Sharp as a tennis ball, that one.

JUDGE PEARSON. Mr. Scrooge.

CRATCHIT. Yes, he's small for his age.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Any particular reason?

CRATCHIT. He was born prematurely and remained ill.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. On the night in question, how ill was Tiny Tim?

CRATCHIT. Quite ill.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Was he dying?

CRATCHIT. Yes, sir.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Did he know it?

CRATCHIT. I think so.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Did it scare him?

CRATCHIT. He never talked about it. But he did say to me once that he hoped people saw him in church because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD *(choking back a tear)*. Tim was crippled?

CRATCHIT. He had grown so weak he was forced to use a crutch.

SOLOMON ROTHSCHILD. Did you seek medical help?

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