Belinda Sides

(MRS. CRATCHIT sets plates and cups on the table. PETER stirs the pudding with a wooden spoon. 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
Merry Christmas, Peter!
PETER
Merry Christmas!

MARTHA
Belinda, Merry Christmas!

BELINDA
There is such a goose, Martha!