
Mr. Cratchit, Mrs. Cratchit, Tiny Tim (Peter, Martha) Altered for Auditions

(CRATCHIT AND LITTLE TIM ENTER THE HOUSE. BOTH SMILE AND ARE FULL OF GOOD CHEER.)

PETER: Let me help you, Father. (PETER GENTLY LIFTS TIM OFF HIS FATHER'S SHOULDERS.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: (AS SHE TAKES TIM'S SCARF AND HANDS HIM HIS CRUTCH.)
There you are, Timmy. (SHE KISSES HIM, AND PATS HIS HEAD.)

CRATCHIT: (LOOKS ALL AROUND THE ROOM.) Why — where is our Martha?

MRS. CRATCHIT: (HIDING A SMILE.) Not coming.

PETER: Not coming!

TIM: (VERY DISAPPOINTED.) Oh, no!

CRATCHIT: (ALSO VERY DISAPPOINTED.) Not coming? Not coming on Christmas Day!

MARTHA: Here I am, Father! (SHE HUGS HIM.)

TIM: There she is! It's Martha! Martha!

CRATCHIT: (HUGS HER.) Martha! I knew you would be here!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Now, Peter, it's time for you to fetch the goose from the baker's.

TIM: Oh, yes, the goose! The goose! Yes, Peter, bring the goose! Ummmmm!

PETER: Yes, Mother! (HE DASHES OUT THE DOOR.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: (CALLS AFTER HIM.) And mind you, don't drop it!

TIM: (ECHO HER.) Don't drop it!

PETER: (ON HIS WAY.) I won't!

MARTHA: (TAKES ANNIE AND TIM IN HAND.) Come along, Tim. Let's peek into the pots and pans, and see what Mother has fixed for us.

(THEY GO TO THE FIREPLACE; TIM'S SEVERE LIMP IS SEEN CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME. THE CRATCHIT PARENTS HAVE A BRIEF MOMENT OF PRIVACY.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: (TO HER HUSBAND) And how did little Tim behave in church?

CRATCHIT: As good as gold. Just as he always does.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I'm not surprised. (SIGHS.) Poor child, he's alone so much. I just wish he could run and play — like other children.

CRATCHIT: (WHO WOULD TRULY LIKE TO BELIEVE HE'S RIGHT.) He grows stronger and heartier by the day.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (WHO KNOWS BETTER.) I hope so, my dear. But —sometimes I think he's going to —

CRATCHIT: Hush, my dear. It's Christmas.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (WITH A SAD, BUT LOVING SMILE.) Yes, my dear, so it is.

(PETER RETURNS WITH THE GOOSE AND SETS IT ON THE TABLE. ALL CROWD AROUND TO ADMIRE IT — ALTHOUGH IT'S ACTUALLY QUITE A SMALL GOOSE TO FEED SO VERY MANY PEOPLE.)

ANNIE: There never was such a goose!

CRATCHIT: Never!

TIM: It's ever so BIG!

CRATCHIT: And not very expensive, either!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Especially with all the applesauce and potatoes!

PETER: And there's pudding, too!

MARTHA: Mother, I don't know how you do it!

CRATCHIT: The punch! Bring the punch! A glass for everyone! (PUNCH IS POURED AND EVERYONE HAS A GLASS. CRATCHIT LIFTS HIS GLASS.) A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!

ALL Yes! God bless us! Merry Christmas!

TIM: (TO HIS FATHER.) God bless us, every one!

CRATCHIT: (PROPOSES A TOAST.) Mr. Scrooge! I give you Mr. Scrooge! The Founder of the Feast!

(ALL PAUSE, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO SAY.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: (ANGRILY.) The Founder of the Feast indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

CRATCHIT: (GENTLY.) My dear the children. It's Christmas Day

MRS. CRATCHIT: (GROWS ANGRIER.) It should be Christmas Day, I'm sure, when one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. And you know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!

CRATCHIT: (PLEADINGLY.) My dear — Christmas Day . . .

MRS. CRATCHIT: (CALMER.) Very well. I'll drink his health for your sake and for the day's — but not for his. (LIFTS HER GLASS.) Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very happy and very merry, I have no doubt!

CRATCHIT: Come, let's all enjoy our fine Christmas dinner!

ALL: (CHEERFUL AGREEMENT.)