

**Mrs. Cratchit, Martha, Annie, (Peter)** (Altered for auditions)

ANNIE: (RUNS' INTO THE ROOM.) Mama! Mama!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Annie, child! Don't run in the house like that. You don't want to fall down and hurt yourself on Christmas Day, do you?

ANNIE: No, Mama.

MRS. CRATCHIT: (STRAIGHTENS ANNIE'S DRESS.) You look very pretty, my dear.

ANNIE: Thank you, Mama. Do you think I look pretty, Peter?

PETER: Oh, you look all right. For a sister.

ANNIE: Oh! Brothers! (POINTS AT HIM.) You look very funny in Papa's collar! (SHE GIGGLES.)

BELINDA AND ROBBIE: (ALSO SNICKER.)

PETER: I do not!

ANNIE: Do too!

MRS. CRATCHIT: Now, children, don't argue. Not on Christmas Day.

CHILDREN: Yes, Mama.

ANNIE: We're sorry.

MRS. CRATCHIT: I know, my dear. (GLANCES OUT THE WINDOW.) I wonder what's keeping your father and Tiny Tim. And where's Martha? Martha wasn't this late last Christmas Day by half an hour!

ANNIE: Oh! I almost forgot! That's why I was running, Mother! Martha's coming! I saw her down the street. (SHE LOOKS OUT THE DOOR.) Here's Martha, Mother!

(MARTHA ENTERS. SHE'S AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL OF ABOUT EIGHTEEN OR SO, WHO WORKS IN A SHOP AS A MILLINER'S APPRENTICE.)

ANNIE: (JUMPING UP AND DOWN EXCITEDLY.) Martha's here! Martha's here!

MARTHA: Annie! (HUGS HER.)

MRS. CRATCHIT: (GOES TO MARTHA.) Annie, child, close the door or we'll freeze in here. Martha! Bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA: Mother! (HUGS HER, AND THEN HUGS BELINDA.) We had quite a lot of work to finish up last night. The shop was completely upside down, Mother. Hats and feathers everywhere! Then we had to clear it all away early this morning.

MRS. CRATCHIT: Well! Never mind so long as you are here. Sit down and warm yourself, my dear.

ANNIE: Martha! We have such a <sup>—</sup>goose!

PETER: Oh, yes! Wait 'til you see, Martha!

MARTHA: I can hardly wait. Annie, how you've grown! And, Peter, how dignified you are today! (RUMPLES HIS HAIR.)

ANNIE: (LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW — POINTS EXCITEDLY.) Look! There's Papa and Tiny Tim!

MRS. CRATCHIT: At last!

PETER: Quick, Martha — hide!

ANNIE: Hide over here, Martha!

PETER: Hurry, Martha!

MARTHA: (LAUGHS.) All right! (SHE HIDES.)

ANNIE: Here they are!

PETER: Papa!

ANNIE: Tim!