**TINY TIM AUDITIONS**

10. TINY TIM CRATCHIT: Oh, smell that Gooooooooooose! Hurrah! Look! Look! There

was never such a goose! Never!

11. SOUND: WALLA-”OOOOH”. PLATES. FORKS. SPOON SERVINGS--

UNDER.

12. MRS. CRATCHIT: All right! Be seated. Here you go. Take your turn, now.

There’s plenty of stuffing, potatoes, and plum pudding for all

of you.

13. MRS. CRATCHIT: *(whispers to Martha)* Martha, dear. Sit next to Tiny Tim

and make sure he eats plenty. He must get strong and well. If anything should happen to him...

14. MARTHA: *(whispers)* Oh, Mother! Don’t even think that. I’ll see that he

eats well. Here, Tim...

*Amid the bustle over the servings, BOB calls everybody’s attention by rapping a spoon on*

*the table (4x).*

1. BOB CRATCHIT: Quiet, please. Quiet. Such a feast requires a Merry Christmas

to us all! God bless us!

2. *PETER CRATCHIT:* God bless us.

3. MARTHA *CRATCHIT: MERRY CHRISTMAS*.

4. Belinda CRATCHIT: God bless us.

5. Frederick CRATCHIT: God bless us.

6. HARRIET *CRATCHIT:* MERRY CHIRSTMAS.

7. TINY TIM CRATCHIT: *(coughs)* God... bless us... !

*The CRATCHITS begin dinner, chatting in the background. At some point in the following*

*conversation, PETER CRATCHIT goes to the counter to bring the punch bowl. SCROOGE*

*and the SECOND SPIRIT converse.*