

Nectar! Pure nectar! And at tuppence a pint you can't really complain.

Martha The stuffing's ready, Mother.

Mrs Cratchit That's lovely, Martha...

Bob promptly sets down his wooden spoon. With immense pride he carries across to the parlour table a crockery platter on which sits the scrawny, poorly plucked goose. The pile of stuffing is bigger than the goose

Bob Cratchit The marriage of roast goose and sage and onion stuffing *a la Cratchit* is one of the culinary miracles of our day—a living legend throughout the length and breadth of Camden Town! (*He sets the platter down upon the table*) The only remaining problem, my dears, is whether to put the stuffing inside the goose or the goose inside the stuffing.

This is greeted with renewed gusts of mirth from the family

But since the ultimate intention is to put them both inside ourselves, I don't suppose it much matters!

Kathy and Tiny Tim enter, looking highly delighted with life

Kathy Come along, Tim.

Bob Cratchit And here they are—the one and only carol-singing Cratchits, newly returned from their triumphant musical tour of Regent's Park and the Euston Road.

The entire family cheers and applauds itself. Bob Cratchit leaves what he is doing, picks up his son and kisses him, and hugs Kathy

Mrs Cratchit How did you do — Tiny Tim?

Tiny Tim Tuppence ha'penny!

Redoubled cheers as he proudly displays his handful of copper coins

Mrs Cratchit Well done! And you too, Kathy!

Bob Cratchit Another fantastic coup by young Timothy Cratchit, the financial wizard! At only seven years of age, the youngest millionaire in the vast Cratchit empire! Let's put the pennies in the jar...

Beautiful Day (No. 15a) starts (underscore)

Mrs Cratchit (*to Kathy*) And how did little Tim behave?

Bob Cratchit sets Tiny Tim on a chair at the parlour table and begins to