

The Night Before the Night Before Christmas

Narrator 1	Jessi Schmidt	Group 2	Nik Kremnev	Car	Kevin Kuehne
Narrator 2	Moriah Lucas		Kami Baird		Noah Smith
Narrator 3	Meagan Hobbs		Julie Abbott		Ryan Miner
Narrator 4	Anna Kremnev		Ryan Miner		Nik Kremnev
Narrator 5	Kate Nelson	Group 3	Gabie Labrum		Kami Baird
Narrator 6	Shaylee Ferrell		Bronwyn McArthur		Gabie Labrum
Little Girl	Tessa Carr		Kevin Kuehne		Bronwyn McArthur
Patrick	Landon Sutch		McKenna Wood		Katie Kendall
Mom	Darci Ramirez		Allona Bateman	Shoppers	Kevin Kuehne
Dad	Talmage Sanders	Cat	Katie Kendall		Katie Kendall
3 Trees	Julie Abbott	Beds	Gabie Labrum		Emily Thompson
	Cambry Wallentine		Kami Baird		Bronwyn McArthur
	McKenna Wood		Ryan Miner		Holland DeGooyer
Tree Salesman	Allona Bateman		Nik Kremnev		Kami Baird
Santa	Ryan Miner	Door	Kevin Kuehne		Nik Kremnev
Santa's Helper	Gabie Labrum	Furniture	Emily Thompson		Julie Abbott
Group 1	Emily Thompson		Noah Smith		Cambry Wallentine
	Holland DeGooyer	Fireplace	Julie Abbott		McKenna Wood
	Noah Smith		Bronwyn McArthur		Allona Bateman
	Cambry Wallentine		Holland DeGooyer		Noah Smith

Everyone: 'Twas the night before the night before Christmas,
 Mom: With too much to do!
 Little Girl and Patrick: Our tree wasn't up yet,
 Dad: And Mom had the flu.
 Little Girl: Our cookies were burned.
 Narrator 1: There were presents to wrap.
 Narrator 2: Mom sniffled,
 Mom: What I need is a long winter's nap.
 Little Girl: But instead we drove miles to go get our tree.
 Narrator 3: Last week there were millions,
 3 Trees: Now there were three.
 Narrator 4: Dad tied the tree to our car,
 Dad: This will just have to do.
 Narrator 4: Mom nodded glumly and sneezed
 Mom: Ah-ah-ACHOO!
 Little Girl, Patrick, Dad: We dragged in our tree through the front door.
 Tree: It dropped half its needles all over the floor.
 Narrator 5: Just then, Patrick pointed to something quite shocking.
 Patrick: Oh, no!
 Narrator 6: There were holes in everyone's stocking!
 Little Girl: Instead we hung socks by the chimney with care.
 Patrick: I hoped that Saint Nick would fill up my spare.
 Little Girl: Things will get better, I thought, as I crawled into bed.
 Maybe visions of sugarplums will dance in my head.
 Instead, I lay wondering gazing up at the moon.
 What on earth is a sugarplum? Is it a candy or a prune?
 Patrick: Early the next morning, I woke up from a dream.
 Mom: Be careful, Harold!
 Patrick: I heard my mom scream.
 Narrator 1 & 2: Out on the lawn, there arose such a clatter.
 Patrick: I sprang from my bed to see Dad on a ladder.
 Narrator 3: He was stringing up lights on the rooftop and gutters,
 Narrator 4: Outlining the railings,
 Narrator 5: The windows and shutters.

Narrator 6: When he plugged in the cord, not a single light lit.

Dad: Do we have extra bulbs?

All Narrators: Yes...but none of them fit.

Little Girl: So off to the mall our family did drive.

Narrator 2: When Dad saw the crowds, he gasped,

Dad: Sakes alive!

Mom: We searched every store. All the lights were sold out.

Patrick: But I found something for Grandpa

Everyone: Silly Gilly the Trout!

Mom: Finally all done with our last-minute shopping,
We flew past the food court without even stopping.

Patrick: But I want to see Santa

Narrator 3: Patrick said with a whine.

Mom and Dad: We pushed through the crowd,

Everyone: Wow! What a line!

Narrator 5: It wrapped 'round the counters and down the first floor,

Narrator 2: Then wound through Kids Clothing and out the front door.

Narrator 6: After waiting for hours--

Mom, Dad, Patrick, Little Girl: At last! Our big chance!

Narrator 4: Santa roared,

Santa: Ho! Ho! Ho!

Mom: Then Pat wet his pants.

Mom, Dad, Patrick, Little Girl: Let's go home!

Mom: We all cried

Little Girl: Mom, Patrick and me.

Narrator 1: Even jolly old Dad sighed and said

Dad: I agree!

Little Girl: So on the way home, we sang the Jingle Bell song
(Everyone is humming Jingle Bells softly.)

Little Girl: All the while I was thinking nothing else could go wrong.

Mom: When what to our wondering eyes should appear
But a gigantic mess, that much was clear.

Group 1: The tree was knocked over!

Little Girl: My snow globe was shattered.

Group 2: Ornaments were broken.

Group 3: Tinsel was scattered.

Little Girl: Bad kitty! I shouted.

Cat: Meow...

Patrick: Then Mom started to weep.

Mom: Christmas is ruined. And I need some sleep!

Dad: No, it's not, sugarplum.
These things are just stuff.
Christmas is about love.
And we have quite enough.

Narrator 1: He tucked Mom in bed for some much-needed rest.

Dad, Patrick, Little Girl: Then we three busy elves all gave it our best.

Narrator 3: As snow gently fell, turning the earth sparkly white,

Little Girl: I knew in my heart Christmas would turn out just right.

Patrick: Dad read us a book and gave us a kiss.

Little Girl: It was my favorite story, and it begin like this...

Everyone: 'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.