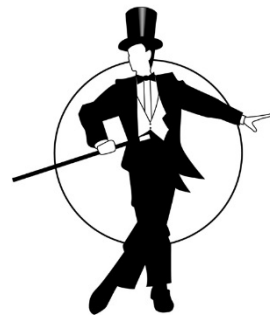


'Twas the Night

Pamela Loyd



ArtAge
Publications



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'Twas the Night

By Pamela Lloyd

CAST

HUSBAND: Dressed in lounging pajamas or sweats. Wears slippers. Red robe and a Santa hat are nearby.

WIFE: Dressed in a Christmas sweater and slacks, hair frazzled.

Place

Christmas Eve.

Time

Living room of Husband and Wife, with a lighted Christmas tree, a fireplace (electric or cardboard), and an upholstered chair at one side facing audience.

'Twas the Night

At rise: *Husband sits in chair. Stage semi-dark except for Christmas tree lights and glow from fireplace. Lights come up as Husband speaks.*

HUSBAND: 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring—except for my spouse.

(Wife enters with stockings, lights now fully up).

WIFE: The stockings had *not* been hung up with care,
So I scurried to the mantel to hang them up there.
Filled with candy canes, sugarplums, and oranges galore,
They suddenly fell, rolled all over the floor.
Candies and oranges went bouncing about,
Skittering and scattering—then I heard myself shout:

Oh no! Don't do this! Don't make this big mess!
This is just one more thing that is causing me stress.
I really love Christmas, but I must confess
I don't want *more* work—I want to do less. *(picks up candy and oranges)*

HUSBAND: Our kids and grandkids had gone off to bed,
And I, in my chair, was just resting my head.
Hoping for peace on this quiet Christmas Eve,
Because everything is ready, I do believe.
Really, it seems there is nothing left to do,
So why is my wife making such a hullabaloo?

WIFE: Pies to go in the oven, the dressing yet to make,
And I've still got to frost the Christmas Yule cake.
The nuts for the fruitcake need to be cracked,
And those last-minute gifts still need to be wrapped.
This might be a night everyone looks forward to,
But for me it's a night with too much to do.
I want to make everything as good as can be,
But why is everything left up to me?

HUSBAND: Yes, why does she think she must do it all?

WIFE: And Christmas cards and cookies and visits to the mall.

HUSBAND: My wife is so busy, all rushing around,
Isn't it time that she just settles down?
This is disturbing my nap, quite unsettling to hear.
It's put a real pause in my Christmas cheer.
I wish my wife would just sit here with me.
I am content to do nothing, so why isn't she?
(turns to Wife)
Please leave it, my dear, don't do any more.
I have a good idea—just leave it on the floor.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!