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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**  
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**All Through the House**

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To  
*children and adults everywhere  
who may have forgotten  
or have not experienced  
the joy of the holiday season.  
Peace and laughter to all.*

## **All Through the House**

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**All Through the House** was first produced by The Art Place at Nick's Café in 2011: Nelah Gabler, director; Tami Gallagher, costumer; Amanda Worrall, stage manager; Jeff Costello, lighting technician; Nelah Gabler and Pat Bell, set design.

**DOUGLAS:** Nick Morrett

**PENELOPE:** Natasha Lee

**KATIE:** Blair McClure

**MATTHEW:** Justin Hentz

**MALORIE:** Samantha Hentz

**MOUSE:** Austin Barner

**VIXEN:** Audrey Johnson

**CUPID:** Meagan Cascone

**DONNER:** Samantha Marshall

**DASHER:** Evan Ruede

**RUDOLPH:** Alex Juliano

**ASSISTANT:** Beth Anderson

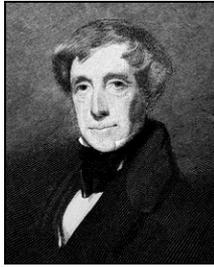
**SANTA:** Pat Bell

*All Through the Houze*  
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## *All Through the Houze*

**HOLIDAY.** It's Christmas Eve and the Houze kids think they are too old for Christmas and don't want to watch Christmas specials, sip hot cocoa, or read Dad's favorite Christmas poem, "Twas the Night Before Christmas." But when Santa and his reindeer crash-land on the Houze's roof and then Rudolph arrives with his personal assistant/bodyguard, it looks like the Houze's are in for one spirited Christmas!

**Performance time:** Approximately 30 minutes.



Clement C. Moore (1779-1863)

## About the Story

“’Twas the Night Before Christmas” is the first line of the poem “A Visit from St. Nicholas,” which was written by Clement Clarke Moore, a professor of Oriental and Greek Literature who had grown up in Queens. The poem was first published in the *Sentinel* in Troy, NY, on Dec. 23, 1823. Many modern depictions of Santa Claus are attributed to this poem including use of a sleigh, the names of the eight flying reindeer, the tradition of delivering toys to children, his arrival on Christmas Eve instead of Christmas Day, and his physical appearance, which was reportedly inspired by a local Dutch handyman with which Moore was acquainted.

“His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples: how merry,  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly  
That shook when he laugh’d, like a bowl full of jelly:  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf”

Today, the poem is considered to be one of the most famous American poems ever written. Four hand-written copies of the poem still exist, with three of the copies housed in museums.

## Characters

(3 M, 3 F, 7 flexible)

**SANTA CLAUS:** Can't perform his Christmas duties without his glasses; wears a Santa suit; male.

**DASHER:** Reindeer who thinks he is rather dashing and is envious of Rudolph's celebrity status; flexible.

**DONNER:** Reindeer who laughs at his own bad jokes; flexible.

**VIXEN:** Easygoing, helpful reindeer; flexible.

**CUPID:** Reindeer who loves everything; flexible.

**RUDOLPH:** Reindeer who has a big ego and acts like he's a superstar; dressed like a superstar; flexible.

**ASSISTANT:** Rudolph's personal assistant/bodyguard who knows karate and follows Rudolph around and takes notes on everything he says; flexible.

**MOUSE:** Talking mouse who loves Christmas and bakes delicious Christmas cookies; flexible.

**DOUGLAS HOUZE:** Father who loves Christmas but doesn't make the tastiest Christmas cookies; male.

**PENELOPE HOUZE:** Mother who is tired from all of the holiday preparations; female.

**MATTHEW HOUZE:** Son who would rather play videogames than celebrate Christmas; wears a ball cap; male.

**KATIE HOUZE:** Daughter who would rather talk on her cell phone than celebrate Christmas; female.

**MALORIE HOUZE:** Daughter who would rather read books than celebrate Christmas; female.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

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### Setting

The Houze family's living room, Christmas Eve.

### Set

**Living room.** The room is decorated for Christmas with a Christmas tree. There is a chimney/fireplace cutout SL or SR that is large enough for Santa and the Reindeer to enter and exit through. Opposite, there is a cutout of a mouse hole that is large enough for the Mouse to enter and exit through. The living room has an end table, TV, couch, chairs, etc.

### Synopsis of Scenes

**Scene 1:** Living room, Christmas Eve.

**Scene 2:** Rooftop, moments later.

**Scene 3:** Living room, moments later.

## Props

Baseball cap, for Matthew  
Assorted Christmas decorations  
Christmas stockings  
Videogame  
Cell phone  
Book  
Tray of Christmas cookies, for Dad  
Napkins  
Watch, for Matthew  
TV remote control  
Pot  
Large spoon or ladle  
Glasses for Santa  
Sleigh  
Christmas presents  
Tray of Christmas cookies, for Mouse  
Party whistle

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## Sound Effects

Crash  
Rumbling  
Falling  
Cell phone ringing

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"THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM  
FOR MIRACLES."

## Scene 1

(AT RISE: Living room, Christmas Eve, evening. The room is decorated for Christmas. Douglas is almost finished hanging the stockings. Matthew is wearing a ball cap and playing a videogame. Katie is talking on her cell phone. Malorie is reading a book.)

DOUGLAS: Hey, kids! Who's ready for Christmas Eve with the Houze family! (Matthew, Malorie, and Katie moan and groan.) Is that all you got? You can do better than that! Sing with me! (Sings.) "It's the most wonderful time..." Take it, kids! (Matthew, Malorie, and Katie sigh and roll their eyes.) Oh, come on! (Picks up a book from the end table.) Katie, do you want to sit by the fireplace and read my favorite Christmas poem, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas"?

KATIE: O-M-G! No, Dad. (Into phone.) Sorry, Shelly, my dad is such a dweeb...

DOUGLAS: Matthew, do you want to read my favorite poem with me?

MATTHEW: No thanks.

DOUGLAS: Malorie! You love reading! Daddy's little bookworm! How bout it?

MALORIE: I have no time for silly stories, Father. I'm reading Shakespeare.

DOUGLAS: Now, what's going on? You kids used to love Christmas Eve. Where's your Christmas spirit?

KATIE: L-O-L, Christmas Eve is so last year, Dad.

MATTHEW: Yeah, Dad. I think we're getting a little too old for Christmas.

DOUGLAS: Nonsense! You're never too old for Christmas! It's a time for magic and miracles! Speaking of miracles, I baked my first batch of holiday cookies. (Sets the book down on the end table, picks up a tray of cookies, and takes it to Katie, Matthew, and Malorie.) Here, try the snowmen. The buttons are made of licorice. (Katie, Matthew, and Malorie take a cookie.)

*They each take a bite and then make a bitter face.)* Well, what do you think?

KATIE/MATTHEW/MALORIE: Great, Dad...

*(Douglas puts the cookie tray back on the end table and picks up the book. While his back is turned, Katie, Matthew, and Malorie spit cookie into napkins. Dad turns and approaches them.)*

DOUGLAS: *(Indicating cookies.)* I knew you'd like them! I baked them special. I'm going to leave them for Santa!

MATTHEW/KATIE/MALORIE: Poor guy...

DOUGLAS: What was that?

MATTHEW/KATIE/MALORIE: Nothing.

MATTHEW: *(Looks at watch.)* Oh, boy, look at the time.

MALORIE: *(Yawns.)* Yeah. It's getting late... *(Starts to exit.)*

DOUGLAS: No! You can't go to bed yet! Christmas Eve just started! *(Gets an idea.)* I know! Let's watch Christmas specials! *(Picks up TV remote control.)* They're only on once a year. *(Turns TV on.)*

KATIE: Dad, F-Y-I, I really need my beauty rest. *(Starts to exit.)*

MALORIE: Will you be sleeping for a month?

KATIE: *(Annoyed.)* Oh, you're so immature.

MALORIE: And you suffer from an acute case of narcissism.

KATIE: O-M-G, a cute what? Thank you!

MALORIE: My pleasure.

DOUGLAS: Girls, look! "It's a Wonderful Life" is on!

KATIE: It's always on.

*(Katie exits upstairs. Douglas changes the channel.)*

DOUGLAS: Oh! "Rudolph" is on! Malorie, you love Rudolph!

MALORIE: I find "Rudolph" to be one boring cinematic experience. Goodnight, Father. *(Exits upstairs.)*

DOUGLAS: *(To himself.)* What does that even mean? *(Changes the channel.)* Matthew! “Frosty the Snowman”! What do you say we watch it together?

*(Matthew approaches Douglas and rests his hand on his dad’s shoulder.)*

MATTHEW: Dad... *(Turns ball cap around.)* ...there comes a time in every man’s life when he must cross that threshold into maturity. I think, for you, that time is now. Go get ‘em, tiger.

*(Matthew exits. Dad looks extremely sad and disappointed. Penelope enters.)*

PENELOPE: *(Calls.)* Hey, hon. *(Looks down at the end table and sees Douglas’s cookies.)* Oh, you made cookies. *(Picks up a cookie and is about to eat it, but stops when she notices Douglas’s sad look.)* What’s the matter, Douglas?

DOUGLAS: Honey... *(Looks at the book he is still holding.)* ...when did we lose our kids?

PENELOPE: What do you mean?

DOUGLAS: It’s just that, well, they used to love Christmas—decorating the tree, sipping hot chocolate, and hanging the stockings.

PENELOPE: I know, sweetheart. It seems like only yesterday they couldn’t get enough of us. Now they can’t get away from us fast enough. It’s all a part of growing up.

DOUGLAS: I just wanted to spend Christmas Eve with my family. Say, how about you and me spend Christmas Eve together? Just the two of us! What do you say?

PENELOPE: Well, I’d love to honey —

DOUGLAS: Great!

PENELOPE: But —

DOUGLAS: Oh, no.

PENELOPE: It's been a long day, sweetheart, and I have a terrible headache. This time of year always wears me out. I think I'm going to call it a night.

DOUGLAS: *(Sighs.)* Fine. I just can't win.

PENELOPE: Oh, honey, tell you what...let me take a short nap. You wake me up in an hour or so, and we'll watch whatever Christmas special you like. How's that sound?

DOUGLAS: All right. *(Penelope kisses Douglas on the cheek. With book in hand, Douglas goes over to the fireplace. Penelope starts to exit upstairs with one of Douglas's Christmas cookies and takes a bite. She lets out a loud groan and spits it out into a napkin. Turns.)* Did you say something, honey?

PENELOPE: *(Tries to make her gagging look like yawning.)* No, no. Just so sleepy...

DOUGLAS: Oh. Okay. Goodnight, dear.

PENELOPE: Goodnight, hon.

*(Penelope continues gagging and spitting into her napkin as she exits up the stairs. With his book in hand, Douglas sits in his chair near the fireplace.)*

DOUGLAS: *(Disappointed.)* What a night. I guess I'll just have to read it by myself. *(Opens the book, clears his throat, reads.)* "'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house... *(Suddenly, Mouse enters from a hole in the wall. He is stirring something in a pot.)* ...not a creature was stirring... *(Looks up from book and sees Mouse.)* ...except for that mouse." Hey, Mouse, what are you doing?

MOUSE: Stirring. Duh!

**[END OF FREEVIEW]**