

# O HOLY NITE

---

Five Charmingly Irreverent Christmas Plays  
for High Schoolers by  
Samantha Macher

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315

*OHoly Nite* © 2011 Samantha Macher  
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-095-1.

**Caution:** This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

**Reservation of Rights:** This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by his representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments:** Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at [www.YouthPLAYS.com](http://www.YouthPLAYS.com). Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

**Author Credit:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

**Publisher Attribution:** All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS ([www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)).*

**Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying:** Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

**Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works:** This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

## COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS are required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at [info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com) or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

### *Angels We Have Heard On Hi*

ANNA, a middle schooler in a Christmas pageant.

TAYLOR, her high school-aged sister.

### *O Holy Nite*

HATTIE, a perfectionist and mother trying to set up a nativity scene.

WILLIAM, her hapless husband.

TRUDY, her adorable daughter.

MARK, her precocious son.

### *Jingle Belles*

JOSH, throws a party to meet some girls.

ROGER, a nerdy party guest.

PETE, another nerdy party guest.

KEITH, cool party guest.

ALL, misc. party guests.

CHOIR MEMBERS, girls.

### *Silent Nite*

TODD, Jeremy's older brother.

JEREMY, has a lisp.

OMA, their evil grandma.

### *It Came Upon A Midnite Clear*

KITTY, a seven-year-old.

CLARK, her nine-year-old brother.

RUDY, their five-year-old sibling.

MOM, their mom.

DAD, their dad.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

These plays are meant to be paired with the public domain Christmas carol for which they are named. This can be interpreted as liberally as needed by the director and should suit the needs of the theatre company.

These plays can be performed in any order and with as many or as few actors as needed. The genders of the characters can also be flexible based on the needs of the theater.

Also, these plays should be fun. The director should do what they need to do to ensure the "fun-ness" of the play.

*O Holy Nite: Five Charmingly Irreverent Christmas Plays for High Schoolers* was originally written for and produced by the Middleburg Academy Players of Middleburg, Virginia, in December of 2010.

The show was directed by Mrs. Laurelyn Morrison, and accompanied vocally by members of the Middleburg Academy Glee Club, who sang under her direction.

Original Cast:

Calvin Baue

Sammy Hutchins

Bryan Long

Kezia Lawson-Shanks

Forrest Morrill

William Morrill

Carleigh Smith

Hayley Staples

John Swiatek

Tarek Thompson

The playwright would like to thank Middleburg Academy and Mrs. Morrison for giving this play a home, the Hill School of Middleburg, Virginia for allowing one of the performances to be done there, and the students for their stellar theatrical performances. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

---

**ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HI**

*(ANNA and TAYLOR are sisters. Anna (middle school aged) is offstage. Taylor (high school aged) is on the couch reading a magazine.)*

**ANNA** *(Off:)* TAYLOR?

**TAYLOR:** What?

**ANNA** *(Off:)* Can I see you for a sec?

**TAYLOR:** I'm busy now.

**ANNA** *(Off:)* It's really important!

**TAYLOR:** My nails are drying.

**ANNA** *(Off:)* TAYLOR!

**TAYLOR:** Why don't you come here?

**ANNA** *(Off:)* I can't!

**TAYLOR:** Anna –

**ANNA** *(Off:)* I really need your help.

**TAYLOR:** I'm BUSY.

*(Enter Anna, dressed like an angel. She is stuck in her angel costume. Because the costume is too small for her. Because it is a child's costume.)*

**ANNA:** Busy? You call this busy?

**TAYLOR:** Holy monkeys.

**ANNA:** I know.

**TAYLOR:** *That* was why –

**ANNA:** YES.

**TAYLOR:** Sorry about that.

(Taylor gets up to help her.)

**ANNA:** You *should* be.

(The two girls struggle with the costume without much success.  
Taylor rips the wings off of the costume.)

Oh great.

**TAYLOR:** Jeepers creepers!

**ANNA:** This costume doesn't even belong to me.

**TAYLOR:** Well that's obvious.

**ANNA:** (Mildly offended:) Why's that?

**TAYLOR:** Because you look like a bratwurst.

**ANNA:** I do not.

**TAYLOR:** It's fine. I always thought that the nativity lacked giant talking sausages.

**ANNA:** It's not funny.

**TAYLOR:** (Singing:) Bratwurst we have heard on high  
Sweetly singing sausage links –

**ANNA:** Taylor, they need an angel Gabriel, not a talking sausage.

**TAYLOR:** That's who you are?

**ANNA:** One of the other kids called in sick this morning.

**TAYLOR:** So they cast you?

**ANNA:** They thought I would be small enough to fit in the costume.

**TAYLOR:** When? Like two years ago?

**ANNA:** You're so mean to me. Even on *Christmas* –



---

**TAYLOR:** Oh don't take it that way. (*Beat.*) What I'm saying is that you're *tall*. (*Beat.*) Way too *tall* for that costume.

**ANNA:** You think so?

**TAYLOR:** Yeah. You're like, *super model* tall.

**ANNA:** You promise?

**TAYLOR:** Pinky promise. Double pinky.

*(They double pinky promise.)*

Alright, I'm gonna go get some scissors.

**ANNA:** No!

**TAYLOR:** What?

**ANNA:** We can't *cut* it.

**TAYLOR:** Why?

**ANNA:** 'Cause then I won't have a costume —

**TAYLOR:** No, you just won't have a bratwurst costume.

**ANNA:** I won't have *any* costume for the pageant.

**TAYLOR:** Will you relax, Anna? I've got it under control.

**ANNA:** Obviously.

**TAYLOR:** Can you just trust me for once?

**ANNA:** Fine.

*(Taylor goes to look for some scissors. Anna stands pathetically in her costume.)*

I was supposed to be a shepherd, you know.

**TAYLOR** (*Off:*) What?

**ANNA:** A SHEPHERD. I was supposed to be a SHEPHERD. (*Beat.*) With SHEEP.

**TAYLOR** (*Off.*) *That* costume might have fit you a little better –

**ANNA:** Yeah, the girl who plays the angel Gabriel is really tiny.

**TAYLOR:** (*Reentering with scissors.*) –It'd be nice and baggy. And you'd get to carry a BIG giant stick –

**ANNA:** She's pretty too. Aiden likes her.

**TAYLOR:** –And then you could totally beat up on the little kids.

*(Taylor takes the scissors and runs them up the back of the angel costume. Anna breathes a sigh of relief as the costume comes off.)*

Better?

**ANNA:** Yeah.

*(Anna looks sad.)*

**TAYLOR:** What's wrong?

**ANNA:** Nothing.

**TAYLOR:** Do you miss the straightjacket? Because I know a place were we could get you a new one –

**ANNA:** Shut up.

**TAYLOR:** We can get you a room right next door to grandma.

**ANNA:** Grandma's in Florida.

**TAYLOR:** That's just what Mom tells you.

**ANNA:** I *like* grandma.

**TAYLOR:** That's 'cause you're the baby. (*Beat.*) Now. Let's see about finding you something to wear.

**ANNA:** Isn't it a little late?

**TAYLOR:** Nah. We've got some time. When's the pageant again?

**ANNA:** Eight.

**TAYLOR:** Eight. Alright.

*(Taylor looks around the room and eyes her mother's white curtains. She takes them off the curtain rod.)*

**ANNA:** What are you doing?

**TAYLOR:** Improvising.

**ANNA:** Mom's gonna kill you.

**TAYLOR:** Well I think she'll kill me more if I let you play the angel Gabe in the buff.

**ANNA:** Ew!

**TAYLOR:** I guess you'd probably get Aiden's attention *that* way.

**ANNA:** Shut up, Taylor!

**TAYLOR:** You were the one who brought him up, now hold still—

*(Anna does. Taylor wraps the curtain around her like a toga. Taylor stands back and admires her work.)*

**ANNA:** Is it okay?

**TAYLOR:** It's very, Greco-Roman.

**ANNA:** Great—

**TAYLOR:** It just needs some wings.

**ANNA:** How? You ripped them off the other costume.

**TAYLOR:** Just give me one. Second.

*(Taylor finds some gold garland and wraps it around Anna's body to attach them to the toga.)*

There. Perfect. Do you still have the halo?

**ANNA:** Yeah.

**TAYLOR:** Where is it?

*(Anna points. Taylor goes and gets it. She puts it on her sister's head.)*

Wow.

**ANNA:** What?

**TAYLOR:** You look awesome.

**ANNA:** Thanks.

**TAYLOR:** I am highly impressed with myself.

**ANNA:** There's a shocker.

**TAYLOR:** You look pretty too.

**ANNA:** Really?

**TAYLOR:** Yeah. You're way hotter than the other angel Gabriel. Aiden would be crazy not to notice you.

**ANNA:** You think so?

**TAYLOR:** Absolutely. *(Beat.)* Do you remember your lines?

**ANNA:** I think so—

**TAYLOR:** Alright, let's hear 'em.

**ANNA:** Okay. Uhh— *(Beat.)* Do not be afraid, for behold, I proclaim to you the good news of great joy that will be for all people. For today in the city of David a savior has been born who is Messiah and Lord and this will be a sign for you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. *(Beat.)* Then we leave, and people say other stuff.

Blah blah blah— *(Beat.)* Then we come back on and *all* the angels say "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to those on whom his favor rests." *(Beat.)* Then we sing.

**TAYLOR:** What do you sing?

**ANNA:** Angels we have heard on high.

*(The choir begins to sing "Angels We Have Heard on High" as the lights dim on this Christmas scene.)*

**O HOLY NITE**

*(In the background, "O Holy Night" is being hummed by a choir, as if by angels, if by angels we mean high-schoolers. We hear a knock at the door, a dog barking and being shooed away, the door opening and the choir singing the song melodiously [or as best they can]. At lights up, HATTIE, a mother, sets up a nativity scene as the centerpiece of the family dining room table as her husband, WILLIAM and two children, TRUDY and MARK assist her. She is precise, like a surgeon.)*

**HATTIE:** Donkey?

**WILLIAM:** *(Handing her the donkey:)* Donkey.

*(Hattie puts the donkey in the nativity scene.)*

**HATTIE:** Sheep?

**TRUDY:** *(Handing her the sheep:)* Sheep.

*(Hattie puts the sheep in the nativity scene.)*

**HATTIE:** Wise men?

**MARK:** *(Handing her the Three Wise Men:)* Magi.

**HATTIE:** Magi?

**MARK:** That's what they're called. Magi.

**HATTIE:** I thought they were kings.

**TRUDY:** You said they were wise men a second ago.

**WILLIAM:** I'm confused.

**MARK:** Magi *are* kings. *These* kings, anyway.

*(William enters.)*

**WILLIAM:** No, no, no. Not about that. I can't find my Christmas socks. Have you seen them? My Christmas socks? *(Beat.)* No? *(Beat.)* They have reindeer on them? *(Beat.)* All

---

eight reindeer? *(Beat.)* No? *(Beat.)* Darn! I can't find these things anywhere!

*(William exits. Presumably to look for socks. Hattie continues to set up the nativity scene while her kids prattle on about Magi. This annoys her, only slightly.)*

**TRUDY:** They came from the east –

**HATTIE:** Who did, Trudy?

**TRUDY:** The wise men!

**HATTIE:** Sorry sweetie, I'm just trying to get this all finished for tonight –

**MARK:** They came bearing gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh –

**TRUDY:** They came on donkeys –

**MARK:** Nuh uh. They walked.

**TRUDY:** NO. They came on DONKEYS, MARK.

**MARK:** They walked.

**TRUDY:** They donkeyed.

**MARK:** Walking.

**TRUDY:** DONKEY-ING.

**MARK:** WALKING –

**HATTIE:** Enough!

**MARK AND TRUDY:** Sorry.

*(A long pause.)*

**MARK:** *(To Hattie:)* Did you know that the term Magi comes from Zoroastrianism?

**HATTIE:** No –

**MARK:** Did you *know* that if you're a Zoroastrian, when you die instead of burying you they leave your body on a mountain to get eaten by birds?

**TRUDY:** EW. NO WAY.

**MARK:** YES way.

**TRUDY:** NO way.

**MARK:** YES. Way.

**HATTIE:** Quiet! (*Beat.*) THIS is not appropriate Christmas conversation. Where did you even learn this information?

**MARK:** Google.

**HATTIE:** That's it. Absolutely no more computers until he —  
(*William enters.*)

**WILLIAM:** Hattie?

**HATTIE:** (*Angrily.*) What?

**WILLIAM:** (*Beat.*) Nothing.

**HATTIE:** What?

**WILLIAM:** I hate to bother you —

**HATTIE:** What. Is. It?

**WILLIAM:** (*Beat.*) I still can't find my Christmas socks. Have you seen them?

**HATTIE:** Did you try the dryer?

**WILLIAM:** No.

**HATTIE:** That might be where I would check.

**WILLIAM:** I didn't think of that.

**HATTIE:** Of course not. Why would you think of that?



**WILLIAM:** (*Beat.*) Wait, was that a rhetorical question?

**HATTIE:** YES.

**WILLIAM:** Okay, just checking.

(*Exit William. Hattie surveys her nativity scene with pride.*)

**HATTIE:** Hey kids, come over and look at this.

(*The kids come over and look at the table scape.*)

**TRUDY:** It looks good, Mommy.

**MARK:** Yeah. Really nice.

**HATTIE:** Did you know that this nativity set has been in my family since before Nana was born?

**TRUDY:** Really?

**MARK:** And you still have it?

**HATTIE:** (*To Mark:*) She gave it to me when I had you.

**MARK:** Whoa.

**HATTIE:** And someday, it'll be yours to share.

**TRUDY:** Since before Nana was born? That's *really* old. Like a thousand years old.

**HATTIE:** I know. It's *ancient*. Be sure to tell Nana how old you think it is when you see her tomorrow.

**TRUDY:** Mommy, where's the baby Jesus?

**HATTIE:** We didn't want to put him in the manger until the rest of the nativity is set up. It has to be ready for the baby Jesus.

**MARK:** Well, is it ready now?

**HATTIE:** What do you think?

*(The children nod in agreement.)*

I think so too. Why don't one of you guys run along and get him from the closet?

**MARK AND TRUDY:** Okay!

*(Trudy and Mark run out. William enters with his Christmas socks.)*

**WILLIAM:** I found 'em!

**HATTIE:** That's just great, sweetie.

**WILLIAM:** You know what's weird though? I remember all the reindeer from last year, but I don't remember Santa looking quite this maniacal? Has he always looked like this?

*(William makes a threatening face.)*

**HATTIE:** I don't think so.

*(She looks at the socks.)*

You know, I think you might actually be right. He's kinda terrifying, isn't he?

*(The kids rush in. Panicked. Out of breath.)*

**MARK:** Mom—

**HATTIE:** What is it?

**TRUDY:** Mommy—

**HATTIE:** What is it guys? What's wrong?

**MARK:** Sadie—

**WILLIAM:** Oh no. Did she get out? Is she alright?

**TRUDY:** Well—

**HATTIE:** Come on, tell us! What's wrong?

**MARK:** We were taking the baby Jesus out of the box—

© Samantha Macher

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying or performance permitted.

---

**TRUDY:** And Sadie was really excited to see us –

**MARK:** So she jumped up and knocked it out of my hand –

**TRUDY:** And she –

**MARK:** Well, she –

*(He mimes eating.)*

**HATTIE:** Sadie ate the baby Jesus?

*(The children nod sadly.)*

This is terrible.

*(She sits.)*

**TRUDY:** We're really sorry, Mommy.

**MARK:** Yeah, we didn't mean to let her get him –

**WILLIAM:** I guess we're just gonna have to wait until Christmas morning for the baby Jesus to appear.

**HATTIE:** That's not funny.

**WILLIAM:** It is too. *(Death glare from Hattie:)* It's kinda funny. *(Death glare from Hattie:)* I'm sorry. *(Death glare from Hattie:)* I was wrong. *(Death glare from Hattie:)* It's not funny at all.

**HATTIE:** Well now what are we supposed to do?

**TRUDY:** I have an idea.

**WILLIAM:** What's that, sweetie?

*(She goes to the table and takes the salt shaker. She wraps it in a paper napkin.)*

**TRUDY:** See?

**HATTIE:** What?

**TRUDY:** No one'll know the difference.

**HATTIE:** That's very sweet of you, but—

**MARK:** No! It's a really good idea!

**TRUDY:** He fits right in.

*(She lays him in the manger. The family looks at the nativity scene.)*

**HATTIE:** I don't know, it just doesn't look right.

**MARK:** Mom, it doesn't matter what Jesus looks like, it's just important that he's there.

**HATTIE:** *(Beat.)* You know what, you're right. It'll be fine. I'll be fine. I just wanted it to be perfect for you guys—

**MARK:** It is perfect—

**TRUDY:** —because he's here!

**WILLIAM:** And tomorrow when Sadie's passed the Christ child, we'll hose him off and put him right in the manger where he belongs.

**HATTIE:** *(Lovingly.)* That's disgusting.

**WILLIAM:** So is childbirth, but that's what this holiday was founded on.

**HATTIE:** I think you might have missed the point.

**WILLIAM:** I usually do.

*(The family gathers around the dining room table and marvels at the nativity scene as the lights go down.)*

---

**JINGLE BELLES**

*(Lights up on a room full of MEN. Seven men to be precise. Seven men in holiday sweaters, with reindeer antlers on. They drink eggnog.)*

**JOSH:** So?

**ROGER:** So?

**ALL:** So?

**JOSH:** *(Beat.)* This is some wicked nog.

**ALL:** Yeah.

**ROGER:** Wicked.

**JOSH:** It's my granny's recipe.

**PETE:** Pretty good.

**JOSH:** Made it myself. *(Beat.)* Yep. *(Beat.)* She gave me the recipe. *(Beat.)* Hey, did you guys know that there's eggs in this?

**PETE:** Whoa.

**JOSH:** Yeah. I totally didn't know that before I made eggnog.

**ROGER:** Really?

**JOSH:** Like you did.

**ROGER:** I think the eggs are implied.

**JOSH:** You can't just *assume* there's eggs.

**ROGER:** Sure you can.

**PETE:** It *is* called eggnog.

**KEITH:** *(Really enjoying eggnog:)* EGGNOG!!

**JOSH:** Shut up, Keith.

**KEITH:** Dude. Egnog.

*(A long awkward pause ensues.)*

**JOSH:** So?

**ROGER:** So.

**PETE:** So—

**KEITH:** So. *(Beat.)* I like your sweaters.

**ROGER, JOSH AND PETE:** Zip it, Keith.

*(The men stand around looking at one another, blinking.)*

**ROGER:** Look, man. I hate to bring this up—

**JOSH:** What?

**ROGER:** Because it *is* your party—

**JOSH:** What, Roger?

**ROGER:** Well—

**PETE:** I think Roger's trying to say—

**KEITH:** Where are the chicks, man?

**ROGER:** Yeah. Chicks.

**PETE:** There are a serious. Lack. Of. Chicks.

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!