

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.... 2025

AUDITION MATERIALS

- Audition Sides for CLEMENT
- Audition Sides for CLEMENT MOORE'S Children
- Audition Sides for CLEMENT
- Audition Sides for the MERCHANTS w/CLEMENT
- Audition Sides for ALL

Audition Sides for CLEMENT & ELIZA MOORE: Opening Scene

Eliza: Thank you all for coming

Clement: We'll see you all next year.

Eliza: Clement! How can you say such a thing? These folks are our guests.

Clement: And I'm sure it has been very nice to meet all of you, but if you'll excuse me, I have work to do.

Eliza: Clement! Please forgive my husband. I'm afraid all his years of study has done little to improve his manners.

Clement: Listen to this:

'Twas the night before Christmas
When all round New York
Not a creature was stirring
With a spoon, nor a fork!

What do you think?

Eliza: Oh No. You see, every year when the children and I are decorating the house for the holidays, Clement writes a Christmas Poem and then he reads it to the family as a special gift on Christmas Eve.

Clement: How about this?

'Twas the night before Christmas
And I swear by my life
Not a creature was snoring
Except for my wife.

Eliza: Only this year, I'm afraid he's having a little trouble.

Clement: 'Twas The Night Before Christmas
When all through our home
I was still up past midnight
Writing this poem. Arggh

Audition Sides for CLEMENT MOORE'S CHILDREN:

DEAR SANTA LETTER:

"Dear Santa, won't you please come to visit me this year, and grant me a very special Christmas wish? Won't you please make me strong and well again soon? I don't care so much for myself, but my Mother and Father are so worried. In fact, my father is working very, very hard on a Christmas poem that he hopes will help me feel better. So won't you please make me get well? That way, maybe he'll think it's his poem that did the trick. And that would make him so happy. Merry Christmas. Love, Charity (female) or Christopher Moore (male)."

THE POEM: Choose A or B (do not do both)

A

His eyes - how they twinkled,
His dimples - how merry!
His cheeks were like roses -
His nose like a cherry

He had a broad face
and a little round belly,
that shook when he laughed . . .
. . . like a bowl full of jelly.

B

He was chubby and plump,
a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him
in spite of myself

A wink of his eye
and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread.

Audition Sides for CLEMENT & MR KRINGLE:

Kris: I'm sorry, Mr. Moore, but I still don't quite understand what it is you need me to do.

Clement: Well, Mr. Kringle, when you arrived this morning, I believe you met my daughter, Charity, didn't you?

Kris: Oh yes, sir. She's a wonderful little girl. How is she feeling today, sir?

Clement: Not very well, Mr. Kringle. But if you're willing, perhaps you can help her feel better.

Kris: Of course sir, what would you like me to do?

Clement: You know the stories of St. Nicholas, don't you?

Kris: Do I ever! Back in Holland those stories were what we children lived for. The story of how St. Nicholas flew down from the sky to rescue the sailors from a shipwreck.

Clement: How about the one where St. Nick threw three small sacks of gold through a poor man's open window. The poor man had three daughters who had hung their stockings to dry by the fire. And the three sacks of gold landed in three different stockings. One for each daughter.

Kris: Or, my favorite, the story of how St. Nicholas brought back to health the three little boys.

Clement: That one is my favorite too. But you know what, children today don't even call him by that name. They call him Santa Claus.

Kris: That's right. But old St. Nick is known by many different names throughout this world.

Clement: Well, I'm writing a poem about this Santa Claus, a poem so filled with Christmas joy that it might help bring my little girl back to health, just as St. Nicholas would want himself. Only the Santa in my poem is not going to be skinny, serious old St. Nicholas. He is going to be modeled after you.

Kris: Me? But I'm a fat and jolly old soul.

Clement: That's right. And come Christmas Eve, if you're willing, you will be Santa Claus as well!

Kris: Me? Santa Claus? (Ask Audience) Alright, just tell me what you would like me to do, and I'll do it.

Clement: Well, first we're going to find out what this Santa wears, and then we're going to dress you up just like him

Audition Sides for the MERCHANTS w/CLEMENT:

- Merch 1:** Poultry, fresh poultry here! Just plucked. Wild turkeys, game hens and quail! Perfect for your Christmas dinner!
- Merch 2:** Toys and treasures for the little ones! Tops and dollies; trains and polly parrots. Tin soldiers for your boys; fairy wands for your little ladies!
- Merch 3:** Fruit and candy! Tasty treats of all shapes and sizes. Plum puddings and even a prized pineapple. Rock candy and peppermints. (The above is slightly overlapped and each Merchant ad libs quietly as Clement enters)
- Clement:** Is anything ever so festive as a holiday market? Hello there, you with the goose and pheasants. I need to purchase one more turkey. Please tell me I'm not too late.
- Merch 1:** Oh, no, sir. Right on time, sir. Duck, Duck, Goose --- Turkey - Still one left, and one of the nicest ones I've had all day. (The other merchants notice the above and move in)
- Clement:** How lucky for me you saved the best for last.
- Merch 1:** Indeed, I did.
- Merch 2:** Excuse me, sir. While your purse is out and handy, why not buy one of these beautiful toys for the children at home?
- Clement:** Well, as a matter of fact...
- Merch 3:** And these scrumptious sugar plums are sure to please the missus.
- Clement:** Indeed, they would – and others as well.
- Merch 1:** Now don't crowd too tight. Can't you see he's buying this turkey from me?
- Merch 2:** (overlapping with M 3) Yes, but the little ones cannot live by turkey alone. Surely he must also buy one or three little trinkets to...
- Merch 3:** (overlapping with M 2) Turkey is fine for the main course. But what is a hearty meal without a little treat first to whet the appetite of...
- Merch 1:** (joining M 2 and M 3 halfway through their speeches) You'd think you hadn't had a customer all day. Give him...
- Clement:** Please, please. I can't buy everything at once. Here, a coin for each of you.
- Merchants:** Thank you, sir!

Audition Sides for ALL:

Opening Narration on NYC 1822 - Front of Moore House.

Good morning, today we are going to tell you a story that happened a long time ago, back in 1822.

In 1822, there were no cars, no Internet, no iPhones and your great, great, great grandmother was the same age that you are now. Now, the story we are going to tell you today is about Santa Claus. And about a man named Clement Moore, who wrote a poem that, for the first time, told children like you who Santa Claus was and what he looked like. You see, back in the old days, before television, NetFlix and Tik Tok people didn't know as much about Santa Claus as we do today. In fact, back in the old days, they called Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, and thought of him as a skinny serious man in blue priest robes. St. Nicholas was well known in the country of Holland, where the Dutch people live. In England, Santa Claus was called Father Christmas. Our play is about how Clement Moore learned about the real Santa Claus, and wrote about him in a poem called "A Visit from St. Nicholas," a poem which we now call – "Twas the Night Before Christmas."