Characters

(All either gender)

Father Christmas	-	Father Christmas.
Elvis	-	Elf supervisor of Father Christmas's toy workshop.
Rudolph	-	A reindeer. Leader of the team with his/her red nose.
Dasher	-	A reindeer. A little thoughtless; acts quickly without thinking.
Dancer	-	A reindeer. Independent; dances about.
Prancer	-	A reindeer. Mischievous and playful.
Vixen	-	A reindeer. Creative and imaginative.
Comet	-	A reindeer. Bold and fast; a bit of a show off.
Cupid	-	A reindeer. Feisty with a quick temper.
Donner	-	A reindeer. Stands up for herself. A bit of a grumbler.
Blitzen	-	A reindeer. Quick moving and rather impatient.
Arctic hare	-	A sweet hare who enters only at end of play. Easily doubled.
Other reindeer	-	Any number of extra reindeer can join in action and songs.

Scene 1

(SFX. Intro music; extract from 'Jingle Bells'. or similar suitable for season.)

Elvis: **(Enters in a hurry)** Oh dear, oh dear! **(Calls urgently)** Father Christmas! **(No reply. Calls again)** Father Christmas!

Father Christmas: **(Enters smiling and operating a yo-yo. Keep yo-yoing)** Hello Elvis, these yo-yos that you and the elves made in the toy workshop are wonderful, and so relaxing. The strings are excellent quality, lovely and smooth. Mrs Christmas and I are having competitions to see who can keep going the longest. **(Chuckles)** Mrs Christmas is today's champion. **(Stops yo-yoing. Looks concerned)** Is something wrong Elvis?

Elvis: **(Upset)** Oh Father Christmas, something awful is happening – the reindeer are all fighting!

Father Christmas: **(Stares at Elvis puzzled)** Fighting? You surely don't mean my special reindeer?

Elvis: Yes! They're all at war with each other! **(Then as Father Christmas says oh dear eight times, Elvis counts on his fingers.)**

Father Christmas: **(Exclaims worriedly)** Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

Elvis: **(Holds up eight fingers and keeps them up)** That's eight. And Rudolph!

Father Christmas: Rudolph too! *Oh, dear*!

Elvis: **(Nods and holds up nine fingers.)** Nine!

Father Christmas: But this is dreadful! And only a week before Christmas Eve, and the whole world's children to deliver toys to. Whatever's the reason for it, Elvis?

Elvis: **(Takes a deep breath)** Well Father Christmas, it all started about a piece of special moss that Donner was saving.

Father Christmas: **(Surprised)** Special moss? But moss is all the same!

Elvis: Donner said she was saving an especially tender and tasty piece of moss, and that Blitzen had eaten it. Well Blitzen said he hadn't eaten it, and then Donner said he had eaten it, and then Blitzen got cross, and said Donner was too slow for him pulling the sleigh on Christmas Eve, and he wanted to fly up front with Dasher instead! Oh, and then – **(interrupted)**

Father Christmas: **(Interrupts)** Please ask them to come and see me this minute Elvis. Fighting before Christmas, I never heard of such a thing!

Elvis: **(Scratches head as if reminiscing)** Actually Father Christmas, there was that time in 1824, when - **(looks at Father Christmas to see if he recollects.)**

Father Christmas: **(As if remembering)** Ah dear me, yes, I remember; but wasn't that in 1825? Never mind, please send for my reindeer.

Elvis: Right away Father Christmas. **(Exits)**

(Father Christmas big sigh. Does a bit of yo-yoing to soothe his nerves. Reindeer A hubbub of noisy voices arguing.)

Donner: **(Enter saying accusingly to Blitzen who follows behind)** You did Blitzen, you did, you did!

Blitzen: **(Enter replying indignantly to Donner)** I didn't Donner, I didn't, I didn't!

Donner: **(To Blitzen)** You did, you did, you did!

Blitzen: **(To Donner)** I didn't, I didn't, I didn't!

Dancer: **(Enters grumbling to Blitzen)** I always fly with Dasher! Why do you want to swap now Blitzen after hundreds of years? It's not fair!

Blitzen: **(To Dancer impatiently)** Dancer, you're not as fast as Dasher and me. You should fly with Prancer just behind, he's slower.

Dasher: **(Enters explaining to Dancer rather excitedly and making the movements)** You are slower than us, Dancer old girl. Blitzen and me can go whoooooosh! Wait a minute, that's not fast enough – we'd go **(make a big whoooooshing sound)** whoooooosh! And all the girls and boys would look up and say 'wow', look how fast they're going this year. It must be because Dasher has teamed up with Blitzen!

Elvis: **(Enters ushering in the other reindeer)** Come along in quickly, all of you.

(Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid and Rudolph all enter looking cross and arguing. Any other reindeer enter and stand around gossiping.)

Father Christmas: **(Sternly holds up his hands)** Silence please!

Reindeer: **(All quiet for a moment, then all say at same time)** But Father Christmas – but – **(interrupted by Father Christmas)**

Father Christmas: **(Holds up his hand to quieten them)** No buts!

Cupid: I didn't do any butting Father Christmas!

Comet: **(To Cupid crossly)** Oh yes you did Cupid! You gave me a nasty sideways butt, when I asked if you'd swap with Donner. Blitzen ought to fly with me, I'm faster than Dasher!

Dasher: **(To Comet)** No you're not!

Comet: **(To Dasher)** Yes, I am!

Cupid: **(Crossly to Comet)** That wasn't a butt Comet – that was a tickle! **(Stamps foot)** Oh, may the goblin take it!

(Reindeer all gasp)

Vixen: **(To Father Christmas)** She swore Father Christmas! Cupid swore! She said 'may the goblin take it!'

Prancer: **(To Vixen)** Tell-tale Vixen! Tell-tale!

Vixen: **(To Prancer crossly)** No, I'm not! Anyway, at least I'm not prancing about like you Prancer! **(Locks antlers with Prancer and they tussle for a few seconds.)**

Cupid: **(To Comet crossly)** If I wanted to butt you Comet, I'd butt you like this. **(Locks antlers with Comet and they tussle for a few seconds.)**

Dancer: **(To Dasher crossly)** I'm not slow Dasher, and I'm not an old girl – so there! **(Locks antlers with Dasher and they tussle for a few seconds.)**

Donner: **(To Blitzen crossly)** Now look what you've started! It's all your fault Blitzen!

Blitzen: My fault! I like that! It's all because of your silly piece of moss!

Donner: It wasn't a silly piece of moss! **(Locks antlers with Blitzen and they tussle for a few seconds.)**

Father Christmas: **(Claps hands loudly)** Stop fighting this instant all of you! And we'll have no talk of goblins, especially before Christmas!

(Reindeer all unlock antlers quickly. Music: Sing and make actions to Goblin Song with adapted lyrics, to the tune of, 'Food Glorious Food' from the musical Oliver by Lionel Bart.)

All: Little creatures in the wood
Prying where they never should
Pointy teeth and pointy ears – goblins!
(All look around nervously)
Hiding here and everywhere,
Stealing things that are not theirs,
Overturning stools and chairs
– goblins!
(All look around nervously)

Father C/Elvis: There's not a toy, not a game they don't grab,
Not a doll, not a ring, not a cake,
Nothing can stop them from taking their fill
And saying their name's a mistake – **(Speak)** don't tempt them! - shhhhhh!

All: Short, grotesque, and hairy,
They've many disguises,
Turn into black bats,
Spring nasty surprises.

Reindeer: Pouring itching dust on our coats,
Painting our tails orange,
Pasting feathers onto our hooves,
All: Goblins, goblins, goblins! – Shhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Reindeer: **(All together)** But Father Christmas, but – **(interrupted)**

Father Christmas: **(Interrupts them sternly)** I said, no more buts! Now then, what's all this arguing about?

(Reindeer all start talking at once.)

Father Christmas: **(Claps hands loudly for silence)** Rudolph – you're not arguing with anyone; will you please explain.

Dancer: **(Grumbles aloud)** Rudolph goody four-hooves!

All Reindeer: **(Laugh and repeat)** Goody four-hooves!

Rudolph: **(Annoyed)** No I'm not!

Donner: **(Grumbling)** I don't know why Rudolph always has to be team leader! I can make my nose just as red. **(Rubs her nose hard. Crosses eyes as if to look at nose).** See!

Blitzen: **(Laughs)** Ha, ha, but your nose doesn't glow in the dark Donner!

Vixen: **(Excited)** I should be team leader! The legend says the Northern Lights are made by the great fox Revontulet, who sweeps his tail in the snow, and sprays it up into the sky to make the beautiful lights. **(Looks at her tail and waggles her bottom, trying to make tail swish)** I'm sure my tail does the same!

Prancer: **(To Vixen)** Just because your name's Vixen doesn't make you a fox silly!

Comet: **(To Vixen)** Cupid and me fly behind you, and it doesn't light up at all!

Cupid: Anyway, you've only got a tiddly tail!

Vixen: **(To Cupid)** It's longer than yours stupid Cupid!

Cupid: Numbskull.

Vixen: Cupid swore Father Christmas! Cupid swore!

Cupid: I did not; numbskull isn't swearing, is it Elvis?

Elvis: It isn't swearing Cupid, but it's impolite, especially between friends. And calling a friend stupid isn't nice either Vixen. **(To Father Christmas)** Father Christmas, as the

reindeer can't seem to behave themselves, perhaps you should use your reserve reindeer team to pull your toy sleigh this year?

Father Christmas: **(Scratches head and looks puzzled; then says slowly)** My reserve team of reindeer?

Elvis: **(Nods head)** Yes Father Christmas. **(Taps nose and looks at Father Christmas)** You know, the ones who are back-ups in case of emergency.

Father Christmas: **(Catches on)** Ah, of course; my standby team!

Reindeer: **(Gasp horrified. All say together)** Your standby team?

Father Christmas: **(To reindeer sternly)** You didn't know about my standby team, did you?

Reindeer team: **(Say no together and shake heads.)** No.

Father Christmas: Hmm, well, let me hear what Rudolph has to say first.

Rudolph: It was all about a piece of moss Father Christmas.

Father Christmas: **(To Donner)** How big was the piece of moss Donner?

Donner: It was about a mouthful. I was looking forward to it.

Father Christmas: **(Folds arms)** So, all this fuss and bother has been caused by a mouthful of moss?

Donner: (Looks rather shamefaced)

Rudolph: The moss was only the start. Then Blitzen said he didn't want to fly with Donner, because she was too slow. And then, and then -

Elvis: **(Continues Rudolph's sentence)** And then everyone joined in! Just like 1824!

Father Christmas: 1825 I think.

Rudolph: Not very long ago then.

Elvis: Just a blink of an eye, when you're magic.

Father Christmas: Now then reindeer, have you all forgotten why I paired you up as I did, hundreds of years ago?

Prancer: **(Shrugs)** It's just a sort of habit isn't it, Father Christmas? Like every Christmas Eve, I fly with Vixen.

Dancer: And I get harnessed to Dasher.

Comet: And I go alongside Cupid.

Blitzen: And I take off with Donner.

Dasher: And we all fly at eleven million miles per second!

Father Christmas: Faster than the speed of light.

Elvis: Three hundred and ninety-six miles around the world!

Reindeer: **(Together)** Whooooooosh!

Rudolph: **(Points to red nose)** And I lead the way with my shiny red nose.

(Music and Song: All sing 'Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer', or extract.)

Dasher: *but –*

Elvis: No buts, remember!

Dasher: **(Starts again)** Just because we've always done it Father Christmas, doesn't mean we always have to, does it?

Father Christmas: **(Explaining)** Well Dasher, it's all a question of balance. If I put my two fastest reindeer at the front, others would struggle to keep up.

Prancer: **(To Father Christmas)** We do get little rests on the rooftops, while you pop down the chimneys with the toys. And the children often leave us a few carrots or apples for flying energy.

Elvis: Tut, Tut Prancer! Think what happens when the dog-sledges aren't balanced properly. It happened a few years ago.

Cupid: It all tipped up, and everyone spilled out into the snow!

(Reindeer all laugh.)

Father Christmas: Hmm. That was funny, and no-one was hurt fortunately. Just imagine though if that happened in the sky.

Blitzen: The sleigh would overturn, and all the children's toys would fall out!

Donner: And Father Christmas would fall out!

Cupid: And we'd all fall through the sky!

(Reindeer all gasp.)

Father Christmas: So, it's all about balance you see. Fast and not so fast, heavy and not so heavy, tall and not so tall. And it's all these qualities that make you a very special team.

Dancer: Better than your reserve team Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: **(Rather cagey)** Hmm, well we won't talk about my reserve team just now.

Rudolph: But - **(Stops self in time and starts sentence again)** what did happen in 1824 Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: **(Frowns slightly)** I really think it was 1825.

Elvis: **(A bit sharply)** It was definitely 1824.

Father Christmas: **(Rather sharply)** 1825!

Elvis: **(Sharply)** 1824!

Father Christmas: **(Sharply)** 1825!

Elvis: **(Sharply)** 1824!

(Reindeer all laugh. Father Christmas & Elvis pause for a moment before realising what's happening.)

Father Christmas: **(Laughs and shakes his head)** Now we're arguing. **(To Elvis)** – You tell them what happened Elvis.

Elvis: The same thing that sometimes happens with my little nieces and nephews before Christmas. They get so excited, they're like the little bubbles in a bottle of fizzy pop. If someone shakes it up and opens it, it froths up into an argument. That's what happened with you today, and all those years ago. I must say, I do feel in a bit of a jitter myself. **(Starts fidgeting and jumping.)**

Father Christmas: I feel a bit all shook up too. **(Starts fidgeting and jumping about.)**

Reindeer: **(Together)** So do we! **(Fidgeting and jumping around.)**

(Music all sing two adapted verses to 'All Shook Up' with actions, written by Elvis Presley and Otis Blackwell.)

Oh, well, a-bless my soul, but what's wrong with me?
We're itchin' like a man on a fuzzy tree
Our friends say we're actin' wild as a bug
It's Christmas,
We're all shook up
Hmm, ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, well, our legs are shaky, and our knees are weak
We can't seem to stand on my own two feet **(reindeer sing 'four feet' instead.)**
Who do you thank when you have such luck?
It's Christmas,
We're all shook up
Hmm, ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Reindeer: **(Together)** We're sorry we were a worry to you Father Christmas.

Father Christmas: That's alright. But mind it doesn't happen again for at least two hundred years!

Dasher: **(To Dancer apologetically)** I'm sorry I was mean to you Dancer. I like flying with you, really I do.

Dancer: **(To Dasher. Sniffing)** Oh, it's alright Dasher. I like flying with you too.

Cupid: **(To Comet. A bit teary)** I'm sorry I gave you a little butt Comet; it was horrid of me.

Comet: **(To Cupid. Sniffing)** I do feel a bit fidgety. I don't really want to swap Cupid.

Prancer: **(To Vixen. Blubs)** I'm sorry I laughed about your tail Vixen; it's a lovely tail.

Vixen: **(To Prancer. Cries)** That's alright Prancer. We make a good pair don't we.

Donner: **(To Rudolph. Howling with tears)** I'm sorry I was mean about your nose Rudolph; it's a wonderful nose. And I'm sorry I accused you of eating my moss Blitzen.

Blitzen: **(To Donner crying)** That's alright Donner. We really do go together don't we - thunder and lighting.

Reindeer: **(Together all blubbing)** We're sorry we were unkind Rudolph.

Rudolph: **(Sniffing)** Oh that's alright. I feel jumpy too. **(Idly wondering)** I wonder what did happen to your piece of moss Donner?

Arctic Hare: **(Enters hopping. Looks round at everyone)** I ate it!

Reindeer: **(Everyone looks at Arctic Hare amazed. Together)** You ate it?

Arctic Hare: **(Innocently)** Sorry, I didn't know it belonged to anyone.

(Everyone laughs)

Father Christmas: Thank you for telling us Arctic Hare. You're quite right, the moss doesn't belong to anyone; it belongs to everyone! Come on, we've work to do before Christmas Eve!

Elvis: You can say that again! Merry Christmas everybody!

All: Merry Christmas!

(All take bow. Song: Sing or play song 'It Must Be Santa' by Bob Dylan to finish show. Everyone could dance/sing to the fun catchy tune. Alternatively, 'We Wish You a Merry Christmas' or other suitable seasonal song.)