(Play 1) – Father Christmas and the Troublesome Socks

Characters

Father Christmas (M/F)	-	Santa Claus
Rudolph (M/F)	-	A reindeer.
Elvis (M/F)	-	A supervisor elf who works in the Christmas toy workshop.
Pipkin (M/F)	-	An elf.
Thistle (M/F)	-	An elf.
Lichen (M/F)	-	An elf.
Moss (M/F)	-	An elf.
Fern (M/F)	-	An elf.
Twiggy (M/F)	-	An elf.
Scarecrow (M/F)	-	A Scarecrow

Scene 1 – Father Christmas' Grotto

(Onstage is a sock box. A few socks are scattered around it on the floor, and one or two socks hanging over the edge. Father Christmas enters, hot and bothered. He is wearing very odd socks, one tall, one short, and neither matching in any way. He pulls a sock or two from his sock box, tries to match them with the ones he's wearing, with no luck.)

Father Christmas: **(Loud sigh. Calls loudly)** Rudolph! Elvis!

Rudolph: **(Enters cheerily)** Yes Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: Have you seen my socks?

Rudolph: **(Stares with surprise at the socks Father Christmas's is wearing)** Oh! They're interesting. Is this the new fashion Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: No, it's not the new fashion! I can't find my socks! I think someone's been eating them!

Rudolph: **(Rather guiltily)** It wasn't us; they don't taste very nice.

Father Christmas: So, you've tasted them?

Rudolph: Just a nibble, once. We prefer mosses, herbs, ferns, grasses, shoots and leaves of shrubs and trees. Would you like some moss?

Father Christmas: No! – Thank you – I just want a pair of matching socks. I can't find any anywhere.

Elvis: **(Enters rubbing hands together cheerily)** We've nearly got all the toys ready for you to deliver, Father Christmas. **(Suddenly stares hard at Father Christmas's feet)** Mm -they're interesting – is this the new fashion?

Father Christmas: **(A bit grumpy)** No, it's not the new fashion! I can't find any matching socks.

Rudolph: **(Looks towards sock box)** Aren't there lots of socks in your sock box?

Father Christmas: **(Bothered)** Yes there are, but they're all odd ones. - I've spent ages trying to find two that match for tonight.

Elvis: **(Cheerily)** Don't worry Father Christmas, we'll help you find a pair!

(Father Christmas, Elvis & Rudolph go to sock box.)

Rudolph: **(Peering into sock box)** Ooo, what a lot of socks. Hm, it might take a while to sort through them all.

Father Christmas: Oh dear, oh dear, and it will soon be time for me to go on my rounds.

Elvis: **(Peers into box)** I'll call some of the elves to help. I'll use my magic whistle. **(Lifts an invisible whistle to lips and blows. No sound comes.)**

(Elves, any number enter)

Elvis: **(Organizing)** Elves, we need to find a matching pair of socks for Father Christmas to wear tonight to deliver toys to the world's children. **(Looks at Pipkin)** Pipkin, I'll pass you a sock, you take it from me, say what colour and pattern it is, and pass it along. With a bit of luck, we might find two to match.

Pipkin: **(Orders)** Elves in a straight line please. **(Elves eventually form an orderly line ready to pass socks along.)**

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Rudolph: **(To audience)** You'll help won't you? Shout out if you see two socks that match.

Audience: Yes.

(Elvis picks a sock out of the box and pass to Pipkin until all gone.)

Pipkin: **(Take one sock at a time from Elvis. Speak clearly and loudly and hold up sock for audience to see. Then pass to next elf in line, etc.)** One pink spotty sock. – One yellow stripey sock. – One sock with Christmas puddings on. – One green sock. – One sock with teddies on. – One sock – oooh look it's you Father Christmas – on. – One sock with Christmas trees on. – One sock with drums on. – One sock with snow on **(interrupted)**

Thistle: That's not snow, it's a white sock!

Pipkin: Oh yes, so it is!

(Elves laugh)

Pipkin: One sock with – **(Delighted)** oh look elves – elves on it!

Elvis: **(Bends down to peer into sock box. Shakes head.)** All gone. No more socks. **(To audience)** Have we got a matching pair?

Audience: **(After checking)** No.

Father Christmas: Oh, dear, I can't go out wearing odd socks. My costume is like my uniform you see, and I need to feel right. Children know just what I look like, red hat, red top, red trousers with belt, all white fur trimmed.

Rudolph: Odd socks.

Father Christmas: No! Not odd socks.

Twiggy: But the children won't see your socks. You wear your boots on top.

Father Christmas: I know that Twiggy, but it will feel, well, it will feel odd! I can wear odd socks other days, but I need to put my best foot forwards tonight.

(Rudolph lifts his hooves up and looks at them puzzled.)

Father Christmas: Now I wonder where on earth my other socks can be? I know I've got lots somewhere.

Lichen: Perhaps they had holes in Father Christmas, and you threw them away?

Father Christmas: **(Rather indignant)** Throw socks away! I wouldn't throw socks away because they had holes in the heels, or toes. I'd darn them Lichen. I'm very good at mending.

Elvis: Perhaps they were worn out all over the place then? Some must be quite old.

Father Christmas: **(Indignant)** Old?? Most of those socks are nearly new! Only two hundred years in fact! Good goat hair socks. Plenty of wear left in them!

Rudolph: Where do you think your other socks are? **(A sudden thought)** Have you any in your wash basket?

Father Christmas: **(Rather embarrassed)** Oh dear, um, well – **(Trails off)**

Moss: Well – Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: Well, you see, being so busy with Christmas Moss, I've got a bit behind with my washing. My niece Milla did offer when she visited, but I couldn't let her, of course. **(Points)** They're er, in the wash basket.

Elvis: **(Cheerily)** Oh, that's not a problem Father Christmas. We've time to wash and dry a pair or two by the fire for you!

Father Christmas: **(Graciously)** That would be most kind elves, thank you.

(Everyone troops to the wash basket)

Rudolph: **(Peers inside)** It's very dark inside the wash basket. I'll hold my red nose over it, so you can see. **(Leans over with his red nose. A red nose that illuminates would be a bonus.)**

Fern: **(Cheerily plunges a hand into wash basket)** I'm sure we'll soon find you a pair of matching socks Father Christmas. **(Cries out in surprise and jumps back)** Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! There's something prickly in there! **(Rubs hand.)**

Father Christmas: **(Remembering)** Ah – ah – oh dear! - The little hedgehog must have come back to hibernate! It won't wake up until spring now. We mustn't disturb it.

Elvis: **(Positively)** I've had a good idea Father Christmas - Old Samu in the workshop is a very quick knitter. He can start knitting you a pair of socks right away!

Father Christmas: **(Shakes head)** Oh that will never do Elvis! I can't spare elves for knitting me socks! **(Insistent)** The most important thing is to finish the children's toys. Every boy and girl in the world must have a toy.

Twiggy: **(Points)** What's in the basket over there Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: **(A bit shamefaced)** Ah, hmm, that's my mending basket Twiggy. With being so busy, I'm afraid I've got a bit behind with that too

Twiggy: **(Cheerily)** Perhaps there's a sock in there that matches. We elves can soon patch it up for you!

Father Christmas: That would be most kind elves, thank you.

(All troop over to mending basket)

Thistle: **(Peers into mending basket)** Oo, it's very dark inside the mending basket.

Rudolph: **(Helpfully)** I'll shine my red nose over it so you can see.

Lichen: **(Cautiously puts hand into basket.)** Oh, oooh, aaaaah, this basket isn't prickly - it's lovely and soft and furry – and purr-ey!

Moss: **(Peering into basket)** Let me see! **(Exclaims)** - It's a cat and three tiny kittens!

Elves: **(Gather round and look. All)** Aaahh.

Father Christmas: **(Remembering)** Oh – ah – yes, mm, that's the little stray I let in from the cold. **(Shakes head)** We can't disturb her until the kittens are older.

(Elves & Rudolph scratch heads, all thinking hard.)

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Rudolph: Father Christmas - you know how you use an odd sock for this and an odd sock for that. Perhaps one of those odd socks might match one you've got?

Father Christmas: **(Reminiscing)** I do remember a time, about eighty years ago, when one of the windows was rattling in the winter wind, and I wedged a sock in the frame to stop it rattling.

Thistle: Which window was it, Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: The one that was rattling of course. **(Points to a representation of a window with a pink sock sticking out.)**

(Elves all troop to window)

Lichen: **(Pulls out pink sock and holds it up to audience)** A *pink* sock. Does it match any of the others?

(Audience hopefully say no.)

Father Christmas: Oh, dear me! Let me think – oh yes, there was another time, about one hundred years ago, when the snow was creeping under one of the doors, and I stuffed a sock under it.

Moss: Which door was it, Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: The one the snow was creeping under of course **(Points to a representation of a door with an orange sock sticking out)** - that door over there Moss.

(Elves & Rudolph all troop over to door)

Fern: **(Pulls out the orange sock from bottom of door & holds it up.)** An *orange* sock. Does it match any of the others?

(Audience hopefully say no.)

Father Christmas: **(Thinking) -** Let me have another think – oh yes, and about one hundred and fifty years ago, I remember a hole in a wall where the mice were creeping through. They nibbled some chocolates a nice little girl in Amsterdam in Holland had sent me. **(Crossly)** I was quite cross about that.

Twiggy: Which wall was it, Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: **(Points)** That one the mice were creeping through of course.

(Elves & Rudolph all troop to wall where a yellow sock with purple spots is sticking through)

Twiggy: **(Pulls out sock)** It's a *yellow sock with purple spots*. Can anyone see another one?

Audience: **(After checking)** No.

Elvis: Are there any other odd socks anywhere Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: Well, there's the wind sock on top of the house of course. The last one blew away two hundred years ago.

Rudolph: Oh, Father Christmas, we can't do without the wind sock! We reindeer have to take off against the wind.

Father Christmas: **(Kindly)** Indeed, indeed. Taking off with the wind is far too hard for you all. You have to know which way the wind is blowing.

Elvis: **(Urgently)** Father Christmas, it will soon be time for you to go! We must find you two matching socks! Do you think there are any socks in places where you don't need them?'

Father Christmas: **(Puzzled)** Where I don't need them? I wouldn't have put them there in the first place if I didn't need them! There's the scarecrow **(Enter scarecrow)** in my vegetable garden, but he can't do without his socks.

Scarecrow: **(Holds out arm to show sock of seeds)** And the birds can't do without your old sock full of seeds this snowy weather.

Father Christmas: **(Kindly)** They certainly can't scarecrow, they certainly can't.

Pipkin: **(Enthusiastic)** What we need is something that we haven't thought of!

Thistle: That's probably why we haven't thought of it.

(SFX. Sleigh bells.)

Lichen: I'll go and see who it is. **(Exits)**

Lichen: **(Enters carrying brown paper parcel)** Reindeer Express delivery for you Father Christmas. **(Hands Father Christmas parcel)**

Father Christmas: For me? **(Looks at handwriting on parcel)** Oh, how lovely, it's from my niece Milla. **(Shakes parcel, then squeeze it)** I think it's a hat. How very nice of Milla to send me a warm hat for Christmas. She's a wonderful knitter. But I mustn't open it before Christmas.'

Moss: Ooh, let me have a guess please. **(Gently squeezes parcel then declares)** I think it's a scarf!

Rudolph: Oooh let me feel it with my nose. I'll tell you what's inside. **(Feels with nose then declares firmly)** It's a hot water bottle cover.

Fern: Why not ask some of the children to squeeze the parcel, and guess what it is?

Elf or Scarecrow: I'll take it round! **(Takes parcel to random children in audience, letting them have a little squeeze of parcel, and guess. Repeat the guesses loudly if rest of audience can't hear.)**

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Rudolph: **(Craftily)** But what if it's a delicious pudding, or cake – or fish – shouldn't we open it – in case it goes off?

Father Christmas: Hmm, in that case, perhaps it should be opened. **(To audience)** Should we open it children?

Audience: Yes.

Father Christmas: **(To audience)** Who'd like to open the parcel? **(Invite a volunteer onto stage)**

(Volunteer opens parcel and gets out socks that are tied together, so only top sock is seen)

Father Christmas: **(Enthusiastic as he looks at top sock)** Wonderful! A lovely pair of green socks to wear tonight!

Elves: **(Together, loud)** Hurrah!
Rudolph: **(Together, loud)** Hurrah!
Scarecrow: **(Together, loud)** Hurrah!

(Father Christmas unties the socks and gasps - there is only one green sock – the other has Christmas trees on. He holds the two odd socks up. Elves, Rudolph & Scarecrow loud gasp)

Father Christmas: **(Scratches head, puzzled)** That's odd. That's very odd. Milla has sent me an odd pair of socks!

(If anyone in audience shouts that they match a pair on stage, ad lib for a short while, then read letter.)

Scarecrow: There's a letter with the parcel.

Father Christmas: **(Reads letter aloud)** 'My dear Uncle Niklaus, when I visited you, I noticed that you were getting very low on socks. I noticed too how many good odd socks there are in your sock box. So, I have knitted you two socks to match two of them. See if you can find them! With love from Milla.'

Elvis: **(To audience – if not already found)** Can anyone see socks to match?

(Audience will shout out and two matching pairs are found. Have a bit of fun with the finding of the socks; e.g. mismatch a couple.)

Father Christmas: **(Puts on a pair of socks. Shows audience.)** That's much better! Now, it must be nearly time to go. Are you ready Rudolph?

Rudolph: Ready Father Christmas.

Elvis: We've loaded the sleigh for you.

Father Christmas: **(Waves)** Goodbye everyone – and thank you for helping.

Everyone sing: We Wish you a Happy Christmas, or similar.

THE END

(Play 2) Elf and Safety

Characters

Father Christmas **(M/F)**	-	Santa Claus
Elf **(M/F)**	-	The Safety Officer
Rudolf **(M/F)**	-	Santa's head Reindeer
Icemen **(M/F)**	-	Witnesses (Minimum 2; no maximum)
Reindeer **(M/F)**	-	Santa's Reindeer (Minimum 2; no maximum)

N.B. Icemen can easily double as reindeer with interchangeable hats. Rudolf has a red nose and hat with antlers.

Scene 1 – Santa's Grotto

(Father Christmas is on stage with Rudolf. Rudolf interacts throughout.)

Father Christmas: **(To Rudolph)** Well, are you ready for the big day Rudolph? Got the team organised?

Rudolf: We've been getting in training. **(Does a few exercises.)**

Father Christmas: Excellent. I can always rely on you.

(SFX. Knock at door.)

Father Christmas: Come in.

(Elf enters)

Elf: Father Christmas?

Father Christmas: What gave me away? Was it the big white beard? **(he strokes his beard)** Was it the red suit? The rosy cheeks?

Elf: **(unimpressed)** Indeed

Father Christmas: Come in and make yourself at home Elf. Now tell me, how are the toys coming along this year?

Elf: Oh, the toys are coming along alright. What I've come to see you about is - my letter.

Father Christmas: Your letter? Oh, well I get so *many* letters; millions and millions of letters, especially at this time of the year. Which letter was yours?

Elf: It was the one asking you for something important. It had the word *important* written in red at the top.

Father Christmas: Oh Elf, as you know, you don't always get what you ask for. You only get what you ask for, if you've been good, very good; and even then, not *all* the time. Perhaps you were naughty? Played one prank too many? **(Chortles.)**

Elf: **(Officially)** I wasn't naughty Mr. Christmas! It was a questionnaire.

Father Christmas: A questionnaire! Well, I've been asked for some funny things in my time, but never a questionnaire! I don't think you have to be a good elf to get one of those, do you Rudolf?

(Rudolf shakes his head.)

Elf: **(Exasperated)** It wasn't for me Mr. Christmas, the letter contained a questionnaire for *you*.

Father Christmas: For *me*? **(Overwhelmed)** Oh how kind and thoughtful. I've never had one of those before, and I'm sure that Mrs Christmas will enjoy it too.

(Father Christmas and Rudolf nod at each other in agreement)

Elf: **(Patronisingly)** I don't think you understand me Sir. It was a questionnaire for you to fill in. **(Importantly. Lifting his glasses as if to remove a disguise)** I am the Elf and Safety Officer for Christmas.

Father Christmas: **(Excitedly)** Well that sounds excellent, excellent! Whatever will you elves come up with next? **(Suddenly confused)** What does it mean?

Elf: **(Exasperated)** It means Mr. Christmas, that we need to do an Elf and Safety assessment with you; after all, we don't want any accidents do we?

Father Christmas: No. No accidents.

(Rudolf shakes his head)

Father Christmas: Rudolf here has had a few **(air quotes)** accidents; but I never have accidents; I'm Father Christmas.

Elf: I'm afraid that we've heard otherwise. **(removes a notepad and begins flicking through it, settling on one page in particular)** We heard that you **(lifts his glasses once more and moves the page closer to his face)** got stuck in a chimney.

Father Christmas: Snow and nonsense, stuck in a chimney? **(To Rudolf)** Have you ever – I can't remember that. You'd think I'd remember being stuck in a chimney!

Elf: It was Christmas 1801, at an address in London.

Father Christmas: That recent? **(thinks)** Um – um – **(remembers)** *ah*! No, no, no, I wasn't stuck! I was just – well I'd eaten rather a lot of mince pies that people had kindly left out for me – and I - just fitted the chimney comfortably.

Elf: That's not what it says here on my report!

Father Christmas: Who told you I got stuck – or should I say whom?

Elf: We have witnesses!

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Father Christmas: What witnesses?

Elf: The icemen. **(Beckons icemen)** Come and repeat what you heard Icemen.

(Icemen enter and sing 'When Santa Got Stuck up the Chimney', in high squeaky voices. They could encourage the audience to join in depending on your production and even have the words printed out on an A1 chart or in a program etc. When Santa is singing alone, Icemen bob to the rhythm. Rudolf can bob about too, and just join in the 'Atchoos'.)

Icemen: When Santa got stuck up the chimney
He began to shout,

Father Christmas: You girls and boys won't get any toys,
If you don't pull me out.
My beard is black,
There's soot on my sack,
My nose is tickly too!

Icemen: When Santa got stuck up the chimney,

All: Atchoo, Atchoo, Atchoo!!

Icemen: When Santa got stuck up the chimney,
He began to yell,
Father Christmas: Oh hurry please it's such a squeeze,
My sack is stuck as well.
Oh dear, oh dear, it's cold up here,
And Rudolph's nose is blue!

Icemen: When Santa got stuck up the chimney,

All: Atchoo! Atchoo! Atchoo!

(End of Song)

Father Christmas: Thunder and Lightning! I was only having a rest!

Elf: **(Sneezes)** Oh dear, this is a real elf and safety tissue! You'd better sing it again please icemen.

(Repeat song)

Father Christmas: Well I can't really have been stuck can I, because I got out again? I was just having a little rest inside the chimney.

Elf: That's not what we heard.

Father Christmas: Heard from who? Oh bother, whom?

Elf: Witnesses.

Father Christmas: What witnesses? I was all alone in the chimney. Well, all alone, apart from Rudolf and his team skating about on the roof.

Elf: Exactly! This is what the Icemen heard when they saw the reindeer drop a rope down the chimney, and pull you out. It went like this.

(Reindeer enter.)

Rudolf: Take it away Reindeer!

(Rudolf and Reindeer sing the 'Reindeer Cokey' to the tune of the 'Hokey Cokey', while making movements as if hauling Father Christmas out of the chimney. Icemen bob around in rhythm while reindeer are singing.)

Reindeer: You put your hooves in
You put your hooves out

You put your hooves in
And you shake 'em all about
You do the reindeer cokey
And you turn around
That's what it's all about.

You put your antlers in
You put your antlers out
You put your antlers in
And you shake them all about
You do the reindeer cokey
And you turn around
That's what it's all about.

You put your tail in
You put your tail out
You put your tail in
And you shake it all about
You do the reindeer cokey
And you turn around
That's what it's all about.

(End of Song)

Elf: And then you **(checks his notepad once more. Reads)** popped out of the chimney, like a – what does that word say?

(Shows the notebook to Father Christmas)

Father Christmas: **(reads)** Plum

Elf: – plum from a pudding.

(Icemen make a popping sound together.)

Father Christmas: Tittle tattle and mistletoe! Witnesses indeed! The reindeer were just having a sing song on the roof. Weren't you Rudolf?

(Rudolf coughs tactfully or grooms his/her antlers in an embarrassed way.)

Father Christmas: I really think this is a bit much. In fact I could scream.

Icemen: Oooh, ice cream!

Father Christmas: **(To icemen)** No, that's not what I meant.

(All look at Father Christmas with doe eyes)

Father Christmas: Oh, alright. I admit it. I got stuck.

Elf: I knew it! That's all I needed you to do Mr. Christmas. Tell the truth and we can help you not to have any more accidents!

Father Christmas: You can?

Elf: That's what the questionnaire is for. So if you just fill it in and pop it in the post we can all have a safer Christmas.

Father Christmas: Ok Elf. But do you promise to be good this year?

Elf: Of course! How else would I deserve all that figgy pudding?

Father Christmas: **(To audience)** Have you all been good this year boys and girls?

(Audience react)

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Father Christmas: Is there anybody here on my naughty list?

(Audience react)

Father Christmas: That's good to hear. Merry Christmas Everyone!

Icemen: Merry Christmas!

Elf: Merry Christmas!

Rudolf: Merry Christmas!

(Depending on your production, you could end with a rousing Christmas song such as 'Merry Christmas Everybody' by Slade or 'I wish it could be Christmas every day' by Wizzard.)

THE END

(Play 3) Father Christmas and the Reindeer Wars

Characters

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 whooooooosh! Wait a minute, that's not fast enough – we'd go **(make a big whoooooshing sound)** whooooooosh! 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!

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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!

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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!

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(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.)