

THE GREAT SANTA CLAUS REINDEER ROUNDUP

By Bob May

Copyright © 2010 by Bob May, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 1-60003-536-1

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

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 where no other written matter appears. 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).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS	BLITZEN
FAIRBANKS	DONNER
TINY	COMET
MRS. CLAUS	DANCER
LOADER	PRANCER
DAGMAR	VIXEN
JUNO	CUPID
DASHER	

COSTUME NOTE: The animals are dressed like humans, with only their faces made up to look like animals. Each costume should reflect their character; for example, Dasher is dressed like a jogger, Vixen is dressed like a Southern Belle in a hoop skirt, Dancer like a dancer in a rehearsal outfit, complete with warm up leggings, and Prancer is like an equestrian.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

SCENE ONE: Outside Santa's North Pole Workshop, December 10, Two weeks before Christmas Eve.

SCENE TWO: Inside Santa and Mrs. Claus' North Pole Home, a week later, December 17.

SCENE THREE: Outside Santa's North Pole Workshop, later that day.

SCENE FOUR: Outside Santa's North Pole Workshop, the next day, 6 AM, December 18.

SCENE FIVE: Somewhere in wilds of the North Pole, later that day.

SCENE SIX: Somewhere in the wilds of the North Pole, later that day.

SCENE SEVEN: Inside the Reindeer Hideout, later that day.

SCENE EIGHT: Outside Santa's North Pole Workshop, 3 PM, the next day, December 20

SCENE NINE: Outside Santa's North Pole workshop, a half hour later through a three day period, ending December 24.

SCENE TEN: Somewhere just south of the North Pole, not long after.

SCENE ELEVEN: Outside Santa's North Pole workshop, Christmas morning.

PROP LIST

500-POUND WEIGHT

TABLE

TWO CHAIRS

COFFEE CUPS

SUITCASE

GOLD CHAIN

SILVER CHAIN

THREE TREE STUMPS

TWO LENGTHS OF ROPE

STOP WATCH

FOUR SMALL CHRISTMAS
TREES

THREE SETS OF NUMBER
CARDS

CARD WITH PICTURE
AFRICA

GRAIN FOR ALL THE
REINDEER

TURKEY LEG

THREE SANDWICHES

SMALL BOW AND ARROW

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The premiere of ***The Great Santa Claus Reindeer Roundup*** was presented by Children's Theatre To Go, Inc, at the at Reynolds Performance Hall in Conway, Arkansas, on December 10, 2009, under the direction of Bob May, set design by Joe Meils, costume design by Nikki Webster with, the following cast:

SANTA CLAUS.....	Michael Nickerson
FAIRBANKS	Ben Schueter
TINY	Sam Coker
MRS. CLAUS.....	Llewellyn Webster
LOADER.....	Dylan Barber
DAGMAR.....	Wendy Miers
JUNO.....	Katie Oslica
DASHER.....	Jacob Fluech
BLITZEN.....	Justin Ball
DONNER.....	Maddie Stephens
COMET.....	Abby Shourd
DANCER	Katie Barber
PRANCER.....	Sophia Stephens
VIXEN.....	Treslyn Fletcher
COMET.....	Skyler Hale

Special thanks to my sister/editor – Vicki May-York

THE GREAT SANTA CLAUS REINDEER ROUNDUP

by
Bob May

SCENE ONE

AT RISE: SANTA is discovered by his sleigh. HE is lifting a weight from the back of the sleigh. The SOUND of a pack of dogs barking can be heard off stage. FAIRBANKS, an Alaskan malamute, sled dog, enters.

FAIRBANKS: Here, Santa, let me help you. *(HE runs to help SANTA lift the weight from the back of the sleigh.)*

SANTA: Thanks, Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS: I thought Tiny was going to help you put things away?

SANTA: He'll be here.

(THEY finish lifting the weight.)

Why aren't you with the other dogs? You must be as tired as they are.

FAIRBANKS: I am; but rest can wait. I just wanted to make sure that you were all right?

SANTA: Thanks, Fairbanks, you're a good dog.

FAIRBANKS: Just part of my duties as the lead sled dog. Is something bothering you?

SANTA: No, no, I'm fine. I'm just tired too.

FAIRBANKS: You were a little rough on the dog team. Remember, today was just a test run. Just making sure the sleigh is in working order. It's not been used in almost a year. Christmas Eve is two weeks away.

SANTA: I know, you and the others are a good dog sled team, and have been for many years.

FAIRBANKS: We're all Alaskan malamutes ... especially trained to pull your magic sleigh full of toys each Christmas Eve to all the good boys and girls around the world.

SANTA: It just seems like it's getting harder for the team to pull the sleigh.

FAIRBANKS: That's because each year the sleigh gets heavier and heavier.

SANTA: There are more and more toys each holiday.

FAIRBANKS: So, what are you really saying?

SANTA: Maybe we need some more dogs to pull the sleigh this Christmas?

(TINY, a tall elf, enters.)

TINY: Sorry, Santa, that I'm late. I fell asleep while I was waiting for you to get back. The practice run never takes you this long. Did you have a problem?

SANTA: We have a big problem.

TINY: Don't punish me for being late. It won't happen again. I swear.

FAIRBANKS: But will more dogs be the solution?

TINY: I know I'm a problem. What good is an elf as tall as me?

SANTA: Not you, Tiny.

FAIRBANKS: Maybe something other than dogs should pull your magic sleigh.

SANTA: Are you suggesting we find another animal to take your job?

FAIRBANKS: I hate to say it, but yes, there are stronger animals than dogs.

SANTA: Maybe you're right. We'll have to find your replacements quickly.

FAIRBANKS: Yes, two weeks doesn't give us a lot of time. The other dogs and I will help train who ever you find.

SANTA: You're my main dog, Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS: How about horses?

SANTA: No, they would make too much noise as they galloped and would wake up the children.

FAIRBANKS: Maybe elk?

SANTA: Elk might work, but do we have any elk at the North Pole?

TINY: I think it should be a dragon.

SANTA: Tiny, you read too many fantasy books.

TINY: Dragons are big and strong. It would only take one. And a fire-breathing dragon could melt the snowdrifts that slowed the sleigh down.

SANTA: Dragons have been extinct for hundreds of years.

TINY: I have a dragon friend.

FAIRBANKS: You mean you have an imaginary friend that is a dragon.

TINY: No, he's real. And since he's odd like me ... he understands the problems I face.

SANTA: Tiny, I'm afraid your dragon friend would scare the children.

TINY: No, he wouldn't. His name is Dagmar. He's real friendly. And he can fly. That sure would make the ocean crossings go faster.

(MRS. CLAUS enters.)

MRS: There you are, my dear. I was getting worried.

SANTA: I'm sorry, Mrs. Claus. I should have let you know we were back.

(MRS and SANTA embrace.)

MRS: Guess what I found by our back door this morning? A baby reindeer.

(SANTA and FAIRBANKS exchange a look.)

SANTA and FAIRBANKS: That's it.

(THEY slap a high five.)

Reindeer!!!

(The LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.

Music note: *The driving instrumental Christmas music of The Trans Siberian Orchestra works well for the music to fill the gaps in between scenes.)*

SCENE TWO

AT RISE: SANTA and MRS are discovered in the kitchen of their home; BOTH are drinking coco.

SANTA: I'm worried.

MRS: Oh, drink your coco. You worry too much.

SANTA: Was a week long enough to get the word out?

MRS: Plenty of time. The elves told the fairies, and the fairies flew all over the North Pole spreading the news of the reindeer roundup. Puck told Juno that thousands of reindeer got the word. Now relax, there will be lots of big and strong reindeer to choose from.

SANTA: Yes, and with their strong, long legs they won't have any trouble pulling the sleigh through the deepest snow.

MRS: And reindeer are friendly animals. You shouldn't have any problem finding a team before Christmas Eve.

SANTA: That's only one week away. Maybe we should wait until next Christmas to make the transition?

MRS: Things will be fine. Just make sure they are special reindeer because they're replacing some very special dogs.

SANTA: You've always treated the sled dogs like our children; once they retire you can really spoil them.

(FAIRBANKS enters.)

FAIRBANKS: Santa, we have a problem.

SANTA: I knew it.

FAIRBANKS: It's Juno. She says she's not going to give up without a fight.

SANTA: Honey, you and Juno are close, can you do something?

MRS: Let me talk to her.

FAIRBANKS: I wish you could, but she has run away.

SANTA: Juno's a good dog. She'll be back once she has time to think about things. Where's Tiny?

FAIRBANKS: He's nowhere to be found.

SANTA: That's not like Tiny.

FAIRBANKS: We don't need Tiny. You and I can conduct these reindeer tryouts without him.

SANTA: We better get going.

(SANTA and FAIRBANKS exit. MRS yells after them.)

MRS: Let me know if I can help.

(The LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE THREE

AT RISE: SANTA and FAIRBANKS are discovered outside Santa's North Pole Workshop. The sleigh is there.

SANTA: Maybe the reindeer don't care about Christmas?

FAIRBANKS: They'll be here.

SANTA: We've been here for over two hours, and none have come.

(LOADER, a reindeer, enters.)

LOADER: Is this the right place for the Santa sleigh pullin' job?

SANTA: Yes, welcome. Thank you for coming; what's your name?

LOADER: Loader.

SANTA: I'm Santa, and this is Fairbanks.

LOADER: Gosh, I know who both of you are.

FAIRBANKS: You do understand the importance of this job?

LOADER: Sure, I just love kids and want to help you guys as much as I can.

FAIRBANKS: Loader is an unusual name. What does it stand for?

LOADER: I got my name because I can carry any load. Do you got anything heavy to lift?

FAIRBANKS: That weight weighs 500 pounds. Can you lift it into the sleigh?

LOADER: No problem.

(HE spits in his hooves, rubs them together, strains as HE lifts the weight above his head, and then whistles as HE dances around SANTA and FAIRBANKS before putting the weight in the back of the sleigh.)

SANTA: Well, Loader, that certainly was impressive, and that display of strength is more than enough to qualify you for the one of the positions.

LOADER: How many reindeer are you looking for?

FAIRBANKS: We think eight is a well-rounded number.

LOADER: Eight?

SANTA: Yes, eight. Thank you for coming.

LOADER: When will I know?

SANTA: Very soon, the job starts in a week; Christmas Eve.

LOADER: All right. Bye.

(LOADER exits.)

FAIRBANKS: If they're all as good as him, we'll have no problems finding a team.

SANTA: If so, the problem might be reducing the number to eight.

(TINY enters.)

TINY: Hey, I'm sorry I'm late once again. How are things going?

FAIRBANKS: Slow. Where are all the reindeer?

TINY: Who needs reindeer when we have a dragon?

SANTA: Now, Tiny, that's enough about your imaginary dragon friend.

TINY: Enter Dagmar, my real magic dragon friend.

(DAGMAR flies in, accompanied by music. SANTA and FAIRBANKS stare with eyes open wide.)

DAGMAR: Your search for an animal to pull your sleigh around the world this Christmas Eve is over.

TINY: Don't be afraid of Dagmar; he's a friendly dragon.

SANTA: Tiny, you've kept the reindeer away from these try outs with this dragon, haven't you?

TINY: Minor detail. Once you know Dagmar as well as I do, you'll know he is the one you are looking for to pull your sleigh.

DAGMAR: It's a pleasure to meet you. I am stronger than any team of reindeer you could ever assemble. I breathe fire on demand. And I can fly.

SANTA: But children are afraid of dragons.

TINY: You can change that image. At least give him a chance.

SANTA: I'm sorry, Dagmar, but I don't think you're what we're looking for.

(JUNO enters and listens.)

Thank you. And thank you, Tiny, for bringing him to us. Now please get him away from here so the reindeer won't be afraid to show up.

JUNO: Don't believe him. His thank yous are not sincere. Why would you want to work for a man who takes advantage of animals and then dumps them when he doesn't need them anymore?

FAIRBANKS: Juno, you know that's not true. You were one of the loudest dogs complaining that the sleigh was getting too heavy to pull.

JUNO: Yes, because he has always abused his dogs.

SANTA: Juno, how can you say that?

JUNO: Dagmar, join me and we'll see that Santa never finds any reindeer to pull his sleigh.

TINY: But that would mean the toys wouldn't be delivered this Christmas Eve.

JUNO: And if that happened, the world would know of our problem.

FAIRBANKS: Juno, stop talking nonsense.

DAGMAR: I'll join your cause, Juno.

TINY: Dagmar, what are you doing?

DAGMAR: I agree with Juno. Santa Claus really doesn't like animals.

TINY: Sure he does. He'll give you a chance to prove you can pull his sleigh.

JUNO: Dagmar, you and me are a team.

DAGMAR: Yes.

(DAGMAR and JUNO slap a "high-five.")

Come with us, Tiny, we odd balls must stick together.

TINY: Dagmar, don't do this.

DAGMAR: I thought you were my friend.

JUNO: No, Dagmar, I'm your only friend now. Come.

(DAGMAR and JUNO begin to exit. DAGMAR stops, turns, and roars.)

DAGMAR: ARRR!!!

(Use fog machine upstage of DAGMAR to make it look like HE is smoking as HE roars. The OTHERS are coughing as MRS enters.)

MRS: I wasn't even present, and I can see we have trouble here at the North Pole.

TINY: Dagmar would never do anything to hurt anyone.

FAIRBANKS: Neither would Juno.

MRS: I know Juno wouldn't. She's just hurt. Time heals all wounds.

SANTA: I don't think any reindeer will be coming to us with a mad dog and fiery dragon blocking their way.

MRS: What are you suggesting?

SANTA: We need to go to the reindeer. And the sooner the better.

MRS: Can't you wait a day or two?

SANTA: We don't have a day or two. Christmas is rapidly approaching.

TINY: And waiting only gives Dagmar and Juno more time to scare the reindeer.

FAIRBANKS: The dogs and I know this area like the back of our paws. Santa, we will pull you and Tiny all over the North Pole until we find the eight reindeer that are right for the job.

MRS: I want to go.

SANTA: What about the elves and all the final toy preparations?

MRS: The elves can do all that in their sleep. They'll be fine.

SANTA: We'd love to have you.

TINY: I will send out the fairies to spread the word that the great reindeer roundup is hitting the road.

SANTA: Tiny, you neglected to tell the reindeer before, didn't you?

TINY: I just knew Dagmar would be what you were looking for.

MRS: Tiny won't let us down again.

TINY: No, I won't.

MRS: And we will find the reindeer that we need to pull the magic sleigh this Christmas Eve.

TINY: When are we leaving?

SANTA: Fairbanks, how long will it take you to get the dogs ready?

FAIRBANKS: We're always ready, Santa.

SANTA: This quest could be tough. Let's all get a good nights sleep, and meet back here tomorrow morning at 6 AM sharp.

(SANTA, MRS, FAIRBANKS, and TINY all cheer and embrace as the LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE FOUR

AT RISE: SANTA and MRS are discovered outside by the Toy Workshop, next to the sleigh.

MRS: How long have we been married?

SANTA: For the better part of my life.

MRS: In all that time I've never once been anywhere with you in this magic sleigh.

SANTA: Welcome aboard, my lady.

MRS: Have I ever told you how proud I am of all that you do for the children of the world?

SANTA: I couldn't do it without you.

(SANTA and MRS embrace. FAIRBANKS enters.)

FAIRBANKS: Sorry to interrupt, but we have another problem.

SANTA: What now?

FAIRBANKS: All the other dogs have disappeared.

MRS: But why?

FAIRBANKS: Juno has gotten to them.

SANTA: Who is going to pull the sleigh?

FAIRBANKS: I can pull it by myself.

SANTA: You can't do it alone.

(LOADER enters.)

LOADER: I hear you guys are headin' out on a reindeer roundup?

SANTA: Yes, and how would you like to help?

LOADER: Does that mean I would then be one of the eight?

SANTA: You're the first of the eight.

(TINY enters on the run.)

TINY: Sorry I'm late. Just checking up on last minute fairy communications. *(HE sees LOADER.)* What's he doing here?

FAIRBANKS: He's going to help me pull the sleigh.

TINY: Don't make me laugh. Do you know his name?

SANTA: Yes, Loader.

TINY: No, it's Free Loader, and you know how he got that name? He takes advantage of any situation to get a free meal or anything else he can get. The elves have been feeding him for years.

LOADER: That was the old me. I believe in this project and I really want to help.

MRS: If he says he wants to help ... then let him prove it. We need to get this search on the road.

SANTA: The Misses is right. Let's go.

TINY: I'll drive. You and Mrs. Claus get in the back, where the toys usually go.

(MRS sits in the sleigh between SANTA's legs. TINY sits as the driver. LOADER and FAIRBANKS are at the front of the sleigh.)

Say the magic words, Santa, to get us going.

SANTA: Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas.

(The sleigh begins to move as the LIGHTS fade to black. In the black there is a song or music that illustrates the journey and bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE FIVE

AT RISE: The sleigh with SANTA, MRS, FAIRBANKS, TINY, and LOADER is discovered somewhere at the North Pole.

SANTA: Tiny, why are we stopping?

TINY: Don't ask me. Ask Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS: Loader says this is a popular meeting spot for reindeer.

MRS: It looks deserted to me. Can't be too popular.

(DASHER enters on the run.)

DASHER: What do you want? Haven't you caused enough problems?
(HE dashes off.)

FAIRBANKS: What was that?

LOADER: A reindeer. I told you this was the place.

MRS: A very strange acting reindeer.

SANTA: So, where are all the other reindeer?

(DASHER enters again on the run.)

DASHER: What are you still doing here? *(HE dashes off.)*

TINY: He sure is fast.

SANTA: Fast is a good quality to have for one of the eight reindeer.

LOADER: That's the famous Dasher. I recognize him because of his gold chain. He's been on the run for his entire life. He just enjoys physical fitness.

MRS: The name Dasher can mean either "a dashing person," meaning well-dressed and well-mannered, or it can mean "one who dashes," meaning one who moves with sudden speed.

SANTA: I think the quick-moving definition will benefit us the most.

MRS: And here's a bonus. Dasher is also an alternate spelling of the German surname Dascher, which means "purse-maker." He could help the elves in the toy factory.

FAIRBANKS: He doesn't stand still long enough to be of any use.

MRS: We'll just have to bottle that energy.

TINY: If nothing else, he can explain where all the reindeer are.

(DASHER enters on the run.)

DASHER: What do you want?

LOADER: Why is this place so deserted?

DASHER: Ha, like you don't know.

FAIRBANKS: We really don't.

DASHER: Your friends the dragon and the pack of dogs have been terrorizing and rounding up all the reindeer.

TINY: It must be Dagmar and Juno.

FAIRBANKS: Aren't you afraid?

DASHER: Nah, there's not an animal alive that can run faster than me. *(HE darts off.)*

SANTA: That explains where all the reindeer are.

(DAGMAR and JUNO enter.)

DAGMAR: Look Juno, the reindeer retreat no longer looks like a ghost town.

JUNO: No, now it has unwanted guests.

MRS: Juno, what's gotten into you?

JUNO: I've found a new calling. Herding reindeer to an undisclosed place where the other jobless dogs are keeping them prisoners. I suggest you cease this search and give me and the dogs back our jobs or let's just say, "so long to Christmas this year."

FAIRBANKS: You don't mean that.

JUNO: Unemployment is not what a working dog was trained for.

SANTA: Juno, we're not putting you out of work.

MRS: Your job is just being redefined.

DAGMAR: She'll soar to new heights with me.

(HE roars and spits fire.)

TINY: Dagmar, this isn't like you.

DAGMAR: I've never been let down by a friend.

TINY: Big D, I'm still your friend.

DAGMAR: Are you? We're both so different, but so much alike in our special way. You're a tall elf and I'm a kind dragon - used to be a kind dragon. No one knew you like I did. You used to say, "Santa didn't know your real talents."

JUNO: But, Tiny we do. We respect your talents.

SANTA: That's crazy. Tiny, you're the lead elf.

DAGMAR: Don't listen to him.

JUNO: He's right.

TINY: All the elves make fun of me because I'm so tall.

JUNO: Then join us.

DAGMAR: Yes, join us.

TINY: Yes, I will.

SANTA: But what about Christmas?

JUNO: Give up on your quest, Santa, Christmas is over.

(JUNO, TINY, and DAGMAR exit laughing.)

MRS: Tiny just wants attention.

FAIRBANKS: And Juno's just talking nonsense. Christmas will never be over.

SANTA: As of right now it is. We began this quest to recruit reindeer to replace the dogs, but the only one recruiting are the bad guys. We don't have any dogs to pull the sleigh, and we just lost Tiny. The great Santa Claus reindeer roundup is not going too well.

MRS: Given the circumstances our quest has changed slightly.

SANTA: How's that, my dear?

MRS: In order to find the reindeer we need ... we must first free them.

FAIRBANKS: But we don't know where they're being held prisoners.

LOADER: I think I know where.

SANTA: Where?

FAIRBANKS: And why do you know where?

LOADER: Fairbanks, you don't really trust me, do you?

FAIRBANKS: Not really. It seems everyone is jumping ship and going to the bad side.

LOADER: If I was going to do that, why didn't I go with Tiny?

FAIRBANKS: This could all be a set up.

MRS: What else are we going to do?

SANTA: I repeat myself, where do you think they are, Loader?

LOADER: The dragon's digs.

SANTA: Excuse me?

LOADER: Dagmar's den.

SANTA: What?

MRS: Oh, Santa, you are so unhip sometimes. Dagmar's home.

SANTA: Well then, take us there.

LOADER: Yes, sir.

FAIRBANKS: How do you know where the dragon's den is?

LOADER: Fairbanks, I hope you are able to trust me soon. Are you going to help me pull this sleigh?

FAIRBANKS: Lead on.

(FAIRBANKS and LOADER begin to pull the sleigh off with SANTA and MRS in it as the LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE SIX

AT RISE: The sleigh is in a new position on stage to suggest the new locale. FAIRBANKS and LOADER are pulling the sleigh with SANTA and MRS in it. A flash of lightning and the SOUND of a thunderbolt stops them.

FAIRBANKS: Whoa, was that what I think it was?

SANTA: Thunder and lightning in December?

MRS: It couldn't have been.

(Another flash of lightning, and the SOUND of thunder rumbles.)

LOADER: Yep, that was thunder and lightning. And I believe that it was directed at us.

MRS: Is it Dagmar breathing fire?

(DONNER enters to the left of them with the SOUND of a thunderclap.)

DONNER: Stop.

(BLITZEN enters to the right of them with a flash of lightning.)

BLITZEN: Halt.

DONNER: If you know what is smart ...

BLITZEN: ... we suggest you surrender to us.

SANTA: My good reindeer, we mean you no harm.

LOADER: He speaks the truth.

DONNER: Silence, traitor reindeer.

(DONNER gestures and there is the SOUND of thunder.)

FAIRBANKS: We pull the sleigh of Santa Claus, and we are on our way to save the future of all reindeer.

DONNER: Forgive me while I don't believe what you say. There's a pack of Alaskan Huskies, a fire breathing dragon, and now a tall elf that have captured most of the North Pole reindeer.

BLITZEN: And they all used to work for the jolly, fat man you call Santa Claus.

MRS: The key word in that sentence is they used to work for us.

FAIRBANKS: Leave Mr. and Mrs. Claus alone.

(FAIRBANKS charges BLITZEN. BLITZEN holds up his hoof, a flash of lightning strikes, and FAIRBANKS falls to the ground.)

SANTA: Fairbanks. *(HE runs to FAIRBANKS' limp body.)*

DONNER: Don't try anything, Loader.

LOADER: Wouldn't think of it.

FAIRBANKS: I'm fine. I'm okay. *(HE jumps to his feet.)*

MRS: What's your name, my dear, reindeer?

DONNER: Donner.

MRS: Ah, meaning thunder.

DONNER: Yes, from the Dutch, dunder.

MRS: And your name?

BLITZEN: It is German for lightning.

MRS: Oh, Blitzen. So, the pair of you are thunder and lightning; meaning quick, beautiful, and powerful.

DONNER: Your etymology impresses me, but it won't help the four of you from becoming our prisoners.

LOADER: Etymology?

MRS: The study of language and words.

FAIRBANKS: What are you going to do with us?

BLITZEN: Not all the reindeer have been captured by your comrades. We too have a secret camp.

(DASHER enters on the run.)

DASHER: Good job, D and B. This is the bunch I told you about. I'll keep on my running lookout. *(HE exits on the run.)*

SANTA: I'm telling you, we are on your side.

BLITZEN: If what you say is true, then you won't mind sitting back while we defeat the dragon, tall elf, and the pack of dogs.

FAIRBANKS: Let us help you.

DONNER: We don't need your help.

MRS: Please don't hurt the dogs. I've raised them from pups.

SANTA: If I could just talk to them.

DONNER: Talking is the last thing they want to do.

LOADER: Listen, I'm one of you, and what these people say is true.

DONNER: You'd say anything for a free meal.

(A ball of LIGHT streaks across the stage from left to off right.)

What was that?

BLITZEN: What?

DONNER: Didn't you see it?

BLITZEN: I didn't see anything.

DONNER: It was very fast.

LOADER: I saw it.

FAIRBANKS: Me too.

DONNER: Is it a weapon?

MRS: That's crazy.

DONNER: Then what was it?

MRS: The Northern Lights?

(The ball of light streaks across the stage once again; this time from right to off left.)

BLITZEN: I saw it. I saw it this time.

DONNER: Are you friend or foe?

(A voice from off left is heard.)

VOICE: It depends on your answer to my next question?

DONNER: What is the question?

(The voice is now heard from off right.)

VOICE: Is your allegiance with the dragon, the tall elf, and the pack of dogs?

BLITZEN: No, they are our enemies.

(COMET, a small reindeer, enters from stage left.)

COMET: Then I am your friend.

DONNER: You frightened us, my fellow reindeer.

COMET: I thought I was the only reindeer not in captivity.

BLITZEN: No, there is a herd of us. Please join us. We could use someone with your speed.

COMET: Comet is the name.

MRS: A comet is a small celestial object that orbits through the solar system, displaying a nice beautiful long tail. They travel through space at more than 100,000 kilometers per second.

COMET: Do you study the stars?

MRS: I am quite fond of astrology.

COMET: My horoscope said that I would find comfort in humans today.

DONNER: These humans are your foes.

(DASHER enters.)

DASHER: Come on, let's go. If you don't want the dragon and tall elf to discover where our hideout is, I would suggest moving from this place rapidly and get there soon. They are just over three snowdrifts to our south. Hurry, I'll distract them.

COMET: Can I help?

DASHER: Who are you?

DONNER: A new ally.

DASHER: I move pretty fast and usually work alone.

COMET: I think I can keep up.

DASHER: We don't have time to debate. Fine. Now, Donner, get out of here. See you back at the hideout.

DONNER: Lead on, Blitzen.

(BLITZEN leads LOADER, FAIRBANKS, SANTA, and the MRS off with the sleigh. DONNER follows.)

DASHER: You hide over there, and I'll go there. Wait for my signal.

COMET: What astrological sign are you?

DASHER: Excuse me?

COMET: I feel a connection with you. What sign are you?

DASHER: My sign is left, and yours is right. Now move.

(DASHER runs off left and COMET off right. DAGMAR and TINY enter.)

TINY: Hey, Dagmar, ole buddy, I think you have managed to round up all the reindeer.

DAGMAR: I just want to make sure. If Santa finds any strays, he might not be forced to use me to pull his sleigh.

TINY: Did you ever think that you and Juno are competing for the same job?

DAGMAR: Juno can't fly.

(DASHER enters on the run and then stops.)

DASHER: Oops. I seem to have run right into your trap.

DAGMAR: I told you we didn't have all the reindeer.

DASHER: Oh, no, it seems you have me now.

TINY: You need to come with us.

DASHER: You have to catch me first.

(COMET enters.)

COMET: Or catch me.

DAGMAR: There are two. We'll get you both.

(There is a comic chase accompanied by music that leaves TINY and DAGMAR out of breath. DASHER and COMET exit.)

TINY: Well, I guess we don't have all the reindeer captive.

DAGMAR: I stayed on the ground and fought their battle. This won't happen again. Come on, we need to get back to Juno.

(TINY and DAGMAR exit. DASHER and COMET enter and slap a high-five.)

DASHER: Good work.

COMET: Thanks.

DASHER: You're fast.

COMET: Fastest reindeer at the North Pole.

DASHER: Wanna bet?

COMET: Sure. Give me details.

DASHER: I'll bet you my gold chain against your silver one that I can beat you to the hideout.

COMET: I don't even know where the hideout is, but I know I'll soon be the owner of a gold chain.

(DASHER and COMET run off as the LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE SEVEN

AT RISE: MRS and SANTA sit on a tree stump, tied back-to-back, and LOADER and FAIRBANKS sit on a tree stump tied back-to-back. VIXEN is fussing over them.

VIXEN: Are you sure you're comfortable? Well, as comfortable as you can be all tied up. Can I get you anything? A drink of water?

MRS: What's your name, darling?

VIXEN: Vixen.

MRS: Ah, yes. According to Webster, a Vixen may be, one, an ill-tempered woman, two, a fast female fox, or three, an attractive woman.

VIXEN: That's me, all three ... it just depends on my mood. They forgot to mention ... a southern lady.

(DANCER and PRANCER enter in mid-debate.)

DANCER: Dancing is much more graceful than prancing. I mean what is prancing?

PRANCER: Anyone can dance. It takes someone special to prance.

DANCER: Dancers are more nimble.

PRANCER: Prancers move in a more spirited manor. Vixen will you be the judge?

VIXEN: Prancer, how many times can I be the judge of your ongoing feud with Dancer? Let our prisoners be the judge.

MRS: I enjoy both dancing and prancing.

DANCER: Not after I get finished showing you how dancing is better than prancing.

(DANCER does a short dance full of energy to "Maniac." MRS, SANTA, FAIRBANKS, and LOADER applaud.)

PRANCER: This will illustrate how prancing is better than dancing.

(PRANCER does a short wild dance ala Irish step dancing – use song from Riverdance. MRS, SANTA, FAIRBANKS, and LOADER applaud.)

MRS: Both are wonderful. I couldn't begin to choose one over the other.

SANTA: And both are good qualities for the reindeer we are looking for to pull my magic sleigh.

(DONNER and BLITZEN enter.)

DONNER: So, Santa, if you were going to save the future of all reindeer --

(COMET runs in.)

COMET: I'm here first. What astrological sign is Dasher?

DONNER: What? Where is Dasher?

COMET: He should be here shortly.

(DASHER runs in. His voice is heard off stage, and the word "here" is stretched out as HE runs in.)

DASHER: I'm here.

BLITZEN: Dasher, we were getting worried about you. What about the dragon?

DASHER: We totally confused him and the elf.

COMET: I think you have something that is mine now.

(DASHER takes of his gold necklace and gives it to COMET.)

DONNER: What's that all about?

DASHER: Nothing, I'm just very impressed with Comet's speed and agility.

COMET: And I with yours. What is your sign?

BLITZEN: If Dasher is giving you his gold chain he really must respect you. Welcome to the team, Comet.

COMET: Thank you, it's good to know that I'm not alone.

DONNER: So, Mr. Claus, what do you want with reindeer?

SANTA: Well, I --

FAIRBANKS: Didn't you get the word from the fairies about the great Santa Claus reindeer roundup?

BLITZEN: We got the word, and it was right after that the dogs and dragon began to round up all the reindeer. At first we thought it was for the sleigh-pulling job, but then none of the reindeer returned.

MRS: Why would we want to capture all reindeer and hold them prisoners?

COMET: The word around the Pole is the dragon is your new sleigh puller.

DASHER: And it's a well know fact that dragons eat reindeer.

DONNER: To keep a dragon healthy throughout the year, it would take a lot of reindeer meat.

SANTA: Do you know how ridiculous this all sounds? I am Santa Claus. I spread joy throughout the world to all living beings.

BLITZEN: It's your dogs that have turned your joy into fear for all reindeer.

MRS: Let me go talk to them. The dogs are like my children. Their feelings are hurt. We can all work together. After all, we're supposed to be in the business of making Christmas merry.

BLITZEN: You let her go, and she'll just tell them where our hideout is.

COMET: No, she won't. I get a good vibe from her. What is your astrological sign?

MRS: I'm as old as time, I was born on every child's birthday who believes in me. I'm all the signs.

COMET: Let her go. She will not betray us.

DONNER: It could be a peaceful solution to this dilemma.

BLITZEN: Remember, we have these three as hostages.

DONNER: You may go.

(HE unties MRS.)

MRS: I like your take-charge personality, Donner. *(To SANTA.)* He's our leader, Santa.

SANTA: What are you going to do?

MRS: I have an idea. I will get Juno, Dagmar, and Tiny to meet you at the Toy Workshop tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

SANTA: The future of this Christmas is in your hands.

(SANTA gives MRS a kiss on the cheek.)

LOADER: She can't travel alone. Please let me go with her.

BLITZEN: No.

LOADER: She doesn't know where they are being held prisoner.

DONNER: The free loader can go with her.

(As DONNER unties LOADER, MRS whispers to SANTA.)

MRS: How many reindeer did you want to pull the magic sleigh?

SANTA: Eight.

MRS: I think we've found them. Donner, the leader ... Blitzen, second in command ... Dasher and Comet, the speed ... Dancer and Prancer for their flexibility ... Vixen for her mothering qualities, and Loader for his strength.

SANTA: Now we just have to convince everyone that what you say is true.

DONNER: That's enough whispering.

MRS: See you tomorrow at three. Lead on, Loader.

(MRS and LOADER exit as the LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE EIGHT

AT RISE: SANTA, FAIRBANKS, DONNER, BLITZEN, VIXEN, DANCER, and PRANCER are discovered outside SANTA's workshop.

SANTA: Welcome to my home.

DONNER: What time is it?

BLITZEN: It's past three o'clock.

SANTA: Believe me, Mrs. Claus will be here.

(DASHER and COMET enter on the run.)

DASHER: Here they come.

COMET: Ditto.

(DAGMAR, JUNO, and TINY enter with MRS and LOADER. Two groups form.)

SANTA: Are you all right, my dear?

MRS: Sorry we're late. Blame it on the snowdrifts.

JUNO: Mrs. Claus says you want to talk. Does that mean the dogs still have our jobs?

FAIRBANKS: Juno, stop this.

SANTA: Both of you stop.

DONNER: Where are all the reindeer you're holding hostage?

JUNO: The other dogs have them not far from here.

BLITZEN: How can we negotiate with them when they still hold our fellow reindeer hostage?

LOADER: They'll be fine. Let's get to the problem.

JUNO: The dogs don't want to be replaced by reindeer.

SANTA: If I could keep you I would, but you said yourself the sleigh is just getting too heavy to pull.

JUNO: That was just a warm up run. We were out of shape from sitting around all year. We can do the real thing this Christmas Eve.

SANTA: What's your idea, my dear?

MRS: Let's have a contest. Dogs against reindeer.

SANTA: Good idea.

JUNO: I'm only one dog, and there are eight reindeer.

FAIRBANKS: I'll join you.

JUNO: You're on their side. Why would you help me? And how do I know you'd give one hundred percent?

FAIRBANKS: Alaskan malamute pride.

DAGMAR: What about me? I want to be the one to pull Santa's sleigh.

SANTA: I told you, Dagmar, you would scare the children.

LOADER: No, let him compete. Then we can beat him too.

DONNER: When you say, "we," who are you referring to?

LOADER: The reindeer of course.

BLITZEN: We've not agreed to pull any sleigh.

LOADER: Don't you want to be famous, known by everyone all over the world, and loved too?

VIXEN: I have always had a soft place in my heart for children.

COMET: Astrologically speaking it would be the right thing to do.

MRS: You can't beat the living arrangements and there are three meals a day. Not bad for only having to work one day out of the year.

DANCER: I think we should give it a try.

PRANCER: Anything she wants to do I can do better.

BLITZEN: What have we got to lose?

JUNO: Everything. You're not going to win.

DONNER: The challenge is on. Come, Comrades. Let the reindeer games begin.

(ALL the REINDEER gather down right.)

FAIRBANKS: You mean the dog games.

(FAIRBANKS and JUNO move down left.)

DAGMAR: No, the dragon games.

(DAGMAR moves center stage.)

ALL REINDEER: Reindeer Games ...

DONNER: ... and they will soon become a yearly tradition.

TINY: How can I help?

MRS: You can be one of the judges.

SANTA: What shall we have them do?

MRS: There will be six competitions in the following areas: speed, strength, grace, maneuvering, map reading, and endurance.
Whichever team wins a majority of the events will pull the magic sleigh this Christmas Eve.

SANTA: Which, by the way, is only four days away.

DONNER: What's the first event?

MRS: Speed. The lowest combined times of two runners from each team will win.

DASHER: That would be me and Comet.

DAGMAR: There's only one of me.

SANTA: I'm sorry Dagmar, since you're a team of one you are eliminated from this event.

(DAGMAR begins to get mad.)

TINY: Calm down, Dagmar, it's the rules.

DAGMAR: Oh, fine.

MRS: Tiny, do you have a stopwatch?

TINY: Right here.

MRS: Come on, dogs.

(The dogs move to MRS.)

Each team will run down to the big North Pole at the top of the world, loop it twice, then run to the workshop, circle it, and end the race back here.

COMET: Got it.

DASHER: Me too.

JUNO: We understand.

FAIRBANKS: Right.

(JUNO, FAIRBANKS, COMET, and DASHER line up.)

TINY: On your mark, get set, go.

(JUNO, FAIRBANKS, COMET, and DASHER run down the stage right steps into the audience, up the aisle, and out the back door. The reindeer beat the dogs out the door.)

(As a horseracing announcer.) It looks like the reindeer have beaten the dogs to the first turn. The dogs are catching them as they approach the big North Pole. Around they go once, and now twice. They are neck and neck as they head towards the workshop, and around it they go. And now they are in the blind side. Who will be leading when they come around the building?

(The DOGS enter the back audience right door and run down the aisle towards the stage.)

The dogs are in the lead.
FAIRBANKS: Hurry, Juno.

(The REINDEER enter the back audience right door and run down the aisle.)

DASHER: Come on, Comet.

(The FOUR run through the rows of the audience before the REINDEER pass the DOGS as THEY climb the stairs to the stage, and THEY win the race.)

TINY: The speed victory goes to the reindeer.

(ALL the REINDEER cheer.)

MRS: The next event is strength. Santa's sleigh has been loaded with the five hundred pound weight. The team to pull it from that point to here with the fastest time will be the winner.

TINY: The dog team goes first.

(FAIRBANKS and JUNO move to the front of the sleigh and harness up.)

On your mark, get set, go.

(FAIRBANKS and JUNO pull the sleigh across the stage in slow motion to the music theme from the film Chariots of Fire. All others cheer and gesture in slow motion. TINY clocks them with a stopwatch. When the dogs cross the finish line TINY's arm waves down like a flag at the end of a race, and all goes back to normal sped.)

The time to beat is one minute, fourteen seconds. Reset the sleigh.

(FAIRBANKS and JUNO try to push the sleigh back to the starting point. THEY are having a difficult time, so DAGMAR moves to the back of the sleigh, grabs it by one arm, and helps pull it back.)

Reindeer team is next.

DONNER: Because of our strength this event should be Blitzen and me.

(DONNER and BLITZEN move to the front of the sleigh and harness up.)

TINY: Are you ready?

DONNER: Yes.

TINY: On your mark, get set, go.

(DONNER and BLITZEN pull the sleigh across the stage in slow motion to music theme from the film Chariots of Fire. TINY clocks them with a stopwatch. When the reindeer cross the finish line TINY's arm waves down like a flag at the end of a race, and all goes back to normal speed.)

TINY: The time is one minute, two seconds. The reindeer team is leading. Reset the sleigh.

(DONNER and BLITZEN try to push the sleigh back to the starting point. THEY are having a difficult time, so DAGMAR moves to the back of the sleigh, grabs it by one hand, and helps pull it back.)

DAGMAR: It's my turn. I don't need a partner.

TINY: On your mark ...

(ALL look to DAGMAR on one side of stage. DAGMAR pulls the sleigh across the stage to music theme from the film Chariots of Fire speeded up.)

... get set, go.

(DAGMAR clears his throat at the finish line. ALL snap their heads to look at DAGMAR at finish line on other side of stage.)

Dagmar wins the strength portion of the contest.

(DAGMAR roars as HE moves the sleigh back to the starting point.)

The score is reindeer one ...

(The REINDEER cheer.)

... dragon one ...

(DAGMAR roars.)

... and dogs zero.

JUNO: What's next?

MRS: Maneuvering. We will set up four Christmas trees.

(SANTA and TINY set up four small Christmas trees.)

One animal from each team must crisscross through them to the end, and then back here. Deductions are made for knocking down the trees. The fastest time wins. Dagmar, you are first.

(DAGMAR moves to the starting line.)

TINY: On your mark, get set, go.

(DAGMAR maneuvers through the course to the music, "Elephant Walk," knocking over all four of the trees. He does not do the return route.)

DAGMAR: Okay, my size got in the way.

TINY: The reindeer are next.

(VIXEN moves to the starting line.)

VIXEN: This is my event. I'm not only a lady, but I'm as fast and sly as a fox.

TINY: On your mark ...

VIXEN: Darlin', I understand ... just tell me to go.

TINY: Go.

(VIXEN maneuvers her way through the course to the music, "Tara's Theme" from Gone With the Wind.)

The time to beat is 30 seconds.

(Or just say the actual time it takes VIXEN to maneuver through the course.)

Who will run for the dog team?

JUNO: I will.

(FAIRBANKS turns JUNO to face him, and with his paws on her shoulders, HE talks to her like a coach to a player.)

FAIRBANKS: Your center of gravity is lower than the reindeer. You can win this.

(FAIRBANKS and JUNO slap paws with some grunts. JUNO moves to the starting line.)

TINY: On your mark, get set, go.

(JUNO maneuvers her way through the course to the music of the Ken-L Ration dog and puppy food song, "My Dog's Better Than Your Dog.")

The time is 27 seconds.

(Or just say the actual time it takes JUNO to maneuver through the course.)

The dogs win.

(The DOGS howl.)

The score is tied now. Dagmar one ...

(DAGMAR roars.)

... reindeer one ...

(REINDEER cheer.)

... and dogs one.

(DOGS howl.)

MRS: The next event is grace. Each team must show grace and team work.

TINY: Dogs are first.

(The DOGS do a choreographed routine to "Who Let the Dogs Out?" At the end of the dance SANTA, MRS, and TINY hold up number cards like in a skating competition.)

TINY: 9.5.

SANTA: 9.

MRS: 10.

DAGMAR: I'm next.

(DAGMAR dances to "Puff, the Magic Dragon." SANTA, MRS, and TINY hold up numbered cards once again.)

MRS: 9.5

SANTA: 9.

TINY: 10.

BLITZEN: The tall elf is playing favorites.

TINY: Reindeer.

DONNER: Dancer and Prancer this is your time to work together.

You're going out there chorus girls, but you're coming back stars.

(DANCER and PRANCER do a combination dance and prance to the first part of the opening number to the musical A Chorus Line.)

TINY: 10.

SANTA: 10.

MRS: 10.

TINY: The reindeer are the winners. The score is now dogs one...

(DOGS howl.)

... dragon one ...

(DAGMAR roars.)

... and reindeer two.

(REINDEER cheer.)

JUNO: What's next?

MRS: Map reading. All participants from each team are included in this event. The first team with two points wins this event.

TINY: What continent is this? *(HE holds up a picture of Africa.)* Is it A. Antarctica? B. Africa? Or C. Atlantis?

(As the TEAMS confer the final theme from Jeopardy plays.)

Reindeer?

DONNER: A ... Antarctica.

TINY: Dogs?

JUNO: B ... Africa.

TINY: Dagmar?

DAGMAR: What's an A, B, or C?

TINY: The answer is B. Africa. Dogs get one point. Next question.

What state in the USA is known as the Natural State? A. Alaska.

B. Arizona. C. Arkansas.

(As the TEAMS confer the final theme from Jeopardy plays.)

Reindeer?

DONNER: A ... Alaska.

TINY: Dogs?

JUNO: C ... Arkansas.

TINY: Dagmar?

DAGMAR: I'm still trying to figure out what A, B, or C is?

TINY: The correct answer is C, Arkansas. The dogs win the map reading test.

(The DOGS howl.)

VIXEN: This test was unfair. The dogs have seen the world; we have not.

TINY: The score is reindeer two ...

(The REINDEER cheer.)

... dogs two ...

(The DOGS howl.)

... and Dagmar one.

DAGMAR: C ... Arkansas.

TINY: Who ever wins the last event will be the official Santa's sleigh pullers.

DAGMAR: No, if I win, I can put the competition into a tie.

MRS: He's right.

SANTA: What will we do if we end up with a tie?

MRS: Let's not worry about that right now.

DONNER: What is the last event?

SANTA: Endurance. Who can run the longest?

DASHER: Any reindeer can run longer than a dog.

(ALL the REINDEER agree.)

JUNO: This entire contest has been rigged. The reindeer keep switching; while Fairbanks and I have done all the events. While they are fresh, we are tired. Of course, they will be able to run longer than we do.

LOADER: She's right.

DONNER: Whose side are you on?

LOADER: The side of fairness.

BLITZEN: You don't know what you're talking about.

JUNO: Let Loader represent the reindeer in this event. He's the only one of you that hasn't competed yet.

BLITZEN: He's not really one of us.

FAIRBANKS: You all said that any reindeer could beat a dog.

DONNER: Alright, Loader it is.

FAIRBANKS: Against me.

LOADER: Very good, my friend.

(LOADER holds out his hand to shake. FAIRBANKS ignores it.)

DAGMAR: And me.

TINY: There's no flying aloud, Dagmar.

DAGMAR: That's fine.

MRS: Remember it's not speed that counts - it's longevity.

TINY: Runners take your mark, get set, and go.

(LOADER, FAIRBANKS, and DAGMAR run off stage left.)

SANTA: This could take awhile. Would you all like something to eat?
(ALL agree.)

TINY: I'll go get something and bring it back.

(TINY exits as the LIGHTS fade to black. Music bridges the gap between scenes.)

SCENE NINE

AT RISE: ALL are lounging around the Workshop area.

DASHER: Here they come.

(LOADER, FAIRBANKS, and DAGMAR enter stage right on the run. DAGMAR is in the lead. All cheer for their team. The three run off stage left.)

SANTA: They all looked very strong.

MRS: It's only been a half an hour.

(TINY enters with food. ALL eat as THEY talk. The REINDEER eat grain like popcorn, the DOG has a big hunk of meat, and the HUMANS eat a sandwich.)

DONNER: I like your workshop area, Mr. and Mrs. Claus.

SANTA: Thank you, it keeps improving as we grow.

BLITZEN: Do elves make all the toys?

MRS: Santa and I help, but the elves do the majority. It's a never-ending job.

TINY: We work six days a week, sometimes twelve-hour days. And as Christmas approaches the hours get longer.

VIXEN: Do the dogs help with the toys?

JUNO: We do the building maintenance and property upkeep. We shovel a lot of snow.

SANTA: It's all worth it knowing how happy it makes the boys and girls around the world.

MRS: The mailroom is busy all year long. We get letters continually. The dogs help there too.

DONNER: I thought someone said they only worked one day a year.

JUNO: That's not really work. That part of the job is an honor.

(The LIGHTS fade to black to suggest time passing, music is heard, and then the LIGHTS fade back up.)

MRS: How long has it been?

COMET: Twelve hours and thirty-four minutes.

DASHER: Here they come.

(LOADER, FAIRBANKS, and DAGMAR enter stage right on the run.

LOADER is in the lead. All cheer for their team. The three run off stage left.)

VIXEN: So, have the dogs always pulled your sleigh, Santa?

SANTA: Oh no, I started out with just a bag of toys over my shoulder, and I delivered the toys walking around the world.

JUNO: Santa met my Great, Great Grandfather at the Iditarod dog sled race as he was passing through Alaska, and malamutes have been with him ever since.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE GREAT SANTA CLAUS
REINDEER ROUNDUP by Bob May. For performance rights and/or a
complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**

Do Not Copy