

Joyride
By Dana Hall

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Reindeer should dress/act according to their description. They have antlers and/or a sign around their neck indicating who they are. No specification to gender.

Dasher- fast athletic

Prancer- preppy/know-it-all/bookworm

Comet- peace, hippie

Cupid- love, romantic

Ruddy- formerly bullied trying to fit in, naive/ has a red nose

Vixen- focused on appearances, provocative

Dancer- performer, the center of attention

Donner- stick in the mud, curmudgeon

Blitzen: The boss

Location: A clearing in the snowy woods. Christmas eve.

Synopsis: What happens when the reindeer take the sleigh out without Santa? They have to go on the run!

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Blitzen runs on stage ahead of the other reindeer.

Blitz: Come on. It's safe here.

All reindeer enter.

Dasher: (*Very Anxious*) What are we gonna do?

Prancer: I told you not to go so fast but oh no-

Ruddy: Don't blame Dasher we were all there/

Dancer: (*Doing a popular dance*) I should've turned the radio down this is all my fault/

Donner: You're still dancing-

Dancer: I'm nervous

Cupid: Let's not turn on each other

Vixen: Besides no one knows it was us

Prancer: This is what happens when you joyride without Santa!

Blitz: We just have to lay low - wait out the police.

Comet: We can start over maybe move somewhere warm- feel the sun on our antlers/

Blitz: Are you high?

Comet: (*Very High*) Maybe...

Cupid: Shhh- someone may have followed us...

Prancer: (*Whispers*) Ruddy can you turn that thing down a bit?

Ruddy: (*Covers nose*) Sorry force of habit.

Vixen: Did we leave any evidence?

Donner: Besides our hoof prints everywhere?

Dasher: What did we hit?!

Blitz: I don't know. Maybe a lawn ornament?

Dancer: It was moving very slow

Cupid: (*Burps*) I may have had a bit of too much egg nog

They all look at Vixen who is on their phone standing apart from the group.

Vixen: What? Ok. I took my eyes off the road for one second. I got a text from Olive The Other Reindeer, she wanted us to pick her up.

Blitz: Maybe we're worried for nothing- Maybe it wasn't anything/

Dasher: I'll go check-

DASHER runs off comes back with an object(s) of grandmas a scarf, a pair of dentures, a shirt with hoof prints on it, a smashed present, a pair of broken glasses anything that fits the theme.

Dasher: This is all that was left.

All the reindeer pass around the object(s).

Cupid: (*Realizing*) It was grandma!

Ruddy: Santa is not going to like this.

-End Play-