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Samuel French Acting Edition

The Eight: Reindeer Monologues

by Jeff Goode

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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PRODUCTION HISTORY

The first public performance of *The Eight: Reindeer Monologues* was in a staged reading December 18, 1993 by the Hidden Theatre, Chicago, IL. The cast was as follows:

DASHER	Jeff Goode
CUPID	Foster MacLean
HOLLYWOOD	Michael Steffens-Moran
BLITZEN	Jen Moses
COMET	Doug Steckel
DANCER	Jennifer Bills
DONNER	James Finney
VIXEN	Inger Hatlen

A workshop production of *The Eight: Reindeer Monologues* was staged on August 27, 1994 by Dolphinback Theatre Company, Chicago, IL. The director was Patrick Siler. The cast was as follows:

DASHER	Phil Gigante
CUPID	Todd Wm. Ristau
HOLLYWOOD	Ian Christopher
BLITZEN	KellyAnn Corcoran
COMET	Greg Werstler
DANCER	Beth Stephenson
DONNER	Michael Dowd
VIXEN	Melanie Dix

The Eight: Reindeer Monologues premiered
November 27, 1994 with the following theatre
companies:

Adobe Theatre Company
(New York City, NY)

Directed by Jeremy Dobrish

DASHER James McCauley
CUPID Frank Ensenberger
HOLLYWOOD Vin Knight
BLITZEN Kathryn Langwell
COMET David Troup
DANCER Julie Kessler
DONNER Arthur Aulisi
VIXEN Erin Quinn Purcell

Stephanie Kim	Costume Designer
Matthew Maraffi	Set Designer
Stephanie McCormick	Production Stage Manager
Chris Todd	Sound Design
Burke Wilmore	Lighting Designer
Christopher Marobella	Antler Design
Erin Quinn Purcell	Assistant Director
Mark Hunter	Assistant Stage Manager
Christopher Roberts	Production Manager
Lance Ball	Asst. Prod. Manager
Amanda Silberstein	Costume Assistant
Stephanie Brunson	Light Board Op
Michelle Mazzarino	Sound Board Op
Eric Cline	Artwork Design
Lisa Maizlish	Photography
Craig Riverside	Program Design

The Source Theatre Company
(Washington, D.C.)

Directed by Joe Banno

CUPID / HOLLYWOOD Jim Ferris
BLITZEN / DANCER Jeannette Simpson
DASHER / COMET / DONNER Gary Telles
VIXEN Emily Townley

Costume Designer
Assistant Director
Stage Manager

Joan A.S. Lada
Haley Murphy
John "Scooter" Krattenmaker

Midwest Center for Developing Artists
(Iowa City, IA)

Directed by Todd Wm. Ristau

DASHER James Thorn
CUPID Todd Ristau
HOLLYWOOD Seán Judge
BLITZEN Cheryl Snodgrass
COMET Brant Peitersen
DANCER Stephanie Frey
DONNER Kris Farrar
VIXEN Tina Howard

Light Board Operator

Don Shalley

Dolphinback Theatre Company
(Chicago, IL)

Directed by Patrick Siler

DASHER Phil Gigante
CUPID Joe D. Russell
HOLLYWOOD Tom Gottlieb
BLITZEN KellyAnn Corcoran
COMET Gregory Werstler
DANCER Marie Vlasin
DONNER Michael Dowd
VIXEN Beth Stephenson

Co-Director	Beth Stephenson
Production Manager	Gregory Werstler
Stage Manager	Jason Fabiani
Props/Scenic Design	Shauna Hudson
Props/Scenic Design	Gretchen Massey
Lighting Coordinator	Michael McNamara
Costumes Coordinator	Michele Friedman Siler
Comet Posters & Publicity Art	Ian Christopher

Hudson Backstage
(Hollywood, CA)

Directed by Allison Gendreau

DASHER Frank Gallagher
CUPID Michael Walsh
HOLLYWOOD Benjamin John Parrillo / Brian Ruf
BLITZEN Erin Fiedler
COMET Richard Augustine
DANCER Victoria Delaney
DONNER Brian Hall
VIXEN Allison Gendreau
Assistant Director Christine Romeo
Music Alan Axelrod
Lighting Michael "Gator" Lawrence

Brave Hearts Theatre
(Madison, WI)

Directed by Cheryl Snodgrass

DASHER Brian Bon Durant
CUPID Daniel Dennis
HOLLYWOOD/PRANCER Jay Fricke
BLITZEN Johanna Pinzler
COMET Matthew Tallman
DANCER Emily Joy Weiner
DONNER Chris Babiarz
VIXEN Clare Riordan

Costumes/Stage Manager	Juliette Willis
Assistant Director	Dara Kennan
Set Designer	Jacob Harlow
Lighting Designer	Joshua Williamson
Technical Director	C.B. Hay
Run Crew	Matt Miller

Dedicated to

*Hannah Gale
Inger Hatlen
Meghan Schumacher
Oliver Oertel
Greg Jackson
and
Melissa Flaim*

*for believing in this play
before
it was written*

Thank you.

CHARACTERS

DASHER
CUPID
HOLLYWOOD
BLITZEN
COMET
DANCER
DONNER
VIXEN

THE EIGHT

Reindeer Monologues

DASHER

My name is Dasher.

First reindeer.

From day one.

"Number one from day one."

I been makin' the Christmas run longer than *anyone* except the fatboy himself.

I've been *the* reindeer,
every year,
for as long as reindeer could fly.

So I don't have to put up with this shit.

One time
I was not the lead reindeer.
One time.

One ...
foggy Christmas Eve.
Yeah, right.
Fine, whatever, I don't want to talk about it.

Just that one time
he was the lead reindeer.

And what did it get him?

And where am I?

RIGHT BACK AT THE FRONT OF THE PACK

the very next year.

And every year since.

So you wanna tell me it was fog?

Fine, it was fog, I'm not challenging that.

And I don't wanna talk about it anyway.

All I'm saying ...

All I'm saying

is "Fog, my reindeer ass."

I have seen blizzards

and torrents of freezing rain and sleet

and lightning

on Christmas Eve.

I have seen

an ice

tornado.

Jagged shards of ice

like broken glass whipping through the air

like bullets.

Blood

all over our bodies

from being all cut up.

And it's freezing cold.

And the wind.

And we were pulling two short

because Blitzen

and The Faggot

stayed home.

They didn't wanna go.

"Unsafe working conditions."

My fuzzy ass! They were chicken shits.

They knew it was bad.
They knew something was gonna go wrong.
They had the funny feeling you get in your antlers
when there's gonna be an earthquake,
or when something's just gonna go down ugly.

And it did.

That was the year we lost what's-his-name.
The guy Hollywood replaced,
Vixen's mate.
Victor.

His hind leg was cut up real bad
from this weird ice storm.
And when we came down too heavy
on one of those real steep gabled roofs ...
He slipped.
And his leg just snapped.
Bone sliced right through an artery ...
He was gone before we even knew what happened.

Fatboy just unhitched him.
Left him on that rooftop.
Said, 'Boys, we gotta run to make.'
'... ho ho ho.'

And we did.

And there was Christmas.

Thanks to the five of us,
and thanks to Victor.
There was Christmas.

He knew it was bad, too.
Victor knew something like this could happen.
But he wasn't sittin' at home saying,
"That's too dangerous."

'I got a bad feeling.'

Every boy and girl on the face of this earth
is counting on us

to bring Christmas joy into their home.

And we got no business

sitting at the North Pole

watchin' TV, saying,

'Glad I'm not out in that.'

'I don't get paid for that.'

That is exactly what we get paid for!

I can name you fifty flying reindeer right now

who will run on a clear night with temperatures in the
mid 30's.

We

are supposed to be

the Elite.

'The Eight.'

There's a problem? We handle it.

Fog?

I will take the risk

of flying head first

into the side of a skyscraper that wasn't there last year.

I've done it before.

Three times.

And am I accusing someone else

of ... unChristmaslike behavior?

No I am not.

My risk, my problem.

And it doesn't matter anyway

because I survived it.

I'm still here.

Still at the front.

Still runnin'.

This year, next year, and every year.

So you wanna hear my story?

I don't know what happened.

I don't know,
and I don't *want* to know.

So when I hear all this whining.

When I see lawyers
runnin' 'round all over the fuckin' place ...

That's not Christmas.

That's not Christmas,
and that's not taking responsibility
for your own
... whatever, actions.
That's not takin' responsibility, period.

Because we've got a responsibility.
And suppose they do find out something?
What if?
What then?
Do we hand it all over to the elves and walk away?
'Oh, I'm sorry. This shouldn't have happened, I quit.'
'I'm sorry Johnny and Janey and Jamal'
and two billion other kids
all over the world
for whom Santa Claus
is
Christmas.
'I just wasn't happy here!
So you
can never be happy
at Christmas again
for as long as you live ... '

I mean,
what's happened to Rudolph
is very, very ...
very tragic.
But I wanna say this about the kid.
Even after all this,
I know
that if he could,
he would jump
right back in the harness again.
Because that's what you do.

That.
Is what.
You do.

And that is all I'm gonna say to any of you about this.

(Blackout.)

CUPID

Hi, I'm Cupid. *HAHAHA*
The Goddess of Love! *HAHAHA*
I'm sorry, did I say 'Goddess'? God. God of love.
Heebeehee
I never get that straight.

Now what kind of parent
names their kid
after the Roman God of Pornography? *HAHAHA*
It's no wonder I'm screwed up.
I mean, how was I supposed to have a quote-unquote
normal sexual development
when my *name*
is synonymous with Romance.
'Oh, Cupid,
make me quiver
with your magic
shaft of love!'

You know how many times I've heard that in my life?

You know how many times I've said, 'No'?
About half. *HAHAHA*

In fact,
you know who the first person was who ever said that to
me?

... *Mrs. Claus.*

Now *that* was sexual harassment.
I hadn't even hit puberty yet.
I had to go ask someone what she meant.

You know why they call her Mrs. Claus?

(Claw gesture.)

Rrarr.

No, really.

'Oh Santa. Rrarr.'

'Dammit woman I was gonna wear that shirt.' *HAHAHA*

Just something I overheard.

That is one crazy couple.

Some of the freaky shit they're into even *I* wouldn't touch.

So this whole thing really comes as no surprise to me.
Some of the Santophiles are skeptical,
but I believe every word of it.

That man has been a walking, talking,
holly-jolly sex crime waiting to happen
for years now.

Do you know
how many tight young asses he's had across his lap?
ALL OF THEM!
EVERY SINGLE ONE.
He makes them stand in line!

(As Santa.)

'Have you been a good little boy or girl? Ho Ho Ho'
'What do you want Santa to give you for Christmas?'
Bouncy Bouncy Bouncy.
'How 'bout a choo choo train?'

(As himself.)

How 'bout a condom?
Or some shark repellent.

Sometimes Santa just gives me the willies.
Well, not me personally.
Santa would never give *me* his willie.
And that
is because he thinks I
might enjoy it. *Hababa*

He would be WRONG in that assumption!

Being gay does *not* mean being
utterly without class, taste or discretion.

Although, somehow, that is the popular
misconception.

But I play into it 'cause it keeps him away from me.
'Ooh Thanta! Red fur again this season?
You know how that makes me *rust!* *HaHa!*

The last thing I need
is the jolly old elf
coming down my chimney on Christmas Eve.
HAHAHAHAHAHA
That's what he likes to call it:
The jolly old elf.
It's red and white, did you know that?
He had it tattooed.
Little red outfit with white trim. Sound familiar?
When Santa gets a chubby, it looks just like him.
HAHAHAHAHAHA

(Pointing.)

Big Santa, little Santa.
And they're *both* lively and quick.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Now, I must repeat,

I do not speak from first hand experience.
I think I'm the *only* reindeer Santa *hasn't* tried to molest.
Why is it that pedophiles are so homophobic?

(Changing the subject.)

And why is it that homophobes think they are God's gift to gays?

"Oh yes,
you know I want you.

All my life

I've been looking for a greasy fat wifebeater to abuse me and make me squeal."

He hates me.

I don't know why he doesn't just fire me and get it over with.

I think it's because he likes to know where I am:

He likes to know that I'm

right there in the third row, between Donner and Hollywood.

Just far enough away that I don't give him cooties.

But still close enough for the whip.

He loves that whip.

And to tell the truth, I kind of like it, too.

Not as an everyday thing, mind you.

But every once in awhile it's nice.

Adds a little holiday spice to the season.

It's the only thing Santa and I enjoy doing together.

On Dasher, on Dancer! On Cupid and Vixen!

On Comet, on Cupid! On Cupid and Blitzen!

But really, his sadistic zeal is such a waste.

I mean,

don't tell Kris Kringle this,

but I am not the *only* gay reindeer.

What would be the point?
If you're gay and nobody else is,
then you're not really gay. You're a monk.
No, that's a bad example.
Well you know what I mean.
I'm just not the only gay reindeer.
I'm not even the only one on the team.
But I am the only *openly* gay reindeer.
And I love it.
Hollywood said fame would go to my head,
but trust me,
it goes other places. *HAHAHA*

And if anybody asks you why Cupid is gay,
this is what you tell them:

Oral Sex.

Because until you have had a salt lick job
from a full grown reindeer buck,
you have never been to heaven.

Because does are nice —
and I've had my share.
But when a buck gives you snout ...
Oh!

... goring you in the belly with his antlers.

Oh God, it's excruciating.

... *Obl!*

I'm sorry, was I getting a bit bawdy there? I'm sorry.
After all this is a *family* holiday.

... But then, that's what we are.
One big beautiful happy family
with Mommy and Daddy
and all their little children
and everything that goes with it.
Sibling rivalry and favoritism
and little petty quarrels
that grow into the most loathsome hatreds.

And Daddy's a workaholic,
and Mommy's an alcoholic,
and little brother's a sodomite,
and little sister's a porno queen.
Chemical dependencies and botched suicide attempts
and repressed memories of sexual abuse and child
molestation
spewing forth at the dinner table over turkey and
cranberry sauce.
And Daddy's a rapist, and Mommy's a vivisectionist,
and they both want a divorce, but they
stay together
for the sake of the children.
But the children don't *want* them together,
the children don't want them at all, they don't want any
of this,
they just want to be far far away
from Mommy and Daddy and all the other children.
But
they stick together anyway,
through thick and thin.
With big gift-wrapped presents at the family holidays
and big blooming bouquets at the family funerals.
And THIS
is what CHRISTMAS
is all about!!

... HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ...

I try not to let it get me down.

(Blackout.)

HOLLYWOOD

They call me

Hollywood.

"The most famous reindeer of all."

... To borrow a line from Rudolph's
little jingle.

I don't think he'll "*mind*".

I guess I shouldn't speak ill of the braindead.

I just hate him.

I don't hate *him*.

I hate his movie.

That claymation piece of crap just about ruined my
career.

Did you see it? God, I hope not.

I look terrible.

Flanks out to here.

All of us look terrible, though, because we all look alike.

Santa and his eight tiny clonedeer.

You know why that is?

Every last reindeer in that film looks the same.

Not just The Eight.

Every reindeer in every scene.

Except Rudolph, of course.

All the rest of us look exactly like

Donner.

The *women* look like Donner!

I said this at the time, I said,

"The *does* have antlers.

You can't have does with antlers."

They said,

"That's okay,

most people don't know there are girls on the team

anyway.'

Yeah, sure, people don't know there are girls.

You find me a baby name book that lists Vixen under 'cute nicknames for boys'.

Putting antlers on that slut

is like having a centerfold with a pop-up phallus.

SPROING!

That's how I feel every time I see that movie.

SPROING! What the hell am I looking at???

Abominable snowmonster?

Island of misfit toys?

Rudolph speaking without an interpreter?

Continuity in the film industry just makes me cringe.

Like in *my* movie ...

Prancer was supposed to be based on a true story.

But by the time they finished editing it,

it looked like the little girl had saved *my* life.

Can you believe that?

I guess that's what I get for not sitting through rushes.

I'm pretty happy with it though.

At least I wasn't made out of Play-Doh and brown felt.

I said, "No way.

I want live action,

big budget,

and an original score by John Williams."

"*And* I want to play the role myself or I'm not signing anything."

We almost got John Williams.

He wanted to do it, but he had other commitments.

So I was telling you why Donner got the Rudolph deal ...

Not because he has the best profile.

In order to gloss over his role in the 'foggy Christmas' affair,
Donner wants to make a movie of *his* version of what was,
quite frankly,
one of the most sordid events in North Pole history.
So he makes phone calls,
writes letters.
And he gets his lips on the ass of every movie exec north of Anchorage for almost a year
until he finally lands the deal with this Claymation company.
This outfit is *so* second-rate
that they go over budget flying in a deer from New York to play Rudolph.
So ...
They aren't going to pay the rest of us!
Well, I walked out.
I said, "Santa, Donner,
if you want me to sell my soul,
you're gonna have to come up with the cash.
Because I only do charity work
once a year."

And everyone else went with me.
And that's why every deer in that movie bears a strange resemblance to Rudolph's daddy. Terrible movie.
They didn't even ask me to sign a release to use my name!

So this year my agent's getting an injunction to keep them from airing it.
I'm not trying to be vindictive or anything.
It's just that it hurts the distribution of my movie.
Really.
Video rentals of *Prancer*
go *down* during the holiday season
because that's when the networks air *Rudolph*.
I think that's one reason why I didn't get an Oscar nomination.

The Rudolph movie and, uh ...
racism in the film industry.
No deer
has ever
been nominated for an academy award.
Are you gonna tell me Bambi
didn't deserve an Oscar?
My god, when his mother died,
I just wept.
Of course, that was animation.
But my movie ...
Live action.
Feature length.
All-star cast: Sam Elliot, Chloris Leachman, Abe Vigoda.
Two years in the making.
... I did my own stunts!
What did I get?

Hello! Motion Picture Academy!
Were you *asleep* during the broken leg scene?
Deserted snow-covered highway,
cold winter night,
broken leg,
Sam Elliot coming at me with a loaded shotgun ...

(Steps, limps, steps, limps.)

(Deer moan.)

"WAAUGH!"

Oh!
Give that deer an Oscar.

I'm looking at treatments, now, for the sequel,
but it's tough because there's so much crap out there.
Look at this:

(Looks at a script.)

'Prancer II

Opening sequence.

Night time. Christmas Eve. Winter."

Now there's an innovation.

"I've got this Christmas Eve story and,

hey, I've got a great idea:

Let's set it in winter!"

"Prancer gets separated from Santa and becomes lost in a forest." What *is* this?

"Lost in a forest?"

Why don't I just fly up over the trees and see where I am?

"He arrives in the yard of an orphanage ..." Oh no.

I am *not* working with kids again.

It's absolutely true what they say about

working with children and animals.

They'll steal the scene every time.

Now,

I do it

because I have an uncanny natural sense of the cinematic,

but children do it

because they're obnoxious and self-centered. I hate children.

But all of these ideas are like this.

Kids and deer, deer and kids.

Kids and deer and Christmas.

What about a Schwarzenegger/Prancer buddy film?

Arnold plays Santa,

I play myself.

We set it in the year 2000.

Cuban Mafia cyborgs have taken over the North Pole using virtual reality elf doppelgangers.

Arnold and I go down to Miami to kick some tail.

We wipe out entire Latino crime families

in high tech combat sequences.

We uncover a plot to export stolen nuclear weapons

and soon we're running from crooked cops and robot

assassins hired by a European drug cartel bent on world domination.

Lots of location shooting,
lots of stunts, special effects.

You slot it for a summer release in the United States
and we're talking blockbuster.

There's not a man, woman or child
who won't pay \$7.50 to see that.

... I'll probably have to write it myself.

... But, now.

... with this Vixen thing.

... I don't know what's gonna happen.

If she sells her story to a cable network,
it's going to undercut anything I do next year.

You know that's why she's doing it.

They all want to be Hollywood.

Vixen, Donner, all of them.

That's why this is coming out right now.

When the media is focussed on us.

We all

have Santa Claus stories.

Most of us have a few Vixen stories, too.

She was *also*

'no saint'.

We all have stories.

Most of us

just have the common courtesy not to share them

with the wrong people at the wrong time

when someone else's

career is on the line.

The *only* thing we don't all have ...

(He points at himself.)

... is talent.
And that's where she's made her big mistake.
Because six months from now
when HBO starts filming
The Vixen Story: Holly and Harassment
See if they ask *her* to play herself in the movie.
This little uproar is going to get her nowhere.
Which is why I am not cooperating with this
investigation. There are things I know.
There are things I don't know.
But I have nothing to gain
by Vixen's little tell-all scheme.
And until I do ...
She can cry all she wants.

Oh! And, I almost forgot,
this Friday 8 o'clock NBC,
Hollywood Goes To Hollywood: The Making of Prancer.

Wonderful behind-the-scenes footage. Don't miss it.

(*Blackout.*)

BLITZEN

The sleigh ride is over.

It looks like Santa Claus has finally gone too far.

Sure,

he's acting surprised and confused
and hurt by the allegations.

That doesn't mean he's innocent.

It means he's crossed that line so many times
that he's forgotten it's wrong.

He didn't know he *could* go too far.

After all,

hasn't the jolly old elf brought joy
to generations of boys and girls
the world over?

Well,

I hate to break this news to you.

But it isn't *joy*

that makes those children stop believing in Santa Claus
when they hit adolescence.

It's fear.

How many times have we heard it?

"There is no Santa Claus.

Mommy and Daddy bring us the presents

and stuff our stockings,

and drink up the rum and cookies that we leave for
Santa."

It's not because they're growing up.

It's because they're in the first stages
of severe repression.

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