

# **SANTA'S HOLIDAY**

**a south african christmas story**

**by Pillar Pringier-Spinnox**

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## ACT 1

### Scene 1 – Full set - Santa needs a holiday

At the North Pole, Pingu's igloo on set,  
toy factory painted on the backdrop, house of Santa on set (closed)  
Near the doctor's igloo, outside on a bench.

#### Dr Pingu

You should really consider it, Mrs Claus. Your husband is heading for a burn-out. Before the holiday season starts again, the both of you should get away for a while, take a little trip, just the 2 of you, no worries about work, no worries about staff, ...

#### Mrs Claus

But dear doctor, I know what you are saying, but he won't like it ... He thinks the world would come to an end without him ... here ... present, He will not want to go ?!

#### Dr Pingu

Well, it's pretty much up to you Mrs Claus. I cannot force you to go, but it would really be best for him. Trust me on this one ... Would you want me to talk to him ?

#### Mrs Claus

Oh, nono, that's alright. I will talk to him. I have to persuade him somehow, I agree with you that he's not okay. The stress is getting to him, he needs a rest. And I wouldn't mind a holiday away from here for a short while either ... I'd like some sunshine before the long cold winter sets in again ... Well, thank you for the nice chat Dr Pingu. How much do I owe you ?

#### Dr Pingu

Ach, that is quite alright Mrs Claus. This was more a chat than a consult, wasn't it ? From woman to woman ? If we wouldn't take care of our men, who would ? After all I didn't even really examine 'the patient', did I ? *She laughs as she heads back to enter her igloo.*

#### Mrs Claus

Oh, thank you very much Dr Pingu, you are a good friend. See you around soon !?! *She walks across stage.*

### Scene 2 – Full set - Everybody agrees

*The 7 elves come out of the factory, it's now tea-break for them. They perform a dance that could look as if they are busy making toys. They wave at Mrs Claus, she waves back at them, pirouettes with one of them, While crossing the stage towards her house. Mrs Claus opens the door and enters her house. The elves look inside through the window. Santa's kitchen table in the opened Santa house. Santa is reading his newspaper at the kitchen table.*

#### Santa

Ha, there you are ?! Would you like some tea ? I have the kettle on already.

#### Mrs Claus

Oh, thank you, but you could have let me put the kettle on for you ... You could have known I was not going to be away for long ?!

#### Santa

It's no trouble, really.

Did you go grocery-shopping ? I saw there was hardly anything left in the cupboards.

**Mrs Claus**

Of course, my dear, I did the shopping. You should sit there and rest, you hardly take any rest these days, and it's only October. What are you going to do by November, jump up and down like a Duracell bunny ?

*She puts her grocery bag on the table and starts un-packing,  
Bread, some apples, eggs, milk, sugar ... toilet paper (well visible to the audience to allow an eventual giggle from them) ...*

**Santa**

*Distracted by something he reads in the paper ...*

Look here, it is horrible what people do under my name !!!.

*And he reads aloud:*

SANTA'S WORKSHOP takes you to the real world of China's toy factories. Workers tell us about long working hours, low wages, and dangerous work places. Those who protest or try to organize trade unions risk losing their jobs.

**Mrs Claus**

*Too busy with the kettle to pay attention to Santa*

Milk or lemon in your tea today ? 2 Sugars, yes?

**Santa**

Euh, what ... oh yes, milk today please, yep ... 2 sugars ...

*Back to his newspaper*

Now see all this, it's awful ....

**Mrs Claus**

*Turning away from the kettle, handing Santa his beverage*

What do you mean ?

**Santa**

Well, here it is written, in the morning paper ...

**Mrs Claus**

Heu, ... what ..., sorry my dear I wasn't listening, go again ...

**Santa**

*Santa continues to read aloud*

Low labour costs attract more and more companies to China. Today more than 75% of toys are made in China. But this industry takes its toll on the workers and on the environment.

**Mrs Claus**

Luckily our elves have nothing to complain about ... they have brilliant working conditions.

The only one with poor working hours is you !

**Santa**

Yes and no. What our elves can make here is only a small percentage of the amount of toys I deliver to the children of the world at Christmas.

Rather a lot of what I deliver does get made in China or Taiwan for instance.

**Mrs Claus**

What do you mean ?

**Santa**

Well, I have my representatives all over the world. They help me get the toys I need come Christmas time. And China is a big supplier ... My representatives have strict regulations to follow when looking for suppliers. No child labour, nice working hours, enough pay.

You see all those people working in toy factories are also in a way 'my elves' aren't they ?

**Mrs Claus**

Yes ... ?

**Santa**

But it seems that behind my back a lot of those toy factories do not adhere to the contracts we enforced them to sign. Poor workers are getting underpaid and overworked.

**Mrs Claus**

Can't they strike or something ? I am sure our elves' labour union would if they had issues ...

**Santa**

Yes, they would as is their right. But in China, so many people are soo poor, that they don't even organise themselves in workers unions.

You see, if I am a Chinese worker in a factory, and I complain about my working conditions, then my boss tells me I'll get fired. There are at least a dozen people waiting to do my job for even less pay and worse working hours ... so if I want to eat and feed my family I have no choice but to accept whatever bad working condition they force me in to.

**Mrs Santa**

Is there no control system ? Don't your representatives go and have a look at conditions in those factories ?

**Santa**

Yes, they do. But it seems that bosses then pay-off workers not to voice any complaints, or threaten them again with job-loss. Whenever my representatives walk around in a toy factory all they see are smiles and happy faces.

**Mrs Claus**

And simply not get any 'made in China' toys anymore then ?

**Santa**

Then all those poor families would surely be without an income.

It's a vicious circle. They cannot get out of the poverty.

They get attracted to the cities by the promise of work, and even without that, by the availability of some form of education for their kids and some measure of health care system for the sick.

Those are services that often lack majorly in rural areas of developing countries like China or Taiwan.

But when they get to the city, the pollution of the rivers makes them sick, makes their children sick ... and the only jobs they can find are underpaid and overworked in factories.

*He sighs and takes a breath ...*

Oh, I wish I had the answers to all this ... maybe the children of today are too spoiled as well, maybe they just ask me for far too many toys and gifts in their Christmas-stockings. All this over consumption ...

It drives me a bit crazy at times.

**Mrs Claus**

*Seeing her chance to turn the conversation to where she wants it ...*

Yep, I know that. It is the same thing every year.

Come October and you start stressing out !!!

**Santa**

*Taken by surprise*

What do you mean, me stressed ?!?!

**Mrs Claus**

By the end of this month you'll start snoring in your sleep.

Then you'll get difficulties falling asleep altogether ...

And by halfway November you'll start having nightmares, of unfinished toys, sick reindeer and broken sleighs.

*Slowly but surely they start arguing ...*

**Santa**

That's not true !!!

**Mrs Claus**

Oh yes it is ... you dream aloud when you are stressed. It happens every year.  
Like clockwork, everybody here knows it ... year after year after year ...  
Actually it worries me.

**Santa**

How so ?

**Mrs Claus**

I'm afraid you are going to get a heart attack or something,  
And who would be doing the work then ? You cannot expect the elves to also do the  
Christmas delivery, do you ?

**Santa**

Mrs Claus, you are just babbling ?!?

**Mrs Claus**

No I am not. I actually had a chat just earlier today.  
I met dr Pingu on my way home from my shopping ... she stopped me,  
Sat me down for a chat and actually suggested that you'd take a short break ...

**Santa**

What !?! We are October ! I can't take a break now !?!  
What about the factory, the elves, my reindeer ? All those toys to be made for all those  
kids !  
Nonono, mrs Claus, I simply cannot take a break right now, and ... hum ... I'm not  
stressed, I'm not !!!

**Mrs Claus**

Do you think so, do you really think that ? Then why are you shouting at me.  
I am just repeating what dr Pingu said, and she should know, she is a doctor, she  
recognises the signs ... you are going to get a heart attack I tell you, if you do not take a  
break right now !

**Santa**

It's October already !!!

**Mrs Claus**

Exactly. Take a short break now and come back all refreshed, right in time for the  
Christmas season.

**Santa**

I can't go, the elves need me ...

**Mrs Claus**

Let's ask them, shall we ?!

**Santa**

There is too much work still to be done in the toy factory.  
Letters from children to read ...

**Mrs Claus**

The elves have overheard already, mrs Claus calls them inside  
Then she calls outside to assemble her other supporters ...  
Elves, reindeer !!! dr Pingu, please !  
A crowd forms in and in front of Santa's house.  
The reindeer, the elves, dr Pingu, Frosty, Lucia Yule.

**Mrs Claus**

Please dr Pingu, tell my husband what you told me. He doesn't want to believe me.  
Well, we saw that coming didn't we, but I agree with you, he should take a break ...

**Dr Pingu**

Your wife is rightfully worried Santa, you should take a break now, before you come  
down with a serious illness. Too much stress can cause a heart attack, but also all kinds  
of other unpleasant physical problems, problems I am sure you would not want to have  
to deal with come December month.

**Santa**

I feel fine, I tell you !

**Dr Pingu**

And the constant nagging pain in your chest ?

**Santa**

But ...

**Dr Pingu**

Discomfort in your arms, especially the left one ?

**Santa**

That's nothing; I've been lifting too many boxes full of toys lately.

**Mrs Claus**

You haven't lifted a box since months. The Gingerbreadman and Frosty handle all the storing in the toy warehouse.

**Frosty**

That is true Mrs. Claus, we have kept Santa from lifting heavy loads, it's our job to do that stuff and we love doing it.

**Gingerbreadman**

Besides everything is right on schedule in the toy warehouse; it is nicely filling up for Christmas. We have it all under control.

**Liesl**

And in the toy factory we are actually ahead of schedule. Really Santa, we also all think you deserve a break. We'll be fine, Friedrich and I can manage the toy factory ... Frosty and Gingerbreadman can manage the warehouse.

**Brigitta**

Marta, Gretl and I will tend to the reindeer. We love taking care of

*She starts singing it ...*

Dasher and Dancer, And Prancer and Vixen, Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen and as you recall the most favourite reindeer of all ... *Now everybody joins in the song and they dance.*

**Dance "Rudolph"**

**Rudolph the red nosed reindeer ...**

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer  
had a very shiny nose.  
And if you ever saw him,  
you would even say it glows.

All of the other reindeer  
used to laugh and call him names.  
They never let poor Rudolph  
join in any reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve  
Santa came to say:  
"Rudolph with your nose so bright,  
won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"

Then all the reindeer loved him  
as they shouted out with glee,  
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer,  
you'll go down in history!

**Santa**

I feel fine, I tell you all ...

**Rudolph**

But we still think you should take a break Santa ! Who's sleigh am I to guide if Santa is in hospital with a heart attack comes Christmas eve ?

**Santa**

I can't go !

**Blitzen**

But you must

**Santa**

I can't go !

You need me here

**Dr Pingu**

We need you healthy, not half dead.

**Santa**

I can't go !

There's too much work to do

**Friedrich**

Trust us, we have it under control.

**Santa**

I can't go

The letters of the children need to be read ...

**Lucia Yule**

I'll read them for you, and do the administration of what toys need to be delivered where and when.

In my condition I cannot do heavy hands-on work anyway. [Showing her heavy pregnant belly.](#)

**Santa**

[Slowing down on his argumentation](#)

I can't go

I would not know where ...

**Gingerbreadman**

Anywhere but here will do

**Santa**

I can't go ... I wouldn't get any rest, children wouldn't leave me alone, I'm Santa for crying out loud !

**Frosty**

Go incognito, no-one will need to know it's you. You travel as mr. S Claus, not as Santa.

**Santa**

Mr S Claus ??? Won't they ask what the S is for ?

**Frosty**

Of course, and if they ask, the S stands for Samson, or Samuel, or ...

**Dasher**

Sebastian

**Liesl**

Sean

**Dancer**

Seamus

**Friedrich**

Sergio

**Vixen**

Shelby

**Louisa**

Sherman

**Comet**

Sheridan

**Kurt**

Sidney

**Cupid**

Sigmund

**Brigitta**

Siegfried

**Donner**

Simon

**Marta**

Sinclair

**Blixen**

Snowden

**Gretl**

Stefan

**Blitzen**

Steward

**Rudolph**

Or Sven

**Mrs Claus**

*Sensing victory in the making*

I'll go pack our bags !

I know where I would like to go !!!

**Dr Pingu**

So it is settled then. You go and enjoy a well deserved break.

Go somewhere sunny, you could use the vitamins of the sun before our long pole night sets in.

Go somewhere warm, it'll be good for your old bones.

**Mrs Claus**

Hmhm, I would like to go to South-Africa !

**Santa**

*Startled and reluctant ...*

What ? Why ?

**Mrs Claus**

The southern hemisphere ! Spring is in the air there. We could sip some wine, you love your glass of wine before bed, and they have wonderful wine in South-Africa I heard.

I would love to see Table Mountain, and to see the big five, to go on a real safari.

I have been told that South-Africa is 'the' place to be !

**All**

South-Africa is 'the' place to be !!!

### **Scene 3 – Apron > Full set - Arrival in South-Africa**

*A curtain /gauze divides down- and upstage.*

*Airplane noises in the background to depict this is the airport arrival hall*

**Mrs Claus**

That was a nice flight, wasn't it ?

**Santa**

I don't know, it was alright, but flying economy isn't all that comfortable,

I couldn't sleep, the guy next to me kept on talking, kept on talking ...

**Mrs Claus**

I slept like a baby ...

**Santa**

I noticed, but each time I tried to get comfortable that chap started chatting again.

Ach well, luckily the border control was easy enough; they didn't even look funny at me.

**Mrs Claus**

I guess more people have a white beard ...

And when you are not wearing your work outfit, nobody makes the connection ...

**Santa**

I hope you are right.

I love children, but being recognised all the time is not really what I would be looking forward to,

This is supposed to be a holiday after all. Anyway, where are we going to now ?

**Mrs Claus**

Our tour-guide is coming to pick us up ...

Look, I see our name on the board that girl is holding up ...

**Fatima**

*She is a coloured moslima, with a bit of a cape flat accent (or any other that depicts her 'local cultur')*

Are you Mr and Mrs Claus ? Welcome to South-Africa. D'you have a nice flight ?

My name is Fatima , I will be your guide for the holiday...

Our transport is waiting outside for us. The camper has everything we need,

I am sure you will enjoy this trip.

Is this your first time in South-Africa ?

**Mrs Claus**

Thank you. Yes it is our first time.

Is it far to the parking lot ? Should we get a trolley ? Mr Claus is not allowed to carry heavy loads for too long, see ... ?

**Fatima**

I have a trolley right here for you ma'am

Please let me load your luggage on for you.

**Santa**

*Glancing slightly vexed at his wife for treating him like a baby*

Thanks, what was your name again, dear child ?

**Fatima**

Fatima , sir.

**Santa**

*Handing his luggage to her.*

Thank you, Fatima .

*They walk off stage, while the gauze/curtain lifts*

*Coming back in by another 'wing'.*

*They head towards a camper upstage*

*The backdrop now depicts Table Mountain.*

**Fatima**

Look, sir, ma'am there is our camper.

It is quite comfortable, I am sure you will agree with me.

*She loads their luggage in the 'boot'*

*They walk around the camper, to 'enter' it through the door that is hidden on the other side away from the audiences view.*

*The conversation continues 'from in' the camper, meaning actors are now unseen to the audience.*

Here is a separate double room for you sir, ma'am.

I trust you'll find the space enough to store your clothing ?

The bathroom is small, but most camping sites do have very nice and clean amenities,

So you needn't worry. I will sleep above the cockpit here. And this is the kitchen corner.

We can have our meals here in the tiny dining area, but the weather is nice already, I am sure that we will be able to dine outside often.

*She continues to talk, but fading while the lights also fade to go towards the next scene.*

Lights fade

#### Scene 4 – Full set > Apron - Table Mountain

Somewhere in the Cape,  
a few outside folding-type chairs are in front of the camper, a little folding table too.

**Mrs Claus**

Is sitting in one of the chairs, reading a tourist guide about South-Africa.

She sees Santa and Fatima walk in.

Hi ... and ... how was the fishing trip ? Caught anything ?

**Santa**

Is dressed in a red 'Madiba' shirt over board-shorts, a broad rimmed and wicker hat,  
fishing gear in his hand.

No, I nearly had one though, a real big one !

He puts the fishing gear down and shows the size of an enormous fish with his hands.

Behind him Fatima shows a much smaller size, indicating Santa is exaggerating ...

**Mrs Claus**

Smiling as she has seen Fatima 's gesturing behind Santa.

So what happened ?

**Santa**

Well, he got away, didn't he !?

Ach, it was nice and relaxing and we did bring lunch !

At this Fatima puts a grocery bag on the picnic table that clearly contains a bought fish.

**Fatima**

Shall I start so long preparing food, ma'm ?

There is snoek and we have salads to go with that. And I brought us a typical South-African desert; Malva pudding, baked by my mother, I am sure you will like it.

She disappears behind the camper

**Mrs Claus**

So, how was the boat trip ?

**Santa**

You missed out silly girl, why are you so afraid of being on the water ?

You should have come with us !

**Mrs Claus**

You know I am afraid of falling in the water ! And than those sharks !?!!

I hope you did not get sunburned ?

**Santa**

Oh, no. Don't worry. Fatima did what you asked

Showing that vexed-I-am-not-a-baby-look again.

She urged me to re-apply the suntan lotion every 15 minutes ... on the clock !

**Mrs Claus**

Don't look at me like that !

Our skin is very white, you do not want to end up with skin cancer do you ? I sure don't !

**Santa**

Ach what ... Anyway ... Tell me, what has that book of yours taught you ?

Where should we go tomorrow ?

**Mrs Claus**

Fatima says our trip to the bush for our safari will take a while, so we have to be ready to leave by noon, but I wouldn't mind taking a walk along the beach in the morning ...

**Santa**

And tonight I have a little romantic treat for you Mrs Claus !

I booked us tickets for the cable car on Table Mountain, we will go and wait for the sun to set up there. What do you think ?

**Mrs Claus**

Quite taken by this token of romance from her husband ...

Oh, mr Claus ...

All I want for Christmas is you .

Curtain or gauze down, rest of scene on apron

**Dance "Sunset for 2 lovebirds"**

**All I want for Christmas / Mariah Carey**

I don't want a lot for Christmas  
There is just one thing I need  
I don't care about the presents  
Underneath the Christmas tree  
I just want you for my own  
More than you could ever know  
Make my wish come true  
All I want for Christmas is...  
You

I don't want a lot for Christmas  
There's just one thing I need  
I don't care about the presents  
Underneath the Christmas tree  
I don't need to hang my stocking  
There upon the fireplace  
Santa Claus won't make me happy  
With a toy on Christmas day  
I just want you for my own  
More than you could ever know  
Make my wish come true  
All I want for Christmas is you  
You baby

I won't ask for much this Christmas  
I don't even wish for snow  
I'm just gonna keep on waiting  
Underneath the mistletoe  
I won't make a list and send it  
To the North Pole for Saint Nick  
I won't even stay awake to  
Hear those magic reindeers click  
'Cause I just want you here tonight  
Holding on to me so tight

Baby all I want for Christmas is you  
Ooh baby

All the lights are shining  
So brightly everywhere  
And the sound of children's  
Laughter fills the air  
And everyone is singing  
I hear those sleigh bells ringing  
Santa won't you bring me the one I really need  
Won't you please bring my baby to me...

Oh I don't want a lot for Christmas  
This is all I'm asking for  
I just want to see my baby  
Standing right outside my door  
Oh I just want you for my own  
More than you could ever know  
Make my wish come true  
Baby all I want for Christmas is...  
You

All I want for Christmas is you... baby (repeat and fade)

### Scene 5 – Front of set (set for scene 6 kept in the dark ?) - Safari

They enjoy a safari –

They are standing somewhere in a game park, Fatima behind the wheel in the camper, looking through the driver's window. Santa and Mrs Claus are sticking through the roof of the camper, sporting huge binoculars and camera equipment. The audience is the 'game' they are looking at in the distance (12 o'clock is straight into the audience, 9 would be stage left, 3 would be stage right)

**Mrs Claus**

Wauw, I could stand here for hours ... just looking. What is that one over there again, Fatima ?

Pointing straight into the audience.

**Fatima**

The one with the big fat ass like a dart-board?

**Mrs Claus**

Yes.

**Fatima**

That's a waterbuck. Now look at 1 o'clock ... see it ?

**Santa**

Hm,hmhm, where ?

**Fatima**

Over there, if the waterbuck was at 12 o'clock, then now look towards 1 o'clock, a bit further away ... See the white stripe across its face ? That is the sign of a kudu, it's a big male ! See him being proud, looking straight this way ... you should be able to get a nice picture of him with your zoom.

**Mrs Claus**

And there at 10 o'clock, do I spot a giraffe ? And another one ? Oh ... cute ... there's a baby !!!

Santa (ouppss, she catches herself saying too much and tries to hide it quickly) heu-hmhm ,

Mr Claus, look there ! at 10 o'clock, walking towards noon ... there's a whole bunch of them ...

Oh they are so cute and elegant !!! Oh, if only we could take one home ?!

**Santa**

I preferred the elephant we saw drinking at the waterhole earlier, now that is a magnificent animal !

**Mrs Claus**

And those birds, arms open wide drying their wings in the morning sun !

Oh I love safari, methinks I just discovered a new hobby; shooting pictures of wildlife.

**Santa**

Good thing you didn't discover that before, before men invented photography ...

You would probably have been a hunter, shooting your rifle and collecting heads of

game on the walls of our house !

**Mrs Claus**

Oh, poor things ... but you are probably correct; I want them all on picture, if I cannot take them home than I, at least, I want their pictures !

**Fatima**

I'm afraid we will have to go now ... the sun will set soon, Time for dinner ! We need an early night if we want to take another morning-game-drive, Wake-up call is at 4 am !

**Mrs Claus**

Oh, shame, I'd stay right here if I could ...

**Santa**

And get eaten by a lion overnight ? I do not think you are that courageous Mrs Claus ?

**Mrs Claus**

No sighs, I'm not, besides I am getting hungry ...

Ok, let's go reluctantly

They all sit down, Fatima 'starts' the camper. It seems they are driving off...

lights fade.

When lights come up again, they are sitting at their little fold away picnic table next to the camper. Fatima is preparing dinner on a braai.

**Santa**

I am really hungry now, that smells delicious Fatima. What are you preparing ?

**Fatima**

Springbok sausages , pap and chakalaka. Typical South-African bush food.

**Santa**

Pap ? Pap is sweet, that's dessert, no ?

**Mrs Santa**

Up north in Europe pap is a starch cooked in milk and with sugar added to it, You can have rice-pap or maize pap, we call that one pudding ...

**Fatima**

No, we cook maize in water. You can have it slap, which means rather liquid, up to very dry,

Then we call it krummelpap because it crumbles. Pap in itself does not have a lot of taste, it's the sauce you eat with it that counts.

**Mrs Claus**

Funny how people prepare the same ingredient in a totally different manner all over the world,

isn't it ?

**Santa**

Luckily the wine is a similar enough anywhere; tasty and relaxing.

But I see the bottle is getting empty, do we have another one , Fatima ?

**Fatima**

No sir, but we can shop tomorrow, when we are out of the bush.

**Santa**

Well, I'll get by for tonight, tomorrow wine shopping must be on the list.

He laughs at this.

When they sit down to eat, the lights fade.

### Scene 6 – Full set > Apron – Kidnapping

**Fatima**

I just quickly need to run in for groceries.

**Mrs Claus**

Hey, Mr Claus, come have a look at these, these are really cute.

**Santa**

Mumbles grumpy

**Mrs Claus**

Why are you so grumpy ?

**Santa**

Another two evenings without a glass of wine ! That's not funny.

Where on earth do they forbid the sale of alcohol on Saturday afternoons ?

Where ? In South-Africa !!! Why ? God knows ...

**Mrs Claus**

Coming closer to Santa to talk

Don't swear, my dear. I am sorry.

I didn't know that they are not allowed to sell alcohol on Saturday afternoons ?

And we could hardly have foreseen that jack knifed truck blocking the entire road, could we ?

We stood there for 2 hours before we could move on again.

I am sorry that it made us arrive late here. But it's hardly anybody's fault is it ?

She now moves to the vendors and their souvenirs again.

Meanwhile a guy approaches Santa and talks to him without Mrs Claus noticing.

**Tokolosh**

Sir, sorry that I overheard ... I see you are not from here.

You would like to purchase some alcohol, am I correct ?

**Santa**

I just like a good glass of wine before I go to bed, at night, that's all.

But I seem to not be able to get any before Monday ...

**Tokolosh**

Not really true, sir.

Maybe I can help you. You see, I know a shop, very close by, where you can buy wine, even on weekends. It's hmhm, not a real shop, you see, it's our shabeen. It's very close sir, if you would just follow me ?

**Santa**

Follows the guy and then gets pulled into a taxi (the vehicle is not visible, we only see Santa being forced in against his will.

Then we hear a sound of the vehicle leaving at speed.

**Mrs Claus**

Look, this one could be a nice souvenir for our livingroom !?

She turns around, looking for Santa but cannot find him.

Santa ?!?! Heu I mean, Mr Claus ?!?! Mr Claus !!!!

At this Fatima emerges from the shop with bags of groceries in her hands.

**Fatima**

I'll just quickly put these in the cupboards and then we can go, mam, sir ...

**Mrs Claus**

Fatima , Mr Claus is gone ! He was just here, we were talking and I just turned to look at the souvenirs and now he's gone !

**Souvenir vendor**

I saw the man with the big white beard like a father Christmas, walking away with a young man.

I think they were talking about going to the shabeen, ma'am.

**Fatima**

Where is the shabeen, here ?

**Vendor**

There is no shabeen close by here, our township is quite far from here.

And I did not recognize the young man as being from the township either.

A passer by mingles in the conversation

Is that your husband, ma'am ?

I saw them pulling him in a taxi, and drive off with him at high speed.

But it was not one of our taxi's, it said Kayelitsha on the back.

**Fatima**

We'd better notify the police.

This sounds serious.

**Mrs Claus**

Oh no !!! What is going to happen with mr Claus.

What will they do to him ? What am I to do now ???!!!

**Fatima**

We will go to the police immediately,

Let us tell them what happened and see what they can advise us to do.

**Tokolosh**

Coming in on the Apron while curtain / gauze closes

**Dashing through the snow but with altered lyrics sung life / Tokoloshe**

Driving through the bush  
with a tourist in my van  
I have a nasty plan  
For Christmas with this man

I drove through Kimberley  
And got through Bloemfontein  
I passed through Beaufort West  
To execute my plan

Oh, Tokolosh, Tokolosh  
I have a nasty plan  
I 'm gonna get myself some cash  
As a ransom for this ma-an

Oh, Tokolosh, Tokolosh  
I have a nasty plan  
I 'm gonna get myself some cash  
A nice ransom for this man

Lights fade

### **Scene 7 –Apron Police station**

A table and chairs to depict the police office can be set-out while the Tokoloshe is singing on his side of the Apron, detracting attention. Lights now on to the police station.

**Officer**

Again, slowly for me ma'am, please. What happened ?

**Mrs Santa**

We were looking at souvenirs, outside the shop. You know, where the vendors are ? There were some really nice things ! I wanted to point out a particular nicely carved out animal to my husband, but as sure as I was that he had been right behind me, when I called him and turned he was gone !

**Officer**

When was that?

**Fatima**

Just now, officer, not more than 15 minutes ago. The time for us to drive from the shop to this police station, no longer.

**Officer**

Anything else you noticed ?

**Fatima**

Some of the people said that they had seen him being pulled into a taxi. Someone said it was a Kayelitsha taxi. To Mrs Claus Kayelitsha is a township near Cape Town.

**Officer**

It is, most probably one will have to start searching there. Mrs Claus, does your husband have a cell phone on him ?

**Mrs Claus**

No, he doesn't believe in modern technology. It was hard enough to get him into an aeroplane.

**Fatima**

I have a cell phone, why ?

**Officer**

Let us hope it is a kidnapping and not a murder case

**Mrs Claus**

Interrupting him Oh, my God !!!

**Officer**

If they took him because he looks like a rich tourist, than they will try to contact you to discuss ransom.

**Mrs Claus**

But we are not rich at all, we scraped all our life savings together in order to make this trip ?!

**Officer**

Just hope they think you are rich.

Does mr Claus know your cell number, miss ?

**Fatima**

He should have it on a card that I give all my tourists, just in case they get lost.

**Officer**

I think we can safely assume that this counts as a case of being lost indeed.

Where are you from Mrs Claus ? Methinks you should alert your country's embassy.

**Mrs Claus**

We're from the North Pole actually.

**Officer**

The North Pole? And your husband has a thick white beard ?!

Do all people up the north pole look like Santa Claus ?

Mrs Claus nearly chokes as she thinks they have discovered her incognito,  
But the officer was only making a joke.

**Fatima**

So, what do we do now ?

**Officer**

Go back to your camper. Try contact the embassy. Here is the number looks up the number in a phonebook and gives them the note.

**Mrs Claus**

Thank you for your help, officer.

**Officer**

We'll try our best to help you get your husband back ma'm. We'll try.

Lights fade.

### Scene 8 – Full set - Tokoloshe

A dimly lit shak. A rickety bed, Santa bound on it.

Tokolosh is sitting beside him, listening to music through his headphones.

Santa waking up out of his drug imposed slumber

Where am I ? My head hurts. Auwchh, my head, my poor head !

Tokoloshe putting aside his headphones

Keep quiet. Take it slow. You are in the hands of the Tokoloshe **he says it with pride**  
You seem like a nice fat tourist; I'll get a nice ransom for you!

**Santa**

What ? Where is my wife, where is Fatima ? The camper ?

**Tokoloshe**

You are far away from them now. This is my home, we are in Kayelitsha.

**Santa**

Kayelitsha ? Where is that ?

**Tokoloshe**

I am not going to tell you ! I am keeping you prisoner here, until your wife pays me my ransom money.

**Santa**

Ransom money ? We are not rich, we don't have any money !!!

**Tokoloshe**

That is what they all say ! Do you know how to contact that lovely wife of yours ?  
I searched you but couldn't find your cell phone.

**Santa**

I don't have a cell phone

**Tokoloshe**

No cell phone ?! You must be the last person on earth without one, ha ! **laughs**  
Can you contact her ?

**Santa**

If you searched me, you will have found the card of our tour guide. There is a phone number on there.

**Tokoloshe**

You mean this ? **he holds up a small tattered card**

**Santa**

Be careful with that, if you tear it up, I won't be able to contact anybody anymore !

**Tokoloshe putting the card down with more care**

From where are you ? Your accent is funny !

**Santa**

From the North-Pole.

**Tokoloshe**

And you arrived in South-Africa by reindeer-sleigh ?! Really funny !

**Santa**

I came by aeroplane, but trust me, I would have preferred the reindeer sleigh.

**Santa is talking in ernst, but the gangster thinks he is just joking.**

Who are you ?

**Tokoloshe**

I am not telling you that ! Do you think I am an idiot or so, giving away my identity like that ?!?

But you can call me Tokoloshe, I am the biggest gangster in the whole of Kayelitsha ! **he stands up to proudly show his T-shirt that has "Tokoloshe" written over the front as if it were a status symbol.**

**Santa**

Why Tokoloshe ?

**Tokoloshe**

Stupid question. Because I am the biggest and the strongest and I control the biggest area in the whole of the township here. Dumb-ass.

**Santa**

What does the name Tokoloshe stand for ?

**Tokoloshe**

You don't know what Tokoloshe means? People are really different at the North Pole then.

The Tokoloshe is a famous figure in our culture. The name alone frightens everybody. Women put their beds on bricks out of fear for him. The Tokoloshe is very manly and very powerful !

He stands erect saying this so that adults will get the meaning of 'very manly and powerful' but unknowing children will remain clueless

**Santa**

Ok, ok, mr Tokoloshe.

**Tokoloshe**

Mister, that is the very first time in my life anybody calls me that ! Mister ?!  
Here, I'll untie you, but I would not advice to try and run away, you wouldn't get far !  
But I need you to contact your wife ! If you try anything funny I'll not only tie you back up, but I could really hurt you and he shows Santa a gun

**Santa**

Afraid of the gun I won't run away, I promise.

**Tokoloshe**

You are to call your wife now, and ask for 1 million US dollars ransom, in cash.

**Santa**

1 Million US dollars ?!?!? But, we don't have that kind of money, I told you that ?!

**Tokoloshe**

Tell her to go and cry at your countries' embassy then.

I want my 1 million dollars ! Here's a cellphone, call that number on the card, com'on !!

Lights fade

### Scene 9 – Apron - Mrs.madam Seeyola

**Madam Seeyola**

Good afternoon, ma'am, how can the great clear voyantmadam Seeyola help you on this glorious evening ? You seem lost and in need of guidance ? Please take a seat.

**Mrs Claus**

Oh, I have never done this before.

**Madam Seeyola**

There must be the first time for everything once, ja ?

**Mrs Claus**

I am beyond my wits you see, you are like the last person on earth I would normally turn to ...

Oh, I'm sorry I did not want to offend you, but you see, I normally do not believe in the paranormal or anything supernatural .

**Madam Seeyola**

Oh that is quite alright. They all come to me when nothing else helps.  
Is anybody close to you terminally ill that needs my healing, perhaps ?  
... Or wait a minute ... I see a gaping void ... is somebody ... dead?

**Mrs Claus**

Oh no !? Please do not tell me that my husband is dead !!!

**Madam Seeyola**

Please take a seat mrs ?

**Mrs Claus**

Claus. Mary Claus, well actually my maiden name is Mary Krimeses, but my husband's name is Claus,

So usually I go by mrs Claus. *relinquishing* Oh, I might as well tell you, my husband's first name is Santa and he got kidnapped yesterday.

**Madam Seeyola**

Mary Krimeses, married to Santa ... *as it sinks in* ...Santa Claus ...  
As in father Christmas ?

You're joking ? Yes ?

**Mrs Claus**

I am afraid I am not !

**Madam Seeyola**

How did you get here ? I mean, how come you are in South-Africa ?

**Mrs Claus**

We are here on a holiday, we thought to have a nice rest before the rush of the holidays starts,

You know, Santa doesn't get any younger, but every year it seems there are more and more gifts to deliver.

**Madam Seeyola**

I never had the chance to ask this question, but, maybe now ...

Does Santa really deliver all the Christmas presents by himself ?

**Mrs Claus**

He is allowed to ask for help, but he tries to deliver as many presents himself as he possibly can, and even more, I tell you ... the stress he is under every year ... Oh, but, if he's not back by Christmas this year, that would be a real tragedy, not only for us personally, but for the whole world, the spirit of Christmas you see ... and ... oh, my poor husband, poor Santa ... *she starts crying* ... what to do ? What to do ? He has been kidnapped and they made him call me to demand for ransom, 1 million US dollars ! But, I don't have that kind of money ! I tried to call our embassy but they say they never pay out ransoms as it would only encourage criminals to commit more of this type of crime, and oh, ohoh ... *she now sobs and sobs*

**Madam Seeyola**

Now now, Mrs Claus, can I call you Mary ? Let me have a look.

I'll get my crystal ball out and try to see what it can tell me.

She pulls a cloth from her crystal globe. She looks into it, long and deep ...

*Meanwhile Mrs Claus dries her tears and looks incredulously into the crystal, but she only sees a crystal ball, nothing more.*

**Mrs Claus**

Do you really see stuff in there ? It's just a big glass ball to me ...

**Madam Seeyola**

Oh, my dear, one has to learn to see with the inner eye. The crystal only helps to concentrate, to filter away any clutter that might obscure the clear voyance.

Now ... here ... yes here. Yes, yes, I see, I understand, slowly, slowly, let it come to me, let the clearvoyance come to me.

**Mrs Claus**

What is happening ?! *Shivers* It's all of a sudden freezing cold in here !

**Madam Seeyola**

Shshstttt, please, let me concentrate ... yes, it is becoming clearer to me now ...

And this ? Oh yes, that's how ! I get it now ... now it is all clear to me !

*Turning to Mrs Claus*

My dear Mary, this is what I have seen with my inner eye.

I have seen that your husband is fine, he is not harmed, you will see him again.

**Mrs Claus**

*Hopeful* When ? How ?

**Madam Seeyola**

When the 3 magi come to you, then you will see him again.

**Mrs Claus**

*Incredulously* The 3 ... the ... the what ?

**Madam Seeyola**

More I cannot tell you dear Mary, but this is what I have seen, 3 magi will come to you and lead you to your husband.

Go, go now, and get your friends from home to come help you, they will also be of

assistance,  
But tell them to ... to fly themselves, no airplanes !  
Bye now Mary Krismes, bye now ...  
Lights fade

### Scene 10 – Full set > Apron - Sinterklaas

**Lucia**

Gather round everybody, gather round !!! I have just received the most dreadful news !!!  
Gather round !!!

Everybody rushes in to hear what Lucia has to say.

**Blixen**

What is it Lucia ?

Lucia

I just received a phone call from Mrs Claus, Santa has been kidnapped in South-Africa !

**Rudolph**

What ?!?!

**Lucia**

Santa has been kidnapped in South-Africa.

**Vixen**

Is he all right ?

**Friedrich**

What about Christmas ? If Santa is kidnapped, than what happens to Christmas,  
will it have to be cancelled ?

**Louise**

Yes, the toys are all ready, or nearly ... but without Santa ...

**Dr Pingu**

Poor Mrs Claus ! All she wanted was some peace and rest for Santa, and now this ?!

**Lucia**

That is true, guys. We have to consider Mrs Claus, and Santa, but Friedrich is also right,  
what to do with Christmas ? Do we consider cancelling Christmas ?!

**Marta**

I am sure Santa will be back by Christmas.

**Dr Pingu**

That is sweet and trusting of you, Marta, but kidnappings are dangerous, Santa might  
not be able to get home before Christmas, or even worse ...

**Cupid**

Worse ?!?

**Lucia**

Let's not jump to conclusions, good or bad, please ?

I would like to make a proposal;

Let the elves take the reindeer sleigh and fly to South-Africa, I am sure Mrs Claus could  
use your help and your company over there. Besides she also asked for you to come !

But I suggest we ask Sinterklaas to help us out here.

**Marta**

Who is Sinterklaas ?

**Lucia**

Sinterklaas is also a big friend of children. Santa and he are oooooooold friends. Maybe  
he can help us, you know, with the delivery of the presents should Santa not be freed  
before Christmas.

**Vixen**

But how to contact him ?

At that moment Zwarte Piet comes jumping and rolling on stage.

**Zwarte Piet**

You called ?

**Lucia**

Called ? Who are you ?

**Zwarte Piet**

My name is Zwarte Piet, I am Sinterklaas' son, somebody called on us ? Methinks the call came from here ?

**Vixen**

Wow you guys are quick, but where is Sinterklaas then ?

**Zwarte Piet**

Oh ? Sinterklaas is giving a carrot to Raincloud, Raincloud is his horse.

**Marta**

What a funny name for a horse !?

**Zwarte Piet**

Yes, I know, when Sinterklaas was looking for a new horse ... that was after his old friend Jolly Jumper had died. Sinterklaas was still very sad about the loss of his friend. But Sinterklaas needs a horse, so he had to go and buy a new one ... and while we were picking out a new horse to buy, Sinterklaas made a comment about the awful weather we were having that day ... and one horse just started whining at us. That is how it got Sinterklaas' attention and the horse got his bizarre name.

**Sinterklaas coming on**

Good evening dear children, what can I do for you ?

**Lucia**

I have called upon you dear saint.

You see, we may need your help !

Do you remember Santa Claus ?

**Sinterklaas**

My good old friend Santa, of course, how is he ?

**Dr Pingu**

Well, we don't know actually, Sinterklaas. He was on a trip to South-Africa and then ...

**Cupid**

He got kidnapped !

**Sinterklaas**

Oh, but that is awful news ! Is Mrs Claus home ?

**Dr Pingu**

No, she is, was ... whatever ... heu hm ... on this trip with Santa.

They were supposed to go and rest before the rush season of the holidays begins.

But now Santa has got himself kidnapped, and Mrs Claus is all alone in South-Africa,

And we don't know what to do about the toys and the children ?

**Sinterklaas**

Oh, I see. Well I might be able to help ?

**Lucia**

Oh yes, please, how ?

**Sinterklaas**

I love children just as much as Santa does. We are old friends from Saints school, you know ?

Anyway, should Santa not be home for Christmas I could do the deliveries for him, that is what you wanted, no ?

**Lucia**

Indeed, Sinterklaas, that is exactly what we would like you to do.

**Sinterklaas**

All right then, but I am afraid I would have to change things a bit.

**Louise**

How so ?

**Sinterklaas**

I can't drive a sleigh, and besides my horse would get terribly jealous if I should not use him for my transportation, so I'd rather go by horseback if you please.

**Dr Pingu**

Oh, that is ok, the elves and the reindeer are taking the sleigh to South-Africa anyway, Mrs Claus requested their presence there.

**Sinterklaas**

And I would like to start a bit sooner too. My poor old bones can't work as fast as Santa can, let's say, that in order to be able to visit every child in the world before Christmas day, I would like to start on my own birthday. Yes, that seems like a good plan ! I'll kick off my rounds on December 5<sup>th</sup>, in the Netherlands.

**Lucia**

The Netherlands, why ?

**Sinterklaas**

To be honest, I like the way the children there sing songs for my birthday, and I like the speculaas too. Zwarte Piet always eats too much of the stuff and then he gets bellycramps.

**Zwarte Piet**

I do not !

**Sinterklaas**

Yes you do, my son.

**Zwarte Piet**

I do not !!

**Sinterklaas**

Oh yes you do !!!

**Zwarte Piet**

No, I do not !!!

**Sinterklaas**

Don't argue with me, my boy !

Every year it is the same thing, you overeat on sweets and then you come crying to me and I need to give you something to help you vomit.

**All reindeer and Elves in choir**

*Disgusted* Oh jeiks

**Sinterklaas**

You see, I'll admit, Zwarte Piet and I have been going to the Netherlands since years for my birthday,

Speculaas there, and then the next morning loads of chocolate in Belgium. Oh, I just love the Belgian chocolate !

Afterwards we usually go on our yearly holiday to Spain, but we could skip that and deliver Santa's toys to the children all over the world. We can always take our holiday a bit later.

**Dr Pingu**

That would really, really help us out Sinterklaas !

**Lucia**

So it's all settled then ! Elves, reindeer get ready to depart for South-Africa. *Elves and reindeer off*

*Curtain or gauze down, rest of scene on apron*

**Dr Pingu**

Sinterklaas en Zwarte Piet, shall we provide you both with lodgings here with us, so you can follow the news concerning Santa as it comes in ? We still hope all will be well in time and Santa will be able to do his own deliveries ...

**Zwarte Piet**

A holiday at the North Pole ! Oh, yes, than I can finally get a chance to see the northern lights !

I always wanted to see the northern lights once in my life !

## Sinterklaas

But it won't be a holiday, while we are here and in Santa's absence we better make ourselves useful ! I am sure , with the elves gone, Frosty and the Gingerbreadman can use your help at the toy factory, Zwarte Piet, so off you go !

Curtain or gauze down, rest of scene on apron

**We're going to South-Africa, sung by the reindeer**

**On the melody of We're going to Ibiza (Vengaboys – 3:09')**

Hello party people!  
This is your leader speaking  
Welcome aboard Reindeer Airways  
After take off will pump up the soundsystem  
cause we're going to Africa!

We have been Santa's faithful elves  
all our lives  
We're gonna pack our bags and head down south  
Grab a flight  
Fly away on Reindeer Airways  
Fly us high  
African sky

We look up at the sky  
And we see the clouds  
We looked down at the ground  
And we see eternal snow and ice  
Fly away on Reindeer Airways  
Fly me high  
African Sky

Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! Down to the bushland  
Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! We're gonna find our Santa  
Whoah! By that Southern Sea

Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh  
Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh  
Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh  
Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh

Far away from the North Pole  
And the snow  
It's really very nice to see  
Sun again  
Fly away on Reindeer Airways  
Fly me high, African sky

Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! Down to the bushland  
Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! We're gonna find our Santa  
Whoah! By that Southern Sea

Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh  
Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh  
Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh  
Ioh Ioh, Oh we Oh

Thank you for flying Reindeer Airways  
We are now approaching Cape Town Airport  
As you can see the sky is blue  
Mrs Claus is waiting for you

Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! Down to the Bushland  
Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! We're gonna find our Santa  
Whoah! By that Southern Sea  
Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! Down to the bushland  
Whoah! We're going to Africa  
Whoah! We're gonna find our Santa  
Whoah! By that Southern Sea

Lights fade

Interval