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“Don't you know
that having
a lot of money alone
can't make you happy?”

—Mrs. Claus

The Trolls Who Stole The North Pole was first produced on December 14, 1996 at the Group Repertory Theater, North Hollywood, CA: Lonny Chapman, artistic director; Craig Alpaugh, director; Malcolm Atterbury Jr., musical accompanist; Sally Richter, lighting; Pam Macchi and Marili Mitchel, costumes.

FRANKIE: Steve Hudis

GRITZ: Phil Olson

SANTA: Don Toy

SHERLOCK: Joe Flemming

AMELIA FAIRHEART: Therese Lentz

MRS. CLAUS: Bonnie Snyder

ETHEL: Arabella Chavers Julien

RUDOLPH: David Mingrino

PATRICIA PENGUIN: Renee Gorsey

TIP: Joey Cook

The Trolls Who Stole The North Pole

INTERACTIVE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS COMEDY. It's just days until Christmas when two trolls divert a shipment of toy supplies destined for Santa's toy factory at the North Pole to their troll toy factory at the South Pole. It's all part of the trolls' scheme to manufacture toys and sell them at inflated prices. But when Santa discovers the trolls' devious plan, he sends Mrs. Claus, Rudolph, and two elves to the South Pole to retrieve the stolen toy supplies and bring them back in time to make toys for Christmas. This interactive show is great fun for children, and audience members can get in on the fun by guessing Mrs. Claus' first name.

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

Characters

(3 m, 4 f, 3 flexible)

FRANKIE: Evil troll from the South Pole.

GRITZ: Frankie's assistant; not the brightest troll in the world; part elf, wears a cap; flexible.

SANTA: The personification of Mr. Claus himself, except he can be thin.

STRIPEY: Elf, works for Santa; flexible.

AMELIA FAIRHEART: Pilot; dressed in navigator attire.

MRS. CLAUS: Kindly, but can't remember her first name.

ETHEL: Elf, works for Santa.

RUDOLPH: Reindeer with red shiny nose who doesn't know how to make toys; flexible.

PATRICIA PENGUIN: Penguin, dressed all in white.

TIP: South Pole's sheriff; flexible.

Setting

The present, a few days before Christmas.

Synopsis of Scenes

SCENE 1: North Pole.

SCENE 2: North Pole.

SCENE 3: South Pole.

SCENE 4: South Pole, trolls' toy workshop. There is a large table with various pieces of wood and plastic, paint, glitter, and an assortment of paint brushes and tools.

SCENE 5: South Pole. Same as scene 3.

Props

Tall white pole with sign that reads, "North Pole"	Paint brushes
Tall blue pole with sign that reads, "South Pole"	Large work table
Sleigh	Assortment of tools, including a hammer, screwdriver, saw
Tall white pole with red stripes painted on it	Colorful cloth
Clipboard	Colorful toy
Pen	Bag or sacks to carry toys
Work table	Wrinkled tuxedos
Pieces of wood	Can of spray starch
Pieces of plastic	Harness, for Rudolph
Assortment of paints	Framed birth certificate, for Mrs. Claus
Bottles of Glitter	

Sound Effects

Note: The play is enhanced with the use of musical accompaniment for sound effects, entrances, exits, and to create mood.

Scene 1

(AT RISE: The North Pole. Onstage is a tall white pole with a sign that reads, "North Pole." Frankie and Gritz enter, sneakily. Gritz is carrying a tall blue pole with a sign that reads, "South Pole.")

FRANKIE: Now come along, Gritz. We've got to steal that North Pole and replace it with this South Pole before anybody sees us.

GRITZ: Okay, boss.

FRANKIE: Quietly, now.

GRITZ: Okay, boss. But I still don't understand why we're stealing the North Pole and putting up the South Pole.

FRANKIE: I've tried to explain it before, you doofus. Soon, pilots will be flying their planes to the North Pole to deliver puffle and tuggle and paint and glitter for the elves to make toys. If we have the North Pole, they'll deliver the stuff to us even if we're at the real South Pole. Then, we'll have all the building materials to make toys, and we can sell the toys at very high prices. Ha ha!

GRITZ: That's very tricky! But Santa won't have any toys to deliver to kids on Christmas Eve because the elves won't be able to make them.

FRANKIE: Then the kids and their relatives will have to buy our toys, won't they?

GRITZ: You're brilliant, boss.

FRANKIE: Thanks. You're not brilliant, Gritz. That's why I'm the boss and you're only the assistant. *(Gritz replaces the South Pole sign with the North Pole sign.)* Now let's get back to the real South Pole before anybody sees us.

GRITZ: Won't kids around the world be disappointed when Santa doesn't deliver any toys this year?

FRANKIE: Who cares? We'll be rich because people will have to buy our toys at whatever prices we want to charge.

(Gritz carries the North Pole as he and Frankie exit sneakily. Lights fade to black.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Santa enters, taking a stroll. Stripey runs in.)

STRIPEY: Santa! Santa!

SANTA: *(Depressed.)* Hello, Stripey.

STRIPEY: Santa, it looks like you've been losing weight.

SANTA: I'm worried, Stripey. Christmas is only four days off...

STRIPEY: *(Aside.)* Four days?

SANTA: ...and we haven't received our shipment of materials for the elves to make toys. I haven't been able to eat.

STRIPEY: But Santa Claus is supposed to be chubby.

SANTA: Well, if I lose weight, maybe my sleigh will fly faster. And I suppose I'll live longer if I'm thinner.

STRIPEY: How old are you?

SANTA: I've lost track. I must be at least 350 years old. Hmm, I wonder if kids would prefer a skinny Santa Claus or a chubby Santa Claus. I wonder what they would say if we asked them. *(To audience.)* How many would prefer a skinny Santa? *(Allow time for audience to respond.)* And how many would prefer a chubby Santa? *(Allow audience to express their preference.)* Well, it looks as if I better *[start/stop]* eating again.

STRIPEY: Besides, Santa, what's the point of living at the North Pole if you can't eat ice cream?

SANTA: Good point, Stripey! Now what's on your mind?

STRIPEY: Well, a pilot just landed her plane with a delivery.

SANTA: So our materials have arrived!

STRIPEY: No. The pilot is delivering something, but it's not materials to make toys!

SANTA: What is she delivering?

STRIPEY: Tuxedos!

SANTA: Tuxedos?!

STRIPEY: Yes, tuxedos!

SANTA: Well, maybe kids would rather have tuxedos than toys, anyway. I wonder what would happen if we asked kids if they'd rather have tuxedos for Christmas, or toys for Christmas. I wonder what would happen if we took a vote. *(To audience.)* How many kids would rather have a tuxedo instead of toys? *(Allow time for the kids in the audience to respond.)* And how many kids would rather have toys? Well, I guess kids prefer getting toys to tuxedos.

STRIPEY: But the tuxedos are for the penguins that live at the South Pole.

SANTA: And we live at the North Pole.

STRIPEY: Exactly. Here comes the pilot now. Maybe she'll explain.

(Amelia Fairheart enters, carrying a clipboard and pen.)

AMELIA: Hi, I'm Amelia Fairheart, captain of the skies. I've come to deliver the tuxedos. *(Hands Santa the clipboard and a pen.)* Would you please sign this receipt here to acknowledge that you received them.

SANTA: But we didn't order any tuxedos. This is the North Pole, not the South Pole.

(Amelia points to the South Pole.)

AMELIA: Then how come that says South Pole?

SANTA: Egads! Someone has played a flumaroonie on us!

STRIPEY/AMELIA: Flumaroonie?

SANTA: A dirty trick!

STRIPEY/AMELIA: Oh!

SANTA: I bet they've stolen our North Pole and replaced it. *(To Amelia.)* So when you flew over, you thought it was the South Pole!

AMELIA: Exactly! I already delivered the materials to make toys to a place that said North Pole, but I must have delivered it to the real South Pole!

STRIPEY: And that means... *(Pause, thinks.)* Goodness gracious!

SANTA: That means that kids all over the world may not get any toys this year.

AMELIA: You're Santa Claus, aren't you?!

SANTA: That settles it. Stripey, you're going to have to go to the South Pole, find the North Pole, and bring it back here.

STRIPEY: You mean the North Pole is at the South Pole?

SANTA: Exactly! And you also need to bring back all the stuff to make toys.

STRIPEY: All that stuff...by myself?

SANTA: Not necessarily by yourself, Stripey.

STRIPEY: Are you going to lead us, Santa?

SANTA: Well, no. I'm needed here. Can you imagine how disappointed tourists would be if they came to the North Pole and found Santa had taken a trip to the South Pole? Stripey, I want you to round up a crew, take whoever you want—elves, reindeer—even Mrs. Claus. There's a surprise I want to arrange for her while she's gone. Your mission is to retrieve the North Pole and the materials and bring them back here in time to make toys for Christmas.

STRIPEY: I'm on my way, Santa.

SANTA: And by the way, if you happen to pass any stores that sell candy... Oh, forget it! Make haste, Stripey. There are only three days before Christmas.

STRIPEY/AMELIA: Three days?

SANTA: Yes, time passes very quickly here at the North Pole.

STRIPEY: I'm on the case right now, Santa.

AMELIA: I'll race you there!

(Amelia exits. Stripey attempts to stand on his head.)

SANTA: What are you doing?

STRIPEY: Trying to stand on my head.

SANTA: Why?

STRIPEY: Well, we're on the top of the world here at the North Pole, but the South Pole's at the bottom of the world, and people there must have to stand on their heads to keep from falling off.

SANTA: Stripey...get going! And take this South Pole with you!

(Santa gives the South Pole to Stripey. Lights fade to black.)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: The South Pole. Rudolph, Stripey, Ethel, and Mrs. Claus enter. They've just arrived. Stripey is carrying the South Pole, but it's covered up.)

ETHEL: Nice driving, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH: Thanks, Ethel. It's what I do best.

ETHEL: You didn't go through a single red light.

RUDOLPH: Maybe that's because there are no red lights in the sky, except on my nose.

STRIPEY: Well, here we are at the South Pole. And we don't need to stand on our heads!

ETHEL: It's scary. If they find out who we are, we'll be in big trouble!

RUDOLPH: We've got to find the North Pole and bring it back and make Santa happy again.

STRIPEY: Mrs. Claus, we're sorry about taking you away from Santa, but we need you for our mission.

MRS. CLAUS: Thanks, Stripey. You know, I wish you'd call me by my first name. All anyone ever calls me is Mrs. Claus. Even Santa calls me Mrs. Claus, or dear.

ETHEL: I'll call you by your first name. *(Pause, thinks.)* What is your first name?

MRS. CLAUS: I don't know. It's been so long since anybody's called me by my first name, I've forgotten what it is. *(To audience.)* I wonder if anybody out there knows my real first name? *(Looks to audience for suggestions.)* Yes, now I remember...it's... *[The name suggested by a child in the audience.]*

RUDOLPH: Well, *[name for Mrs. Claus.]*, won't the bad guys get suspicious if they see our sleigh?

ETHEL: And we have the South Pole. That's suspicious looking.

(Stripey removes the covering from the pole, revealing that it now has red stripes. On another portion of the stage, Frankie and Gritz enter and converse silently. They do not see the others.)

STRIPEY: As you can see, I've disguised it. I painted it to look like a barber pole. We'll pretend we're opening up a barber shop, and the sleigh will be the shop. *(Stripey stands the pole, painted like a candy cane, near the sleigh.)* Ethel, why don't you snoop around and see if you can find the North Pole.

ETHEL: Sure as snowshoes, Stripey!

STRIPEY: *(Calls out like a hawker.)* Get your hair cut. Get your hair cut right here.

(Ethel walks about the stage, searching for the North Pole. She overhears the following conversation involving Frankie and Gritz.)

FRANKIE: Morning, Gritz.

GRITZ: I saw the plane land yesterday morning and deliver all the stuff to make toys—puffle and tuggle and paint and glitter!

FRANKIE: Yes, it did. It's all in that building over there. *(Points.)*

GRITZ: You must be really excited.

FRANKIE: No, I'm not, gosh-dingle it!

GRITZ: Why not?

FRANKIE: Because we don't have anyone to make the toys. We're trolls, not elves. Only elves know how to make toys.

GRITZ: There's a difference between trolls and elves?

FRANKIE: Of course! Didn't your mother ever read you fairy tales when you were a kid?

GRITZ: No one ever read me anything. And I never had many toys. I've been the same old Gritz my whole life. Other kids never wanted to play with me. I never fit in!

FRANKIE: You mean you were like this when you were a kid?

GRITZ: Yes.

FRANKIE: No wonder no one wanted to play with you. Now, Gritz, I want you to guard this North Pole so that nobody takes it. You can never know when some other pilot will come along and see it and deliver more stuff to make toys. Hee-hee!

GRITZ: But you just said we have no one to make the toys.

FRANKIE: I'll figure something out.

(Patricia Penguin enters. She's a penguin who is all white.)

GRITZ: Hey, there's a walking snowman.

PATRICIA: Cool it! I'm Patricia Penguin, not a snowman...not a snowperson.

GRITZ: Hi, Patricia.

PATRICIA: Brrr. I'm cold. I need something to keep me warm.

GRITZ: Where's your tuxedo?

PATRICIA: It got all wet when I spilled my sloppy Joe on it. I had to send it to the dry cleaner.

GRITZ: If it was all wet, why did you send it to the *dry* cleaner?

PATRICIA: Exactly! He ruined it, and now I can't go in the ice water because I have no tuxedo to keep me warm.

FRANKIE: That ice water is really cold, isn't it?

PATRICIA: If you're not a penguin or a fish, you can hardly survive in it. Hey, did I hear a plane fly in yesterday? There's supposed to be a plane delivering a load of tuxedos here.

FRANKIE: That plane delivered stuff to make toys, not tuxedos. I have no idea where the plane delivering tuxedos is.

GRITZ: Well, I think that plane is probably—

FRANKIE: Gritz has no idea either, do you, Gritz?

GRITZ: No.

FRANKIE: Say, Patricia. I've acquired a whole bunch of stuff to make toys. It's in that building over there. Do you know how to make toys?

PATRICIA: Of course not. Only elves know how to make toys, not penguins. We know how to make popsicles and those gooey drinks—slushes. But not toys.

FRANKIE: Dag-nab it! Well, I'm going to look around for someone to make toys... *(To Gritz.)* ...that we can sell at high prices. Meanwhile, Gritz, I want you to guard this North Pole sign.

PATRICIA: *(Indicates sign on pole.)* Say, why does that say, "North Pole." This is the South Pole.

FRANKIE: Well...uh...uh...you know how bad at spelling folks are these days. Even the pole maker can't spell.

(Frankie exits. Gritz stands watching the North Pole, but soon falls asleep. Patricia looks around and notices the South Pole.)

PATRICIA: Oh, look! A barbershop. Hey, maybe they trim feathers. I'm going to find out.

(Patricia approaches the sleigh. Ethel returns to the sleigh.)

STRIPEY: *(Calls out.)* Haircut! Get your haircut! Hey, there's a walking snow—

PATRICIA: Hi there. I'm Patricia *Penguin*, not a snowperson.

STRIPEY: I'm Stripey the barber. We also do manicures. This is our manicurist... *[Insert name given to Mrs. Claus].*

MRS. CLAUS: How do you do? Trim your nails?

PATRICIA: Unfortunately, penguins don't have nails.

STRIPEY: If you're a penguin, where's your tuxedo?

PATRICIA: Ruined from sloppy Joe stains. A new shipment of tuxedos was supposed to be delivered yesterday, but they didn't come. You don't sell tuxedos at this barbershop, do you?

RUDOLPH: No, but I have an idea where they—

MRS. CLAUS: We also shine shoes. This is Rud-Rudy, our shoe-shiner.

RUDOLPH: Nice to meet you. Give your shoes a shiny buff?

PATRICIA: Penguins don't wear shoes. If we wore shoes we'd ruin them as soon as we walked into the water. You should take care of your cold; your nose is awfully red. Say, I haven't noticed you all before. You new to the South Pole?

MRS. CLAUS: Oh no. We just had our shop on the east side of the South Pole. This is the west side, isn't it?

(As Mrs. Claus refers to the east and west sides, the others point in all different directions, and mumble different directions.)

PATRICIA: It sure is. Say, here comes Tip.

(Tip enters.)

TIP: Tip of the morning to ya!

PATRICIA: Morning, Tip. These folks just moved here. They operate this barbershop. This is Tip.

TIP: Pleased to meet ya. I'm the sheriff here. If you notice any shenanigans going on, I want you to notify me. I live at that iceberg over there. Just remember, I'm Tip of the iceberg.

STRIPEY/ETHEL/MRS. CLAUS/RUDOLPH: Yes, Sheriff Tip.

TIP: Well, tip of the morning to ya, again.

(Tip exits.)

PATRICIA: *(To others.)* You don't trim feathers, do you?

STRIPEY/ETHEL/MRS. CLAUS: No. We're not that kind of barbershop.

PATRICIA: Well, I better get going to look for those lost tuxedos. *(Patricia starts to exit. Aside.)* I am not a snowperson. Why does everybody think I'm a snowperson, just because I haven't got a tuxedo on?

ETHEL: Guys, I just overheard a conversation between a troll named Frankie and a big oaf named Gritz. It seems they stole the North Pole and they intend to make toys and sell them at very high prices.

STRIPEY: You mean some trolls stole the North Pole? I bet they're making toys right now.

ETHEL: Oh, no. They don't know how to make toys. You see, there are no elves here at the South Pole.

RUDOLPH: They have no one who knows how to make toys?

MRS. CLAUS: Hey! I've got an idea how we can surprise Santa with a whole shipment of toys!

STRIPEY: What's your idea, *[insert name given to Mrs. Claus]*?

MRS. CLAUS: Well, we'll volunteer to make the toys. And once all the toys are made, we'll take them back to the real North Pole!

ETHEL: Do you think we can get away with it?

RUDOLPH: We'd better. There are only two days left until Christmas.

STRIPEY/ETHEL/MRS. CLAUS: Two days?!

(Everyone looks panicked.)

MRS. CLAUS: *(Regains her composure.)* Listen, I think we can outsmart anyone stupid enough to steal the North Pole. Now, here's what we're going to do...

[End of Freeview]