

MONOLOGUE – IRIS

FROM *DECK THE STAGE*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

Play	DECK THE STAGE by Lindsay Price
Stats	Comedy - Simple set - 10 Minutes
Casting	1W
Description	Iris must make a choice between Christmas and her cat.
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I have a cat. Her name is Snowball. She's beautiful, white, and fluffier than a puffball. She was a birthday present. She's the most lovely, caring, wonderful, beautiful cat in all the world! Except... My cat Snowball likes tinsel. She likes to eat tinsel. I don't know why. She won't touch garbage. She won't even look at mice. She has no yen for other Christmas tree decorations, not that I wish she would – tinsel's enough. The tinsel doesn't like her and often comes up as fast as it goes down. There's no sound quite like the ak ak ak of Snowball hacking up another mal-digested silver mess.

I like tinsel too. I love the way a tree looks covered in the silvery thin strips. You can crinkle them into wrinkles and they still look as good as when they're sleek and smooth. I love the way tinsel sparkles in the light. A perfect canvas for blue, now green, now red. A Christmas tree is not a Christmas tree without tinsel. A cake may be the best in the world but it's not a cake till you add the icing.

Christmas is big in our house. Specifically, Christmas decorations. There is a time-honoured tradition not only to the decorations on our tree, but the way our tree gets decorated and who gets to decorate what and when. Everyone is in charge of one aspect or another. The older you are, the more important the charge. For years, my

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The Fine Print

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brother salivated over the prospect of being in charge of the lights. It starts in November: “Dad, can I do the lights? Dad can I do the lights? Dad can I do the lights? Dad can I do the lights?” One Christmas, for some unknown reason, my dad handed over the box of lights to Adam. Without warning. Without a word. But it was too soon and the task too overwhelming. Adam blew two fuses and almost electrocuted himself. He was demoted back to glass balls for two years after that.

Being the youngest, I got stuck with tinsel and it’s been that way ever since. That’s the way I like it. I connect with tinsel on so many levels. When I was five I favoured the clump and throw method. Grab a handful and toss it at the tree as hard as I could. Later I went to the other extreme. One strand at a time, standing back and surveying my work like a painter observes her canvas. It would take hours and hours till Adam starts screaming at me: “Throw it on! Throw it on! We can’t turn on the lights till you’re done you little idiot! It’s just tinsel you little freak! You’d think the Queen was coming!” Maybe the Queen was coming. How was I to know? I was only eight.

Now we have a cat. She’s beautiful, white, and fluffier than a puffball. She was a birthday present. She’s the most lovely, caring, wonderful, beautiful cat in all the world! Except... it’s November 30th, and the tree goes up tomorrow. Last year Snowball created a tinsel massacre. Silver busted bits all over the living room. That drove Mom into a frenzy. She’s large into clean carpets. And then there was the sticky situation of suddenly coming across a pool of vomit wrapped in tinsel. That drove dad ‘round the bend who, after stepping in one, threw a fit and declared that either Snowball goes or the tinsel goes!

Snowball or tinsel? Tinsel or Snowball? What kind of choice is that? It’s totally unfair. Snowball, or an unfinished cake. A shining example to the beauty of Christmas or a little puff to tell all my secrets to.

*She holds up her hands as if they both contain her choices.
She looks from one hand to the other and then to the audience.*

Which do I choose? Which do I choose? 🐾