

MONOLOGUE – ASIA FROM *DECK THE STAGE*

by Lindsay Price

Use this monologue for your next IE!

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| Play | DECK THE STAGE by Lindsay Price |
| Stats | Comedy/Drama – Simple Set – Two Acts |
| Casting | Various |
| Description | Asia stands in a pose of boredom and snobbery as she describes her Christmas traditions. But is her boredom real or is it a cover up? |
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Our Christmas tree is white. All white. Green would clash too horrendously with the decor. The tree is light. The lights are white. All the decorations are white. All the decorations are wrapped in white paper. Mumsy wouldn't have it any other way and neither would I. She's an artiste. I plan to be an artiste after I make my 'mil' in the stock market. That's how she did it. What a role model. She buys Barbie dolls and spray paints them gold and sells them for five hundred bucks a pop. Can you believe it?

For half a second ASIA sounds like a normal, excited teen. She coughs and reverts back to her pose of boredom and snobbery.

What I mean to say is that she reflects on the illusion of female perfection in such a manner that it would be inconceivable to value her magnificent creations within a lower price range.

She shifts into another pose, equally bored and snobby.

Our tree is artificial. One year Mumsy tried to spray paint a real tree. But for some unknown reason all the needles fell off. We now refer to that dismal year as Black Christmas. We hung black crepe paper throughout our abode and

Continued Over...



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The Fine Print

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did not celebrate the traditions of the season in any way. We didn't even exchange the customary tokens of our affection. Oh sure, I really wanted a pair of roller blades that year but when Mumsy gets into a mood... there's no stopping her. (*distracted*) No stopping her at all. (*back on track*) Not that I'd want to. Mumsy is a force. A force to be reckoned with. I want to be just like her. Once she sets her mind to something it's impossible to change it. She's a tour de force. Oh, yes, occasionally one finds oneself on the other end of that force. But it's for one's good. Yes. Indeed. Yes indeedy.

(*fast*) Like in the fifth grade when I made a macaroni angel to go on top of the Christmas tree but she wouldn't let me put it on because she was at war with folk art. War with folk art. How do you war against folk art? I worked really hard on that stupid macaroni angel! I took great pains to paint each individual macaroni. I even did it white even though everyone in the class was painting theirs silver and gold, which is what I really wanted to do. But nooooooooooooo. It was all for her and did she appreciate it? Nooooooooooooo. We have to have the albino tree! What is the point of a white tree and white decorations and white light? You might as well hang a sheet over the thing.

(*a revelation!*) I like colour! I'm not afraid to say it! I like all of them: red, blue, yellow, chartreuse, goldenrod, cerulean, emerald, indigo, ginger and tan! I like colour and I hate the spray painted Barbies! I like colour and I really, really wanted those roller blades! I like colour, I LOVE COLOUR! I LOVE, LOVE, LOVE IT!

She freezes when she realizes the extent of her outburst. She reluctantly coughs and reverts back to her pose of boredom and snobbery.

As I was saying, uh, articulating... Christmas. What a bore! ❦