

**THE LAST MINUTE**  
**A three-minute monologue**  
**By JANE CAFARELLA**

*Comedy*

*MARY tells her husband why she won't be doing Christmas this year.*

Around September I start collecting things...throwaway remarks, wistful looks.

Little hints about what people like.

Like when your fountain pen broke...

And when your mother said she liked that jewellery – what's it called? Pandora!

Then I start making lists...shopping in my lunch hour for specials, ticking things off...planning the menu.

But this year, September and October came and went.

I meant to start, but, somehow, I never found the time.

A week went by...Christmas Eve. The Last Minute.

I've never done that before – gone at The Last Minute.

It took me 20 minutes to find a parking space.

I didn't know where to start. Everything looked so...picked over.

Men. Everywhere!

Perfume. Jewellery. Gift-wrapped. Wham, bam, thank you, Ma'am! That's all it is to them.

I was about to pop into the supermarket for a turkey when I saw it – a three-sided cardboard castle with fake snow dripping from the roof.

Santa's Workshop.

Near the entrance was a woman with a little boy of about six, clinging to her legs.

*(Lisping).*

"Is that the real Thanta?" the boy asked, looking up with his big truthful eyes.

"Of course," the mother said, and she went to pay the pixie.

So, I called him over.

"Hey, kid!" *(She beckons.)* "You wanna see the real, Santa?"

"Yeth," he said.

So, I told him.

*Beat.*

*The Last Minute – a Christmas monologue for everyone who hates Christmas*

I'm the real Santa Claus! The one and only.

I'm the one that makes the list and checks it twice and buys all that crap made by children in China who don't even know what Christmas is.

It's just me.

ME!

The kid starts to cry. His Mom rushes over, screaming. "Pervert! Get away from my son! Security!! Security!"

A crowd gathers. But I can't stop. I'm screaming back, pointing to all the women watching.

"I'm Santa Claus and so is SHE and HER and HER! With our empty pockets and our empty lives, buying and wrapping and giving, giving, GIVING!

Until there's nothing left.

*Beat.*

The security guard threw me out.

So, we're not having turkey this year...

*Beat.*

I'm going there.

Coz they don't celebrate Christmas in Turkey.

*She takes a carry-on case from under the table and exits.*

**340 words**

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