

A Tale of Two Ornaments
www.claudiahaas.com
claudiahaas12@gmail.com

All rights reserved 2022

A Tale of Two Ornaments**

CHARACTERS: 3

Gloria (f): ageless! a handcrafted elegant, beautiful ornament and she knows it;

Ernst (m): ageless! a proper British ornament – maybe a Palace guard, a Shakespearean character;

Vixen (m or f): young; a busy little kitten

PLACE: In someone's decorated Christmas tree*

TIME: Christmas Eve

SYNOPSIS: Merry Catmess! That's what happening on Christmas Eve for two ornaments being terrorized by Vixen the Kitten.

*The Christmas tree can simply be a ladder. Feel free to stick branches or lights or garlands around it. Or have the ornaments hold on to or wear branches. Just evoke the fact that the characters are on the top part of a Christmas tree. The sillier the better.

**The stage directions are a suggestion of activity around the tree. Feel free to use all of your own ideas.

A Tale of Two Ornaments

AT RISE GLORIA and ERNST are hanging out in a Christmas tree. It is Christmas Eve.
All is calm.

GLORIA

It's too quiet. Evil is in the air.

ERNST

It's a perfectly charming night. Christmas Eve always is.

GLORIA

It's our last Christmas Eve! The beast is lurking!

ERNST

Nothing bad can happen on Christmas Eve.

GLORIA

The beast is coming!

ERNST

Dear Gloria – all is calm.

GLORIA

To shake us!

ERNST

All is bright.

GLORIA

To destroy us!

ERNST

Don't fret! Ernst is here! I shall protect you! "Silent night..."

GLORIA

Not for long!

ERNST

"Holy night..."

GLORIA

Evil! It's evil!

ERNST

“All is calm...”

GLORIA

Not any more!

ERNST

“All is bright...”

GLORIA

You mean “fright” don’t you? “All’s a fright!”

(We hear a sound – maybe a bell or a paw-step.)

GLORIA

IT’S COMING! THE BEAST IS COMING!

(And sure enough a most darling, innocent looking kitten (VIXEN) dashes in chasing a toy. He pounces on it and plays and suddenly stops and looks around.)

VIXEN

Mew! A tree!

(Of course VIXEN jumps in the tree. GLORIA and ERNST sway with the swaying tree.)

GLORIA

I – don’t like – this.

ERNST

Think of it as an amusement park ride, dear Gloria.

GLORIA

From the time I was a baby ornament, I hated amusement park rides! Oh dear – I can’t stop swaying! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Ernst – please – *do something!*

ERNST

(Singing)

“O Christmas tree!”

ERNST (cont’d)

(Vixen paws at him. Speaking.)

Ohhh! Christmas Tree!

VIXEN

Meooooow! Sparkly!

(VIXEN paws at GLORIA.)

GLORIA

Not the paw! Not the evil paw!

(VIXEN cocks his head and paws again.)

GLORIA (cont'd)

Ernst! Don't let him do that!

ERNST

All right. If you say so. I say, dear cat – don't do that, please.

VIXEN

Meow?

ERNST

You're frightening the dear lady.

(VIXEN gives a playful slap at ERNST but in doing so falls out of the tree – as kittens do. VIXEN spooks himself, jumps up in the air emitting a “kitten noise” and scampers away. ERNST is visibly shaken!)

GLORIA

Why, Ernst – you risked your life – for me. For little old me.

ERNST

I did, didn't I? *Yes, I did! I most certainly did!*

GLORIA

I didn't know you had it in you!

ERNST

There's a lot of things you don't know about me Gloria...

GLORIA

After being stored away in a box for a solid year, Ernst – I'm pretty sure I know all there is to know about you. You do tend to chatter.

ERNST

But – you don't know the important things!

GLORIA

Such as?

ERNST

How I ... feel ... about you ...

(Suddenly VIXEN gets the zoomies and starts dashing and darting everywhere. Around the room, around the tree.)

GLORIA

Earthquake!

ERNST

It's just the zoomies. Hold on tight.

GLORIA

The "zoomies?"

ERNST

It's a kitten thing. He'll exhaust himself. If we don't die in the process, we'll live.

(Terrified and shaking, ERNST and GLORIA hold on tightly to the tree, eyes closed and shaking. Their hands will – almost meet. Then, suddenly right on cue, VIXEN stops in his tracks and plops on the ground – exhausted.)

GLORIA

My hero!

(ERNST opens his eyes and is visibly relieved to see VIXEN asleep.)

ERNST

It was ... nothing.

GLORIA

How did you know about the zoomies?

ERNST

Not my first kitten.

GLORIA

I think you're simply wonderful. It's amazing that we spent an entire year in a box together and I never listened to your chatter or peeked to get a better look at you through the tissue paper.

ERNST

I – noticed you! In fact –

GLORIA

Yes?

(VIXEN will slowly wake up and stretch and just sit quietly, head-cocked watching the two ornaments.)

ERNST

(ERNST digs a ring out of – somewhere.)

I noticed – that when they wrapped you and put you away – one of your jewels fell off.

GLORIA

I know. I wept. Brand new and already losing some of my sparkle.

ERNST

My dear, rest assured – you still have all your – sparkle.

GLORIA

Why – thank-you.

ERNST

I did – in fact save the jewel. I fashioned a ring for it.

(ERNST holds out a ring!)

GLORIA

My lost jewel! How beautiful! But how did you fashion the ring?

ERNST

I simply twisted a bit of my ornament hanger off until I had enough wire to fashion a ring.

GLORIA

So, that's why you look shorter than last year.

ERNST

Yes.

GLORIA

You sacrificed your height for me!

ERNST

It was nothing. Truly. May I?

(Slowly and tentatively, ERNST reaches for GLORIA to put the ring on her finger. It sparkles which VIXEN notices. Just as GLORIA'S and ERNST'S hands are about to touch, VIXEN leaps in-between them and starts to paw at the ring.)

GLORIA

My ring!

(VIXEN is awake now and starts playing with the ornaments and playing with the branches and the ornaments start to move. A lot. If there are any other decorations on the “tree,” some may slide off.)

ERNST

I have the ring. Now we must stop the kitten from crashing the tree!

GLORIA

How?

ERNST

I don't know!

GLORIA

I'm too young to die!

ERNST

I say.... Vixen!

VIXEN

(Comes bounding over to “play” with ERNST.)

Dear Vixen do stop ruining the tree. STOP THAT!

(VIXEN makes an angry kitty sound and jumps off. He then decides to stalk the tree.)

GLORIA

He's going to pounce! He's going to pounce!

(And VIXEN does.)

It's the end for us!

ERNST

It can't be. There's something I need to tell you –

GLORIA

Tell me – I feel my hook loosening – I'm going to crash any minute!

(And the ornaments really shake as VIXEN pounces in and out of tree.)

I love you!

ERNST

WHAT?

GLORIA

I LOVE YOU, GLORIA!

ERNST

I LOVE YOU, TOO!

GLORIA

(And suddenly all is quiet. VIXEN looks at them and gets the kitty-squinty-eyes that come before a purr. And then VIXEN jumps into the tree and settles down between them – purring loudly.)

Did you mean what you said –

ERNST

I did and I do.

GLORIA

(And reaching over VIXEN, ERNST puts the ring on GLORIA'S finger. VIXEN'S purr grows louder.)

Merry Christmas, Gloria.

ERNST

Merry Christmas, Ernst.

GLORIA

(And VIXEN continues to purr as the lights fade to black.)

- END OF PLAY -