**Female Monologues:**

Miss Preen (F)

It means, Mr. Whiteside, that I am leaving. My address is on the desk inside, you can send me a check. I am not only walking out on this case, Mr. Whiteside, but I am leaving the nursing profession. I became a nurse because all my life, ever since I was a little girl, I was filled with the idea of serving a suffering humanity. After one month with you, Mr. Whiteside, I am going to work in a munitions factory. From now on anything I can do to help exterminate the human race will fill me with the greatest pleasure. If Florence Nightingale had ever nursed you, Mr. Whiteside, she would have married Jack the Ripper instead of founding the Red Cross. Good day.

Maggie Cutler (F)

Now listen to me, Whiteside. I know you. Lay off, I know what a devil you can be. I’ve seen you do it to other people, but don’t you dare do it to me. Don’t drug yourself into the idea that all you’re thinking of is my happiness. You’re thinking of yourself a little bit, too, and all those months of breaking in somebody new. I’ve seen you in a passion before when your life has been disrupted, and you couldn’t dine in Calcutta on July twelfth with Boo-Boo. Well, that’s too bad, but there it is. I’m going to marry Bert if he’ll have me, and don’t you dare try any of your tricks. I’m on to every one of them. So lay off. That’s my message to you, Big Lord Fauntleroy.

Lorraine Sheldon (F)

London?... Hello. Hello… Cedric! Cedric, is this you? … why Cedric, you darling! Why, what a surprise? How’d you know I was here? … Darling, don’t talk so fast and you won’t stutter so… That’s better… Yes, now I can hear you… Yes, very clearly. It’s as though you were just around the corner… I see… what? … Darling! Cedric, dearest, would you wait just one moment? (She turns to Maggie.) Maggie, would you mind? It’s Lord Bottomley -- a very personal call. Would you mind? (Back to Cedric.) Yes, my dearest -- now tell me… Cedric, please don’t stutter so. Don’t be nervous. (She listens for a moment.) Oh, my darling. Oh, my sweet. You don’t know how I’ve prayed for this, every night on the boat… Darling, yes! YES, a thousand times yes!... I’ll take a plane right out of here and catch the next boat. Oh, my sweet, we’re going to be the happiest people in the world. I wish I were there now in your arms, Cedric... What? … Cedric, don’t stutter so… Yes, and I love you, my darling -- oh, so much!... Oh, my dear sweet. My darling, my darling… Yes, yes! I will, I will, darling! I’ll be thinking of you every moment…. You’ve made me the happiest girl in the world… Good-bye, good-bye, darling. Good-bye.

**Male Monologues:**

Beverly Carlton (M)

Juicy as a pomegranate. It is the latest report from London on the winter maneuvers of Miss Lorraine Sheldon against the left flank -- in fact, all flanks -- of Lord Cedric Bottomley. Listen: “Lorraine has just left us in a cloud of Chanel Number Five. Since September, in her relentless pursuit of His Lordship, she has paused only to change girdles and check her oil. She has chased him, panting, from castle to castle, till he finally took refuge, for several weekends, in the gentleman’s lavatory of the House of Lords. Practically no one is betting on the Derby this year; we are all making book on Lorraine. She is sailing tomorrow on the Normandie, but would return on the Yankee Clipper if Bottomley so much as belches in her direction.” Have you ever met Lord Bottomley, Maggie dear? “Not v-v-very good shooting today, blast it. Only s-s-six partridges, f-f-four grouse, and the D-D-Duke of Sutherland.”

BERT JEFFERSON (M)

Maggie, why’d you run away last night? Miss Sheldon thinks the play’s wonderful! I read her the play and she thinks it’s wonderful! Isn’t that wonderful? I know I’m a little drunk, but this is a big day. We’ve been sitting over in Billy’s Tavern all night. Never even realized it was daylight until it was... daylight. Listen Maggie – Miss Sheldon says the play needs just a little bit of fixing – do it in three weeks. She’s going to take me to a little place on Lake Placid – just for three weeks. Isn’t it wonderful? Why don’t you say something, Maggie?

MR. STANLEY (M)

I am pleased to inform you, sir, that your plans for my daughter seem to have gone a trifle awry. She is not, nor will she ever be, married to that Labor agitator that you so kindly picked out for her. As for my son, he has been apprehended in Toledo, and will be brought home within the hour. Not having your gift for invective, sir, I cannot tell you what I think of your obnoxious interference in my affairs, but I have now arranged that you will interfere no longer. Mr. Whiteside, these gentlemen are deputy sheriffs. They have a warrant by which I am enabled to put you out of this house, and I need hardly add that it will be the greatest moment of my life. You have fifteen minutes, Mr. Whiteside, fifteen minutes – and that means bag, baggage, wheelchair, penguins, octopus, and cockroaches. I am now going upstairs to smash our radio, so that not even accidentally will I ever hear your voice again

Sheridan Whiteside (M)

Sit down, Jefferson . . . make yourself comfortable. It is one of the most endearing and touching stories of our generation. One misty St. Valentine's Eve—the year was 1901—a little old lady who had given her name to an era, Victoria, lay dying in Windsor Castle. Maude Adams had not yet caused every young heart to swell as she tripped across the stage as Peter Pan; Irving Berlin had not yet written the first note of a ragtime rigadoon that was to set the nation's feet a-tapping, and Elias P. Crockfield was just emerging from the State penitentiary. Destitute, embittered, cruel of heart, he wandered, on this St. Valentine's Eve, into a little church. But there was no godliness in his heart that night, no prayer upon his lips. In the faltering twilight, Elias P. Crockfield made his way toward the poor-box. With callous fingers he ripped open this poignant testimony of a simple people's faith. Greedily he clutched at the few pitiful coins within. And then a child's wavering treble broke the twilight stillness. "Please, Mr. Man," said a little girl's voice, "won't you be my Valentine?" Elias P. Crockfield turned. There stood before him a bewitching little creature of five, her yellow curls cascading over her shoulders like a golden Niagara, in her tiny outstretched hand a humble valentine. In that one crystal moment a sealed door opened in the heart of Elias P. Crockfield, and in his mind was born an idea. Twenty-five years later three thousand ruddy-cheeked convicts were gamboling on the broad lawns of Crockfield Home, frolicking in the cool depths of its swimming pool, broadcasting with their own symphony orchestra from their own radio station. Elias P. Crockfield has long since gone to his Maker, but the little girl of the golden curls, now grown to lovely womanhood, is known as the Angel of Crockfield, for she is the wife of the warden.