

AFTER THE SENIOR PLAY

A Humorous Monolog

by
Kathryn Kimball



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It is the next morning after the Senior Class play. One of the senior girls is waiting outside the High School Auditorium. She speaks.

Hurry up, Frank, and unlock the door. I've been here half an hour. I wish everybody'd hustle up! If they don't come on, I'm going home—Well, what if they did get up late? They had no more right to sleep late than I did. And where's Miss Brownfield? She told us to be here at nine o'clock sharp.

Everybody's talking about the play. Mr. Evans said it was the snappiest play ever in this man's town. I guess he ought to know. He's lived here a century. He said he thought I had the most dramatic part—Sure! He's some critic.

Why hello, Miss Brownfield. I heard some keen remarks about you and the play and that swell-looking Prof from the University. Mrs. Caldwell told me she thought you were the best director we'd ever had. And I told her that you ought to be; you've studied in Boston and everything—Well, sure, but you have to know your onions anyway to put on a play as hard as that one. Say, Miss Brownfield, you've sure got a keen-looking date from the University—Your brother? Well, you can tell him for me that I'm going to the University this fall and—Oh, he won't be there? Well, anyway, is he still here?—He's not? Oh, well—

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