

AGGIE TAYLOR HAS A DREAM

A Humorous Monologue

by
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Hanging on a screen backstage, the following sign may set the scene: "THE TOWN TUB--Use Our Equipment For Your Laundry!"

(Mrs. Taylor is a garrulous woman, slightly past middle age. As she enters, we see that she is supposed to be carrying a heavy clothesbasket. She walks with feet well apart, feeling her way along with each cautiously forward-moving foot; she leans far backward; her arms are pulled forward and out from her body by the weight of her basket. The exertion of carrying the basket makes Mrs. Taylor puff a trifle as she speaks.)

How--a clothesbasket--can weigh so much--I declare I don't understand! There! (She sets her burden down so suddenly that she lurches awkwardly forward and looks, for a moment, as if she might be pulled off balance and dive into the basket herself. She straightens herself, however, slowly, because she is not young anymore, and speaks to the owner of the public laundry.) Good morning, Mrs. Wilenski! Beautiful morning, isn't it?--Oh, just fine. Fine, thank you. And how are you? (The last question is strictly rhetorical. Mrs. Taylor continues speaking without the slightest pause.) Of course, I have my headaches. You know, I wonder, sometimes, whether my doctor really understands my case--and I do have such trouble sleeping! Why, only last night, I had the most peculiar dream--didn't get a wink of sleep all night, because of it. (Glances cautiously around room, leans across imaginary counter toward Mrs. Wilenski, and, in a conspiratorial whisper, begins to relate her dream.) I dreamed--really, it was most distressing! I dreamed that Herman--that's my husband, you know--that Herman was eating dinner right in our own kitchen--Actually, you know, we always eat in the dining room of course; it seems so much more --er--civilized. But anyhow, in this dream--(Glances back at door and speaks to a new customer just arriving.) Oh, here comes Mrs. Gustafson! Good morning, Mrs. Gustafson. Beautiful morning!--How's that?--Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, two early birds out this morning. It's a good thing Mrs. Wilenski, here, has plenty of worms--I mean washing machines--to go 'round. (Laughs merrily at her own joke.)

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