

BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP

A Humorous Monolog

by
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An attractive young salesgirl at Macy's Department store, who rejoices in the resplendent name of Opal Diamond, has been transferred to the cosmetic department. This is her first day dispensing beauty aids to the customers. Her coworker is Miss Annabelle LeRoy who is thoroughly experienced in the beauty game. It is Opal who speaks.

Yes, Miss LeRoy, I think I'm gonna like this department very much. It smells so nice. After a day's work here, a girl wouldn't need any perfume. She'd be saturated with odors. I really didn't want to leave the notion department but Mr. Stevenson, the manager, just insisted. He said that anyone could sell pins, needles and thread but it took someone with personality and good looks to sell beauty articles.

(Primps hair) I says to him, I says, "Oh, go long with you and your blarney," but he says to me, he says, "That ain't no blarney. It's the truth. You're just as attractive as your name, Opal Diamond." And then he says to me, he says, "Is that your real name or just a non de plumy?" And I says to him, I says, "It's real enough all right," and then he says to me, he says, kinda cute-like, "Diamonds sparkle and so do you," and I comes right back at him and says to him, I says, "Yes, but opals is bad luck," and he says to me, smiling that sly smile of his, "Such opals as you, was never bad luck to me." Wasn't that sweet of he? (Giggles and then adds quickly) Of course, don't think that I encouraged him one bit, because I didn't. It was all his own idea.

(Turns to customer) Good day, Madame. What can I do for you?--Some of our lotion? Certainly. (Takes bottle from shelf) Here is the greatest enemy of age ever invented--a chaser of crow's feet and wrinkles--

If this cream you do apply
Against old age you'll fortify
Upon my word you can rely
That without this cream you'll petrify. (Laughs)

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