

CHO-CHO-SAN

A Dramatic Monolog

by
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Arranged from the story "Madame Butterfly".
(If preferred this monolog may be done in costume.)

B. F. Pinkerton, a gay, young American Lieutenant in Japan, marries Cho-Cho-San, an attractive Geisha girl. Madame Butterfly, as he calls her, then becomes the "mos' bes' happy female woman in Japan." When the time comes to go back to the States, Pinkerton casually leaves her saying that when the robins nest again he will return. Now spring and the robins have come again and Cho-Cho-San is expectantly and happily waiting.

She holds her baby boy in her arms as she talks to the maid.

"Ah, you--you thing he is jus' like any other bebbly. Now did anyone ever hear of a Japanese bebbly with purple eye? Answer me, thou giggler. Nor yet so bald of his head? Say so!--Quickly!

"But ah! you will have hair, will you not? I will not endure thee else. (Speciously savage) Speak, thou beggar, speak!"

"--Ah-h-h! You speaking Jap'nese? Listen! Aeverybody got to speak United States' languages in these house!--He say aexcep' we all talking those United States' languages when he come, he go'n' bounce us all. Well! I don' git myself bounce, Mr. Purple-Eye! An' you got loog out you don'." (Puts baby in crib)

"Ah, Suzuki! (Claps hands) Now why you go away when birds flying to wistaria? Go see if he is a robin, and if he has completed his nest --quickly.--

"No?--Oh, how he is slow! Suzuki, let us fine 'nother robin, one that is more industrious--an' domestic, aha, ha, ha!

"Suzuki, inform me, if you please, how near beggary we are today.--

"Alas--alas! How we have waste his beautiful moaneys, Suzuki! Tha' 's shame.--But jus' when it is gone, he will come with more.--We go'n' out on the street with bebbly, singing songs, with faces, oh, 'bout 'mos' so long, (Illustrates) so, dancing liddle--so, (Takes a few steps) an' saying out ver' loud, 'Behole, we, a poor widow, an' a bebbly what got purple eye, which had one hosban', which gone off at United States America, to naever return no more--naever! Oh, how that is mos' tarrible! We giving up all our august ancestors, an' gods, an' people, an' country,--oh, aeverything,--jus, for him, an' now he don' naever come no more! An' we go'n' starve bifore, aexcep' you giving us jus, one sen!--Aha, ha, ha! Ah, ha, ha! What you thing, liddle maiden?

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