

GOING DOWN

A Monologue

by
Elizabeth Perrine Brant



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

GOING DOWN
A Monologue

Elizabeth Perrine Brant

Copyright 1952 by the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

The chaos which rules the day before Christmas is mild compared to the frenzy that reigns the day after. Shoppers jam stores and sidewalks in their haste to exchange gifts for which glib, glowing, gushing thank you notes have already been written.

Of all the persons who suffer untold headaches, backaches, and fallen arches with a smile, none endures more than the elevator girls. For, it is within their compact cages that all the tension, suspense, and strain of the last month are released in swift, sudden spurts of conversation.

Two young matrons are hurrying down the aisle:

Oh, Gertrude, there's a down car. Yoo hoo. Wait. Come on, Gertrude. Oops. (Drops packages) Oh, wait. Oh, I was afraid you weren't going to wait. This car's full? Oh, I'm sure there's room for us. There are just the two of us, you know. We can scoot right in. If you'll move to--that's it, thank you. And you--over there. Now I'll just squeeze in here. Oh, pardon me. Gertrude, Gertrude! Where are you? Oh, there. (Sighs) I've exchanged all my Christmas presents but one. And I can take care of it on the way out. It's a scarf. Pardon me? Floor? Oh, first floor. The scarves are on first, aren't they? That's my last present to exchange. Oh, no, Gertrude, it's a beautiful scarf. Pure silk the label says. Maude gave it to me. Maude, my sister-in-law. Well, of course, I can't keep it. I never wear head scarves, and she knows it. They make, me look so common.

Oh, I guess the man wants out. Ouch! It certainly was my foot you stepped on. Heavens, this elevator's crowded.--Well, why didn't he tell me he wanted to get out.--I couldn't hear him.--Where was I? Oh, yes. I don't know why she ever sent me a head scarf because I've told her several times that I never wear them. But, then, Maude's like that.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---