

# IT'S A WISE BROTHER WHO KNOWS HIS OWN SISTER

A Humorous Monolog

by  
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Aw, gee whizzikers! You make me so mad! (Dick, a boy about sixteen or seventeen, rushes onto the stage.)

Mother, Mother, can't you do something? Annabelle seems to think she's signed a hundred-year lease on that bathroom. I've sat outside that door for the last two hours waiting for her to check out; and every time I've asked her how much longer it would be, she said, "Just a minute." Aw, Mom, can't you pry her out? It's really your duty as a public-spirited citizen. Use TNT--anything just so you get her out. If you don't--oh, she makes me so cockeyed mad!

(Listens to Mother. Patiently exasperated.)

Nothing to get excited about? Nothing? Yeah, nothing! I guess that's just the trouble! If a man could get some action on this, it wouldn't be so bad; but as it is now--oh, Mother, just 'cause she has a date is it any sign she can occupy that bathroom for hours and hours and hours before hand? I'M going to the same club dance, aren't I? But does she show any consideration, any unselfish instinct, any cooperation, any brotherly love for suffering humanity? She does NOT!

(Listens to Mother. All out of sorts.)

Huh! Well, s'pose THE Percy McAdoo Hamilton IS taking her. That's nothing! That dodo wouldn't know if her old neck and ears and hands were scrubbed or not. Maybe you don't know it but his thinking apparatus doesn't click so fast. He's sure dumb! But believe you me, Mary Lou wouldn't even look at me again if I came over there looking like this. Shucks! My whiskers are getting so long I look like Santa Claus. Bet I'll have to use Dad's hair clippers on 'em before I dare to touch 'em with the razor. Might not be able to get 'em even then. Read in a book once about a young fellow whose whiskers grew a fourth of an inch in an hour. That ought to make mine about--Oh, rats, Mom, let's chase your daughter out of there. You lead on and I'll bring up the rear with the broom. Let's go, Mom! Huh?--

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