

JUST A SCRATCH ON THE FENDER

A Humorous Monolog

by
J. Gauthier Adams



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Mother, here's Daddy coming up the street. What are you going to tell him about the car? (Clasping her hands in fear)--No, (Drawing her lips in tightly and shaking her head in a decided little negative) I won't say a word--Oh sure, we'll tell him after we get it fixed, won't we? But--we must keep him away from the garage tonight, huh? You better go out in the kitchen, Mother, or he'll know something's up--you look scared. Oh, (Turning) hello, Daddy. (Goes up to him lifting her face for a kiss. She skips around excitedly) We've been down town, Mother and I, and had the best time! M-m-m-m! We had lunch at the Bandbox. We sure needed it after the way that old crab hollered at Mother. I--I mean, we were hungry, you know. I ate so much that I won't be able to eat another thing for a week--Why, I didn't mean anything--just a crabby old man in a car hollered at Mother. She was looking for a place to park, that's all. And anyway, they shouldn't have so many parking signs around. How can you look four ways at once and read all the signs while you're looking for a space? That's what Mother told the cross old policeman, too--Oh, (Embarrassed) he was just talking to Mother. I guess--I--guess she knows him, perhaps. Anyway, I was telling you about having lunch at the Band--No, Daddy, Mother didn't do a thing to the car, I tell you--it was the man's fault. I'm glad his old fender got it worse'n ours. All crumpled up, his was! I'll say!

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