

Getting Even

Length: Three minutes
Monologue for a small girl

(Enters wearing a play-suit and pushing a doll buggy.)

My mother says I am a very bad little girl for running away. But I cannot see why. Every day she says that she must take our baby out for an airing. But goodness, she thinks I must not take my dolly out, oh no! *(Picks up doll.)* You're just as beautiful as our baby, and you need the air just as much as she does. But every time I start out to take you for a tiny little stroll just by myself, Mother *rare*s, that's what she does. My father says "rare," so I guess I can! *(Puts doll back in buggy.)*

Sometimes Mother sends Maggie after me. Maggie's our maid, and when Mother isn't looking, sometimes she just jerks my arm something fierce. *(Sits down on floor and pushes buggy back and forth.)* And when I tell Maggie that I am going to tell Mother on her, she says she will slap me if I do. But I'm going to tell my mother and my father about that man I saw eating his supper in our kitchen one night. He ate an awful lot. I stood behind the door and watched him. He put a great big piece of potato on his knife and put it in his mouth, he did. I was so afraid that he would cut himself that I forgot I did not want them to know I was there and I ran out. "Oh, be careful, you'll cut yourself. Why don't you use your fork? And besides it is not polite to eat with your knife that way. I know."

That man just threw his head back and slapped his knees and laughed and laughed, like this—*(imitates.)* But Maggie was awful cross. Said she would slap me good for sneaking round watching. But then she gave me two cookies for not telling that man was there. I didn't tell, 'cause I wanted the cookies. I didn't tell *then*, that is. I'm going to tell sometime though if she gets smart.

(Jumps up.) Oh, dolly, it is time; we are running home. *(Listens.)* That's Maggie, sure enough. *(Calls.)* Yes, I'm coming. I 'tended to come all along. *(Reaches entrance, then jerks back.)* You just quit that jerking me, Maggie. —No, you won't slap me either. For if you do I'll tell Mother about that man. —Yes, I will, too. —Well, then, you let me be. No, you go first and I will come. *(Goes off, making a face, evidently at Maggie.)*