# MONOLOGUES

THE CURIOUS SAVAGE by John Patrick

*Female: Mrs. Savage • Male: Jeffrey*

*Standalone versions — no conversational back-and-forth*

## FEMALE MONOLOGUE — MRS. SAVAGE

*(Alone, reflecting on how she came to be at The Cloisters.)*

I married Jonathan when I was sixteen. I loved him from the moment I met him until the moment he died. Do you know what that meant? It meant that my only aim in life was to make him happy—to want what he wanted—to anticipate what would please him. And that meant that all the other things I ever wanted had to be forgotten.

I had no regrets. None. While he lived. But after he was gone—I remembered all the foolish things I'd always wanted to do. Things that would have shocked poor Jonathan. Dying my hair blue. Studying French. Ballet dancing—and people. As a girl, I was sure I could have been a great actress. So, with no responsibilities and time running out—I decided to be one.

I certainly waited too long. Had I been a fool in my youth—no one would have noticed the difference in my old age. Well, having kicked over the traces myself—and learned once again the importance of unimportant things—I decided I'd help others have the foolish things they'd always wanted. By establishing the Jonathan Savage Memorial Fund—a foundation for giving money away in memory of my husband. And that insane idea has brought me here.

Some day people will realize that a great injustice was done me. They'll know that I was always quite sane. But here I am—and here they'll try to keep me—with my few foolish years taken from me.

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## MALE MONOLOGUE — JEFFREY

*(Alone at the piano, speaking half to himself, half to the room.)*

I only play when I'm alone. I don't like to be stared at. I'm not ready to face people yet.

I am a professional. I made my debut in Town Hall a week before the war. Jeffrey Meredith. I was going to appear with the Philharmonic. I didn't—but I have the contract to prove I might have.

For five years now Doctor Emmett has promised to give me a new face. The war was over five years ago—and where's his miracle? I can't wait much longer. I'm getting old. I'll be twenty-six soon.

It's best to believe the worst. If you believe the worst, then the worst is only half bad at best. And the best is no worse than expected. So it's best to believe the worst. When a man says he is

wise, you say he’s a fool. But if he says he’s a fool—you believe him. Only a fool claims to be wise. Which proves I’m right. Doctor Emmett is a fool. He claims he’s a doctor.

Look at me and then tell me an audience won’t shudder at the sight of me. Look. Do you see?

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End of Monologues