

The Man Who Came To Dinner

By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman

MAGGIE

Sherry, I can't explain what's happened. I can only tell you that it's so. It's hard for me to believe, too, Sherry.

Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic, behaving like True Story Magazine, and liking it. Discovering the moon, and

ice-skating – I keep laughing to myself all the time, but there it is. What can I do about it, Sherry? I'm in love.

It's no good, Sherry. It's no good. I'd be back on the next streamlined train.

Sherry, I've had ten years of the great figures of our time, and don't think I'm not grateful to you for it. But a

girl can't laugh all the time, Sherry. There comes a time when she wants – Bert Jefferson. You don't know Bert,

Sherry. He's gentle and he's unassuming, and – well, I love him, that's all.

Now listen to me, Whiteside. I know you. Lay off. I know what a devil you can be. I've seen you do it to other

people, but don't you dare do it to me. Don't drug *yourself* into the idea that all you're thinking of is my

happiness. You're thinking of yourself a little bit, too, and all those months of breaking in somebody new. I've

seen you in a passion before when your life has been disrupted, and you couldn't dine in Calcutta on July

twelfth with Boo-Boo. Well, that's too bad, but there it is. I'm going to marry Bert if he'll have me, and don't

you dare try any of your tricks. I'm on to every one of them. So lay off. That's my message to you, Big Lord

Fauntleroy.

MONOLOGUE AS SCENE

MAGGIE

Sherry, I can't explain what's happened. I can only tell you that it's so.

He looks at me, aghast.

It's hard for me to believe, too, Sherry. Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic, behaving like True Story Magazine, and liking it. Discovering the moon, and ice-skating – I keep laughing to myself all the time, but there it is.

What can I do about it, Sherry? I'm in love.

We're leaving tomorrow. Hip or no hip, we're leaving here tomorrow. I don't care if I fracture the other one.

Get me a train schedule and start packing. I'll pull you out of this, Miss Stardust. I'll get the ants out of those moonlit pants.

It's no good, Sherry. It's no good. I'd be back on the next streamlined train.

It's completely unbelievable. Can you see yourself, the wife of the editor of the Mesalia Journal, having an evening at home for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Poop-Face, and the members of the Book-of-the-Month Club?

Sherry, I've had ten years of the great figures of our time, and don't think I'm not grateful to you for it. But a girl can't laugh all the time, Sherry. There comes a time when she wants – Bert Jefferson. You don't know Bert,

Sherry. He's gentle and he's unassuming, and – well, I love him, that's all.

I see. Well, I remain completely unconvinced. You are drugging yourself into this Joan Crawford fantasy, and before you become completely anesthetized I shall do everything in my power to bring you to your senses.

Now listen to me, Whiteside. I know you. Lay off. I know what a devil you can be. I've seen you do it to other people, but don't you dare do it to me. Don't drug *yourself* into the idea that all you're thinking of is my happiness. You're thinking of yourself a little bit, too, and all those months of breaking in somebody new. I've seen you in a passion before when your life has been disrupted, and you couldn't dine in Calcutta on July twelfth with Boo-Boo. Well, that's too bad, but there it is. I'm going to marry Bert if he'll have me, and don't you dare try any of your tricks. I'm on to every one of them. So lay off. That's my message to you, Big Lord Fauntleroy.

IMAGE WORDS

MAGGIE

Sherry, I can't explain what's happened. I can only tell you that it's so. It's hard for me to believe, too, Sherry.

Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic, behaving like True Story Magazine, and liking it. Discovering the moon and

ice-skating— I keep laughing to myself all the time, but there it is. What can I do about it, Sherry? I'm in love.

It's no good, Sherry. It's no good. I'd be back on the next streamlined train.

Sherry, I've had ten years of the great figures of our time, and don't think I'm not grateful to you for it. But a

girl can't laugh all the time, Sherry. There comes a time when she wants — Bert Jefferson. You don't know Bert,

Sherry. He's gentle and he's unassuming, and — well, I love him, that's all.

Now listen to me, Whiteside. I know you. Lay off. I know what a devil you can be. I've seen you do it to other

people, but don't you dare do it to me. Don't drug *yourself* into the idea that all you're thinking of is my

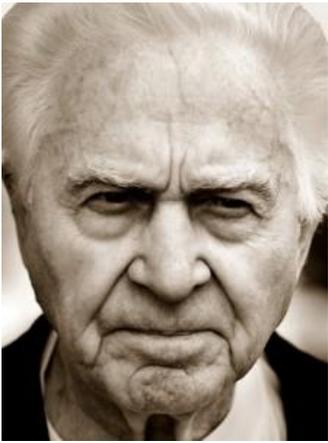
happiness. You're thinking of yourself a little bit, too, and all those months of breaking in somebody new. I've

seen you in a passion before when your life has been disrupted, and you couldn't dine in Calcutta on July

twelfth with Boo-Boo. Well, that's too bad, but there it is. I'm going to marry Bert if he'll have me, and don't

you dare try any of your tricks. I'm on to every one of them. So lay off. That's my message to you, Big Lord

Fauntleroy.



Sherry



Discovering the moon and ice skating



Bert Jefferson



Dining in Calcutta with Boo-Boo



Big Lord Fauntleroy

ACTIONS

MAGGIE

Sherry, I can't explain what's happened. I can only tell you that it's so. *To Appease*

It's hard for me to believe, too, Sherry. Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic, behaving like True Story Magazine, and liking it. Discovering the moon, and ice-skating – I keep laughing to myself all the time, but there it is.

What can I do about it, Sherry? I'm in love. *To Dazzle*

It's no good, Sherry. It's no good. I'd be back on the next streamlined train. *To Discourage*

Sherry, I've had ten years of the great figures of our time, and don't think I'm not grateful to you for it. *To*

Flatter

But a girl can't laugh all the time, Sherry. There comes a time when she wants – Bert Jefferson. You don't know Bert, Sherry. He's gentle and he's unassuming, and – well, I love him, that's all. *To Pacify*

Now listen to me, Whiteside. I know you. Lay off. I know what a devil you can be. I've seen you do it to other people, but don't you dare do it to me. *To Threaten*

Don't drug *yourself* into the idea that all you're thinking of is my happiness. You're thinking of yourself a little bit, too, and all those months of breaking in somebody new. I've seen you in a passion before when your life has been disrupted, and you couldn't dine in Calcutta on July twelfth with Boo-Boo. *To Expose*

Well, that's too bad, but there it is. I'm going to marry Bert if he'll have me, and don't you dare try any of your tricks. I'm on to every one of them. So lay off. That's my message to you, Big Lord Fauntleroy. *To Shame*