

# Charlie

# Monologue

*Froggy hands him a whiskey. He downs it in one gulp, concentrates, and starts—slowly at first.)*

Mirduschki omni  
bolyeeshnya,  
mirlo aramznyi bro-o-oach  
peevno . . .

*(In a quavering falsetto.)*

"Zhmeetna! Zhmeetna!

Zhmeetna! Zhmeetna!"

*(Narrator voice again.)*

Do—du berznoznia dottsky,  
Marla. . . .

*(With appropriate gestures.)*

Ah! Byootsky dottsky! Perch  
damasa  
baxa raxa. Hai.

*(In a silly, youthful falsetto.)*

"Mirlo meechno, mirlo em?"

dichni Marla omsk, "y  
preeznia praznia, preeznia  
praznia, preep?"

"Hai schmotka!" mirlotski  
momsk.

"Per dontcha hopni skipni  
truda wudsk!"

"Meem? Hopni skipni truda wudsk?

Ha! Ha! Ha! No! No! No!

*(Aside.)*

Heh! Heh! Heh!

*(Aloud.)*

Adios, momsk!"

*(With his left hand, he imitates a skipping youth.)*

Hopni, skipni, hopni, skipni, hopni, skipni, truda wudsk.

*(His tone becomes ominous.)*

Meemskivai—omby odderzeiden der foretz, mirduschka—  
Omskivar!

*(Deep, decadent, hungry voice.)*

"Broizhni, broizhni! Broizhni, broizhni!"

*(“In the little town of  
Merridew*

*(there lived a little o-o-old  
woman . . .*

*(And—her beautiful  
daughter, Marla. . . .*

*(Ah! A beautiful daughter!  
But as  
stupid as a stone. . . .*

*(‘I’m heading out now,  
Mom,’*

*said Marla, ‘and trade these  
cheeses for some fine  
buttons.’”*

*. . . and so on. . . .)*