

Callback: Scene 1

pg. 27 Maggie and Whiteside

Maggie: (entering with her coat and gloves on and purse) Hello there...good evening, Sherry. Really, Sherry, you've got this room looking like an old parrot cage...did you nap while I was out? (taking off her coat and gloves, putting her bag down - looking at Whiteside as he *glowers* at her) What's the matter, dear? Cat run away with your tongue?

Whiteside: (furious) Don't look at me with those great cow eyes, you sex-ridden hag. Where have you been all afternoon? Ally-catting around with Bert Jefferson?

Maggie: Sherry, Bert read his play to me this afternoon. It's superb. It's not just a play written by a newspaper man. It's superb. I want you to read it tonight (she puts the script on his lap). It just cries out for Cornell. Will you send it to her, Sherry? And will you read it tonight?

Whiteside: No, I will not read it tonight or any other time. And while we're on the subject of Mr. Jefferson, you might ask him if he wouldn't like to pay your salary, since he takes up all of your time.

Maggie: (on her knees gathering up debris around Whiteside's wheel chair) Oh, come now, Sherry. It isn't as bad as that.

Whiteside: I have not even been able to reach you, not knowing what hay lofts you frequent.

Maggie: (taking the trash to the trash can) Oh, stop behaving like a spoiled child, Sherry.

Whiteside: Don't take that patronizing tone with me, you flea-bitten Cleopatra. I am sick and tired of your sneaking out like some love-sick high school girl every time my back is turned.

Maggie: Well, Sherry - I'm afraid you've hit the nail on the head.

Whiteside: Stop acting like Zazu Pitts and explain yourself.

Maggie: I'll make it quick Sherry. I'm in love.

Whiteside: Nonsense. This is merely delayed puberty.

Maggie: No, Sherry, I'm afraid this is it. You're going to lose a very excellent secretary.

Whiteside: You are out of your mind.

Maggie: Yes, I think I am, a little. But I'm a girl who's waited a long time for this to happen and now it has. Mr. Jefferson doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to try my darnedest to marry him.

Whiteside: Is that all?

Maggie: Yes, except that - well - I suppose this is what might be called my resignation, as soon as you've got someone else.

Whiteside: (a slight pause) Now listen to me, Maggie. We have been together for a long time. You are indispensable to me, but I think I am unselfish enough not to let that stand in the way where your happiness is concerned. Because whether you know it or not, I have a deep affection for you.

Maggie: I know that, Sherry.

Whiteside: That being the case, I will not stand by and allow you to make a fool of yourself.

Maggie: I'm not, Sherry.