

Callback monologue
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Beverly: Juicy as a pomegranate. It is the latest report from London on the winter maneuvers of miss Lorraine Sheldon against the left flank - in fact, all flanks - of Lord Cedric Bottomley. Listen; "Lorraine has just left us in a cloud of Chanel #5. Since September, in her relentless pursuit of his lordship, she has paused only to change girdles and check her oil. She has chased him, panting, from castle to castle, till he finally took refuge, for several weekends, in the gentleman's lavatory of the house of lords. Practically no one is betting on the derby this year, we are all making book on Lorraine. She is sailing tomorrow on the Normandie, but would return on the Atlantic Clipper if Bottomley so much as belches in her direction." Have you ever met Lord Bottomley, Magpie dear?

(Beverly goes immediately into an impersonation of his lordship - very British, very full of teeth and stuttering)

Beverly: Not v-v-very good shooting today, blast it. Only s-s-six partridges, f-f-four grouse and the D-D-Duke of Sutherland. Haw, haw.