

Auditions – Male monologue

WHITESIDE (*on the phone*)

How are you, you fawn's behind? And what are you giving me for Christmas? (*He roars with laughter at BANJO's answer.*) What news, Banjo, my boy? How's the picture coming? . . . How are Wacko and Sloppo? . . . No, no, I'm alright . . . Yes, I'm in very good hands. I've got the best horse doctor in town. . . What about you? Having any fun? . . . Playing any cribbage? . . .WHAT!? (*Again laughs loudly*) . . . Well, don't take all his money – leave a little but for me. . . You're what? . . . Having your portrait painted? By whom? Milt Gross? . . . Not really? . . . No, I'm going back to New York from here. I'll be there for twelve days, and then I go to Dartmouth for the Drama Festival. You wouldn't understand. . . Well, I can't waste my time talking to Hollywood riff-raff. Kiss Louella Parsons for me. . . Oh, you know where! Good-bye. (*hang up the phone*) He took fourteen hundred dollars from Sam Goldwyn at cribbage last night and Same said, "Banjo, I will never play garbage with you again."