Monologue From Suzy

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Abstract

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"All right. You’re doing fine. Now don’t mind if my voice is hard. All I mean is that I want things done exactly right. I’ve been a waitress for nearly thirty years, and I’ve learned some real ways to do what you have t’do.

"Now look, girlie, it’s time for the tomato juice. Take this pitcher and fill them right up to about here. Don’t give no more than that because the management won’t like it. You know how they are.

"When they come in we’ll start putting the butter and the salads on. Then the minute they sit down we’ll bring in the dinner—it’s chicken—for them.

"After they’re seated, girlie—what’s your name? I keep forgetting—after they’re seated you pass the crackers for the juice. They’d rather have you passing crackers than me. Go ’round the table to the right, and stop on everybody’s left side.

"These men tonight are my own special boys. I’ve been serving this same dinner to them for years and years. Big insurance men, you know. They always call me Suzy. I wonder what they’ll do when I’m not here anymore.

"Now don’t forget to smile. My boys like to see happy waitresses. And do you think you’ve got enough rouge on? Here, let’s see. Well, I guess that’ll do. Think you can carry eight plates on one tray? Don’t overload. It doesn’t look ladylike to come in stumbling under a big load. That’s why they always ask for me. I always try to look ladylike.

"I wonder where the boys are. They aren’t usually this late. Oh, it’s only six. I guess I forget the time real easily lately.

"What do I do when I go home? Well, I stretch out first and let my legs relax. Then I fix my hair and tell my big cat all about what happened. Then I put all my earnings down in my little account book, including all the tips.

"He’s a big tomcat with the deepest eyes. Sometimes he lets me talk to him. But sometimes he’s bored."

—Ruth Hackett, H. Ec., Sr.