

ETHEL SAVAGE #1

(Mrs. Savage explains to Miss Willie the eccentric things she did to get herself committed to the sanitarium.)

Well, having kicked over the traces myself—and learned once again the importance of unimportant things—I decided I’d help others have the foolish things they’d always wanted. So, I established the Jonathan Savage Memorial Fund—a foundation for giving money away in memory of my husband. And that insane idea has brought me here. Well, at least I learned one thing from my French lessons: what I am. I’m a “mort canard.” That’s a “dead duck”—I think. Some day you’ll realize that a great injustice was done me. You’ll know that I was always quite sane. But here I am—and here they’ll try to keep me—with my few foolish years taken from me.

ETHEL SAVAGE #2

(Mrs. Savage shares with the sanitarium guests the time she wrote a play and starred in the lead role.)

Oh, I’ve never had a better time in my life. The Times said my play set the theatre back fifty years. It couldn’t possibly— because I stole the plot from “Madame X,” and that’s only forty years old. But the Wall Street Journal was wonderful. It said I brought something new to the theatre. It said I had a “tenacious mediocrity unhampered by taste.” It was perfect. In our ads we simply said “Tenacious” and “Unhampered.” We’d have been running yet if my daughter hadn’t come home and stopped me. Oh, I know I was bad and audiences only came to laugh at me. But we both had a good time. What more can you ask? I do miss it. Oh, well. My turn is coming.