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A VAGABOND COUPLE

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

By JAMES SWEIMLER

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

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A VAGABOND COUPLE

CHARACTERS

HORATIO TOMLINGSON *A bad Actor*
CASPER BUMBLEBERGER *A hungry Tramp*

TIME OF PLAYING.—Twenty minutes.

COSTUMES

HORATIO.—Black suit with well worn trousers short enough to show his white socks. Very high collar and dilapidated necktie. Tall hat. Hair long if possible.

CASPER.—Brown coat and trousers, light vest, all very hard worn. A small derby hat that just sits on the top of his head.

PROPERTIES

A table and chair; newspaper; a chart or map; a number of tin cans; two knives.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

In observing, the actor faces the audience. R. means right; L. left; C. center; R. C. right of center; L. C. left of center.

NOTE.—The songs indicated in the text of this sketch are not essential. Any other songs may be used, and any specialities can be introduced at the convenience of the actors.

TMP96-006822

A VAGABOND COUPLE

SCENE.—A plain interior. Doors R. and L. A table and chair at L. A newspaper on table. Singing is heard off L. entrance.

“Beer, beer, glorious beer!
Fill yourselves right up to here!
Drink a good deal of it,
Make a good meal of it,
Glorious old lager beer!” *

ENTER CASPER and HORATIO, L. CASPER, *rubbing his stomach, goes R.*

CAS. Ach! Dot vas goot. Dot vas der first glass beer dot I had for fifteen minutes.

HOR. Yes, but that won't satisfy our hunger.

CAS. Yah, dot vas so. But it vas make me feel so nice.

HOR. We must have something more substantial than beer—something to strengthen us.

CAS. Well, for why don't we eat? Dinner vas pretty near ready right away.

HOR. (*tragically*). Well do I know that. But we shall eat no dinner this day.

CAS. What! We vas not going to eat some dinner! For what not?

HOR. We have no money, and the landlord will not trust us.

(* Music published by T. B. Harms & Francis, 62 West 45th Street, New York. Price, 60 cents.)

CAS. I dink so neider. (*Aside*) He don't got no money! Dot's funny. I shust give him five cents three weeks ago. (*Aloud*) Where vas dot five cents I give you three weeks ago?

HOR. Gone!

CAS. Gone! Und vere vas it gone to?

HOR. With it I bought a book entitled "The Actor's Guide to Fame."

CAS. Vas dat good to eat?

HOR. No, but it will show us how to become famous.

CAS. Is dot so? But we can't eat dot famous.

HOR. Oh, you don't understand. Once famous—then rich, and plenty to eat.

CAS. (*down R.*) Oh, dear! Noddings to eat to-day. Und I vas so hungry I could eat a whole sausage factory by mine self. Shust think of me sitting mine self down by a table what vas filled mit goot things—sauerkraut und speck, mit a big glass of beer by mine side.

HOR. Stop! Don't mention those things; they make my lips tremble, and my stomach quiver.

CAS. Well, don't I got a right to imagination I vas eating some dinner!

HOR. No, you must not think of dinner if you wish to become an actor.

CAS. Den I t'inks I don't want to be no actor.

(*Goes up c.*)

HOR. What! Would you turn back now, when we are so near to fame and fortune?

CAS. Dot vas alright; but I don't t'ink we vas near anydings to eat.

HOR. But we soon shall be. We can't be far from a city where we can get an engagement and become famous.

CAS. What for place vas dis where we vas now?

HOR. I do not know, but our map will tell. (*Takes out large roll of paper, and opens it*)

CAS. (*going to HORATIO*). Yah, dot vas so. (*Both look over the map*)

HOR. Here we are. This is the road we came down.

CAS. (*pointing*). Here vas der house vere we got a drink of water und der tog got mashed on my pants.

HOR. (*pointing*). And here is where we are now.

CAS. What vas you call it?

HOR. Moonsville.

CAS. What?

HOR. Moonsville.

CAS. (*looking around*). Moonsville? Where vas der moon? I don't can see any.

HOR. No, you can't see the moon by day, you must wait until night.

CAS. Oh, I see. We must wait here till to-night when der moon vas come oud. Then we vas in Moonsville. Dot vas a long time off, und I vas pretty tired. I dinks I will sit mine self down here und rest. (*Goes to sit upon chair as HORATIO pulls it away and sits on it*)

HOR. At last do I find a chair where I can rest my weary bones.

CAS. (*on the floor*). What vas you trying to do mit me? Do you want to break my stomach in two? Don't you know it vas weak? (*Getting up*) I don't t'ink I vill sit mine self down. I vas not tired. I feel shust like a new man (*Walks around stage, then sits down upon floor, R.*) Oh, dear! (*He yawns lies down and sleeps*)

HOR. This is the first time that we have rested after walking thirty miles, trying everywhere to secure a theatrical engagement, but without success. When we asked for something to eat, the people drove us away with shot guns. (*In a pleading attitude*) Oh Cæsar! How long must we travel on this way? Must we starve on the road? (*CASPER snores loudly*) And never grow famous? (*CASPER snores still louder*) Yes, we will! We must not abandon hope. Booth and (*Name some local actor*) and all the other stars of our profession were compelled to suffer hardship before they achieved success. We, too, will continue on, and we shall be famous in the end. Yes, on we go. On! On! On! (*Falls into chair, his hand rests on the newspaper which is on the table*) What is this? (*Picks up newspaper*) The Moonsville "Bladder." Ah! and what is this I see? (*Reads*) "Wanted, people to fill the cast of the Fly by Night Dramatic Company. Can this be true? (*Rises and goes through comic business of examining the*

newspaper more closely) Wanted—people—to fill—the—cast—of the Fly by Night Dramatic Company! It is true! We shall secure an engagement at last! We shall become famous! Our names will be on everyone's lips! And when we walk down the street we shall see on the posters, in large letters, these names—Horatio Tomlinsong and Casper Bumbleberger, the world's greatest actors! That will be us—Casper and I. (*Goes over to CASPER*) Casper! He sleeps. (*Shakes him*) Wake up, here.

CAS. (*asleep*). Yah! Give me some of dot nice pork und beans.

HOR. (*shaking him*). Wake up, here.

CAS. (*sitting up lazily and yawning*). What vas it?

HOR. Good news! Good news!

CAS. Goot news? I don't want any goot news. It vas no goot to eat. For why don't you leave me asleep? I vas shust dreaming what I vas at a nice banquet. Mine plate vas shust packed mit goot t'ings. Und I vas shust going to eat when you woked me up.

HOR. We shall soon have these things in reality, and more besides. We have a chance to get an engagement. We shall be rich and famous.

CAS. (*rising*). Is dot so?

HOR. (*grasping CASPER and pulling him over to the table*). Yes, here it is. Listen. (*Reads*) "Wanted, people to fill the cast of the Fly by Night Dramatic Company."

CAS. (R.). Ach! They want us in a menagerie—you for the ape, und me for the monkey. Dot vill be nice. (*Imitates a monkey*)

HOR. No, you don't understand. They want actors—play-actors—like you and me.

CAS. Oh, we vas going to be actors! Und I have such a nice voice. I guess I will sing und get me acquainted mit der business. (*Comes down front and sings. Air: "Reuben and Cynthia."** *The words "Yah, I did" only spoken.*)

(* Music published by T. B. Harms & Francis, 6 West 45th Street, New York. Price, 40 cents.)

I met a girl the other night,
 Yah, I did. Yah, I did.
 Dot girl's name vas—— .
 Und I love her when I seen her,
 Yah, I did. Yah, I did
 She took me to a ball one night,
 Und I fell on the floor when I tried to dance,
 Yah, I did. Yah, I did,
 I fell so hard, I broke my suspenders,
 Und when I got up I lost my ——

(Dances around stage and is about to start on another verse when HORATIO stops him)

HOR. Here, we don't want any more of that.

CAS. You don't vas want any more of dot?

HOR. No, we will sing the one that was written for us.

CAS. Yah, we will sing the one that vas written expressly for me.

HOR. No, not for you, but for both of us. I am the author of it.

CAS. Oh, yes; he ordered it for me. *(Both begin to sing; HORATIO high, CASPER low, the chorus of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady.")**

HOR. That won't do; you don't sing high enough.

CAS. I vas not high enough? *(Gets newspaper and stands on it)* Now, let her go—Gallagher. *(They sing as before)*

"Sweet Rosie O'——"

HOR. Sing as high as I do.

CAS. I can't do dot. I vas not so big as you vas. *(Places chair upon newspaper and stands on it)* Now I vas as high as you. *(They sing.)*

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady."

CAS. *(falls from chair, then gets up)*. I dinks I vill sing low. *(They sing)*

(*Music: "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," published by Jas. W. Stern & Co., 162 West 35th Street, New York. Price, 50 cents.)

“Sweet Rosie O’Grady,
My dear little Rose,
She’s my steady lady,
Most every one knows—”

(A shower of tin cans comes down upon the stage)

CAS. See how de people like dot! They throw bouquets at us.

HOR. That means that they don’t want any more. They’ll kill us if we sing again.

CAS. (R.). I guess I don’t sing some more.

HOR. (L.). We must take a stronger part. I will be the hero, and you the villain.

CAS. Dot’s all right; vat must I do!

HOR. You call me a coward and liar, and then I’ll settle accounts with you. Are you ready?

CAS. Yah. Let her go—Gallagher.

HOR. (*advancing tragically*). At last, villain, do I meet with you, face to face?

CAS. Yah. You vas ein cow herd und a liar.

HOR. How dare you insult me thus? Is it not enough that you have dragged me down, broken up my happy home, stolen my child, estranged my wife—?

CAS. Dot vas all righd. I lofe your wife.

HOR. What! You villain! Dare mention my wife! We are now alone, and I shall have my revenge. (*Grasps CASPER by the throat, and shakes him*) I’ll kill you! (*Gets him on his knees*) No, I won’t. I will not kill a defenceless man. (*Releases him*) Wait here until I return. [EXIT, R.

CAS. (*business of getting up and rubbing his neck*). I wonder if dot feller vas crazy. Yah, dot’s vot was der matter. He got crazy over his famousness.

ENTER HORATIO, R., with two knives.

HOR. Now villain, I will give you a chance to defend yourself. There! (*Throws one knife at CASPER’S feet*)

CAS. (*picking up knife slowly*). I guess I vill have to do it, or get mine self killed. Vell, here goes. Goot-bye Casper. (*Shakes hands with himself. Duel business.*)

HORATIO *finally makes a dash for CASPER, who runs around the stage*) I guess I don't dinks I vill. (*They chase each other around the stage*)

HOR. Villain!

CAS. Liar! (*He finally hides behind chair*)

HOR. (*looking around*). He has fled. Coward!

CAS. (*sneaking behind HORATIO, stabs him in the back*). Is dot so?

HOR. (*falling*). You have killed me!

CAS. Dot's vat I wanted to do. Dot's all righd.

HOR. (*raising his head*). Tell my wife and family that I died happy. (*Head down*)

CAS. He vas dead. (*Raises HORATIO'S hand*) Und der world vas rid of a famousness lunatic. Well, I must get him oud of this. He vas no good here. (*Takes hold of HORATIO'S legs, and drags him across stage*)

HOR. (*raising his head*). Stop, you will tear my pants!

CAS. (*dropping HORATIO'S feet*). Vas you not dead?

HOR. (*rising*). No! That was only in the play.

CAS. Is dot so!

HOR. Yes; but the next time you fight, don't be a coward—be brave, like me.

VOICE. (*heard off L., at which both appear frightened*). Here, you fellows, when are you going to pay for that beer? If it isn't paid for within two minutes. I'll wipe up the place with you both.

CAS. Vat vos dot?

HOR. He wants you to pay for the beer.

CAS. Dot vas your treat.

HOR. No, it was your treat. I won't pay for it.

CAS. Neider vill I pay noddings. But I go in dot place und clean out der whole peezeiness. (*Goes L.*)

HOR. (*grabbing him*). No, let me go; I'm the biggest.

CAS. No; I want to go.

HOR. But you shall not. I will go. [EXIT, L.]

(*A great noise is heard off L. CASPER watches the door until HORATIO comes falling out, in an awful condition—coat and collar half off.*)

CAS. Vat vas der matter, mine friend?

HOR. (*gets up after falling*). I'm done up!

CAS. Wait till I go in there.

HOR. (*stopping him*). Stop! There is a whole crowd of men in there. They will kill you.

CAS. Is dot so? Wait till I come out. [EXIT, L. (*Same noise as before*. HORATIO watches anxiously. CASPER reappears at L. door, hat and coat off, sleeves rolled up, arms folded) I vas der bar keep. Come you in, und have a drink. (*They both go off L. door as the curtain descends.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

Vaudeville Sketches

BERNSTEIN AND FIRESTEIN. 15 cents. A vaudeville sketch in Hebrew dialect for 2 male characters, by JAMES F. PARSONS. Time, about 15 minutes. Exceedingly funny both in ludicrous topics, Sheeney hits and droll repartee; concluding with the song "Oh, My! Von't We Make der Money!" for which the text and music are given.

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MULDOON AND THE NIGGER; or, White and Black. 15 cents. A dialect vaudeville sketch for two males, by H. E. SHELLAND. *Muldoon*, an Irish stage-manager, meets very suddenly *Johnson*, a darkey, whom he wished to engage as an actor in a Mephistopheles drama. After a lot of funny characteristic talk, they rehearse *Johnson's* part. After some ridiculous attempts at highfalutin' tragedy, partly in very blank verse, *Johnson* collapses. They close with a song.

MA'S NEW BOARDERS. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 4 male, 4 female characters. *Mrs. Holdtight* leaves her boarding-house in her daughter's charge. *Prof. Alto-Gether* calls a rehearsal of the village choir, but gives them the wrong address. The choir turn up at *Mrs. H.'s* and are mistaken for new boarders. Then follows an uproarious series of incidents that end in the *Professor's* round-up. Can be played "straight," or with specialties. Excellent chance for single or double quartette. No scenery required. Time, 30 minutes.

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POINT OF VIEW, The. 15 cents. A sprightly comedy sketch, by BELL ELLIOTT PALMER. 1 male and 1 female character; time of representation, 20 minutes, in which *Elinor Jardine* tries to convince *Fred Winston*, to whom she is shortly to be married, that her conduct in regard to a former rejected suitor, although unconventional, is entirely justifiable. *Fred* confesses to a similar but pretended proceeding with another young lady. *Elinor's* jealousy is so aroused that she calls down the engagement. He then proves that his flirtation is assumed merely to convince her that her *point of view* is absurdly untenable, a fact which she is gladly compelled to admit. Reconciliation follows, of course. An illustration of the feminine "because" outwitted by masculine strategy.

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A brilliant Irish drama with a powerful plot and striking situations, full of bright Irish wit. Being wholly original in conception, it contains none of the threadbare incidents so common to plays of this class; but, instead, is a true picture of Irish home life with well-drawn characters and life-like movement. Though devoid of all sensational features, this play will command and hold the interest of spectators from first to last. It has met with pronounced favor on the road, under its author's management. Can be played in any hall.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|--|--|
| SHAUN AROON, | A roving fellow, with a light purse and a lighter heart. |
| LORD FERMOY (disguised as "BAD ANDY"), | A good-hearted landlord. |
| FERGUS RIORDAN, | Fermoy's rascally agent. |
| DAN O'GRADY, | A sturdy old farmer. |
| OLD HENNINGS, | A money-lender. |
| NIPPER, | A detective. |
| PATRICK, | A servant. |
| MRS. O'GRADY, | Dan's wife. |
| MOLLY, | His daughter. |
| MAGGIE, | A maid-servant. |

TIME, The present. SCENE, Lord Fermoy's Estate. TIME OF PLAYING, 2¼ hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—Parlor in the "King's Arms" hotel. The old farmer and the scheming agent. The plot. Shaun and "Bad Andy." Fergus is surprised. "Lave me choke him a bit!" Shaun's suspicions. Molly and Maggie. A bit of blarney. Molly makes a discovery. Fergus surprised again. "Are you hurt?" Fergus makes a proposal. The answer. "I've a mind to strike you!" Shaun on hand. His answer.

ACT II.—Sitting-room at O'Grady's. A lapse of six months. Mother and daughter. Molly's reason. Dan's sorrow. "God bless you, my colleen!" The alarm. Fergus learns a secret. The money-lender. Fergus' threat. Shaun and Maggie. A rumpus. Molly decides. Shaun's advice. The arrest. "Stand back, or I'll brain ye!" Tableau.

ACT III.—At Fermoy castle. A lapse of two hours. Pat in clover. Maggie seeks information. A muscular maiden. Hennings gets mad. Bad Andy learns something. The attempted whipping. "Dance, or I'll cut ye into fiddle strings!" The letter. The arrest of Shaun and Bad Andy. Tom's promise. The examination Hennings gets even. "Who are you?" "Fermoy of Fermoy Castle!" Fergus weakens. The confession. Shaun's invitation. Happy ending.

JOHN BRAG

A Farce in Four Acts, by GORDON V. MAY

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Eight male, five female characters. A farce in which all the characters have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The play abounds in ludicrous situations, and is certain to be a success. The scenes between the lawyer and doctor are sure to bring down the house every time. Time of playing, two hours and a half.


ACT I.—Library in Brag's home. The trouble begins.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. The trouble continues.

ACT III.—Garden in front of Brag's home. More trouble.

ACT IV.—Same as Acts I and II. The trouble ends.

Six months between Acts I and II. An evening between Acts II and III. Acts III and IV occur the same day.

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| CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours | 9 | 6 |
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| LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes | 1 | 1 |

ENTERTAINMENTS

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| IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours..... | 19 | 15 |
| JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour..... | 3 | 10 |
| MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours..... | 6 | 9 |
| OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours..... | 4 | 4 |
| YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene. 13 | 12 | |
| FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY..... | 8 | 11 |
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