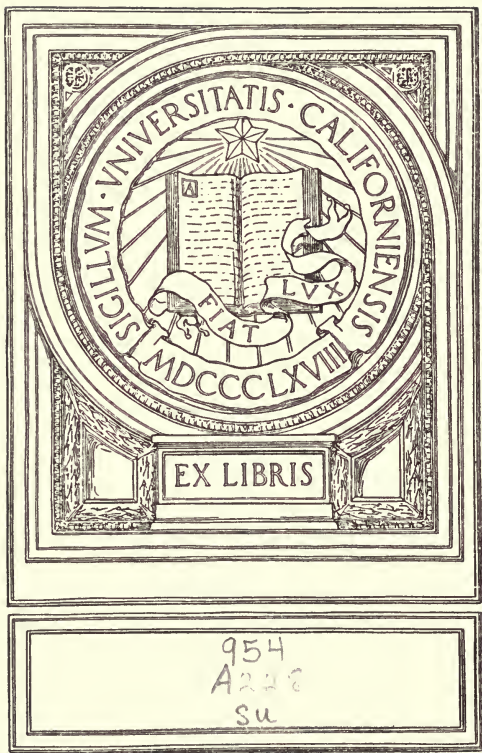


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Mr. Moulan as KI-RAM

THE SULTAN OF SULU

AN ORIGINAL SATIRE
IN TWO ACTS

BY
George Ade



NEW YORK
R. H. RUSSELL
1903

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By **ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL**

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***T**HIS piece, with an accompaniment of music written by Alfred G. Wathall, was produced by the Castle Square Opera Company, under the direction of Henry W. Savage, at the Studebaker Theatre, in Chicago, on March 11, 1902. The first Boston performance was at the Tremont Theatre, on December 1, 1902. The first New York performance was at Wallack's Theatre, on December 29, 1902.*

The music for "The Sultan of Sulu" is published by M. Witmark & Sons, New York and Chicago.

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NOTE

Sulu, or Jolo, is the largest of the southerly islands in the Philippine group. The chief ruler of the island is Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Ki-Ram, Sultan of Sulu and Brother of the Sun. His rule has been disputed by certain dattos or chiefs, with whom he has kept up a running warfare. One of the characteristic features of this warfare has been the abduction of women. The natives of Sulu are Mohammedans, polygamists, and slave-holders. The American troops landed at Sulu in 1899, and after some parleying came to a peaceable agreement with the Malay ruler. He renounced his title of Sultan and became Governor at a fixed salary. "The Sultan of Sulu" is not an attempt to show what subsequently happened, but merely what might have happened.

THE SCENES

ACT I.—An open place in front of the Sultan's palace,
city of Sulu or Jolo.

ACT II.—The hanging garden of the Sultan's palace.

One day is supposed to elapse between the two acts.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The cast in the first production, Studebaker Theatre, Chicago, March 11, 1902.

KI-RAM, the Sultan of Sulu		<i>Mr. George A. Beane</i>
COLONEL JEFFERSON BUDD, of the Volunteers		<i>Mr. Robert Lett</i>
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HARDY, of the Regulars		<i>Mr. Reginald Roberts</i>
HADJI TANTONG, the Sultan's pri- vate secretary		<i>Mr. Fred Frear</i>
DATTO MANDI, of Parang		<i>Mr. William H. Hatter</i>
WAKEFUL M. JONES, agent and salesman		<i>Mr. James F. McDonald</i>
DINGBAT, Captain of the Guards		<i>Mr. Harold Warren</i>
RASTOS	} Nubian slaves	<i>Mr. John J. Fogarty</i>
DIDYMOS		<i>Mr. Gilbert F. Brown</i>
HENRIETTA BUDD, the Colonel's daughter		<i>Miss Margaret McKinney</i>
PAMELA FRANCES JACKSON, Judge- Advocate		<i>Miss Blanche Chapman</i>
CHIQUITA, wife number one		<i>Miss Gertrude Quinlan</i>
MAURICIA	} Wives of Ki-Ram	<i>Miss Fessie Bradbury</i>
LOLITA		<i>Miss Lillian Sefton</i>
RAMONA		<i>Miss Mildred Elaine</i>
PEPITA		<i>Miss Laura Doty</i>
NATIVIDAD		<i>Miss Louise Kelly</i>
NATALIA		<i>Miss Adele Lorraine</i>
SELINA		<i>Miss Gladys Coleman</i>
MISS ROXBURY	} The School-ma'ams from Boston	<i>Miss Bonnie Henkle</i>
MISS DORCHESTER		<i>Miss Nora Johnson</i>
MISS CAMBRIDGE		<i>Miss Ruby Powell</i>
MISS NEWTON		<i>Miss Lillian Maure</i>
U. S. Soldiers, Marines, Imperial Guards, American Girls, Slaves, Natives, and Attendants.		



ACT I

SCENE.—*An open place in Sulu. The SULTAN'S palace, with Sulu flag flying in front of it, at stage right. Suggestion of tropical vegetation at stage left. Beyond, the open sea. TIME.—Early morning. During the opening chorus, the stage gradually becomes lighted with the glow of sunrise. Native men and women on stage, kneeling.*

OPENING CHORUS

The darkness breaks! The day's begun!
Hail to the Sultan and the sun!
One cannot rank above the other;
The sun is but the Sultan's brother.
Behold the sun! Majestic sun!
He is the Sultan's brother.

Well may he ride in crimson pride,
He is the Sultan's brother.

With regal sway, the King of day;
And this the reason, we should say,
He is the Sultan's brother!

The Sultan of Sulu

[Six of the wives of KI-RAM enter, romping. They are: MAURICIA, SELINA, NATIVIDAD, PEPI-TA, NATALIA, RAMONA — young and attractive things.]

THE SIX WIVES

In early morn, at breakfast-time,
It is our wifely duty
To greet the Sultan with a rhyme
And to cheer him with our beauty.
So we come, a sweet sextette
Of most unwilling brides,
To tap upon the castanet
And do our Spanish glides.

Dance

In early morn, at breakfast-time,
It is our wifely duty
To tap upon the castanet
And do our Spanish glides.

ALL

Behold the sun, etc.

[At conclusion of the chorus, the natives salaam to wives and retire as HADJI comes from the palace, pausing on the upper step to salute the cluster of wives.]



"IN EARLY MORN, AT BREAKFAST-TIME"

Six of Ki-Ram's Wives



The Sultan of Sulu

HADJI

[*Mysterious and sotto voce.*] Oh! oh! Ladies, not so much noise! *Not* so much noise! Our beloved ruler is now taking his beauty sleep in the inner chamber. Are all of the Sultan's loving and obedient wives present at the morning round-up?

WIVES

[*Ad lib.*] Here! Yes. Present, etc.

[HADJI *gesticulates for silence.* *Wives group about in sitting posture.*

HADJI

In order to make sure, we shall proceed with the usual roll-call. [*He consults a book containing the official list of wives.*] Mauricia! Mauricia!

MAURICIA

Here!

HADJI

Selina.

SELINA

Here!

HADJI

Daily catechism. Do you love your husband?

The Sultan of Sulu

SELINA

What is the answer?

HADJI

The answer is, "I adore him."

SELINA

All right; put it down.

HADJI

Such devotion is touching. [*Calling.*] Natividad!

NATIVIDAD

Here!

HADJI

[*Calling.*] Pepita—Pepita—Pete! Where is the Gibson girl of the Philippine Islands?

PEPITA

Here!

HADJI

Pepita—a question from the book. Suppose the Sultan should die—would you remarry?

PEPITA

What is the answer?

The Sultan of Sulu

HADJI

The answer is, "Never!" Shall I so record it?

PEPITA

Never!

HADJI

Oh, how she loves that man! [*From the book again.*]
Natalia—naughty little Natty!

NATALIA

Here!

HADJI

Ramona! Ramona! Blithesome creature, where art thou?

RAMONA

Here!

HADJI

Ramona—a question from the book. Do you—

RAMONA

[*Interrupting.*] Yes.

HADJI

I am delighted to hear it. [*Calling.*] Chiquita!

The Sultan of Sulu

Chiquita! Has any one seen the sunny soubrette of the southern seas? [*Cadenza heard outside.*] Aha! Gallivanting as usual. [*CHIQUITA enters and salaams.*]

HADJI

Now that our entire domestic household has assembled, I wish to make an announcement. It has come to the ears of our august ruler that your uncle, the Datto Mandi of Parang, is encamped near the city.

[*The wives arise, with various exclamations of surprise. The news appears to please them. HADJI invokes silence.*]

He has come to recapture you, but never fear. We, editorially speaking, will protect you.

CHIQUITA

But we *wish* to be recaptured. We *want* to go back to dear old Parang.

HADJI

[*Injured tone.*] Oh, Chiquita! Thus do you repay Ki-Ram's single-hearted devotion?

CHIQUITA

[*Confronting HADJI.*] Single-hearted fiddle-sticks! How can a man have a single-hearted devotion for eight different women? We were brought here as captives. When

The Sultan of Sulu

it came to a choice between an ignominious death and Ki-Ram, we hesitated for a while and then chose Ki-Ram.

HADJI

Such impertinence! I shall inform his Majesty.

[HADJI goes into palace.]

NATALIA

Oh, Chiquita! *Our* husband will be very angry.

CHIQUITA

Our husband must learn that any man who takes a pet to raise must expect to have trouble. Pets are expensive luxuries.

A WIFE

And a wife, I suppose, is the most expensive of all.

CHIQUITA

Not always.

CHIQUITA AND WIVES

“THE QUEER LITTLE OSTRICH”

*The words and music for this song by MAURICE PRATT
DUNLAP, of Princeton University.*

The Datto Bimboo was very fond of pets,
And yet it was one of his principal regrets

The Sultan of Sulu

That he couldn't afford to take himself a wife;
So he said, "There are *other* kinds to cheer my life."
And one fine day from a jungle-man he bought a little
ostrich fleet.

He thought it was funny it should cost so little money
Till the ostrich began to eat.

REFRAIN

Oh, that queer little ostrich, a pretty price it cost, which
I never half imagined that I'd have to pay,
For I never thought 'twould need half the stuff it eats
for feed.

Other birds don't act that way.

When the girls see the queer thing, they cry, "Oh, what
a dear thing!"

And think the birdie just too sweet;
But they don't know how my goods and chattels go,
For that funny little bird can eat, by Jove!
For that funny little bird can eat.

That ostrich grew, so did the appetite;
It ate all day and it ate all night;
It gobbled ev'rything in sight and called for more,
Till it was filled up like a big department store.
At last in desperation the excited man fed the bird a
strychnine pill.

It ate it ev'ry bit, it feezed it not a whit,
And the appetite was keener still.

The Sultan of Sulu

REFRAIN

Oh, that queer little ostrich, etc.

One Sunday night a missionary called, with his gold-headed cane and his head so bald,
And before he went he left two stacks
Of dear little papers called temperance tracts.
Now the ostrich happening to pass that way, he gobbled
up the parcel flat;
But no sooner had he fed than the birdie tumbled
dead,
For he couldn't stand a thing like that.

REFRAIN

Oh, that queer little ostrich, etc.

[Boom of cannon heard in the distance, followed by rattle of musketry. Wives retreat to rear of palace in frightened confusion as HADJI comes out and stands on the steps. DINGBAT, a native guard, with drawn sword of the kris shape, rushes on from left.]

DINGBAT

What do you think, sir?

HADJI

I'm a private secretary. I'm not permitted to think.

The Sultan of Sulu

DINGBAT

A large white ship has come into the harbor.

HADJI

A ship—in the harbor?

DINGBAT

It is crowded with soldiers.

HADJI

Soldiers?

DINGBAT

The flag is one of red, white, and blue, spangled with stars.

HADJI

Never heard of such a flag.

DINGBAT

What's more, sir, they're coming ashore.

HADJI

Soldiers on this side. [*Indicating left.*] Mandi on this. [*Indicating right.*] How glad I am that I am merely a private secretary! [*Distant boom of cannon.*] Aha! That seems friendly. They are firing a salute.

The Sultan of Sulu

[Shell, with fuse sputtering, rolls on from left and disappears behind palace. Sound of explosion. HADJI disappears headlong into the palace, followed by DINGBAT. The broken volleys of musketry become louder and louder. In the incidental music there is a suggestion of "A Hot Time in the Old Town." Sharp yells are heard off left, and then a body of United States Volunteers in khaki and marines in white pours on the stage in pell-mell confusion. LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HARDY, in a white uniform of the Regulars, comes down through the centre of the charging squad. He has his sword drawn.

LIEUTENANT HARDY AND CHORUS OF SOLDIERS

"HIKE"

We haven't the appearance, goodness knows,
Of plain commercial men;
From a hasty glance, you might suppose
We are fractious now and then.
But though we come in warlike guise
And battle-front arrayed,
It's all a business enterprise;
We're seeking foreign trade.

[11]

The Sultan of Sulu

REFRAIN

We're as mild as any turtle-dove
When we see the foe a-coming,
Our thoughts are set on human love
When we hear the bullets humming.
We teach the native population
What the golden rule is like,
And we scatter public education
On ev'ry blasted hike!

We want to assimilate, if we can,
Our brother who is brown;
We love our dusky fellow-man
And we hate to hunt him down.
So, when we perforate his frame,
We want him to be good.
We shoot at him to make him tame,
If he but understood.

REFRAIN

We're as mild, etc.

[During the second verse, the wives and native women return timidly, drawn by curiosity. They gather about the soldiers and study them carefully, more or less frightened but not altogether displeased. LIEUTENANT HARDY addresses the company of natives.]

The Sultan of Sulu

HARDY

I am here to demand an audience with the Sultan.

CHIQUITA

[*Stepping forth.*] *Indeed!* And who are you that presumes to demand an audience with the Bright Morning Light of the Orient?

HARDY

Why, how do you do? I am Lieutenant Hardy—a modest representative of the U. S. A.

[HADJI *cautiously emerges from the palace.*

HADJI

[*Overhearing.*] The U. S. A.? Where is *that* on the map?

HARDY

Just now it is spread all over the map. Perhaps you don't know it, but we are the owners of this island. We paid twenty millions of dollars for you. [*All whistle.*] At first it did seem a large price, but now that I have seen you [*indicating wives*] I am convinced it was a bargain. [CHIQUITA *has lighted a native cigarette and is serenely puffing it.* LIEUTENANT HARDY *addresses her chidingly.*] You don't mean to say you smoke?

CHIQUITA

Don't the ladies of your country smoke?

The Sultan of Sulu

HARDY

The ladies do—the women don't.

[HADJI observes the confidential chat between the officer and the principal wife, and he is disturbed in spirit.]

HADJI

Lieutenant! [*More loudly.*] Lieutenant! Did you come ashore to talk business or to break into the harem?

HARDY

Beg pardon. [*Stepping back into a stiff, military attitude.*] Does the Sultan surrender?

HADJI

He says he will *die* first.

HARDY

That can be arranged. We are here as emissaries of peace, but we never object to a skirmish—eh, boys?

[*The soldiers respond with a warlike shout, which frightens the native women. The lieutenant reassures them.*]

HARDY

Young ladies, don't be alarmed. We may slaughter all the others, but *you* will be spared. Meet us here after the battle.

The Sultan of Sulu

HADJI

The battle! [*He falls against DINGBAT. Then he dejectedly moves over to centre and addresses the wives.*] Mesdames Ki-Ram, his Majesty is about to dictate to me his last will and testament. In one hour you will be widows—all of you. You had better begin picking out your black goods.

CHIQUITA

And I never *did* look well in black.

[*Sound of gong heard in palace.*]

HADJI

Excuse me.

[*Exit into palace after DINGBAT.*]

[*LIEUTENANT HARDY resumes his confidential relations with wives and native women.*]

HARDY

Young ladies, you never saw a real Yankee girl, did you?

CHIQUITA

What is she like?

HARDY

The American girl? The most remarkable combination of innocence and knowledge, of modesty and bold-

The Sultan of Sulu

ness, of school-girl simplicity and married-woman diplomacy.

[Native boys, running on from left, call attention to the approach of the American party. All the natives bow with their arms extended in a deferential salaam. Soldiers come to "present arms."]

WELCOME CHORUS

Welcome, Americanos!
Welcome, in Oriental style!
Welcome, Americanos!
Welcome, in Oriental style!
Sulu bids you welcome!
Sulu bids you welcome!

[COLONEL JEFFERSON BUDD, HENRIETTA BUDD, WAKEFUL M. JONES, PAMELA FRANCES JACKSON, and the four school-ma'ams enter, with smiling acknowledgments of the vocal greeting. HENRIETTA is a very attractive girl, in a stunning summer gown. COLONEL BUDD is large and imposing, somewhat overburdened with conscious dignity. He wears a colonel's service uniform. WAKEFUL M. JONES is a brisk young man in flannels. MISS JACKSON is a sedate and rigid spinster. Her attire indicates that she has made a partial compromise with the

The Sultan of Sulu

dress-reformers, but has a lingering fondness for stylish garments that fit. After the entrance, HENRIETTA advances from the group and breaks into the anticipated song.

HENRIETTA BUDD AND CHORUS

“PALM BRANCHES WAVING”

Palm branches waving
A welcome to the queen of the day,
While from above the birds seem to join in the lay.
Long have I sought thee,
O charming little tropical isle!
Here let me dwell—let me dwell awhile.
Softly comes the southern breeze—
Land so bright, of pure delight,
Oh, how I have longed for thee!

HENRIETTA AND CHORUS

'Neath the shade of spreading trees—
Ah, Sulu, fair Sulu,
'Tis the land I have longed to see.

HENRIETTA

Long have I sought thee,
O charming little tropical isle!
Here let me dwell—let me dwell awhile.

The Sultan of Sulu

HARDY

[*Addressing company of natives.*] Ladies and gentlemen, Colonel Budd! [*Pointing out that august personage.*] His daughter, Miss Henrietta Budd!

[*Jones calls attention to Miss Jackson.*]

JONES

And this is Miss Pamela Frances Jackson, a lady who knows as much as any man—and then some more.

PAMELA

[*Inquiringly.*] The Sultan?

CHIQUITA

He is within—making his will.

HENRIETTA

His will?

CHIQUITA

He expects to be captured. They are going to do something dreadful to him.

BUDD

[*Impressively.*] We are going to assimilate him.

CHIQUITA

Yes, that's why he's making his will.

The Sultan of Sulu

JONES

If he really expects to die, now is the time to talk life insurance.

[He starts towards the palace, whereupon the alarmed wives crowd in front of him.]

No! And why not?

CHIQUITA

For entering that majestic presence unheralded, the punishment is death.

ALL

Death!

[Jones smiles disdainfully and buttons his coat.]

JONES

Watch me! *[He motions them to right and left and hurriedly enters palace. The natives are amazed at his audacity.]*

CHIQUITA

Poor man!

HARDY

Don't worry about Mr. Jones. He's from Chicago. *[Looking about, sees soldiers warming up to wives.]* I'm afraid my men are in danger.

[MISS JACKSON comes to the rescue.]

The Sultan of Sulu

PAMELA

Young ladies! You are rather young to be trifling with soldiers.

CHIQUITA

Not so young. We are married—all of us.

PAMELA

What, married women flirting! It is an uncivilized country. Gather about me. [*They come to her and she advises them in a patronizing manner.*] When you have become Americanized you won't follow soldiers. You'll compel *them* to follow *you*.

[*The expeditious JONES comes from the palace, gleefully waving a paper.*

JONES

I have insured his life for fifty thousand pesos. I convinced him that he would be a dead man in less than fifteen minutes.

BUDD

[*Preparing for an effort.*] Soldiers of the republic!

ALL

Hear! Hear!

BUDD

For the first time you are about to stand in the presence

The Sultan of Sulu

of royalty. Stiffen yourselves for the ordeal, and remember, no deference, for each of you is a sovereign in his own right.

CHORUS TO SULTAN

Sultan! Mighty Sultan!
Thrice glorious in defeat.
Sultan! Wretched Sultan!
This great affliction meet.

[There is a slow thrumming of Oriental music, during which HADJI appears on the steps of the palace and makes a mournful announcement.]

HADJI

Ladies and gentlemen, his Majesty is coming prepared to die according to contract. He has only one request to make. It is that you do not ask him to die a cheap and common death.

[The natives prostrate themselves. KI-RAM comes from palace, accompanied by his two Nubian slaves, DIDYMOS and RASTOS. The Sultan is attired in funereal black and is the picture of woe.]

KI-RAM

[Recitative.] What do you think? I've got to die;
My time has come to say good-bye

The Sultan of Sulu

To my upholstered Sulu throne
And all that I can call my own.

*[He comes down and dolefully sings what he believes
to be his swan-song.]*

KI-RAM AND CHORUS

“THE SMILING ISLE”

We have no daily papers
To tell of Newport capers,
No proud four hundred to look down on ordinary
folk;
We have no stocks and tickers,
No Scotch imported liquors,
To start us on the downward path and some day land
us broke;
We've not a single college
Where youth may get a knowledge
Of chorus girls and cigarettes, of poker and the like;
No janitors to sass us,
No bell-boys to harass us,
And we've never known the pleasure of a labor-union
strike.

REFRAIN

And that is why, you'll understand,
I love my own, my native land,

The Sultan of Sulu

My little isle of Sulu.

[*Chorus.*] Sulu!

Smiling isle of Sulu!

[*Chorus.*] Sulu!

I'm not ready to say good-bye,

I'm mighty sorry that I have to die.

We have no prize-fight sluggers,

No vaudevillian muggers,

No one of us has ever shot the chutes or looped the loop;

No cable-cars or trolleys,

No life-insurance jollies,

No bank cashiers to take our money 'ere they fly the
coop;

No bookies and no races,

No seaside summer places;

No Bertha Clays and Duchesses to make the females cry;

We have no dairy lunches,

Where they eat their food in bunches,

And we don't insult our stomachs with the thing they
call mince-pie.

REFRAIN

And that is why, etc.

We have no short-haired ladies

Who are always raising Hades

With their finical and funny old reformatory fads;

The Sultan of Sulu

No ten-cent publications,
Sold at all the railway stations,
 With a page or two of reading and a hundred stuffed
 with "ads";
We never chew in Sulu
Any pepsin gum or tolu—
 In fact, we're not such savages as some of you might
 think;
And during intermission
We always crave permission
 Before we walk on other people just to get a drink.

REFRAIN

And that is why, etc.

We have no politicians,
And under no conditions
 Do we tolerate the fraud who cures by laying on of hands;
We have no elocutionists,
No social revolutionists,
 No amateur dramatics, and no upright baby grands;
We don't play golf and tennis,
And we never know the menace
 Of a passing fad or fancy that may turn the nation's head;
I'm proud of my dominion
When I voice the bold opinion
 That we'll never know the tortures of a patent fold-
 ing-bed.

The Sultan of Sulu

REFRAIN

And that is why, etc.

[*The song being ended, KI-RAM stands apart in an attitude supposed to signify heroic resignation.*]

KI-RAM

Now, then, for a farewell speech that will look well in the school histories. I die—I die that Sulu may—

BUDD

Why, your Majesty, you are not expected to die.

KI-RAM

No? [*With an expression of glad surprise.*]

BUDD

We are your friends. We have come to take possession of the island and teach your benighted people the advantages of free government. We hold that all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.

ALL

Hear! Hear!

BUDD

Now, the question is, do you consent to this benevolent plan?

The Sultan of Sulu

THE FOUR SCHOOL-MA'AMS

“FROM THE LAND OF THE CEREBELLUM”

From the land of the cerebellum,
Where clubs abound and books are plenty,
Where people know before you tell 'em
As much as any one knows,
We come to teach this new possession
All that's known to a girl of twenty;
And such a girl, it's our impression,
Knows more than you might suppose.

You may judge by our proper bearing
That we're accomplished, proud, and haughty,
Those simple little gowns we're wearing
Proclaim our innocent style.
You must not think because we're frisky
That we're *re-ally* bold or naughty;
We never flirt when it seems risky,
Except for a little while.

KI-RAM

[*Gazing at them with unconcealed admiration.*] Are they
going to open school here?

BUDD

This very day.

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The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

I'll be there early with my face washed and a red apple for my dear teacher.

BUDD

We believe that in three weeks or a month we will have you as cultured as the people of my native State.

KI-RAM

And what State is that?

BUDD

The State of Arkansaw!

[On the word "Arkansaw," the Colonel removes his cap reverently, and the soldiers solemnly lift their hats.]

KI-RAM

Arkansaw? Never heard of it.

BUDD

What! Never heard of Arkansaw? Then permit me to tell you that in Arkansaw they never heard of Sulu. Hereafter, you understand, you are not a Sultan, but a Governor.

KI-RAM

A Governor! Is that a promotion?

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

Most assuredly! A Governor is the noblest work of the campaign committee. Ladies and gentlemen—

ALL

Hear! Hear!

BUDD

[*In oratorical fashion.*] I take pleasure in introducing to you that valiant leader, that incorruptible statesman, that splendid type of perfect manhood, our fellow-citizen, the Honorable Ki-Ram, next Governor of Sulu. [*Cheers.*] He will be inaugurated here in one hour. I request you to prepare for the festivities.

[*Another cheer and all exeunt except KI-RAM, BUDD, and CHIQUITA. The principal wife seems disposed to loiter near the Colonel and admire him.*]

KI-RAM

Chiquita, run along; don't annoy the Colonel. [CHIQUITA goes into the palace, but before doing so she gives the Colonel a lingering glance, which seems to warm him considerably. KI-RAM grasps BUDD by the hand.] Colonel, I want to thank you. It was great! [*Attempting to imitate BUDD's oratorical flight.*] That some-kind-of-a leader, that umptallable statesman, that—that— Say, where did you learn that kind of talk?

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

You mustn't mind that. I'm in politics. I say that about every one.

[KI-RAM *blows whistle, which he carries suspended on a cord about his neck. DIDYMOS and RASTOS bring stools and then exeunt, dancing in unison. As they go into the palace, KI-RAM and BUDD seat themselves. At the same moment GALULA comes from behind the palace carrying a large, long-handled fan of Oriental pattern. She is an elderly female, all of whose native charms have long since disappeared. Think of the homeliest woman you ever saw; multiply her unloveliness by two, and the reader will have GALULA. She timorously approaches KI-RAM and begins fanning him from behind.*

KI-RAM

Colonel, you'll excuse me for mentioning it, but you are one of the handsomest men I ever saw. I—I— [*He pauses with an expression of alarm growing on his countenance. GALULA continues to fan him.*] Colonel, do you feel a draught? [*Turns and sees GALULA.*] Oh-h-h! Galula, I know you love me, and I don't blame you, but you want to remember one thing, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." [*She exits, looking back at him yearningly.*] That's one of them.

BUDD

One of *what?*

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

One of my wives. She is the charter member. I've tried to lose her, but I can't. The other seven were those society buds that you saw here a moment ago. I captured them about a month ago.

BUDD

You *captured* them? [*Eagerly.*] Then the beautiful creature with whom I was chatting—she did not marry you voluntarily?

KI-RAM

Galula is the only one that ever married me voluntarily. The others I— [*Gesture of reaching out, taking hold of something, and pulling it in.*] Did you ever hear of the Datto Mandi of Parang?

BUDD

What is it—some new kind of breakfast food?

KI-RAM

Certainly *not*. The Datto Mandi is a warlike gentleman who holds forth on the other side of the island. About a month ago I needed a new batch of wives. I turned the former assortment out to pasture, then I went over to Parang and stampeded seven of Mandi's lovely nieces. This annoyed Mandi.

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

Naturally.

KI-RAM

He is now encamped outside the wall, waiting for a chance to recapture *them*, and incidentally carve *me* into small, red cubes. Now, then, if I'm to be Governor here, I shall expect you to protect *me* against *him*.

[COLONEL BUDD *arises and bursts into oratory.*

BUDD

Most assuredly! Wherever our flag floats there human rights shall be protected, though the heavens fall. Oh—

KI-RAM

Shake out the parachute, Colonel! [*Arises.*] Come down! I understand all that. And just to prove that I appreciate what you have done for me, and what I expect you to do for me in the future, do you know what I am going to do?

BUDD

I can't imagine.

KI-RAM

Well, I'm going to set 'em up.

BUDD

Set 'em up?

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

I'm going to set 'em up to the wives. [*Makes a profound bow.*] Have a wife on me. Take your pick of the eight. Do me a favor. Choose the one with the fan.

BUDD

What, your Majesty! Take another man's wife? Barbarous! Barbarous!

KI-RAM

Barbarous, perhaps, but it frequently happens.

BUDD

Besides, I—I—[*hesitating*—]—may as well tell you that I have proposed marriage to Miss Jackson, the Judge Advocate. The Judge has the matter under advisement.

KI-RAM

That's all right—marry both of them.

BUDD

My *dear sir*, do you realize that under our laws a man is entitled to only one wife?

KI-RAM

How *could* a man struggle along with only one wife! Suffering Allah! I wonder if they'll try to work that rule on me?

The Sultan of Sulu

[KI-RAM starts to enter the palace, when JONES, entering at right from rear of palace, accosts him sharply.]

JONES

Governor!

KI-RAM

Well?

JONES

Are you ready for the reception?

KI-RAM

What is a reception? Something civilized?

JONES

[*Taking him by the arm.*] A reception, Governor, is a function at which a large number of people assemble in order to be exclusive. The entire population files past. You shake hands with each person, and say, "I am happy to meet you."

KI-RAM

That's what I say, but *am* I happy?

JONES

Probably not.

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

However, you must pretend to enjoy these little tortures.

JONES

At least, until the other people are out of hearing distance.

KI-RAM, BUDD, AND JONES

“OH, WHAT A BUMP!”

JONES

At a musicale, a five-o'clock,
Or social jamboree,
'Tis there the swagger people flock
For a bite and a sip of tea;
And this is what you hear:
'It's been a charming afternoon';
“Delighted, don't you know”;
“Sorry I have to leave so soon,
But really I must go.”
But after she's away
In her coupé,
What *does* this self-same woman say?

KI-RAM AND BUDD

Well, what *does* she say?

The Sultan of Sulu

JONES

“That was the tackiest time I’ve had
In twenty years or more.
The crowd was jay and the tea was bad
And the whole affair a bore.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackadáy!
’Twould darken her whole career,
Could the hostess know what people say
When she’s not there to hear.

BUDD

The bashful youth who’s rather slow
When he has made a call,
Receives a message, soft and low,
At parting in the hall.

And this is what she says:
“Now come as often as you can.
I love these little larks.
It’s seldom that I meet a man
Who makes such bright remarks.”
But when he tears away
From this fairy fay,
What does the artful maiden say?

KI-RAM AND JONES

Well, what *does* she say?

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

“Of all the dummies I ever met
He’s the limit, and no mistake.
As a touch-me-not and mamma’s pet,
That Johnnie takes the cake.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
’Twould darken his whole career,
Could Harold know what Mabel says
When he’s not there to hear.

KI-RAM

Did you ever feel like saying—
When some precocious brat
Recites a piece called “Mary’s Lamb”
Or “Little Pussy Cat”?
And this is what you say:
“What marvellous talent she does possess
For one of her tender age.
I think she’d make a great success
If you’d put her on the stage.”
But later in the day,
When you get away,
What do you then proceed to say?

BUDD AND JONES

Well, what *do* you say?

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

“If that awful kid belonged to me,
I’ll tell you what I’d do—
I’d keep *it* under lock and key
And spank it black and blue.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
’Twould darken the child’s career,
Could parents know what callers say
When they’re not there to hear.

JONES

Perhaps the most terrific bump
Is found in politics.
The campaign speaker on the stump
Is up to all the tricks,
And this is what he says:
“Oh, fellow-citizens, I see
Before me here to-day
The sovereign voters, pure and free,
Whom I shall e’er obey.”
But when he’s won the race,
Gets a nice, fat place,
What does the people’s servant say?

KI-RAM AND BUDD

Well, what *does* he say?

The Sultan of Sulu

JONES

“Well, maybe I didn’t con those yaps
With that patriotic bluff.
Now that I’ve landed one of the snaps,
I’m going to get the stuff.”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!
’Twould darken their whole career
Could voters know what bosses say
When they’re not there to hear.

KI-RAM

Some ladies of the smartest set
Met on the boulevard.
They shook hands most effusively
And kissed each other *hard*.
And this is what one said:
“Why, Alice, dear, what a zippy gown!
The fit is perfectly fine;
And that dream of a hat! How swell you look!
Good-bye, dear. Drop me a line.”
But when she said day-day,
And wafted on her way,
What did this gushing lady say?

BUDD AND JONES

Well, what *did* she say?

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

“Did you ever see such a fright of a dress?

It was wrinkled all *up* the back,
And those feathers, too—she’s had them dyed;
They were on her last winter’s hat.

[*Spoken.*] The *upstart!*”

TRIO

Oh, what a bump! Alackaday!

’Twould darken her whole career,
Could a woman know what her friends all say
When she’s not there to hear.

[*A dance concludes this number, and the three exeunt into the palace as HENRIETTA BUDD enters, followed by LIEUTENANT HARDY, who appears to be expostulating and pleading.*

HENRIETTA

Mr. Hardy, it cannot be. My father objects to you in language which I dare not repeat.

HARDY

He objects to *me?* [*Indignant and surprised.*]

HENRIETTA

He told me only yesterday that I must *never* marry you.

The Sultan of Sulu

HARDY

But I had not proposed to you yesterday.

HENRIETTA

True, but I knew what was coming. I have been engaged many times, and I notice that the man who intends to propose acts very strangely for a day or two in advance. So I went to father and said: "Lieutenant Hardy is about to propose to me."

HARDY

Whereupon he said—

HENRIETTA

"My child, never marry a Regular. There are no heroes except in the Volunteer service. The Volunteer goes home and is elected to Congress. The Regular keeps right ahead, a plain fighting man."

HARDY

Plain fighting man, perhaps, but even a plain fighting man may love, and I love you, Henrietta—I love you as only a West-Pointer *can* love the one girl in sight.

[*Kisses her impetuously.*]

HENRIETTA

[*Retreating the usual number of steps.*] Lieutenant! Is it proper?

The Sultan of Sulu

HARDY

It is customary among engaged couples. And we *are* engaged, aren't we?

HENRIETTA

Yes, I suppose we are—in a sort of a way.

HENRIETTA AND HARDY

“ENGAGED IN A SORT OF A WAY”

HARDY

Sweetheart, doubt my love no more;
Believe me, I'm sincere.
I love no other on this tropic shore;
You're the only girl that's here.

HENRIETTA

Lieutenant, I cannot withstand
A man who pleads like you;
So here's the promise of my heart and hand,
At least for a month or two.

HARDY

We are engaged in a sort of a way.

HENRIETTA

And we will truly love each other.

The Sultan of Sulu

HARDY

Though it may chance there will soon come a day
When I can learn to love another.

HENRIETTA

I take this man on probation.

HARDY

And I will take her just the same.

BOTH

For it is simply a slight variation
Of the same little flirting game.

HENRIETTA

Marriage is a doubtful state.

I think of it with dread.

Still, an engagement need not indicate
That we really mean to wed.

HARDY

Henrietta, you are quite correct.

I have been engaged before.

Frankly, I'll tell you, also, I expect
That *I'll* be engaged some more.

HARDY

We are engaged, etc.

The Sultan of Sulu

[*The waltz refrain continues. HARDY and HENRIETTA waltz away as KI-RAM comes out of the palace, followed by PAMELA FRANCES JACKSON. KI-RAM is greatly interested in the waltz. As HARDY and HENRIETTA disappear he turns and puts his arm around PAMELA, and they execute a waltz characterized by activity rather than poetry of motion. At the conclusion, KI-RAM is somewhat "blown" but altogether delighted.*

KI-RAM

Oh, my! Pamela, that is simply hilarious. What do you call that?

PAMELA

It is called a waltz, your Majesty.

KI-RAM

Well, it may not be *proper*, but it *is* enjoyable.

PAMELA

It is quite proper, I assure you.

KI-RAM

Is it? I had no idea that anything as pleasant as that could be proper. [*He wraps his arm about her.*] Pamela, I suspect that we are going to be very jolly playmates.

The Sultan of Sulu

PAMELA

Your Majesty! [*She is horrified at his presumption.*]

KI-RAM

What is it?

PAMELA

Your arm!

KI-RAM

Yes—what about it?

PAMELA

You have your arm around me.

KI-RAM

I know it. You said it was proper.

PAMELA

It is proper, when we are moving about. As a stationary form of amusement, I am afraid it would cause comment.

KI-RAM

All right! Let's move about. Anything to be civilized. [*He does a few eccentric dance steps without releasing his hold on PAMELA.*]

PAMELA

Why, your Majesty, how strangely you act! [*Breaking away from him.*]

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

Pamela, when I first saw you, do you know, I was not particularly attracted to you. But now—now— [*He approaches her and she retreats. He pauses and reflects.*] I wonder if that cocktail had anything to do with it.

PAMELA

Cocktail? [*Surprised and pained.*]

KI-RAM

When the Colonel took me aside in there he said he was going to make me acquainted with one of the first blessings of civilization. He told me that the constitution and the cocktail followed the flag. Then he gave me an amber-colored beverage with a roguish little cherry nestling at the bottom. And, oh, little friend, when I felt that delicious liquid trickle down the corridors of my inmost being, all the incandescent lights were turned on and the birds began to sing. I felt myself bursting into full bloom, like a timid little flower kissed by the morning sunlight. So I ordered two more.

PAMELA

Three cocktails! Oh!

KI-RAM

I've had three, and I wish I'd made it thirty-three. I believe I'll climb a tree. You pick out any tree around here and I'll climb it.



"THE CONSTITUTION AND THE COCKTAIL FOLLOW THE FLAG"

Mr. Moulan as Ki-RAM

The Sultan of Sulu

[Unable to control his joyous emotions, he begins to run around in a circle until stopped short by PAMELA, who is determined to be severe with him.]

PAMELA

Your Majesty, a little bit of advice! Beware of the cocktail. [She sits on one of the stools.]

KI-RAM

Beware of nothing! I'm going to drink cocktails all day and waltz all night. I'm going to be so civilized that people will talk about me. Pamela, Pammy [*seats himself beside her*], did you ever think you would like to live in a palace and have Sultana printed on your visiting-cards? [GALULA comes on and begins to fan from behind.]

PAMELA

Perhaps I have had my little ambition. Who hasn't?

KI-RAM

Well, I think I can fix it for you. Of course— [*He pauses, full of suspicion. To PAMELA*] Do you feel a draught? [*Turns and sees GALULA.*] Oh-h! Galula, according to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, it is not considered good form for a wife to hang around when her husband is proposing marriage to another lady. [GALULA exits, much disheartened.] Sometimes I am almost sorry I married that one.

The Sultan of Sulu

PAMELA

[*Aghast.*] Is she your wife?

KI-RAM

You don't think I would be so impolite to a lady who was *not* my wife, do you?

PAMELA

And she *is* your wife?

KI-RAM

She's *one* of them.

PAMELA

One!

KI-RAM

I have eight.

PAMELA

Eight! [*Rising and shrinking from him.*]

KI-RAM

Eight or nine, I forget which; I have them coming and going all the time.

PAMELA

Eight wives already, and you—[*he arises and retreats*]—

The Sultan of Sulu

you dare to make this scandalous proposition, and to me—to *me!*

KI-RAM

You didn't expect to have me all to yourself, did you?

PAMELA

Colonel! Colonel! [*Calling.*]

KI-RAM

Sh-h! I'll take it back—honestly, I will.

PAMELA

Colonel!

KI-RAM

Say, what's the matter with you? Can't you take a joke?
[BUDD *comes from palace.*]

BUDD

My dear Miss Jackson, what *is* the matter?

KI-RAM

Don't believe a word she tells you.

PAMELA

Colonel, this barbarian has had the monumental effrontery to ask me to join his harem.

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

Wha-a-a-t!

KI-RAM

It was your fault—you gave it to me with a cherry in it.

PAMELA

[*To* KI-RAM.] Silence! [*To* BUDD.] I know that at one word from me you would run this contemptible foreign person through and through. But I do not ask it. I can execute my own revenge for this hideous insult. To-morrow I am to be Judge-Advocate. Then shall the law deal with this miscreant. To-morrow—you—you—

[PAMELA *enters palace greatly agitated.*]

BUDD

Your Majesty, why—*why* did you propose marriage to Miss Jackson?

KI-RAM

Do you know—I'm beginning to ask myself that question.

BUDD

Didn't I tell you, sir, that *I* intended to marry her?

KI-RAM

That's it! I knew she was engaged to you, and therefore I argued that she could not possibly marry me, so I would

The Sultan of Sulu

not be taking any chances in proposing. What do you suppose she is going to do to me?

BUDD

I suspect, sir, that as Judge-Advocate she is going to compel you to give up those eight wives.

KI-RAM

[*Much pleased.*] I'm going to get rid of Galula at last! Colonel, I want to celebrate. Let's go into the palace and drink three more of those things that follow the flag.

BUDD

You will excuse me if I don't refuse. [*They start towards palace. HENRIETTA and HARDY stroll on, in loving attitude; BUDD sees them; stands on steps watching them. KI-RAM enters palace.*] Henrietta, once more I must remind you that you are the daughter of a military hero who expects to go to Congress. Come.

[*HENRIETTA starts towards him, regretfully. At the palace steps she turns and throws a kiss to HARDY and exits after BUDD.*

HARDY

By George! I thought this being engaged would prove a lark. It's serious business. I wonder if Henrietta really loves me. If I but knew.

[51]

The Sultan of Sulu

[HARDY enters palace. School-ma'ams enter, followed by a flock of wives, natives, and soldiers.

ALL

Give three cheers for education—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Give three cheers for education—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

A tiger, too, for education.

How we love our teachers dear!

An attractive aggregation

From the Western Hemisphere.

Give three cheers—

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[PAMELA comes from the palace and stands on the top step, regarding the educational movement with a smile of gratification.

PAMELA

I am glad to see that the school has opened with so much enthusiasm. I will grant a short recess, as I have something of great importance to communicate to the wives of Ki-Ram.

NATIVE WOMEN AND SOLDIERS

[Singing as they march away.

Oh, the knowledge we are gaining

In our little school!

The Sultan of Sulu

Modern methods they're explaining
In our little school!
We shall learn, from day to day,
What to do and what to say,
In the truly Newport way,
In our little school!

[PAMELA *beckons the wives to her.*

PAMELA

I have good news for you. Ki-Ram is no longer your husband.

WIVES

No-o-o?

PAMELA

The new law allows a man but one wife. You shall be divorced to-morrow. If the Governor objects, he can then be imprisoned for bigamy—or, rather, octagamy. If he consents, then he will have to pay alimony to all of you.

MAURICIA

What is alimony?

PAMELA

Pin-money, my child—plenty of it. You are to be free and have plenty of spending-money. *That* is usually a novelty for a married woman. By - the - way, Didymos!

The Sultan of Sulu

Rastos! [*The two slaves approach.*] You are slaves no longer, but free citizens of Sulu. Serve the Governor, if you choose, but compel him to pay union wages and tip you liberally. You understand?

[*She enters palace.*]

CHIQUITA

To-morrow we shall be American grass-widows. Now for the soldiers.

PEPITA

We must be careful.

CHIQUITA

Nonsense! We have nothing to fear from these gentle strangers after being courted by Sulu sweethearts.

CHIQUITA AND WIVES, DIDYMOS AND RASTOS

“MY SULU LULU LOO”

In Sulu once there lived a belle
Whose winning ways had cast a spell
Upon a chief of great renown—
He was smitten sore.
He followed her both night and day;
He tried to steal this girl away;

The Sultan of Sulu

And underneath her window he
Repeated o'er and o'er:

REFRAIN

Lulu, you're my Sulu Lulu Loo!
Lulu, do take pity on me, do!
I want no one else but you!
Lulu, you're my Sulu Lulu Loo!

If she went out to take a stroll,
This palpitating, eager soul
Would wave his snaky knife at her,
Saying, "Fly with me!"
In jungle deep she thought to hide,
Since she could not become his bride,
When all at once she heard this song
From out a bamboo-tree:

REFRAIN

Lulu, you're my Sulu Lulu Loo, etc.

[CHIQUITA, DIDYMOS, RASTOS, and wives exeunt with dance as KI-RAM enters with the four school-ma'ams. He has two on each side and is making a sincere effort to embrace all four at the same time.

KI-RAM

Why not? I think you might — to oblige a friend.

The Sultan of Sulu

Young ladies, I have only eight. I need some blondes to help out the color scheme. I've fallen into the habit of marrying nearly all of the ladies I meet.

A SCHOOL-MA'AM

We didn't come over here to marry. We are interested in education.

KI-RAM

Married life is an education.

[*A blare of trumpets. BUDD, HADJI, DINGBAT, DIDYMOS, and RASTOS come from palace. The natives kneel, and one of the slaves advances towards KI-RAM a silken pillow on which is a shaggy silk hat of the kind seen at State conventions. KI-RAM is mystified. He looks at the hat.*]

KI-RAM

What's that?

BUDD

The insignia of your new office.

KI-RAM

[*Picking it up to examine it.*] My! My! What is it—animal, vegetable, or mineral?

BUDD

It is called a hat. This is the kind worn by all Governors.



THE INAUGURATION OF KI-RAM AS GOVERNOR OF SULU



The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

With the fur rubbed the wrong way?

BUDD

A true statesman invariably has the fur rubbed the wrong way.

HADJI

[*Announcing.*] They are coming for the inauguration.

BUDD

[*To KI-RAM.*] Did you hear that? Get ready.

KI-RAM

Colonel, there is only one thing that will get me ready.

BUDD

And what is that?

KI-RAM

You know—it has a cherry in it.

[*They hurriedly enter palace. Volunteers, marines, fife-and-drum corps, wives, natives, and various members of the American party enter from right and left and mass in front of the palace.*]

The Sultan of Sulu

CHORUS

CHORUS TO THE GOVERNOR

Ki-Ram, the new-made chief!
Our ruler democratic,
From recent state of grief,
Transferred to bliss ecstatic.
Forgetful of his scare
And its attendant pallor, he
Accepts this job, so fair—
Also the salaree!

[BUDD comes from palace and takes his place in front of the soldiers. KI-RAM comes to the palace steps, proudly exhibiting the hat.

KI-RAM

No crown for me of ordinary gold;
A Governor I'm to be, and I've been told
That this, which the Colonel calls a hat,
Is the proper gear for a democrat.

BUDD

'Tis emblematic, chaste, and pat,
He's proud to wear a hat like that.

[KI-RAM comes down and faces the assemblage. He puts on the hat, which falls over his ears.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

[*Recitative.*] How do I look?

ALL

Glorious! Wonderful!

What do you think of that?

Could anything excel

The simple beauty of a hat?

[*The boom of a cannon is heard. A sergeant lowers the Sulu flag from the tall pole in front of the palace.*]

HARDY

Let all at strict attention stand,

The blessed moment's nigh,

When o'er this liberated land

The stars and stripes shall fly.

[*Another gun salute. The stars and stripes break from the top of the flag-staff to the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner." A roll of drums, and HENRIETTA enters and comes down front.*]

HENRIETTA

If I would be a soldier's bride,

I must not grieve, whate'er betide,

But laugh the tear-drops from my eye,

And cheerily wave the last good-bye.

The Sultan of Sulu

And every girl who's left behind
Civilian love will spurn;
For never a one will change her mind
Till the Volunteers return.

ALL

March, march, hearts are light,
Step with jaunty pride
To the fight! To the fight!
Where each may win a bride.
For they know the girls they're leaving behind
All civilian love will spurn,
And never a one will change her mind
Till the Volunteers return.

[During this chorus KI-RAM, on the palace steps, consumes many cocktails brought to him by DIDYMOS and RASTOS. At conclusion of the chorus all turn and salute the flag.]

CURTAIN

A C T I I

SCENE.—*The hanging garden of the palace. A half-open apartment. The architecture is gorgeous and Oriental. Free entrances up stage at right (the left, as one faces the stage), and also down stage at right, are supposed to lead to outer stairways. Up stage at left is a boxed-in stairway leading down to KI-RAM'S sleeping apartment. At left, and down stage (that is, towards the footlights), is a broad stairway leading to the second floor of the palace. Beyond the fanciful turrets and minarets may be seen the tropical vegetation, and beyond that the placid sea. At the rise of the curtain, native men and women are gathered on the stage singing a restful lullaby to GOVERNOR KI-RAM, who is oversleeping himself in the apartment below.*

LULLABY CHORUS

Slumber! Slumber!
Forgetting, while you sleep,
Small and great affairs of state
While we our vigil keep.
Slumber on! No cares encumber
One who's lost in peaceful slumber.

The Sultan of Sulu

Slumber! Slumber!
Forgetting, while you sleep,
Small and great affairs of state
While we our vigil keep.

[*They withdraw quietly, still singing softly, and KI-RAM comes from below. He wears a suit of pajamas of exaggerated pattern. His head is wrapped in a large towel. He carries in one hand a water pitcher and in the other the silk hat presented by the government at Washington. He moves slowly and dejectedly, and the expression on his face is one of extreme misery. He squats and removes the towel from his head, dips it into the ice-water, and holds it against his throbbing brow. Presently he lowers it with a heaving sigh, and discovers several specimens of the insect creation moving about on his person and disporting in his immediate vicinity. He battles with them for several moments, and then breaks into doleful song.*

KI-RAM

“R—E—M—O—R—S—E”

The cocktail is a pleasant drink;
It's mild and harmless—I don't think.
When you've had one, you call for two,
And then you don't care what you do.

The Sultan of Sulu

Last night I hoisted twenty-three
Of those arrangements into me.
My wealth increased, I swelled with pride,
I was pickled, primed, and ossified;
But R—E—M—O—R—S—E!
The water wagon is the place for me.
I think that somewhere in the game
I wept and told my real name.
At four I sought my whirling bed;
At eight I woke with such a head!
It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after.

I wanted to pay for ev'ry round;
I talked on subjects most profound;
When all my woes I analyzed,
The barkeep softly sympathized.
The world was one kaleidoscope
Of purple bliss, transcendent hope.
But now I'm feeling mighty blue—
Three cheers for the W. C. T. U!
R—E—M—O—R—S—E!
Those dry Martinis did the work for me;
Last night at twelve I felt immense,
To-day I feel like thirty cents.
My eyes are bleared, my coppers hot,
I'll try to eat, but I cannot.

The Sultan of Sulu

It is no time for mirth and laughter,
The cold, gray dawn of the morning after.

[JONES *appears on the landing up stage and looks at the suffering executive, then comes towards him*

JONES

Governor, this isn't right. Remember, I've insured your life for fifty thousand pesos.

KI-RAM

Jones, civilization may be all right, but I took too large a dose right at the start. And you know that hat? [*He puts it on. It is many sizes too small.*] The constitution, the cocktail, and the katzenjammer follow the flag.

JONES

A bit of advice. If you had too many cocktails last evening, take one or two this morning.

[*He gives a signal. DIDYMOS and RASTOS, smartly attired as waiters, come on and await orders.*

KI-RAM

The American practice?

JONES

It is—especially among politicians.

[DIDYMOS and RASTOS *do an impertinent break-*

The Sultan of Sulu

down, and crowd upon KI-RAM, who indignantly resents their familiarity. JONES restrains him.

JONES

Governor, be careful. You are now an office-holder. This is the president and vice-president of the waiters' union. You can't afford to antagonize the colored vote. I'll attend to them. [*Goes over to DIDYMOS and RASTOS and bows humbly.*] Gentlemen, if you will be good enough to prepare for us a few pick-me-ups we shall esteem it a personal favor and remember you with the usual piece of silver. [*They break and exeunt.*] Governor, I am here to announce the first review of the imperial troops.

KI-RAM

The imperial troops?

JONES

They landed here yesterday as soldiers of a simple republic. To-day they are soldiers of the new empire. As such they have assumed an imperial splendor.

KI-RAM

I suppose you provided the uniforms?

JONES

I *did*. By-the-way [*taking paper from pocket*], a few articles selected by your wives.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

[*Taking the paper.*] What's this?

JONES

The bill.

KI-RAM

[*Reading.*] Eight morning gowns, eight afternoon gowns, eight evening gowns, eight night—eight suits of silk pajamas— Look here, sir. This is a terrible thing to bring around before breakfast. [*With increasing dismay.*] Eight diamond tararums, eight automobiles, eight picture-hats, eight straight-fronts, eight habit-backs, eight rats— Rats! What can they do with rats?

[*HARDY enters at right.*

JONES

I'll explain. A rat—

KI-RAM

You needn't explain, I've been seeing them all morning—blue ones with acetylene eyes.

HARDY

[*Saluting.*] Governor! [*They turn.*] Governor, the Imperial Guards are approaching.

KI-RAM

Oh, very well. Jones and I are going into the life-saving station for a few moments.



SIX OF KI-RAM'S WIVES, AFTER BEING "ASSIMILATED"

The Sultan of Sulu

[KI-RAM and JONES go into the palace as wives and other natives come flocking on, cheering for the Imperial Guards, who march in from the right, under command of COLONEL JEFFERSON BUDD, and escorted by the fife-and-drum corps and the school-ma'ams. The Imperial Guards wear elaborate and costly uniforms of white and gold, with top-boots, plumes, and helmets. The COLONEL'S uniform is especially magnificent.

SONG OF THE IMPERIAL GUARDS

We are troops of the twentieth century kind,
With our gaudy colors brightly flashing;
The pride and the joy of our native land—
For the records we are smashing.
Our former isolation makes us smile, sir,
We've learned to sing a different tune,
It may keep us busy for a while, sir,
But we shall come to like it soon—
We'll come to like it soon!
We'll come to like it soon!

BUDD

Imperial Guards! This is a proud day for all of us. I have wanted to wear this kind of uniform ever since I was a boy in Arkansaw and felt my pulse leap at the stirring measures of the grand old "Jay-Bird."

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD AND CHORUS

“JAY-BIRD”

BUDD

When I was a boy in Arkansaw,
I worked in a hat and cap emporium.

REFRAIN

Umpalorium! Umpalorium!
Hat and cap emporium!

BUDD

After that I studied law,
But I longed for a soldier's life,
And my heart would bound
At the martial sound
Of the drum and the piercing fife.
Hark to the strains, so clear and loud!
Along the street a cheering crowd;
The sweetest music ever heard—
The thump and tootle of the old “Jay-Bird.”

REFRAIN

Hark to the strains, etc.

BUDD

I've heard the Nibelungenlied,
And all the gems of Cavalleria.

The Sultan of Sulu

REFRAIN

Cavalleria! Cavalleria!
Gems of Cavalleria!

BUDD

They're rather tuneful, I'll concede,
But, to swell a colonel's chest,
They will not compare with the swinging air
That I always have loved the best.

REFRAIN

Hark to the strains, etc.

[At conclusion of the song the Imperial Guards break ranks and hurry to the wives and native women, with whom they are becoming well acquainted, this being their second day on the island.]

BUDD

Make ready to receive his Excellency.

[All move into lines, facing the broad stairway at left. A roll of drums. DIDYMOS and RASTOS come down stairway and salaam to the left. HADJI, at the top of the steps, announces the approach of the executive.]

HADJI

The Governor!

The Sultan of Sulu

[KI-RAM, in a gaudy native costume, comes down the steps very nimbly and acknowledges the deferential salute.

KI-RAM

Good-morning, troops! [Sees BUDD and is staggered by the glory of his apparel. In the mean time PAMELA, wearing a Portia cap and gown, and very much on her official dignity, has entered from the right. KI-RAM addresses BUDD.] My! My! Colonel, you are without doubt the handsomest man I—

[PAMELA interrupts.

PAMELA

Governor Ki-Ram!

KI-RAM

Oh-h! Here she is again. I don't believe I'm going to like her very well.

PAMELA

I have granted divorces to seven of your wives.

KI-RAM

Oh, very well!

PAMELA

The court holds that you may keep *one*.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

One! Oh, say, Judge, let me keep two; now, don't be stingy. Let me keep two little ones instead of one big one.

PAMELA

You heard the law—*one*.

KI-RAM

Much obliged. I suppose I can keep house with only one. It has been done.

PAMELA

I suggest that you select that unhappy creature who is to remain under your roof. Am I right, Colonel?

BUDD

Quite right, Judge.

[BUDD and PAMELA *exeunt to the right*.]

KI-RAM

[*Calling after her.*] You have a pleasant way of putting it. [*He turns to the wives, who are hobnobbing with the soldiers.*] Mrs. Ki-Ram, step forward. [*The wives leave the soldiers and stand in a row, looking at him with saucy indifference. He is serious.*] Ladies, you are about to lose a good thing. [*They burst into laughter and return to the soldiers.*] I am glad to see that you bear up under the grief. Now for the sad farewell. Which one shall

The Sultan of Sulu

I keep? [HENRIETTA *appears on the landing up stage. She wears a most fetching summer gown and a sweepy hat. She carries an arm-load of fresh flowers.* KI-RAM gazes at her in speechless admiration and is struck by a sudden inspiration.] The American girl! Why not? [To the wives] I've made up my mind. I'll not keep any of you. Ladies, you are free. [They rush to the arms of the soldiers, with exclamations of delight.] Leave your keys at the office as you pass out. [Then KI-RAM approaches HENRIETTA, who has sauntered down stage. He leans over her shoulder and addresses her flirtatiously.] Linger here after the others go; I have something to tell you. [To the others] Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer. [All except KI-RAM and HENRIETTA romp away, the soldiers and native women paired off. HENRIETTA seats herself on a low stool and calmly awaits developments. KI-RAM approaches her, beaming and struggling with pent-up emotion.] In the excitement of being inaugurated and granting all those divorces, I fear that I have overlooked you—*darling!*

HENRIETTA

Darling? Isn't this rather sudden?

KI-RAM

Not for *me*.

HENRIETTA

Before you go too far, I want to give you warning. As

The Sultan of Sulu

you are a titled foreigner, you have a right to know it. I am an American girl, but *not* an heiress.

KI-RAM

Henrietta, you wrong me. I am Sulu, not English.

HENRIETTA

Very well, go ahead.

KI-RAM

Henrietta, it appears that I am entitled to only one wife. Having been married to sixty-odd already, I feel that I can justly claim to be a connoisseur. It may flatter you to learn that you suit me. You are my first choice, and there is no second. You are *it*. Oh, Henrietta! Oh, Henry—Henny—Hen! I love you with an equatorial passion that no thermometer can register.

*[He falls on his knees and attempts to embrace her.
She breaks away from him.]*

HENRIETTA

But I am more or less engaged already.

KI-RAM

Which—*more or less?*

HENRIETTA

I mean that I am engaged—in a sort of way.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

What you mean to say is that you're engaged, but you're not sure that it's going to take.

HENRIETTA

That's it.

KI-RAM

Oh, Henrietta, I don't know who the other fellow is, but his love is a cheap rhinestone imitation compared to mine.

KI-RAM AND OTHERS

"SINCE I FIRST MET YOU"

KI-RAM

[*Singing to HENRIETTA*]

I am a dashing, gay Lothario;
I've a reputation as a gallant beau;
Courting pretty girls is a habit hard to break;
I'm a bold coquette and rather reckless rake.
I've told my love to many a girl,
But never a word was true,
For my passion intense, it was a mere pretence
Until I encountered you.

REFRAIN

Since I first met you,
Since I first met you,

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" SINCE I FIRST MET YOU "

Mr. Moulton as KI-RAM and *Miss Berri* as HENRIETTA BUDD

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40
41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50
51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60
61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70
71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80
81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90
91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

The Sultan of Sulu

The open sky above me seems a deeper blue;
Golden, rippling sunshine warms me through and through,
Each flower has a new perfume,
Since I met you!

I've been courting many, many times;
In the most exclusive circles I'm a pet—
Writing little notes and inditing tender rhymes
To the maids of every station that I've met.
I've sworn that each was my first love,
But never a word was true,
For I never knew bliss of a kind like this
Until I encountered you.

REFRAIN

Since I first met you,
Since I first met you,
The open sky above me seems a deeper blue;
Golden, rippling sunshine warms me through and through,
Each flower has a new perfume,
Since I met you!

[As he starts to repeat the refrain, HARDY is heard singing it outside. HARDY saunters on and HENRIETTA hurries to him. The two look into each other's eyes and sing the refrain with much feeling, while KI-RAM looks on, crushed. As they conclude, the same refrain is heard off at the left, and

The Sultan of Sulu

JONES comes down the stairway, singing to CHIQUITA. While KI-RAM is staring at them and trying to comprehend this new outcropping of the American invasion, BUDD and PAMELA come on from right and join in the tender refrain. After which, various wives and soldiers appear as loving couples, and "Since I first met you" becomes a general chorus of love-making, the climax of which is reached when HADJI brings GALULA on. All the others stroll away, still singing the refrain, and KI-RAM is left alone, bewildered and dismayed. He can think of but one relief for the painful situation.

KI-RAM

To the life-saving station!

[Starts to exit left, when PAMELA, entering from right, calls to him.]

PAMELA

Aha! Viper! There you are!

KI-RAM

Viper? She is referring to me.

PAMELA

You have exceeded your authority. You cannot divorce all of your wives. You must keep one.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

[*A horrible suspicion dawning upon him.*] Which one?

PAMELA

The one you married first of all—Galula! [KI-RAM emits a groan of mortal agony.] She is a good soul.

[HADJI enters, carrying a volume of Arkansaw law.

KI-RAM

Judge, I sometimes think she is too good to be true.

PAMELA

Now, then, in regard to the alimony. Private Secretary, read the section.

HADJI

Judge, I hate to read it to him—he has a weak heart.

PAMELA

Go ahead!

HADJI

Well, here it is. [*Reads*] “When a divorce is granted, the wife is entitled to alimony equivalent to one-half of the income of the husband.”

KI-RAM

[*Stunned.*] I don't understand.

The Sultan of Sulu

PAMELA

It means that each of your eight wives is entitled to one-half of your total income.

KI-RAM

Eight wives! Each entitled to one-half—one-hof?

PAMELA

You heard the law.

KI-RAM

I don't believe I can manage it.

PAMELA

I'm sure you can't, and that is why I expect to have the pleasure of committing you to jail.

KI-RAM

What are you talking about? The brother of the sun and cousin to the moon locked up in a common jail? Ho! I laugh—not boisterously, it is true, but still I laugh! Ha! Ha!

PAMELA

Private Secretary, read the second section.

HADJI

[*Reading*] “Take the whites of six eggs, beat to a froth, and add powdered sugar—”



"AT FIVE O'CLOCK YOU PAY FOUR TIMES YOUR INCOME"

Mr. Moulton as KI-RAM, Miss Chapman as PAMPA and Mr. Brown as THE...



The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

Hold on! What's that?

HADJI

That's not right. Judge, you have been filing your recipes in here. Here it is. [*Reads*] "If a husband fails to pay alimony at the time and place designated by the court, he may be committed to the county jail—to the county jail."

KI-RAM

I heard you the first time.

PAMELA

At five o'clock, Ki-Ram, you pay four times your income for this month or to jail you go. This is my revenge for the insult of yesterday.

KI-RAM

Well, there's nothing the matter with it.

PAMELA

At five o'clock!

[She flaunts out, leaving GOVERNOR KI-RAM staring blankly into space.]

KI-RAM

Isn't she the hasty Helen? [*Looking after her.*] You

The Sultan of Sulu

can make it six o'clock if you like. The prison doors stand open invitingly, and over them is an evergreen motto reading as follows: "Welcome, little stranger."

HADJI

It's the law, Governor.

KI-RAM

How can a man pay out four times his income?

HADJI

It *will* be a difficult matter.

KI-RAM

Difficult! Say my income is ten thousand pesos a month. Each wife is entitled to one-half of that, or five thousand pesos. Eight wives—forty thousand pesos. In order to keep out of jail I must raise forty thousand pesos.

HADJI

That's right.

KI-RAM

But look here. The moment I increase my income to forty thousand pesos, each wife is entitled to twenty thousand. Eight wives, one hundred and sixty thousand pesos. If by any miracle of finance I could get hold of

The Sultan of Sulu

that much money, then each of the eight would be entitled to eighty thousand. Eight times eight is eighty-eight—eight times eighty-eight is eight hundred and eighty-eight thousand, and— Oh, what's the use! I'm broke! And the more money I get the worse I'm broke. [*Collapses.*]

HADJI

You'll have to decrease your income.

KI-RAM

Even if I do decrease it, I am still required to pay four times as much as I can possibly get. Oh, Hadji, why did I ever hook up with that Ladies' Glee Club? I wish the Datto Mandi had them back again—the whole seven.

HADJI

Your Excellency, that is the solution of the whole problem.

KI-RAM

What is?

HADJI

The Datto Mandi. He is still encamped outside the city. Why not permit him to come in and recapture them? If *they* disappear, then *you* can't be required to pay alimony to them.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

[*A great light breaking in upon him.*] Hadji, you have been drawing salary for seven years and this is the first minute you earned it. As Governor, I send that dazzling array of Imperial Guards over to the north wall to repulse an imaginary attack. Then the Datto Mandi can come in by the south gate and capture his nieces. Now, then, some one must get through the lines with a message to Mandi. Do you happen to know of a good, trustworthy man who fears no danger?

HADJI

Send Mr. Jones.

KI-RAM

No, we must have a brave man—an intrepid character, a— Hold on! I know the man.

HADJI

You do?

KI-RAM

Yes! He's a short, stout, thick man, with bushy eyebrows, and he wears a yellow raglan.

HADJI

I don't believe I know him.

KI-RAM

It's you.

The Sultan of Sulu

HADJI

Me!

KI-RAM

Don't say "me"—say "I." Be grammatical, even if you are scared.

[HADJI *exits at left as BUDD and PAMELA come on from right, engaged in a business-like conversation.*

PAMELA

If he fails to pay, Colonel, I shall expect the military to see that he is incarcerated.

KI-RAM

[*Aside.*] Somebody is talking about me. I can feel my left ear burn.

BUDD

The military will do its duty, Judge Jackson.

KI-RAM

[*Addressing them defiantly*] Don't you folks worry about me. I'll come out all right. I'm not the only man in the world that owes four times his income. But, Colonel, I have a feeling—

BUDD

Yes?

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The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

That I loved not wisely, but too often.

[He goes into the palace. BUDD gazes at PAMELA and evinces all the sentimental longing compatible with his dignity.]

BUDD

Pamela! Pamela!

PAMELA

Judge, if you please.

BUDD

I was hoping to make this a love scene

PAMELA

If you wish to make love to me, come around after business hours.

[She exits to right, haughtily, leaving BUDD rather ruffled.]

BUDD

Very well, madam, if I find, after business hours, that I am still in love with you, you may expect me. *[He starts away and encounters CHIQUITA, who has tripped in, carrying a large cocoanut, with the original husk still intact. She holds it towards BUDD, who looks at it and is puzzled.]* For me?

The Sultan of Sulu

CHIQUITA

For you, mighty warrior.

BUDD

What is it?

CHIQUITA

A cocoanut—the first of the season. I want you to wear it next your heart.

BUDD

Next my heart? How romantic! Arise, Chiquita; now that you have been adopted by the administration at Washington, you must kneel to no one—not even to me.

[He puts his arm around CHIQUITA in a fatherly demonstration of affection. HARDY and HENRIETTA come on from right and catch the picture.]

HARDY AND HENRIETTA

Oh! Oh!

BUDD

[Intensely annoyed.] Why do you interrupt us just as she was becoming assimilated?

HENRIETTA

Father, your blessing.

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

Why a blessing?

HARDY

We are engaged.

BUDD

What! Again?

HENRIETTA

Father, don't be unreasonable. You know I'm not happy unless I'm engaged to some one.

BUDD

[*Striking an oratorical pose.*] Fifteen years ago, when your sainted mother was alive, I promised her that I would watch over you—

[HENRIETTA *puts her hand on his arm.*]

HENRIETTA

Father, wake up!

BUDD

Well, what is it?

HENRIETTA

If you object, say so, but please don't make a speech.

The Sultan of Sulu

BUDD

I do object. [*To HARDY*] Young man, why do you aspire to become the son-in-law of one who, when the call of duty sounded—

HARDY

Good-day, Colonel.

[*Exits, right.*]

BUDD

Humph! Au revoir, Chiquita. Come, Henrietta.

[*He departs with his daughter, leaving CHIQUITA disconsolate. KI-RAM comes from left and sees her.*]

KI-RAM

Ah, Chiquita, wife that was! [*Embraces her.*] Let's pretend we were never married. [*She moves away from him, and he sings with feeling:*]

Since I first met you,
Since I first met you,
My whole existence seems to be a deeper blue;
This assimilation process pains me through and through,
•For I've been up against it hard—
Since I met you.

Chiquita, you and your innocent sisters are not safe here. There are too many things following the flag.

The Sultan of Sulu

CHIQUITA

"They never proceed to follow the flag, but always follow me."

KI-RAM

From "Tannhäuser," I believe. Exactly what I mean. Why not go back to Parang?

CHIQUITA

And leave the dear Colonel?

KI-RAM

Take the dear Colonel with you—and Galula.

CHIQUITA

Even with Galula on your hands, you advise other people to marry?

KI-RAM

I'll tell you—after a man has been initiated, his only fun in life is to see somebody else get it. As for me, I am an expert on matrimony. I've made a study of women. I like you individually and collectively, but all of you have one fault.

CHIQUITA

What's that?

KI-RAM

You're always a trifle late.

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM AND CHIQUITA

“ALWAYS LATE”

KI-RAM

See the lady at the station,
Starting on a trip!
In a state of perturbation,
Slightly off her dip.

CHIQUITA

“All aboard!” she hears them calling,
Then they ring the bell;
While she starts in to count up all her parcels
And to kiss her friends farewell.

KI-RAM

She tells each one good-bye,
And then she starts to cry;
The man who's at the gate
Says, “Hurry, you'll be late!”

[To be spoken. The bell is ringing outside, and KI-RAM, as gateman, is busily collecting tickets and crowding the passengers through the turnstile.

Well, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! Write, won't you?
And don't forget to feed the bird. Where's my— Oh,

The Sultan of Sulu

here it is! And, say, there was something else— Oh yes, be sure and give the goldfish fresh water every day. I'll *bet* I've lost that parasol. I lose *more* parasols— It just seems to me that I lose something every time I start to go anywhere. Oh, *you've* got it, have you? What was that other— I remember now. Tell Laura that I left that dress-pattern in the upper left-hand drawer of my bureau— *Yes*, where I keep the frizzes. And if any of the children get sick, telegraph me the first thing—*[whistle]*—and— *Oh, mercy!* there goes my train.

KI-RAM AND CHIQUITA

Late! Late! Always late!
Railway trains should learn to wait.
They should take their time in starting,
When a woman is departing,
For she's always a trifle late—late—late—
She's always a trifle late.

KI-RAM

Guests assembled for the wedding
Of a happy pair;
Female friends their tears are shedding
On the bride so fair.

CHIQUITA

'Tis the moment for the entrance
To the drawing-room,

The Sultan of Sulu

But when the preacher's ready to begin the service,
No one there except the groom.

KI-RAM

Mamma must hug the bride;
Some fourteen friends beside
Must smack her once again,
And straighten out the train.

[To be spoken while the orchestra softly plays wedding-march, to give effect of being played in an adjoining room.]

Oh, ma-mah, isn't it dreadful! But *please* don't carry on so. I'm not going far away. We'll come and see you every day. Where's my bouquet? Yes, yes, *I'm* coming—Ethel, how does that veil hang? It feels all squidgy in the back. *Gracious goodness!* There goes the music. Where's my bouquet? Why, I've *got* it, haven't I? Lordy, do you know, I never was so scared in all my life! This is my first time. I dare say that makes a difference. What's *that?* The others have gone *in?* Jiminy crickets! Where's my— Ah, yes— Louise, I'll *bet* I look as if I'd been crying—*don't* I, really? Well, here goes. Gee! look at all the people. This is the last time *I* ever get married.

KI-RAM AND CHIQUITA

Late! Late! Always late!
Even Cupid learns to wait.

[91]

The Sultan of Sulu

There's no need to fuss and worry,
Woman's never in a hurry,
And she's always a trifle late—late—late—
She's always a trifle late.

CHIQUITA

When you're settled snug and quiet,
To enjoy a play,
Some one starts a small-sized riot
In the main parquette.

KI-RAM

Seats are raised and seats are lowered,
Ushers come and go,
And what is taking place behind the footlights
No one really seems to know.

CHIQUITA

To reach an inside seat,
She walks on people's feet,
And never seems to care,
Though they may turn and stare.

[KI-RAM, *on upper landing, impersonates the actor engaged in a serious and sentimental scene, while CHIQUITA plays the bustling lady who comes in at 9.05 and demoralizes the performance.*

The Sultan of Sulu

Oh, my! The curtain's gone up, hasn't it? I wonder if we missed anything. I don't s'pose we have, because the first part of a show never amounts to anything, anyway. Oh, fiddle! See where our seats are! Why didn't you get aisle seats, Fred? I always want to sit in the aisle. Shall I go first? I wonder if these people are going to let us in. Oh, my! did you see the look that woman gave me? Come *on!* We'll *have* to crowd in some way. Did you get any programmes? I wonder who that is on the stage now. I do hope Faversham hasn't been out yet. [*A subdued "Sh-h-h!"*] Well, what do you think of *that*?

CHIQUITA AND KI-RAM

Late! Late! Always late!
Doesn't start till half-past eight.
There's no need to fuss and worry,
Woman's never in a hurry,
And she's always a trifle late—late—late—
She's always a trifle late.

[*Dance.*

[*At conclusion of dance, CHIQUITA exits and HADJI comes from the palace. KI-RAM gives him the message to MANDI.*

KI-RAM

Now all you have to do is to get through the lines and deliver that message to Mandi—

The Sultan of Sulu

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The Sultan of Sulu

HADJI

They may shoot at me.

KI-RAM

If any one shoots at you, you dodge. [HADJI *exits*. KI-RAM *calls after him*.] And tell Colonel Budd I want to see him. [*Soliloquy*.] If he doesn't get through with that message, I have a panel photograph of little Bright Eyes doing a solitaire specialty in a cold-storage warehouse. [*Enter* BUDD.] Colonel, bring out your standing army, feathers and all. [BUDD *gives signal and soldiers enter*.] What do you think? We're going to be attacked—

ALL

Attacked?

KI-RAM

—By the Datto Mandi—this very afternoon. Colonel, my advice— My! Colonel, you are one of the handsomest men—

BUDD

[*Impatiently*.] I know it! I know it! Proceed!

KI-RAM

My advice is to take all of these peace commissioners over to the north wall. Let them shoot at everything in sight, while I, being merely an office-holder, will take the

The Sultan of Sulu

women into the palace grounds, near the south gate, so as to keep them out of danger.

BUDD

An excellent plan.

KI-RAM

[*Solemnly.*] And may Allah give you victory.

[*He summons the natives, who come in, followed by the Americans.*]

CHORUS OF NATIVES

Drive the foe into the sea!
Allah! Allah! Strike for thee!
Winds and furies, wild and free!
Allah! Allah! Strike for thee!
Allah—il—Allah!

[BUDD and the other Americans listen to the chorus, and appear to be in pain. Evidently the Oriental music does not appeal to them.]

BUDD

Stop it! Stop it! That is the worst I ever heard. What do you call it?

KI-RAM

It is our Sulu battle-hymn. We always sing that just before we fight.

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BUDD

That's enough to make any one fight.

KI-RAM

I'm sorry you don't like it. It's very popular over here.

JONES

Popular! Popular! Would you like to hear some of the *popular* songs of a truly progressive and refined people?

KI-RAM

If it isn't too much trouble.

JONES

Very well, your musical education begins right here. We'll give you some of our characteristic numbers with the usual trimmings.

[JONES gives a sheet to KI-RAM and then comes down centre with the school-ma'ams.

JONES

Oh, sing no more of the crescent moon
Above the mango-tree,
Or of the bold and free monsoon
That fans your local sea.
I've something here of a classic turn
Which you should learn to sing,

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As true musicians you must learn
To do this sort of thing.

[He breaks into the familiar American song and dance with walk around.]

Rosabella, Rosabella Clancy,
She has caught my idle fancy;
Simply a stenographic girl,
But a priceless princess and a pearl.
Rosabella, Rosabella Clancy,
She is ever bright and glancy,
Cute, coquettish, song-and-dancey—
Rosabella, Bella Clancy.

[All repeat, with dance.]

CHIQUITA

The song they like the best of all
For years has been the rage,
Through spring and winter, summer, fall,
At home and on the stage.
A syncopated serenade,
Beneath the lime-light's glow,
About a dusky darky maid—
I'll show how it should go.

[The music swings into a "coon" melody. The principals form a minstrel semicircle behind her.]

The Sultan of Sulu

Along about Thanksgivin',
Away las' yeah,
A saddle-cullud Venus
Come a visitin' heah;
Miss Delia was de sistah
Of Eldah Lucas Brown,
An' de dreamies' dream
Dat eveh struck dis town.
I went to de cabin
Where de Browns reside;
I sang dis song
As I stood outside:

“Come to de cabin window,
Delia, my gal;
Two shiny eyes so bright!
Come to de window,
Delia, my gal,
Two little specks ob white!
Oh, Delia, I'd steal you, Delia,
Steal you if I could;
But, Delia, I'll be good.
Come to de window,
Delia, my gal,
Heah in de pale moonlight!”

[*All repeat, “Come to de cabin window,” etc., with dance. Then KI-RAM steps to the front with the sheet of music given to him by JONES.*]

The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

I never heard such a song before,
Or such a sprightly air;
I'm much inclined to shout, "Encore!"
I'm pleased beyond compare.
And now I'll ask a chord in G
For this sad roundelay,
About the girl of Manistee
Who up and went away.

[He looks at the song, trembles with emotion, and is unable to proceed.]

KI-RAM

Colonel, I can't sing this. It's too sad.

BUDD

Go on; try it. All true Americans love sad songs.

KI-RAM

Where *is* Manistee?

BUDD

In Michigan.

KI-RAM

That makes it sadder still. [*Sings.*]

Oh, darling sister, come back to Manistee;
Come back to Manistee; come right away!

The Sultan of Sulu

For mother is waiting for you back in Manistee;
Come back to Manistee; don't go astray!

[*At the conclusion he breaks down and sobs convulsively, while the entire chorus repeats the pathetic appeal with much feeling. After which KI-RAM, BUDD, JONES, and DINGBAT sing it as a "close harmony" quartette—the kind heard at amateur entertainments for the benefit of something. As they conclude, a rifle-shot is heard near at hand. The company is thrown into confusion, and KI-RAM retreats to the palace.*

BUDD

What's that? Are we attacked ahead of schedule time?

[HARDY comes on from right.

HARDY

They have captured a man trying to get through the lines.

[*Two marines enter with HADJI between them. His garments are torn and he is badly mussed up.*

A NATIVE

Why, it's Hadji!

HARDY

We found this.

[*He gives the intercepted message to BUDD.*

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BUDD

This looks suspicious, but I can't make it out. Will you translate it?

[He hands it over to JONES, who, during the twenty-four hours he has spent on the island, has mastered the Sulu language.]

JONES

It is to the Datto Mandi of Parang. *[Reads.]* "The south gate of the city will be unguarded at four o'clock. Your eight nieces may be found in the palace garden."

BUDD

Why, this is treason! Where is the Governor? *[KI-RAM comes from palace, practising the "Delia" dance. BUDD calls to him.]* Governor!

KI-RAM

What's the matter, Colonel?

BUDD

We have captured a traitor.

KI-RAM

A traitor?

BUDD

Yes—look.

[KI-RAM sees HADJI and shows consternation.]

The Sultan of Sulu

JONES

Read that.

[KI-RAM takes the message and reads as he goes towards HADJI.]

KI-RAM

North wall—south gate—isn't that terrible? [To HADJI.] Oh, Hadji, you whom I have trusted—you whom I have known since boyhood—you in a conspiracy! How could you! [Chokes him.] Not a word! [Aside.] If he speaks, I'm lost.

PAMELA

The question is, who sent him with that message?

KI-RAM

That is the question, undoubtedly, "Who sent him?" [To HADJI.] Why didn't you swallow it?

HADJI

I couldn't. My heart was in my mouth.

PAMELA

Do you happen to know of any one who would like very much to see those young ladies disappear and never return?

KI-RAM

Why, Judge, what do you mean? [To BUDD.] At least, Colonel, you don't suspect me?

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PAMELA

Let the prisoner speak!

KI-RAM

No, I protest. He's a private secretary. I wouldn't believe him under oath.

[The palace clock strikes, one—two—three—four—five. KI-RAM listens apprehensively, flinching at each stroke.]

PAMELA

Five o'clock! The alimony!

KI-RAM

[Helplessly.] Judge—

PAMELA

As I suspected—you can't pay. Very well, to jail with both of them.

KI-RAM

I think you are the meanest judge—

[Marines seize KI-RAM and HADJI.]

PAMELA

To jail!

[They are marched away. BUDD summons LIEUTENANT HARDY.]

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BUDD

Lieutenant Hardy, take a detachment. Bring in this Datto Mandi. If you capture him, my election to Congress will be assured. [HARDY salutes.] Fellow-citizens, the military will assume command. Until there can be an election by the people, I will be Governor of Sulu.

CHORUS TO BUDD

Loudly we shout,
With unaffected din,
Ki-Ram goes out
And Budd comes in!
Ki-Ram goes out
And Budd, and Budd comes in!

[Soldiers and all the others exeunt to the marching chorus, the wives and native women waving their good-byes.]

MARCHING CHORUS

For they know the girls they're leaving behind
All civilian love will spurn,
And never a one will change her mind
Till the Volunteers return.

[As the chorus dies away, HENRIETTA comes from palace and crosses to the upper landing, mournfully watching the departure.]

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HENRIETTA

Gone! The only man I have loved this week! The only lieutenant in the command! With what joy shall I await his return! [*Sings.*]

“WHEN MAIDENS WAIT”

When maidens wait for lovers far away—
How long each moment then!
They sigh impatient through the lonesome day—
Sigh for the absent men!
Sigh for the absent men!
Yet this reflection cheers my woful plight
And brings relief from pain—
The longer he's away, the more delight
To see him back again!
To see him back again!

Since he departed I have drooped and sighed—
I wear a downcast air.
My deep anxiety I do not hide—
It's noticed ev'rywhere!
It's noticed ev'rywhere!
A girl whose sweetheart to the war has gone—
A touching picture she!
And yet the longer I am left alone
The more concern for me!
The more concern for me!

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[She enters the palace. KI-RAM and HADJI, in modified prison stripes, humanely cut on the evening-dress pattern, enter from right. Each has a heavy iron band padlocked about his waist, and they are chained together. A very tall and formidable native guard accompanies them. They are exceedingly dejected.]

KI-RAM

[To guard.] You tell the warden that we'll be back about nine o'clock, and tell him not to lock us out. [Guard exits. KI-RAM looks at HADJI.] You appear to be sad about something.

HADJI

I am sad.

KI-RAM

You appear to be *very* sad.

HADJI

The future seems quite dark to me.

KI-RAM

As for me, I'm a little discouraged about my future, more or less ashamed of my past, and not exactly delighted with my present.

HADJI

Only to think, branded as a criminal!

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KI-RAM

Hadji, after having been a private secretary for years, I shouldn't think you'd mind a little thing like this. Besides, it's no disgrace to be a convict. Science has but lately discovered that crime is a disease. We are not really wicked; we are full of microbes.

HADJI

It's a consoling reflection, isn't it?

KI-RAM

What's more, I have a plan. I find in that volume of Arkansaw law that when a divorced woman becomes desperate and remarries, then the first victim doesn't have to pay any more alimony.

HADJI

Well?

KI-RAM

Shall I move in a portable black-board and diagram this for you? Don't you see that if I can induce those dreamy gazelles to commit matrimony, then I shall be free and can take my place as Governor once more?

HADJI

What good will that do *me*?

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KI-RAM

After I am Governor once more, you apply for a pardon.

HADJI

And then?

KI-RAM

Then your application will be placed on file.

HADJI

After which?

KI-RAM

Nothing ever happens after an application is placed on file.

HADJI

I can't see that the situation is clearing up as far as I am concerned.

KI-RAM

You don't seem to understand. This plan of mine is intended to get *me* out of trouble. It's not any wide-spread, benevolent undertaking of a Carnegie character. It's simply a very foxy plan by which your uncle Ki-Ram is going to give the loud, metallic ha-ha to Hasty Helen.

HADJI

And what, oh Towering Intellect, is your plan? [KI-RAM gives him a card, which he reads.] "Ki-Ram and

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Hadji, matrimonial agents." Then I am a partner in the enterprise?

KI-RAM

In order to get my parole, I had to bring you along, so I thought I might as well make you a partner. No one but a blacksmith can dissolve this partnership.

[NATIVIDAD, *one of the wives, comes from the palace and down the broad stairway. She is overwhelmingly attired in a Parisian gown, and has adopted a languid, society manner.*

KI-RAM

[*Gazing at her.*] Merciful Manila! See what she has been doing with my money! [*He approaches her in the humble manner of a tradesman soliciting patronage.*] Good-evening! Would you do me a slight favor? I want you to marry a—

NATIVIDAD

[*Haughtily.*] Oh, really!

[RAMONA, *another wife, follows NATIVIDAD. She and the others, who come later, wear superb evening costumes.*

KI-RAM

[*To RAMONA, offering card.*] Would you require anything in our line?

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RAMONA

I beg pardon, but have we met?

KI-RAM

We were married for a while, but, of course, *that* is a mere detail.

[*She passes on as MAURICIA comes down the steps.*]

HADJI

Oh, look at *this* one!

KI-RAM

[*To HADJI.*] Did you ever see so much alimony in one evening? [*To MAURICIA.*] We have in stock a choice assortment of husbands—short ones, tall ones—

MAURICIA

Indeed!

[*Passing on. SELINA approaches and KI-RAM bows to her.*]

KI-RAM

Madam, matrimony follows the flag. Our husbands are guaranteed—

SELINA

What strange-looking creatures!

KI-RAM

And my money paid for it. [*Looking at the gown.*]

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The Sultan of Sulu

PEPITA follows, and he addresses her.] An American husband is a very convenient thing to have around the house. He is a permanent meal-ticket and can be taught to eat from the hand.

PEPITA

I should rather like to have one.

[*Passing on.*

HADJI

That is the first ray of hope.

[NATALIA enters.

KI-RAM

[*To NATALIA*] Laura, why not?

NATALIA

My name is *not* Laura.

KI-RAM

Isn't it? Well, it's a wise husband that can remember all of his wives. [*She passes on and he continues to importune her.*] Madam, a husband can be thrown in with the lease and moved out with the furniture. Now—[*Sees CHIQUITA, who comes with a flourish of her finery.*] Oh-h-h-h!

CHIQUITA

[*Sweeping up and down to display gown.*] We are Americanized.

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KI-RAM

I am paralyzed.

HADJI

And I [*looking at wives, who are disdainful*] seem to be ostracized.

KI-RAM

You are simply *undersized*. That lets you out.

CHIQUITA.

As I live, it's that fellow Ki-Ram.

KI-RAM

Yes, ma'am, I *am*, I *am* Ki-Ram, and I'd like to say something to complete the rhyme.

CHIQUITA

[*To the wives.*] We must not be seen talking to any one below us in social station.

KI-RAM

This is one of the heaviest frosts ever known in the tropics. [BUDD and HENRIETTA enter together as KI-RAM continues to address the wives on the business proposition.] Ladies, matrimony is an institution that no family should be without. True happiness—[HADJI sees BUDD and HENRIETTA, and attempts to call KI-RAM's attention to them. He

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jerks at the chain—true happiness—[HADJI *pulls the chain once more.* KI-RAM *to wives.*] Excuse me, I'm getting a cable message.

HADJI

The Colonel.

[*All wives except CHIQUITA exeunt as BUDD and HENRIETTA come down stage.*]

CHIQUITA

[*Hurrying to BUDD.*] Oh, Colonel!

HENRIETTA

[*Seeing KI-RAM in prison suit.*] Governor!

KI-RAM

Henrietta, don't call me Governor! I am plain convict number forty-seven. The globule of merriment fastened to the other end of this daisy chain is number forty-eight. Even my private secretary outranks me one point. Henrietta, help us. Every man likes to see his wife happily married. I want these fairy fays to marry the soldiers.

HENRIETTA

I think that *every* girl should marry a soldier.

KI-RAM

Good! [*Offering card to Colonel.*] Colonel!

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HADJI

Colonel, we hope—

KI-RAM

You keep still. You are the silent partner. [To BUDD.]
Have a card.

BUDD

[*Reading the card.*] “Ki-Ram and Hadji, matrimonial agents. Husbands and wives supplied while you wait. Satisfaction guaranteed or goods will be exchanged.” [To CHIQUITA.] That seems reasonable.

KI-RAM

Exactly. Our object in life is to make people happy, it being a well known fact that all married people *are* happy. [*Aside.*] Heaven help me! [To BUDD *once more.*] Take *your* case. There is Chiquita—she loves you dearly.

BUDD

Really—

HADJI

I should say so. Everybody in jail has been talking about it.

KI-RAM

Take a good look, Colonel. She's amiable, young, fascinating. I don't see how you can get along without her.

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BUDD

Really—I see no objection.

[*Enter HARDY.*

CHIQUITA

Oh, Colonel!

[*BUDD and CHIQUITA embrace.*

HENRIETTA

[*Scandalized.*] Father!

KI-RAM

[*Delighted.*] Too late!

HARDY

Colonel, congratulations on your wonderful victory.

BUDD

My wonderful victory.

HARDY

We have brought in the Datto Mandi.

KI-RAM

Mandi here? *I'm* going back to jail.

HADJI

But the matrimonial bureau?

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KI-RAM

That's so.

HENRIETTA

[To BUDD.] If you and Chiquita are to be married, why not Mr. Hardy and I?

BUDD

On various occasions I have—

KI-RAM

Look out everybody, he's going to make a speech.

BUDD

I *will* permit you and the Lieutenant to stand up with me and Chiquita.

[BUDD and CHIQUITA stroll up stage together, leaving HENRIETTA disconsolate. KI-RAM beckons to her.]

KI-RAM

Henny! Henny, come here! If you and this reckless youth wish to marry, cultivate Chiquita. Hereafter *she* will be the general manager of the Budd family.

HENRIETTA

I'll do it. [Goes over to CHIQUITA.] Chiquita! Or perhaps I had better learn to call you "mamma."

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KI-RAM AND HADJI

[*Aside.*] Mamma! [*They dance with glee.*]

CHIQUITA

What is it, my daughter?

KI-RAM AND HADJI

[*Aside.*] Daughter! [*They embrace each other in rapture.*]

HENRIETTA

[*To CHIQUITA.*] Come! Help me to select a nice soldier for each of your sisters.

CHIQUITA

Indeed I will. [*To BUDD.*] Star of my soul! [*Looks at him tenderly and goes over to join HARDY and HENRIETTA.*]

KI-RAM

[*To HADJI.*] Star of her soul! That's what she used to call *me*.

BUDD

[*Cordially.*] Gentlemen, we seem to be threatened with an epidemic of marriages.

HADJI

It hasn't affected *me* yet.

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KI-RAM

Don't you worry—I'm going to give you Galula. [To BUDD.] Colonel, do you know what I've been thinking about ever since I went to jail?

BUDD

[*Interested.*] Tell me.

KI-RAM

I forget the name, but it had a cherry in it.

BUDD

A cocktail! Come!

[*They start towards the palace. KI-RAM finds himself held back by the chain attached to HADJI. He is embarrassed.*]

KI-RAM

Colonel!

BUDD

Well?

KI-RAM

I don't like to ring any one in on you, but there are certain reasons why we shall have to take number forty-eight along with us. [BUDD *shrugs his shoulders and exits.*] About face! Forward, march! To the life-saving station!

[KI-RAM and HADJI *off left, keeping step.*]

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HARDY

[*Looking at CHIQUITA.*] Chiquita, simply marvellous! In two days you have become quite assimilated. Permit me. [*Kisses CHIQUITA. Exclamation of surprise from HENRIETTA.*] What's the matter? Haven't I a right to kiss my mother-in-law?

HENRIETTA

You have the right, but it is so *unusual*.

HARDY

And a charming mother-in-law, too. Only to think—yesterday morning an untamed creature of the jungle, and now, thanks to our new policy, a genuine American girl.

CHIQUITA

Yes, a genuine American girl, for I'm going to get married right away.

HENRIETTA AND CHORUS

“FOOLISH WEDDING-BELLS”

When you are feeling out of gear
And blue as indigo,
The world devoid of any cheer,
Your spirits rather low,

Now this is what you ought to do, and that without delay:
Go seek the matrimonial mart—get married right away.

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REFRAIN

For men they come, and men they go,
Don't wait until to-morrow;
For those who wait too long may know
A spinster's lot is sorrow.
Shut your eyes; grab a prize;
Choose a male at the bargain sale;
To single joys your last farewells,
And ring those foolish wedding-bells.

[As she is singing the refrain, the wives and Imperial Guards come in, attended by pages who carry cushions. BUDD comes back from left and joins CHIQUITA. A stately dance follows the repeat of the refrain, at the close of which the men are kneeling on the cushions, each in front of the maiden of his choice. KI-RAM and HADJI come from palace.]

HENRIETTA

[To KI-RAM.] I have arranged everything.

KI-RAM

Talk about your matrimonial jack-pots! Now, then, who's going to perform the ceremony?

HENRIETTA

I have sent for the Judge-Advocate.

[PAMELA enters and comes down centre.]



Miss Gertrude Quinlan as CHIQUITA

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The Sultan of Sulu

KI-RAM

Oh, fie, fury, fiddle, and fudge! [*Falls in HADJI'S arms.*]

PAMELA

Well, what is required?

CHIQUITA

[*Mischievously and triumphantly.*] We want to get married—*all* of us.

PAMELA

Married! You, too, Colonel?

BUDD

[*Embarrassed.*] I'm afraid so.

PAMELA

Oh, Colonel, how *could* you! [*Signs of breaking down.*]

KI-RAM

He couldn't, so we arranged it for him.

PAMELA

You arranged it? Aha! I see. [*To the women.*] You have been *deceived*. [*Men arise.*]

WOMEN

Deceived? [*Pages remove cushions.*]

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PAMELA

Don't you remember what I told you? If you remarry, you lose all interest in the royal estates. Marry, and that moment you are *paupers*.

CHIQUITA

You forget. We are now *American girls*, and *they* never marry for money. [KI-RAM and HADJI *applaud loudly*.] Begin the service

PAMELA

No! If you will not save yourselves, then *I* will save you. *Listen* to this order of the court. The divorced wives of Ki-Ram shall not marry within the year. [*A general exclamation of disappointment. Soldiers embrace the wives sympathetically.*]

PAMELA

[*To* KI-RAM.] Now, what do you say?

KI-RAM

I don't dare to say it, there are ladies present. Have mercy, Judge. [*She spurns him.*] Have a card.

[*She looks at him contemptuously and stalks away, followed by the sorrowful couples, leaving KI-RAM and HADJI alone with their misery. They squat at centre, utterly discouraged.*]

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KI-RAM

Hadji, pull down the blinds. The matrimonial agency is busted. [GALULA *slips on from left and stands behind him, gently fanning. He sits up, alarmed. Looks at HADJI.*] Do you feel a draught? [Turns and sees GALULA.] Oh, Galula, don't you think I'm having trouble enough? [She exits to left, crestfallen, as the DATTO MANDI of Parang, a fierce and bearded warrior, brandishing a long sword, comes stealthily from right and approaches KI-RAM.]

HADJI

I wonder what's going to happen next.

[KI-RAM sees MANDI and falls over in mortal terror.

HADJI scrambles to the end of the chain. MANDI has his sword up and is about to despatch KI-RAM, when JONES comes on from right and stops him.

JONES

You mustn't kill this man. I've insured his life for fifty thousand pesos.

[Loud cheering heard outside. KI-RAM, HADJI, and MANDI listen, surprised.

HADJI

What's that?

[JONES runs up steps and looks out.

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JONES

Aha! The campaign clubs are coming, and the two candidates for Governor.

KI-RAM

Candidates for Governor?

JONES

Certainly. Politics follows the flag.

[*More cheering. A crash of brass-band music, and a political parade comes into view. First, "The Sulu Democratic Marching Club," with a large banner. Soldiers, natives, wives, etc., march four abreast. Then the "Sulu Republican Marching Club," with banner, tin horns, badges, etc. The Democrats mass at the left, and Republicans at right. BUDD, PAMELA, HARDY, HENRIETTA, CHIQUITA, and JONES in the centre. DIDYMOS and RASTOS, in frock-coat costumes and tall hats, come down and do a lively dance.*]

KI-RAM

Colonel, what in the name of Aguinaldo does this mean?

BUDD

I will explain. When you went to prison, I, as military commander, became Governor *pro tem.*, until the people could elect a new governor. The first political campaign

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is now in full swing. Permit me to introduce the Honorable Mr. Rastos, the people's choice, Republican candidate for Governor of Sulu. [*Cheers and horn-blowing on the Republican side. RASTOS bows to the ovation, and then looks at KI-RAM scornfully.*] And the Honorable Mr. Didymos, the workingman's friend, Democratic candidate for Governor of Sulu. [*Cheers and horn-blowing on the Democratic side.*]

HADJI

[*To KI-RAM.*] What are we—Populists?

KI-RAM

No. We are Prohibitionists. Colonel!

BUDD

Well?

KI-RAM

Colonel, this is the final blow. Take me back to prison. Lock me in the deepest, darkest, dampest dungeon, and keep me there forever.

[*Boom of cannon heard.*]

BUDD

What's that?

[*Enter Soldier.*]

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SOLDIER

The despatch-boat has arrived with orders. [*Gives official-looking paper to BUDD and one to HARDY.*]

HARDY

[*Looking.*] What's this? [*Reading.*] "For bravery displayed in the capture of the desperate and bloodthirsty Mandi, you are made a brigadier-general."

HENRIETTA

A brigadier-general!

HARDY

Yes! Of Volunteers, too! A hero at last! [*He embraces HENRIETTA.*]

KI-RAM

A hero! Now he'll have to be investigated.

BUDD

[*Looking at paper.*] Aha! This is important. [*Reads.*] "The Supreme Court decides that the constitution follows the flag on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only. This being the case, you are instructed to preserve order in Sulu, but not to interfere with any of the local laws or customs. [*To soldiers.*] Release him! He is no longer convict number forty-seven. He is—the Sultan!

[*The soldiers hastily remove the chains. One hands KI-RAM his royal Sulu head-gear. As he puts*

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it on there is a blare of trumpets. All the natives salaam humbly. DIDYMOS and RASTOS kneel in trepidation. KI-RAM swaggers back and forth in front of the assemblage.

KI-RAM

[*To DIDYMOS and RASTOS.*] You two *statesmen* hurry and get me a throne.

CHIQUITA

[*Sadly.*] And are we still your wives?

KI-RAM

Not if I can help it. You go to Parang with Mandi.

CHIQUITA

We don't want to go.

KI-RAM

I don't care where you go, but the alimony ceases. [*He mounts an improvised throne at centre.*] Judge Jackson!

PAMELA

[*Coldly.*] Well, sir?

KI-RAM

Back to Boston! As for the brother of the sun, he will resume operations as the Sultan of Sulu.

The Sultan of Sulu

FINALE

KI-RAM

And this is why, you'll understand,
I love my own, my native land,
 My little isle of Sulu!
 Smiling isle of Sulu!
I wasn't ready to say good-bye,
And I'm glad that I didn't have to die.

[All repeat.]

CHORUS TO AUDIENCE

Since we first met you,
 Since we first met you,
The open sky above us seems a deeper blue;
Golden, dripping sunshine warms us through and through,
 Each flower has a new perfume,
 Since we met you!

CURTAIN

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