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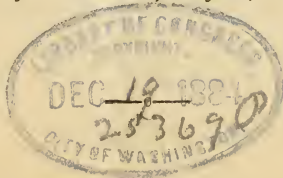
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SEEING BOSTING.

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Cast of Characters as performed at Modale, Iowa.

LANDLORD,..... E. M. Marvin  
HEZEKIAH,..... F. L. Cutler  
POMP,..... H. Rollins

—o—

Scene—Interior.

—o—

Costumes of the day.

—o—

Time—Twenty minutes.

—o—

PROPERTIES.—Bell, club, biscuit, bundle, chairs, table, etc.

TMP92-009015

## SEEING BOSTING.

SCENE.—Plain interior.

*Enter Landlord, followed by Hezekiah, with bundle, hat tied up in handkerchief.*

*Landlord.* This, sir, is the room I spoke of. Just make yourself at home.

*Hezekiah.* Wall, all right, stranger. But say, when do you feed?

*Land.* Oh! you will hear the gong, and you can come down to the dining room, or have your meals brought to you. *(exit, R.)*

*Hez.* All ke-rect. Wall, here goes. *(lays bundle and hat on table)* I swan to gracious this looks kinder scrumptious. I think as how I've struck a pretty good location, and if the fodder only suits me I'll stop here all the time I'm in the city. I wonder if my money is all right. *(examines inside of vest)* You bet she's there all O. K. Maybe you think I ain't goin' to have lots of fun. I got seventeen dollars for that old brindle cow dad give me, an' I'm goin' to see the city of Bosting if I have to squander every darned cent of it. A feller don't git a chance to come deown to Bosting every day in the week. *(discovers bell on table)* Hello! Gosh, ain't tha' purty.

*In looking at bell he turns around so as to get his back R.—rings bell. Enter Pomp on the run, strikes Hez., who falls C. Pomp goes R. F., holding his nose.*

*Hez.* *(slowly getting up)* Jehosaphat! what do you reckon that was anyway? Must have been some powder mill blowed up, or else the lightning has struck somewhere near here.

*Pomp.* Dat's it, massa, struck dis chile right on de smeller.

*Hez.* *(astonished)* Why, say, what in tarnation are you doin' in here?

*Pomp.* Why, you rung de bell.

*Hez.* Well, goll darn it, suppose I did ring the bell, what's that to you?

*Pomp.* Why, you see, massa, I'm de boy what waits.

*Hez.* Waits? 'Pears to me you didn't wait long. But say, what do you want in here?

*Pomp.* Didn't you ring de bel'?

*Hez.* Well, goll darn it to thunder, don't I know! I rung the bell, and it ain't any of your business if I did, yeou black ace of spades, yeou. Git out of this!

*Pomp.* I fo't you wanted somefin'.

*Hez.* I do, I want you to vamouse this ranch instanter, or I swan I'll—  
*(threatens)*

*Pomp.* But, massa—

*Hez.* *(angry)* Don't massa me, yeou bundle of lamp black. *(very angry)* I'll—I'll smash yeou if yeou don't git.



## SEEING BOSTING.

4  
*Pomp.* (*frightened*) Hold on, massa, I'se a goin'.

*Hez.* (*sparring*) Git! (*Pomp dodges around room, drops his hat and exits suddenly, r.*) There, confound his black pictur', he ain't got any business foolin' around in here, an' I know it. If he fools around here any more I'll report him to the landlord. Gosh! but I'm hungry. I wonder how long it will be till supper. I believe I'd better have a little lunch. (*unties bundle on table*) There's nothing like bein' prepared for occasions of this kind. (*sits down at table, takes biscuit*) I wonder what's out that way? I guess I'd better look around a little, there might be pickpockets around here. (*lays down biscuit, goes off l.*)

*Pomp looks in, r., cautiously, then enters.*

*Pomp.* Don't see anybody. (*looks around*) I went off so radder quick dat I didn't hab time to get my hat. (*gets it*) Wonder whar dat feller is? Guess he mus' hab absquatulated de premises. Yah, yah! don't he frow on de style? I'll bet a pickled clau's foot against a sixpence, dat dat feller was nebber six miies from home afore in his lite. (*discovers lunch*) Hi, hi, what's dis? Dinner for six. Looks like a pic-nic, wid de pic-nic ober me wid a considerable ob a considerableness. Well, yes, don't care if I do. (*takes biscuit and eats*) Wonder whar dat feller am. Hi, golly, he's a comin'. (*rushes off r.*)

*Enter Hezekiah, l.*

*Hez.* By the jumpin jupiter, I seed one of the purtiest gals I ever seed in all my life. She was a poundin' on a big box, like this—(*illustrates*) with her little fingers, and, Jerusalem! such music. I was a dancing a hornpipe afore I knowed it. I'm going to get acquainted with that gal, I am sure. Well, now, for something to eat. (*sits at table*) Why, where in thunder is them victuals? There must be rats about this house. (*looks at bell*) I believe when I go hum I'll buy that little bell and take it home to Aunt Jerusha's little boy Johnny. Gosh, but wouldn't he ring it crazy. (*laughs and rings bell—Pomp rushes in, strikes Hez., knocks him across stage, Pomp falls, c.*) What was that, now? (*discovers Pomp*) Gosh all hem-lock, was that you?

*Pomp.* (*raising up slowly*) Yes, dis was me.

*Hez.* Well I'll be gol darned if you ain't the same feller that was in here a while ago.

*Pomp.* I 'spects I'se de chap.

*Hez.* Well, didn't I tell you I'd smack yeou if yeou come back again.

*Pomp.* Ya'as, but you rung de bell.

*Hez.* Of course I rung the bell, and I'd like to know if that's any of your business?

*Pomp.* Why, massa, whenever you ring dat bell I hab to come and see.

*Hez.* Ya'as, and you'll have to go and see. I've put up with you jest as long as I'm going to. What do you keep comin' in here for? Do you think I'm a hoss thief? you—you—

*Pomp.* Hold on, massa! Hold on—

*Hez.* If I git a hold of you I'll hold on—yeou—

*Pomp.* (*aside*). I don't know jes' 'zactly what to do wid dat feller, he's a bigger fool nor dat feller wat was hyar last week, an' he tried to buy his dinner of de cook. But golly how we lifted him.

*Hez.* Yes, and I'm a goin' to lift yeou if yeou don't git out of here.

*Pomp.* (*aside*) I rader guess I'll hab to go.

(*backs out slowly, r., with Hez. threatening him*)

*Hez.* (*coming c.*) There, I've got rid of that black imp of Satan once more. I wonder if a feller's got to put up with that kind of foolishness in all these hotels. I shan't stand it. (*sits*) That reminds me of the time that I went a sparkin' Sall Doolittle, down en goose run, and that confounded little brother of hers, he climbed up in the loft and kept throwin'

seed corn down on Sall's and my head—jehosaphat, but wasn't I mad! But I daren't say anything, 'cause there sot the old man an' the old woman and the old man he didn't think any too much of me, anyway; an' he was jes' a waitin' fur a good chance to give me the grand bounce, and I knowed it, so I had to jes' sot and take it till after the old folks went to bed; and then you jest ought to have seen me climb that ladder. I was a goin' to smash that boy on short notice, when jest as luck would have it, I stepped on the end of a short board, and the first thing I knowed I went down kerflummix right on the top of the old man and old woman—that smashed the bed, and we all went down in a pile. The fallin' down kinder knock-ed me sensible for a minute or two, and afore I could hardly realize what had happened, the old man and woman both had hold of me, and afore you could say Jack Robinson I went head first out of the front door into a snow drift, heels over head. I heard the door slam shet, an' I crawled out and lit out for home, an' left my hat a hangin' on a peg in the hall, and I ain't never went back after it yet. But to come back to the present occasion I'm a goin' down and see the proprietor about that nigger, an' we will see if this business can't be stopped. *(exit, L.*

*Enter Pomp, R.*

*Pomp.* Massa, what does yer want fur supper? *(looks around)* Why, he's gwan away again. Golly, but he finks he's some, he does. I don't just zackly like the way he has ob tellin' a gemblemun dat he would like to hab him retire. But dat's just de way wid all de white folks, dey seem to fink dat a nigger's made ob Injun rubber just 'spressly to be bounced round by them when eber dey feels like it. Hi, hi, dis yer feller's pretty near as bad as dat feller what had room twenty last week, an' he frowned me down de stairs, just 'cause I happened to spill a little hot water on de top ob his head. I'se a gettin' soured on this business. If dis keeps up much longer, I'll frow up my siteration and open a stand an' sell peanuts up on Fóurf street. But I wonder where dat feller am! Golly, don't he look astonished when I drop in on him so sudden like. De next time I'll make him fink his grandmudder's arrive'. I gess I'll look out dis way. *(exit, L.*

*Enter Hezekiah, L., takes off his hat wipes his forehead—sits.*

*Hez.* Whew! That's all fired hard work elimin' them stairs. But there's no posey without stickers, a feller can't come down to Bosting, without puttin' up with some inconveniences. But what a tarnation fool I've been. The landlord says that nigger belongs to the establishment, he's the bell boy, an' it's his business to answer the bell whenever called, an' if I want anything all I have to do is to tap the bell. I must explain to that darkey the first time I see him, an' kinder apologise fur usin' him so rough, but then he comes in so sudden like, that I was kinder astonished—he's most a little too prompt. Gracious, but I'm hungry. I'll go down town to-morrow an' get me some gingerbread, an' then when—but say, what am I thinkin' about, I'll just ring the bell an' call fur supper, who cares fur expenses. *(goes to table gets bell, looks off R., shakes his head, walks L., rings bell*

*Pomp.* *(outside)* I'se a comin'.

*Enter Pomp, L. with a rush, falls over Hezekiah—business.*

*Hez.* *(getting up)* Gosh all fishhooks! I kinder gess you've got hert ain't you?

*Pomp.* *(laughing)* Ya'as I'se hyar.

*Hez.* I see you are. But say, what in the world makes you come chargin' into my room with so much alacrity?

*Pomp.* Didn't come wid anybody. I come alone.

*Hez.* With so much force, speed.

*Pomp.* Oh, you means wat makes me come in?

*Hez.* Ya'as.

*Pomp.* Why, you rung de bell.

*Hez.* Why, so I did. I forgot I was wantin' to see you.

*Pomp.* Well, I'se hyar.

*Hez.* Yes, but it kinder 'pears to me that you come in most too promptly.

*Pomp.* Dat's wat de boss sed—be prompt.

*Hez.* Ya'as, well, after this when I ring I'm going to find a safe place to stand. But say my colored friend, I've been a usin' you a leetle kinder rough. But I hope you don't think hard of me do you?

*Pomp.* Dat's all right massa. I don't take no fences.

*Hez.* I'm glad to hear it, come shake. *(they shake hands, Pomp doubles up, and makes a wry face, pulls his hand away and stands looking at fingers)* Now Cuffy, I'm hungry enough to eat a baked hoss, an' I want some supper.

*Pomp.* 'Clar to gracious massa, I believes we's just out ob hoss. Can't you fink ob somefin' else.

*Hez. (angry)* Blast yer tarnation picture, do you think I'd eat hoss meat, do you think I'm a cannibal—

*Pomp.* We ain't got any ob dem either.

*Hez.* You're enough to rile a saint. You black lump of charcoal, yeou—yeou—dod rotted, cantankerous—

*Pomp.* Can't help it massa, we mos' always has all dem fellers, but dar ain't any in de market now, an' we hab jes used up de las ob de cantanks, an'—

*Hez. (very angry)* Shot up your jaw yeou—yeou—

*Pomp.* Yes dat's me.

*Hez.* Yeou—yeou—

*(strikes Pomp who falls, Hez rushes of L., Pomp gets up slowly*

*Pomp.* Am dis me, or am dis some udder feller. Let's see. *(feels in one pocket)* Nuffin' in dat pocket. *(feels in the other)* Nuffin' in dat one. I gess dis mus' be me. But whar am dat udder feller, he knowed he'd better be a gettin' out ob dis, case why dis nigger's got 'bout enough ob dis business, if he gibs me any more ob his lip, I'll jam him till his grandmudder won't know him, I'se done gone an' took his abuse jest long enough. Ob course, I'se nuffin but a nigger, but then a nigger has got feelin's just de same as de white folks. De Sperm Court rendered out its decision an' dis yer child's gwant to stan' up for his rights. I'se gwant to warm dat feller I is. *(exit, R.)*

*Enter Hezekiah, c.*

*Hez.* Wall, I feel better. I swow they set a purty good table in this 'ere establishment, them there leetle biscuits was boss. I jest got away with seventeen of 'em—wonder what's become of that darkey. I rather think I've settled his hash fur the present. That makes me think about that fight I had with Sam Clark down at the pole-raisin', down in Swaptown. Gosh, but that was a bad fight, you see he struck me fust an' knocked me down, but Jerusalem, I was on my feet again quicker nor scat, an' the fust lick I made, I knocked his front teeth right down his throat, an' you ought to have seen him strike fur the tall timber. Haw—haw—

*(holds his sides and laughs)*

*Enter Pomp quickly, R., with club, strikes Hezekiah who falls. Pomp drops club and spars around stage.*

*Pomp.* Dar, wot I told you, dar ain't any ob dem kind ob fellers got any business foolin' wid dis nigger. *(Hezekiah gets up slowly gets club and goes L.)* Dey dassent stan' afore dis nigger when he's got his mad up. *(spars at curtain, R.—Hezekiah strikes him without club—Pomp falls but jumps up quickly)* Whoop! Golly who frowed dat brick?

*(sees Hezekiah and rushes off R.)*

*Hez. (swinging hat)* Scrabbletown forever!

CURTAIN.



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64	That Boy Sam, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	3 1
40	That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambra.....	2 2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambra.....	5 2
87	The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livins.....	5 2
101	The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	3 1
67	The False Friend, drama, 2 acts, by George S. Vantrot.....	6 1
97	The Fatal Blow, melodrama, 2 acts, by Edward Fitzball.....	7 1
119	The Forty-Niners, or The Pioneer's Daughter, border drama, 5 acts, by T. W. Hanshew.....	10 4
93	The Gentleman in Black, drama, 2 acts, by W. H. Murray.....	9 4
112	The New Magdalen, drama, pro. 3 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	8 3
118	The Popcorn Man, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3 1
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	5 3
16	The Serf, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot.....	6 3
68	The Sham Professor, farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	4 0
6	The Studio, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3 0
102	Turn of the Tide, temperance drama, 3 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	7 4
54	The Two T. J.'s, farce, 1 act, by Martin Beecher.....	4 2
7	The Vow of the Orphan, drama, 3 acts, by J. N. Gotthold.....	8 1
29	Thirty-three next Birthday, farce, 1 act, by M. Morton.....	4 2
108	Those Awful Boys, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5 0
63	Three Glasses a Day, temperance drama, 2 acts, W. Henri Wilkins.....	4 2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine, drama, 5 acts.....	6 4
4	Twain's Dodging, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3 1
5	When Women Weep, comedietta, 1 act, by J. N. Gotthold.....	3 2
56	Wooing Under Difficulties, farce, 1 act, by J. T. Douglass.....	4 3
41	Won at Last, comedy drama, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	7 3
70	Which will he Marry, farce, 1 act, by Thomas E. Wilks.....	2 8
58	Wrecked, temperance drama, 2 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	9 3
111	Yankee Duelist, farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	2 2



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**Old Pompey.** An Ethiopian Sketch in 1 scene, by F. L. Cutler, 1 male, 1 female. Good character for an aged darkey impersonator. Will always please. Time 20 minutes.

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