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WHEN DANNY CAME
MARCHING HOME

A Farce in One Act

BY
EDGAR SELWYN

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WASHINGTON
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“WHEN DANNY CAME MARCHING HOME.”

Their Names

MRS. HARRINGTON,

NORAH FLANNIGAN, her cook.

DENNIS O’HOOLIGAN, a Warrior Lover.

TERRY PITT, a Policeman.

TIME—One Spring Morning.

PLACE—Mrs. Harrington’s kitchen.

SCENE—*The kitchen of the Harrington home.*

Box set with door at back. Right leading to street and door back left with two steps leading to house. Between the doors is a large circular opening, admitting large furnace or stove, square in appearance and divided in centre, making the right portion for the fire, and that on the left, an oven, sufficiently large to admit a man’s body. Above the right portion a huge boiler or tub, generally used for boiled unwashed linen, and also large enough for a man’s body.

Down left, which is painted to represent the various kitchen utensils, or racks, etc., is a large ice box or refrigerator, with cover open and sufficient edge on outer end to use as a shelf.

Down right, is a window, supposed to look out into garden or walk, while the backing to cover R. door and window is similar in both cases and presumably a continuation.

In centre of stage is table with chair on either side. Chicken, wine, etc., are upon the table at rise of curtain.

AT RISE—*Enter Mrs. Harrington from door Left U. (She is very agitated and evidently dressed for the street.)*

MRS. HARRINGTON. *(in front of table to window)* Norah! Norah! Where is that girl? *(Goes to window)* Norah!

MRS. HARRINGTON. *(Raps on window)* There

you are. (*Goes up to door right and throws it open.*) Quickly, Norah, but a moment. (*to R. C.*)

NORAH. (*Appears at doorway, carrying pail of water in one hand and a letter in the other*)

Yis, mum, I'm cooming. (*crosses to ice box.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. I'm going out. Mr. Harrington is waiting for me now. Is everything ready?

NORAH. (*Placing water below refrigerator*)
Yis, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. You really must get the washing out and the kitchen cleaned, and above all things, don't forget Mr. Harrington's lunch. You know how particular he is about his lunch.

NORAH. (*to L. C.*) Man's weakness, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Mr. Harrington's weakness, certainly. There's the wine, two bottles. Have you two? Yes, that's right, and the chicken. If anything happened to either, Mr. Harrington would go off his head, and you know what a frightful temper he has, Norah.

NORAH. Haven't I tasted it, mum? But you needn't fear. I'll put it all in the box and have it all fine and dandy fer ye.

MRS. HARRINGTON. That's right. What have you there, Norah?

NORAH. Where?

MRS. HARRINGTON. In your hand; it's a letter.

NORAH. I dunno—but it is——

MRS. HARRINGTON. For me?

NORAH. I think not, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Who's name is it?

NORAH. The name is on the letter, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Reading*) Miss Norah Flannigan.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*crosses to L.*) I don't approve of your receiving letters from men, Norah.

NORAH. 'Tis only men that can write a decent letter, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. I'm afraid you're incorrigible, Norah.

NORAH. (*talking R.*) No, mum, I'm Irish and proud of it. (*Whistle is heard outside.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. Who is that?

NORAH. (*Startled*) Terrance.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Who?

NORAH. (*R. C.*) I said—is he in front of the terrace?

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*crosses to window. Looking out window*) It's the policeman. I wonder what he wants?

NORAH. A policeman is where he's never wanted.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Oh, do be careful, Norah. It was only the other day Mrs. Warner lost all her valuables because of her cook's flirtation with a policeman.

NORAH. I hope you are not insinuous in your meaning, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. And you know we've had such queer characters about lately.

NORAH. Never fear, mum. I'd like to see the impudent Bobby as would dare tip his cap to me.

MRS. HARRINGTON. One can't be too careful.

NORAH. You can rely upon me with imprudence, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. I'm going now. (*Crosses left*) Get the fire started and have the water hot and boiling before we get back.

NORAH. Everything is ready, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. That's all, I think. Yes, I'm sure that is all.

NORAH. Good-bye.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Going to door L. and back*) And the chicken—the wine. Put them away—in the refrigerator.

NORAH. (*Taking chicken to ice box*) (*Doing so*) Yes, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. And be very careful about strange men. Good-bye.

NORAH. Good-bye.

MRS. HARRINGTON. You won't forget.

NORAH. No, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. I've made it all clear, and the linen. Boil the linen well. Oh, dear, I will never be ready and Mr. Harrington waiting all this time. I'll lock the house door—I have such a fear of burglars. You won't forget anything, Norah.

NORAH. Divil a bit.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Good-bye. (*Exits door L.*)

NORAH. (*To c.*) You're welcome. Forget, is it? Sure, I've enough to do without trying to forget. (*Looks at letter on table*) It's from Denny. Who, but Denny would think of sending by the post. (*Reads address*) Miss Norah Flannigan. (*Opens it*) My Darling Norah. God bless him. It's your Denny that's telling you, we're ordered home. (*Startled*) Ordered home—(*Reads*) Aboard the "Silver Cross"—and like as not I'll be holding you in my arms before this reaches you. Holy Murther! He's coming home. Mebbe he is home. Oh, Denny—Denny—

NORAH. (*Whistle heard outside. Crosses to window*) Terry—sure, what's Terry to me be the likes of Denny. (*Whistle again*) Go on—blow your fool brains away—and stay away—I want none of ye—my Denny is coming. (*The door R. is opened cautiously and Terry pokes his head in.*)

TERRY. Norah! I say, Norah—

NORAH. Terry, ye divil.

TERRY. Is the coast clear?

NORAH. She's gone.

TERRY. (*Crosses to c.*) I know. I saw them both go—the master and the missus. I fancy 'twas the master—he's a soldier, ain't he?

NORAH. Every man is a soldier now—an' what

can I do for you, Mr. Pitt?

TERRY. Mister Pitt—Oh, come now, give me a hug and a kiss. (*Embraces.*)

NORAH. (*Turns from him*) I'm busy.

TERRY. So am I—but it doesn't affect my affection. (*Going to her affectionately*) Welcome your own Terry.

NORAH. (*Pushing him away*) Divil a Bobby can make me forget me maidenly modesty, besides, I've an allegiance.

TERRY. What in thunder is that? (*Sits on table.*)

NORAH. Ye need ejication, me man—it means owing something to something.

TERRY. Then I'm well educated. I owe more than I can pay. (*Going to her again*) You're a fair flower, Norah.

NORAH. Stop your disturbance. I've all them clothes to wash, and dinner to get ready—go home.

TERRS. Oh, I say, you're not going to give me the chuck?

NORAH. I'll give you a slap in the face if you don't run away.

TERRY. Which is a woman's way of telling you to stay where you are. Make yourself at home, Terry—I will—and comfortable—that's easy—what's that? Take off my coat—I was just going to ask your permission—thank you—a sip, and a bite, and Terry is himself again. (*He places his coat on chair R., his helmet on table and sits R. of table*) I say—isn't there a bottle handy?

NORAH. An' if there was, it wouldn't be for the likes of ye.

TERRY. You're trifling with me, Norah. I'm not a jealous man—but I won't be trifled with—come on—out with it—(*Rising.*)

NORAH. With what?

TERRY. If it's another fellow—say so—I'll wipe

him off the face of the earth. (*Knocks hat off table. Crosses L. to Norah.*)

NORAH. (*Indignantly*) See here, Mr. Terry Pitt—(*with meaning on the mister*)—I'll have no man—black, yellow or Irish—tell Norah Flannigan what she'll do, or won't do—I'm as good as I am—no matter what anyone might say—an' to anyone as doesn't think so—there's the door. (*Points to door.*)

TERRY. (*Admiringly*) My! What a temper you have got and no mistake—but I wouldn't give that for a woman without one. I was only teasing you—and I likes you all the more for your flow of languages. Don't be angry, Norah, you'll hurt my feelings if you do. (*Embraces her*) (*Sees wine on table*) Hello—what's this?

NORAH. (*Crosses to R. Seizing it quickly.*) Lave things alone—that's the moster's wine.

TERRY. Ain't Terry to have any?

NORAH. There's a pub on the corner.

TERRY. (*Affectionately placing his arm about her*) Oh, come now. You've had your fling.

NORAH. (*With mock resistance*) Release me, sor.

TERRY. You know you're fond of your Terry. (*Kisses her quickly.*)

NORAH. How dare you insult a defenceless woman?

TERRY. (*Complacently*) It takes a Bobby to coax a pretty girl.

NORAH. Ye coward—there's no resisting ye. (*Kiss.*)

TERRY. That's the ticket—and now that his soul is fed—Terry should like a bite for the other post. (*Denny is heard singing "Soldiers of the Queen"*) Hello! Who's that?

NORAH. (*To window and back*) The saints defend me—it's him.

TERRY. (L. C.) Him? (*Jealously*) And who

is him?

NORAH. (R. C.) Who else but him——?

TERRY. (*Crosses to R., followed by Norah*)
Woman—you have deceived me—you admit it—
him and me will have it out.

NORAH. (*Restrainingly*) No—Terry, no.

TERRY. Away—you snaky Cleopatra—the blood
of fighting generations runs madly through my
veins—my ancestors are looking down at me.

NORAH. (L. C.) But you'll not be 'tempting
murder and making me lose my place.

TERRY. How can that be? When he's nothing
to do with it.

NORAH. Oh, surely, Terry, he's the moster.

TERRY. Oh, come off—not the moster?

NORAH. Oh, but it is.

TERRY. Why, I saw him ride off.

NORAH. He's coming back. Please, Terry, be
off with you.

TERRY. (*Crosses to R. of table. Putting on
coat*) I've no mind to fight with your moster,
but it's rough on a chap to go—just when he's
got cozy.

NORAH. (*Crosses to R.*) Quick, Terry.

TERRY. It won't do for him to catch me here.
I'd lose my job.

NORAH. Oh, hide, Terry—hide.

TERRY. Hide—what for?

NORAH. He'll murder ye. He's dotty beneath
the hat, and he always carries a loaded revolver.
(*Crosses to L.*)

TERRY. Holy smoke——

NORAH. (*To Terry*) If ye love me, Terry, if ye
love your own life, hide.

TERRY. That's all very well, but where's a fel-
low to hide?

NORAH. (*Glances about desperately*) Here—
in the box—jump in quick. (*Opens box.*)

TERRY. (*Over to Norah*) A representative of

the law in there—never——

DENNY. (*Outside*) Norah—Norah Acushla.

NORAH. He's mad with rage. In here quick, or I'll not be held to answer for him. (*Pushes him bodily in.*)

TERRY. Well, it's not that I'm afraid of him—but a crazy man with a gun is dangerous, and it's again' the law.

NORAH. (*Puts cover down*) Yes, yes, in with you.

TERRY. (*Up in box. Clammers into box*) Take his revolver away and I'll do the rest.

NORAH. Hide your face. (*Terry disappears as Denny enters door right*) The saints look down and save me. (*Sits on box*) Denny! (*To c.—meets Denny.*)

DENNY. (R. c.) Norah! Norah! Me darlint—an' is it yourself? (*They embrace*) Ah, Norah—You're looking sweeter than the month of May—All smiles and blushes—are you glad to see me—(*looking at box*) What's the trouble, darlint? Can't you speak?

NORAH. (L. c.) I—I have a lump in me throat.

DENNY. Bless me for that, Norah.

NORAH. How you've grown!

DENNY. I have——

NORAH. Your face is redder.

DENNY. It is——

NORAH. And your hair——

DENNY. Is worse—a combination of hot sun and salt air has made it rusty. (*Terrance lifts his head from box and views matters threateningly.*)

NORAH. (*To back of table*) Sit down, Denny. *Business.*

DENNY. I'll make myself comfortable first. (*Takes off hat and holster and lingers on revolver.*)

NORAH. (*To Denny—restraining him*) Don't

point it this way—it might go off.

DENNY. Don't be scared, Norah. I know how to handle the best gun ever built. Sure, I can kill a man at 200 yards. (*Terry bobs down with crash*) What the devil was that?

Business.

NORAH. I heard nothing.

DENNY. It's the long sea voyage as makes me hear and see things.

NORAH. You're tired out. Sit down and talk to me. (*Puts him in chair and sits herself.*)

DENNY. Ah, Norah, mine—ye were always thoughtful for your Denny. I'm a bit hungry and could stand a bite of something. (*Denny is left of table and Norah above table.*)

NORAH. I am forgetful, sure. Of course, you're hungry. (*Going to ice box.*)

DENNY. (*Stops Norah.*) (*Rising with her*) Where are you going?

NORAH. Just for bread and butter. (*Business.*)

DENNY. (*Putting her down in chair*) Don't trouble yourself. I'll get it, and you'll tell me where it is.

NORAH. (*Rising*) No trouble, Denny. Only to the ice box.

DENNY. (*Puts her back*) Sit still. I'm big enough to help myself to a bit of bread. (*The bread suddenly appears on shelf.*)

NORAH. (*Rising*) I'd rather—

DENNY. (*Seating her*) I insist—(*She sits quietly and Denny turns to box*) It's right before my nose. (*Takes bread and brings it to table and sits*) Now then—fire ahead.

NORAH. Thank ye, Denny. Now tell me about yourself and all about the African heathen.

DENNY. Why, there isn't much to tell—(*Stops suddenly.*)

Business.

NORAH. What's the trouble?
DENNY. The butter.
NORAH. The butter?
DENNY. I've forgotten the butter. (*Butter suddenly appears on shelf.*)
NORAH. (*Rising*) Let me get it for ye.
DENNY. (*Rising. Puts Norah down*) Sit quiet.
NORAH. (*Rising*) I've a reason for it.
DENNY. Keep your reasons. (*Puts her down*) And I'll get the butter. (*He turns and sees the butter*) That's strange—I didn't see that before, Norah?
NORAH. (*Rising*) What?
DENNY. Do I see the butter before me?
NORAH. Ye do. I always keep it right in sight.
DENNY. It must be the sight of the sea so long. (*Takes butter*) But I could have sworn to it not being there. (*Seating himself*) Now then, we'll talk—It's a joy to be alive and back again.
NORAH. What color did you find the nagurs?
(*Denny sniffs*) What is it now, Denny?
DENNY. Chicken—I smell chicken.
NORAH. No, Denny.
DENNY. I'll swear to it—my scent is keen and I love chicken. (*The chicken appears on shelf.*)
NORAH. But, Denny, it's for the mistress and I'll lose me place.
DENNY. (*Rising*) Have no fear. I'll not eat it. I'll feast my eyes upon it. (*Turns and sees the chicken*) (*He rubs his eyes and stares again*) Norah—Norah, darlint.
NORAH. (*Rising*) Yes, Denny.
DENNY. Do you see anything the matter with me?
NORAH. Nothing, Denny.
DENNY. I'm here talking to you?
NORAH. Yes, Denny.
DENNY. An' my eyes have nothing wild and

dilated in them?

NORAH. No, Denny.

DENNY. Then follow the point of my finger and tell me what you see?

NORAH. (*Sits on chair, etc.*) (*Startled*) The chicken.

DENNY. (*Goes for chicken. Enthusiastically*) Aye, the chicken—the saints be praised—it's all real—and my mind is where it belongs. (*Taking chicken*) Delicious chicken, Norah. (*To table—seated.*)

NORAH. (*Above table*) Ye promised not to touch it.

DENNY. (*L. of table*) No—did I?

NORAH. Ye did.

DENNY. Then there must be something wrong with me. Now if I only had a bottle of wine. (*The wine appears suddenly*) (*Norah screams*) Norah—(*Rising.*)

NORAH. Yes, Denny, yes.

Business.

DENNY. (*Sees bottle*) Hold me tight. I've got the tricks and I see funny things. Have ye a firm hold?

NORAH. I have.

DENNY. (*Business of walk*) Slowly then. Don't scare it away. Easy—easy, now. (*They approach cautiously, step by step, and when within reach, Denny reaches out and clutches bottle wildly*) I have it. I have it. Do ye mind? (*Crosses to R. C.*)

NORAH. (*L. C.*) But it's not for you, Denny.

DENNY. Ah, sure. Who is to know?

NORAH. The missus will know, and I'll lose my place. You'll not see me lose my place?

DENNY. (*Putting bottle on table*) Divil a bit, Norah. There is no one to know, and it's not to be resisted.

NORAH. You wouldn't be after robbing the

moster of his one bottle?

DENNY. There's another inside the box.

NORAH. No other. Ye have the only one.

DENNY. (*Going to box*) Then there's no harm in a peep.

NORAH. (*Stops him*) Won't you take my word?

DENNY. (*To box with Norah pulling him back*) I'll take anything that's yours.

NORAH. (*Holding him back*) No, Denny, no.

DENNY. What's the harm in it? (*Reaches in his hand and his face expresses horror.*) (*Frightened.*)

NORAH. Denny!

DENNY. (*Lifting out helmet*) Will you be pleased to answer that?

NORAH. How came that in there?

DENNY. (*Threateningly*) No fibs. (*Crosses into centre*) I want the truth.

NORAH. (*To him*) Are you out of your senses, now?

DENNY. Indeed, an' I'm not, an' I'm not the man to be trifled with either.

NORAH. Indeed!

DENNY. Indeed, and I'm not. The blood of the O'Hooligans is running riot in me veins, and leaping to me head. Speak, woman, the truth!

NORAH. I'll permit no man to question my honor.

DENNY. Then I'll make him a fit subject for an ash receiver. (*Seizes gun threateningly*) Answer, woman! Whose is that hat?

NORAH. The master's.

DENNY. The master?

TERRY. (*Bobbing out of box*) Aye, the master. You blackguard. I'm master of both of you. (*Getting out of box.*)

NORAH. (*Left*) There'll be murther done.

DENNY. (R. C.) I didn't mean any harm, sor.

Here's your chicken and you're wine. Divil a bit is touched. We were only larking, and it's all as good as new. (*Putting gun down, offers all he has taken from shelf.*)

TERRY. (*To Norah*) (*Who has climbed out from box*) You impudent hussy. Destroying my peace for the likes of that.

DENNY. How dare ye abuse a poor girl?

Business.

TERRY. Hold your tongue!

NORAH. Shut up, both of you. I'll have no scandal with either one of you.

DENNY. What? Isn't he the master?

NORAH. Master? I'd like to see anything like that be the master of me.

DENNY. (*With renewed courage*) (*Reaching for gun*) (*Norah stops him*) You blithering villain.

TERRY. You're breaking the law.

DENNY. I'll break your face.

TERRY. (*Both coming together*) You shrimp. (*Start for each other but Norah interposes.*)

NORAH. (*Business*) Peace, ye divils! or I'll oust the pair of ye!

TERRY. Choose, woman!

DENNY. Choose between us.

TERRY. Will ye have a shrimp? (*Pointing to Denny.*)

DENNY. Or a boiled lobster? (*Pointing at Terry.*)

BOTH. (*Posing*) (*Business*) (*Norah. Grandiloquently*) Choose!

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Outside*) Norah!

NORAH. (*Excitedly*) The missus! (*Going to window*) Get out, quick, both of ye.

TERRY. Suffering angels!

DENNY. Holy Patrick! (*They start for door right.*)

Business.

NORAH. (*Interposes*) Not that way! She's coming up the walk.

DENNY. Where else?

TERRY. (*To ice box*) I wish I was out of this.

NORAH. (*To L.*)

TERRY AND DENNY. (*Following Terry to ice box*) Where?

Business.

NORAH. (*Opening oven*) Here!

DENNY. Indeed, and I'll not.

NORAH. If you love me, Denny. You wouldn't see me lose my place.

TERRY. Trust me, Norah. I'll save your honor. (*Scrambles wildly into oven.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Outside*) Norah!

NORAH. Oh, Denny, please.

DENNY. Where can I go?

NORAH. Anywhere. Here in the tub.

DENNY. Never.

NORAH. Denny!

DENNY. Indeed, and I'll not.

NORAH. For my sake, and I'll do anything in the world for you.

DENNY. Ye will? Anything in the world? It's a bargain.

NORAH. Get in, quick!

DENNY. (*Climbs into boiler*) Ye said anything, mind.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Outside*) Norah! (*Denny drops in boiler. Norah begins singing wildly as Mrs. Harrington enters from right door.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Down R. C.*) It's Mr. Harrington again, Norah. He's taken ill and we had to come back. Norah, do stop that awful noise.

NORAH. (*At table R.*) (*Subsiding*) Yes, mum.

MRS. HARRINGTON. It's nothing serious, but the lunch will have to be taken to Mr. Harrington's room.

TERRY. (*In oven*) Help! I'm smothering.

(*Norah begins singing frantically to drown Terry.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. Norah! Norah!! Whatever is the matter with you. (*Crosses left*) (*Norah stops*) Have you lost your senses? (*She sees chicken, etc., and screams. Norah starts*) Mr. Harrington's lunch! What has happened? Speak! (*Going to Norah.*)

NORAH. (*Trying to speak calmly*) Burglars, ma'am.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (L. of table—down stage) Burglars?

NORAH. (R. of table—down stage) Two desperate burglars. I was all alone, as ye see me now. Doing nothing but what I should be doing, when in comes two of the most horrible faces I ever laid eyes on. (*Terry's head appears above oven whilst Denny signals from boiler.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Taking stage L.*) Horrible!

NORAH. Indeed, they was, ma'am. Give us all ye have, says they. Indeed, and I'll not, says I, and with that—(*She sees Denny and Terry and begins crying frantically.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. Stop! Norah, stop! (*Terry and Denny disappear*) Will you stop that noise? (*Norah stops*) Do try and collect your senses.

NORAH. I'm better, now, ma'am.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*up to linen*) (*shrieks*) The linen. The washing! You haven't started the fires. You stupid girl. (*Down to bucket*) (*Seizes bucket and is about to throw contents in boiler, when Norah seizes her restrainingly. Starting to boiler, Norah crosses to left and up with her*) Are you mad, Norah?

NORAH. Worse, ma'am. It's worse than that. You mustn't touch the bucket. It's full of water.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Of course, it is. I might have known I should have to do everything myself. (*Starts for boiler with bucket.*)

NORAH. (*Restrainingly*) Don't do that, ma'am.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Emptying water into boiler*) Behave yourself, Norah.

DENNY. (*In boiler*) Holy Saint Patrick!
(*Nora sings again frantically.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. Good Lord, girl, will you stop? (*Throws clothes in boiler*) (*Nora stops*) Don't do that again! (*She gets pole to stir clothes.*)

NORAH. It's coming on again.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Don't let it.

NORAH. I can't help it. (*As Mrs. Harrington begins jabbing pole in boiler, Norah sings louder with each jab, whilst Denny gives sufficient evidence of feeling the impact.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Down to Norah*) Norah, you will drive me mad. Where are your matches? (*Denny appears smothered in dripping clothes.*)

NORAH. (*Gets matches quickly to prevent Mrs. Harrington using them*) You mustn't, indeed, ma'am, indeed, you mustn't.

MRS. HARRINGTON. You stupid girl. Give me those matches. (*Takes them from her and up to fireplace.*)

NORAH. (*Follows*) It's murder, ma'am. It's cold-blooded murder in hot blood.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Lighting fire*) You're an idiot, North. Your adventure has turned your brain. (*She closes door and fire is seen.*)

NORAH. (*Turns to R. down*) Oh, verra, verra, that I ever lived to see the day.

TERRY. (*Whose head appears above the oven*) What in blazes is that? (*Sniffs.*)

Business.

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Down to table*) (*As she sees revolver on table*) Ah! A revolver! Who's weapon is this?

NORAH. Denny's—no, I mean the burglar. I took it from him.

MRS. HARRINGTON. Is it loaded?

NORAH. Look out. Don't point it this way. It will go off. (*Terry and Denny bob their heads out.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. (*Pointing it at oven with her face front*) Which way must I hold it?

NORAH. It's got deadly bullets, ma'am, and can kill at 20 yards. (*Terry and Denny frantically dodge the pointed gun.*)

MRS. HARRINGTON. I can't get my finger out. Norah, take my finger out.

NORAH. Careful, ma'am. Oh, be careful. That's the trigger.

MRS. HARRINGTON. My finger is caught.

NORAH. Look out—it's going off.

(*The revolver explodes. There is a crash, and Denny tumbles out of boiler; as Terry rises with plate on his shoulder, his head projecting through opening and attempts to exit door right, but the plate being too large, he struggles hopelessly, whilst Denny leaps through window. At sight of the men, Mrs. Harrington utters piercing shriek and faints and falls into Norah's arms.*)

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