

# DENISON'S BLACK-FACE SERIES

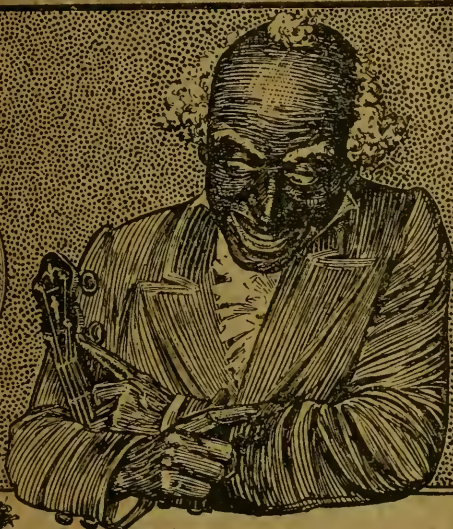
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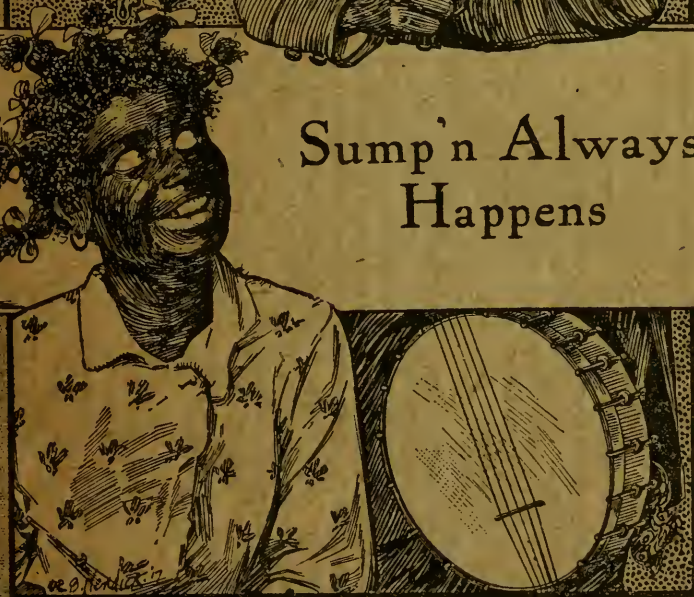
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Sump'n Always  
Happens



NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

**Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.**

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| Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c) .....             | 2 4    |

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago**

# SUMP'N ALWAYS HAPPENS

A BLACKFACE FARCE

BY

O. E. YOUNG

AUTHOR OF

*"Axin' Her Father," "Coon Creek Courtship," "Love and Lather,"  
"Who Gits de Reward?" Etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

# SUMP'N ALWAYS HAPPENS

CHARACTERS.

PS 635  
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OCTAVIUS JOHNSON .....  
.....*De Riches' an' Bes'-Lookin' Niggah Roun'*  
CINDERELLA BIGFOOT...*A Designing Young Stocking Darner*

SCENE—*The Bigfoot Sitting-room.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*

COSTUMES.

OCTAVIUS—Tall and slender and foppishly dressed; age 22; black pants, skin tight; striped seersucker jacket, snug fitting and reaching just below waist; white shirt; high standing collar; enormous crimson necktie; stovepipe hat.

CINDERELLA—Short, broad-shouldered and enormously fat; age 20; house dress of cretonne, or any material with huge figure and glaring colors; many bright-colored ribbons and much flashy jewelry, including neck-chain with Maltese cross; has on enormous shoes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

*R.* means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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## SUMP'N ALWAYS HAPPENS

SCENE: *The Bigfoot sitting-room; door C. with window on each side of it; table R. C., lounge L. C., well back; chair L. of table, nearly in front of door, and another R. Furniture, etc., ad libitum. CINDERELLA discovered sitting on lounge, darning a stocking.*

CINDERELLA (*solus*). Oh, darn dis yer darnin'! I's sick ob it. Wisht I c'ud cotch dat ar' Octabe Johnsing! He's de bes' lookin' young niggah 'roun' heah—an' de riches' one, tew, now his uncle's lef' him all his money. I may git him yit; I know he likes me—on'y he's so dreffle skeart ob a gal. I's got him mos' ter de p'int seb'ril times—but sump'n allahs happens. (*Gets up.*) Shoot de ol' stockin's! (*Throws them in darning basket on table and goes and looks out of window R. C.*) Gracious! Dar he am now, watchin' de house lak a cat would a herrin's haid. (*Calls.*) Mistah Johnsing! Come in a minute. (*Beckons with whole arm.*) I wantah ax yo' sump'n. He's comin'; I'll lan' him dis time or bus' a laig tryin'. No more darnin' ob de darned ol' stockin's fo' Cindyrilly Bigfut den. (*Hastily snatches up stocking, goes and sits on lounge and darns furiously.*)

*Enter OCTAVIUS JOHNSON, C.*

OCTAVIUS (*stopping at door, scared*). Wha'—wha' yo' want ob me, Miss Cindyrilly? (*Fiddles nervously with hat.*)

CIN. Oh, lots. Come on in, Mistah Johnsing. (*Darns industriously.*)

OCT. (*scared*). I—I—I is in. (*Aside.*) Dat's so—in lub, all obah, heels obah haid, top obah teakittle.

CIN. Don't be skeart, Mistah Octavius; sot down. I won't bite yo'. I nebbah bit but one young fellah in mah life—an' he wa'n't half so nice as yo' am. Wha' yo' s'pose I bit him?

OCT. (*goes extreme R., playing with hat and twiddling fingers; scared*). O—o—on he big toe.

CIN. Nonsense! Wha' yo' s'pose I gwinetah chaw a niggah's toe fo'?

OCT. (*stuttering bashfully*). 'K—'k—'kase yo' c'ud git hol' ob it bes'—'dout he got he whole fut in.

CIN. Wall, I didn't; I bit him slap on de mouf. (*Coquettishly*.) How'd yo' like ter hab me bite yo' dat erway?

OCT. (*alarmed, backing against wing*). N—n—not much—on'y des' a bery little.

CIN. Wha' fo' dat is?

OCT. 'K—'k—'kase I didn't leabe mah nose an' chin ter home.

CIN. Glad ob it! I want yo' ter *chin* a li'l bit—an' now yo' *nose* it. Sot down an' res' dem scrumptious new britches.

OCT. I—I kain't! Swah to goodness I kain't! (*Aside*.) Dey'll sutt'n bus' ef I try it.

CIN. Co'se yo' kin! *All* de young men sot down when dey calls on me—an' den sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. (*alarmed*). What?

CIN. Oh, des' sot down a minute; den yo'll fin' out.

OCT. Well, des' a minute—(*aside*) ef I kin! (*Makes two ineffectual attempts and then sits down R. Sound of tearing cloth from off stage.*) Ouch! (*Jumps up and looks over right shoulder, in disgust, aside.*) I has foun' out—'kase it's happened ter dese nine-dollah pants ob mine! (*Looks over other shoulder, turning so audience can see pants split up seat.*)

CIN. (*surprised*). Wha' make yo' so nerbous, Mistah Johnsing?

OCT. I—I daresn't tell, Miss Bigfut—but I's sutt'nly an offle sick gal. Sump'n *did* happen.

CIN. No? Did it? I bet f'om de looks ob yo' it was sump'n pow'ful nice.

OCT. (*aside*). How de dickens *she* know? It was *me* it happened to.

CIN. Sot down agin now—an' feel happy.

OCT. (*sitting*). Feel happy! (*Aside.*) When mah new nine-dollah pants am a pah ob twins!

CIN. Dat's bettah—on'y I said, "*Feel happy.*" (*Goes to table.*)

OCT. (*in a sepulchral voice*). I is feel happy! (*Feeling pants. Rises.*)

CIN. Den yo' feels de way yo' don' look. Come a li'l nearer, Mistah Johnsing—ef yo' wants ter git 'lected. (*Puts work in basket and returns to sofa.*)

OCT. I *don't!* 'lection's too neah now—wid a split in de 'Publikan pahty (*rises*).

CIN. Oh, come on! *All* de young mens sots nearer me dan dat ar'.

OCT. (*sidling nearer*). Wha'—wha' yo' wants, Miss Cindyrilly?

CIN. Put dat ar' hat down. Yo' make me nerbous a-stannin' dar wid it.

OCT. (*putting it in chair by table*). Dar! I *has*. Now wha' yo' wants?

CIN. I want yo' ter sagacertate de pfskerlogical puspiness ob de whichness ob de whatisit.

OCT. (*dumbfounded*). Wha' dat is? 'Tain't cotchin', am it?

CIN. Dat's nuffin but de etsetteryness ob de primordial consanguinerty which I was tempermentally eloisidatin'.

OCT. (*aside*). What a eddicashin dat gal's got! (*Aloud.*) Kain't yo' slop dem out a li'l bit slower—or else break dem jawcrackers in tew an' frow 'way one en'?

CIN. Sot a li'l bit cluster an' I'll see. De boys *allahs* sots clus ter me—an' den sump'n *allahs* happens.

OCT. (*wonderingly*). Wha' happens?

CIN. (*starting toward him, with authority*). Sot down, I say! Den yo'll fin' out.

OCT. (*sitting hastily—on hat*). Y—yassum, Miss Cindyrilly! Oh, mighty! (*Looks up with agonized expression.*)

CIN. Wha' de mattah now? Yo' look lak yo's ingaged in silent prahr.

OCT. I *is*. It's happened—des' lak yo' says it *allahs* does.

CIN. Oh, it hab, hab it? Wha' hab it happened ter?

OCT. Dunno—but I heard it scrunch! (*Pulls hat from under him.*) Gorrifus ter mighty! Look a' dat!

CIN. Yas; I is lookin'. Wha' am it? Somebody's li'l bustle?

OCT. I t'ink it's a li'l busted; mebbe mo'. It ustah be a seben-dollah skyscrapah—an' now look at it!

CIN. Looks mo' lak sump'n ter scrape pots an' kittles wid.

OCT. It's de wustest scrape I ebbah got intah, any way.

CIN. Ef yo'd des' sot side ob me in de fust place it nebbah'd happened. Why don' yo' do it now?

OCT. What! Right erlong side ob yo'?

CIN. Suttin', Mistah Johnsing. T'ink I wanted yo' ter sit in mah lap? (*Giggles.*)

OCT. Oh, heabens! I nebbah'd darester. I'd sooner sot on a keg ob powdah wid de scahlet febah.

CIN. G'wan, now! I nebbah see no keg ob powdah wid de scahlet febah.

OCT. Ner yo' nebbah will—ef yo' sot on it fus'.

CIN. Why not? (*Sits on lounge.*)

OCT. Sump'n allahs happens.

CIN. Yo' sot down heah. (*Motions.*)

OCT. On dat lazy, loungin' wearyness?

CIN. Shuah! Me an' mah beaus allahs sots on dis yer lounge—an' sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. (*inquisitively*). What?

CIN. (*slyly*): Don' yo' wish yo' knowed? Sump'n nice. Come an' fin' out. (*Puts finger in mouth and ogles him coquettishly.*)

OCT. (*sidling up slowly*). I's a-comin'—(*aside*) an' heaben hab massy on mah soul! (*Starts to sit, then straightens up and asks.*) What allahs happens?

CIN. Sot down, I tol' yo'! (*Hits him in back of knees; his legs jackknife up and he sits down violently. Lounge bottom breaks and both go through, get wedged between the lounge sides and struggle violently.*)



OCT. (*yelling*). Ow! Git off! Quick! 'fo' I blow up lak de keg ob powdah! (*Both kick and paw desperately.*)

CIN. (*getting to feet and pulling OCTAVIUS up*). Funny wha' made dat ar' lounge do dat erway. (*Looks at it.*) It nebbah done dat ter me afo'.

OCT. 'Twa'n't funny, nuddah; 'twas mighty unfunny—an' it *hab* happened ter me afo' ( *rubs stomach*) an' behind tew. (*Feels of pants.*)

CIN. Nebbah min', Octabius deah; t'uddah en' ob de lounge am all right. We kin sot on dat. (*Sits.*) We'll hattah sot snug, dough. (*Hitches to extreme end and pulls skirt around her.*)

OCT. What! Ef we boff sots on dat li'l bit ob nuffin' we won't be nuffin' but a quadderpede.

CIN. I des' as soon we's a quadderpede as a filosypede. (*Holds up arm to give him more room to sit.*)

OCT. (*sitting cautiously*). Gee! Ef I knowed I was gwinetah sit un'ah de shaddah ob a big black wing I'd tuck out a axidint policy.

CIN. Dår! (*Sighing contentedly.*) Now we's gwinetah git somewhah; I feel it in mah bones. When I's as happy's dis sump'n allahs happens. (*Puts finger in mouth and ogles.*)

OCT. (*leaning away in terror*). Fo' lan's sake, what?

CIN. Sot tight, Octabe; yo'll fin' out pooty quick. Now ain't dis bressed! (*Clasps hands, lurches over against him, drops head on his shoulder and looks up in his face ecstatically.*)

OCT. (*leaning away and nearly falling into hole through lounge bottom.*) Oh, de debble! (*Bracing hands on side of lounge.*)

CIN. 'Peahs ter me yo' ac' a li'l bit jumpy, Octabius. Don' be skeart, deah. (*Rolls up eyes and smiles idiotically.*)

OCT. Reckon yo'd be jumpy—sottin' on de sharp aidge ob nuffin' long side ob a prissypush, wid a two-hun'erd poun' angil a-roos'in' on yo' wishbone.

CIN. Don' skêer off dat ar' angil; let her roos'. Ef I's

in yo' place I'd put a li'l salt on—I mean I'd try 'f I couldn't cotch her. (*Leans more heavily and looks sillier still.*)

OCT. (*bracing desperately*). I ain't skeerin' de angil; she's a-skeerin' me. Ef I ebbah fall intah dat hole agin (*looking*), wid her on top ob me—it's goodbye li'l Octabe. Dar wouldn't be 'nuff lef' ob me ter grease boots wid.

CIN. Kain' yo' s'port one li'l baby angil, Mistah Johnsing? (*Leans closer and smiles languishingly.*)

OCT. (*aside*). Li'l baby angil! She's full-growed an' man's size, all wool an' a yard wide—an' dar's dat ar' hole a-yornin' fo' me! (*Aloud, jabbing elbow in her ribs.*) Lay obah dar! afo' I falls f'om grace.

CIN. (*straightening up a little*). Squeedge a li'l clustah, ef yo's 'fraid sump'n gwinetah happen. Yo' know sump'n allahs happens when yo' don' watch out. (*Smiles on him.*)

OCT. I is watchin' out—ef I hadn't ben I'd sho' ben squeedged intah dat hole (*pointing*) an' shot de do' on mahse'f.

CIN. Fo' de lan' sake! Cotch right hol' ob me an' hang on.

OCT. (*looking at her*). Wha' kin I cotch hol'?

CIN. Oh, anywha'! Put yo' arm roun' me an' hang tight.

OCT. How de debble I gwinetah to do dat? I kain't!

CIN. (*surprised*). Kain't put yo' arm roun' me! Why not?

OCT. 'Tain't long 'nuff.

CIN. Oh, reach as far's yo' kin, den. (*Finger in mouth, simpering.*)

OCT. (*drawing back and looking scared, aside*). Dat's mo' dang'ouser dan fallin' intah t'oddah man-cotcher. (*Looking at break, aloud.*) Well, den, ef yo'll 'scuse me, Miss Bigfut—(*reaching cautiously behind her and drawing back*) how de debble I gwinetah do wha' I kain't?

CIN. Co'se I'll 'scuse yo'—ef yo' squeedge me.

OCT. (*desperately*). Heah goes, den! (*Reaches several times, gets scared and draws arm back.*)

CIN. (*impatently*). Hurry up, Mistah Johnsing—or yo' won' hab no chance. Sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. Dat's des' wha' I's 'fraid ob.

CIN. Well, hurry up, den.

OCT. Yassum, I *is* hurry up. (*Turns away face, shuts eyes in terror and jabs arm behind her back. He rams a finger through her belt buckle and gets it caught.*) Ouch! Sump'n's done happen agin. (*Springs to feet and yanks desperately, pulling CINDERELLA up and turning her half round.*) Ow! Stop bitin' dat finger an' lef' me go! (*Yanks.*)

CIN. (*looking*). I ain't bitin' yo' finger, foolish; yo's done rammed it froo mah belt buckle. Wait a minute an' I'll divo'ce yo'. (*Unbuckles belt.*)

OCT. Gosh! (*Puts finger in mouth while she rebuckles belt.*) Di'n't know wha' dat ar' finger was. I t'ought yo's bitin' it. (*Looks at finger.*)

CIN. Say, Octabius; ain't it 'bout time fo' sump'n ter happen agin?

OCT. I dunno. What?

CIN. (*hesitating*). Wa-all—(*adjusting his tie*) yo' had sump'n on yo' finger, didn't yo'? (*Looks up with killing smile.*)

OCT. Yassum; what ob it?

CIN. Nuffin'—on'y I'd lak ter hab sump'n on *my* finger. (*Looks at left hand.*)

OCT. (*wonderingly*). What?

CIN. Guess.

OCT. Dirt.

CIN. No—guess agin.

OCT. Stickin'-plas'er.

CIN. No.

OCT. A bile.

CIN. Wrong dis time.

OCT. A paultice.

CIN. No; not any ob dem t'ings. Yo' ain' wuff shucks at guessin'.

OCT. I kain't t'ink ob nuffin' mo'. What?

CIN. (*hanging head to one side and grinning foolishly*). A ring.

OCT. (*surprised*). Oh! dat's easy 'nuff. Yo' kin git lots ob dem down to de fibe-an'-ten. I got one in a 'prize package once—wid a dimun in it big's a pullet's aig.

CIN. I don' wantah buy one. (*Coyly*.) I—I wantah hab it gib ter me.

OCT. (*eagerly*). I's proud ter he'p yo' in dat diffukelty, Miss Cindyrilly. I's gwine right down ter de fibe-an'-ten. When I gits back I'll put two rings on eb'ry finger yo's got, an' toes tew—an' free on yo' fumbs. Des' yo' wait. (*Begins to understand and stops hurriedly, slowly opens mouth and looks horrified*.) De Lawd hab massy on dis yer nig-gah! (*Drops on knees and clasps hands in despair and raises horror-stricken eyes to heaven*.)

CIN. Oh, how sweet ob yo'! (*Clasps hands and sinks back on lounge, smiling ecstatically*.) Tell me some mo'.

OCT. (*aghast*). Oh, lawsy me! Wha' kin I tell yo'? Wha' kin I dew?

CIN. Dew yo' bery bes' and I'll 'scuse yo'—on'y hurry up. When it comes ter de pinch sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. (*stuttering again*). I—I—reckon it's done hap-pened a'ready (*still kneeling*).

CIN. Wall, mebbe so. Say, Octabe; dem's a pow'ful hahn'some pah ob pants—as far's dey go.

OCT. Yassum—(*struck by thought, horror-stricken*) an' dey's all gone ter de debble. (*Starts to scramble up*.)

CIN. (*putting hand on shoulder and preventing*). Sh. Keep to de same sitiashin yo' hab differenshiatid. (*Looking*.) Whah? I don' see nuffin' wrong. Hullo! (*Bends forward and looks closer*.) Dar's a li'l piece ob white cloff stuck on dem.

OCT. (*wildly*). Whah? whah? (*Clutches pants with both hands and tries to rise*.)

CIN. (*soothingly, hand on shoulder*). Hol' still, Octabe. I'll pull it off fo' yo'. (*Pulls cloth a foot or two*.)

OCT. (*springing up, bracing feet and struggling* C., CINDERELLA *holding back*. *He crams hat on head as he reaches chair, wildly*.) Oh, heabens! Lemme out ob heah!

CIN. Hol' on, Mistah Johnsing. I see what de mattah

am. It allahs happens when dey puppose ter ine. I'se gwinetah fix dem pants fo' yo'.

OCT. (*struggling*). No! No! I don' wan' dem fixed. I's done gwinetah took dem pants back to de tailor an' tell him de seat is unsot.

CIN. No, yo' ain'. Wha's a pah ob pants atween frien's? I's gwinetah fix dem, I tol' yo'. (*Gives him push face downward over chair seat.*) Hol' still, now. (*Puts hand on back of his head as he tries to rise and takes darning-needle, threaded with yarn, from basket.*) It'll all be obah in a minute. (*Sews.*)

OCT. (*twisting and trying to look over one shoulder and then the other*). Am—am dey sequestriated *bery* much, Miss Cindyrilly?

CIN. Pooty bad—but I's gainin' on dem. Hol' still! (*Pushing him back*) or I won't ansah fo' de quinquonces. Sump'n allahs happens. Yassah; dey's pooty badly busted. 'Twas a Sabba'-day journey 'tween de aidges. (*He leaps wildly to feet, bumping into needle.*)

OCT. (*yelling*). Wow! Pull dat dam crowbah out ob me! (*Clutching pants.*)

CIN. (*pulling off needle*). All right; de job am done.

OCT. (*excitedly*). Wha' fo' yo' stick dat needle froo me?

CIN. I nebbah; yo' stuck yo'se'f froo de needle.

OCT. I don' b'liebe it; it don' feel dat erway—(*feeling*) an' 'twa'n't de needle hollah'd.

CIN. How could it? It ain't got no mouf—on'y an eye. Don' wiggle so; it's all obah now—'cep' payin' de fiddlah.

OCT. Oh! How much am de fiddlah's bill?

CIN. I dunno; she wouldn't ax much, on'y—(*cooly*) on'y she wants a new bow.

OCT. (*hand in pocket*). I reckon she's sho' ob dat much. (*Stopping, horrified.*) Fo' de lan's sake! Wha' hab I done now?

CIN. (*tapping lips with cross and smiling coquettishly*). Wha' yo' t'ink it's wuff, Octabius?

OCT. I dunno. (*Desperately.*) I leabes it all ter de p-p-pooty fiddlah.

CIN. (*giggling and ogling, finger in mouth*). Yo's plum sudd'n 'bout de new bow.

OCT. (*scared blue*). Y-y-yassum; p-p-pooty sho'.

CIN. I reckon de bill's 'bout—(*tapping lips with cross and smiling at him*.) Say, Octabe, deah, don' yo' wish yo's dis yer cross?

OCT. No; why fo'?

CIN. Don' yo' see wha' it am dewin'?

OCT. 'Pears ter me lak yo's de one wha's dewin' it.

CIN. I kain't *eb'ry* time; I'se bashful, tew. (*Hangs head and smiles*.)

OCT. Nebbah min'. Wha's de fiddlah's bill?

CIN. Oh, I reckon it's—(*smiles languishingly*) 'bout a kiss.

OCT. Oh, I kain't! (*Starts back and covers mouth with hand*.)

CIN. I said 'bout a kiss—ef it's paid right off. Ef 'tain't, it'll be free. (*Smiles alluringly*.)

OCT. (*terrified*). D—does yo' mean fo' me ter *kiss* yo'?

CIN. Yas—(*cooly*) don' yo' wantah?

OCT. Yassah—I mean yassum—(*aghast*) on'y I's so skeart.

CIN. Yo' needn't be. Des' shot yo' eyes an' go tew it. (*Smiles worse*.)

OCT. Den heah goes—an' heaben sabe me! (*Shuts eyes, flings arms round her neck and smacks her terrifically*.) Gosh! wa'n't dat good! I mus' hab anoddah. (*Kisses her*.) Bettah yit! All good t'ings go by frees. (*Kisses her again*.) Now des' fotty or fifty mo' an' den I'll res' 'fo' de oddahs. (*Starts to kiss her again*.)

CIN. (*turning face*). Ho-hol-on, Octabe. Yo' done kissed mah breff erway, now.

OCT. No mattah; git some mo' termorra. I wants anoddah one now. (*Tries to kiss her*.)

CIN. (*pushing face away, cross in her hand*). Wait!—'fo' sump'n happens. Sump'n allahs happens' yo' know.

OCT. (*recklessly*). I don' keer; let her hap! (*Tries again*.)

CIN. (*faintly*). Wait! I's smuddah'd! (*Pushes his face away.*)

OCT. Kain't; I ain't no waitah. (*They struggle; arm of cross catches in his nostril.*) Ouch! (*He releases her and starts back, head thrust forward, knees and elbows bent and fingers widely spread, with a look of agony; held by cross and chain.*)

CIN. (*laughing*). Wall, I's cotched a beau dis time, sutt'n. How yo' feel, Mistah Johnsing?

OCT. Feel! Lak any oddah po' fish what's done been hooked. Unhook me.

CIN. (*laughing*). I tol' yo' sump'n allahs happens.

OCT. I wisht yo'd happen ter tuh'n me loose. (*Pulls and makes face.*)

CIN. Hol' on a minute. (*Releases him.*) Dar! Yo's all right now—an' we's regerly ingaged, ain't we?

OCT. Yaa-yaa—yassum—but I's a pow'ful skeart nig-gah, I is.

CIN. Oh, it's nuffin' attah yo's ustah it. When we gwine-tah git ma'ied?

OCT. (*horrified*). M-m-ma'ied?

CIN. Sutt'n. Don' yo' wantah git ma'ied sometime?

OCT. Yassum—I s'pose so. (*Absentmindedly takes off hat, straightens crown and puts it on again.*) On'y I's so skeart!

CIN. Why fo'?

OCT. Yo'—yo' see I's had sech a lot ob frien's ma'ied.

CIN. Wha' dat gottah dew wid us? (*Picks up basket; business of shyness.*)

OCT. Why, yo' see dey got ma'ied fus' an' den—

CIN. Wha' den?

OCT. Sump'n allahs—(*CINDERELLA hits him over head with stocking basket and drives hat over his eyes.*)

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