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3 acts, 2½ hrs. . (50c) 5
Sinning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs.
(25c)

CASH MONEY

A MINSTREL SPREE FOR THREE

BY

WADE STRATTON

AUTHOR OF

"Almost an Actor," "An Awful Appetite," "The Barber's Bride," "Hitting the African Harp," "When Cork Is King," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

CASH MONEY

CHARACTERS.

CASSIUS CORNFLOWER COBB.....Lucky in Money LIMEDROP LUCIFER LETTS.....Lucky in Love WILLIE SERVUS A Handsome Waiter

> PLACE—A Cullud Boa'din' House PS 635 TIME—Between Trains.

TIME OF PLAYING-About Twenty Minutes.

PROPERTIES

Cassius—Large wooden razor; roll of bills; corkscrew. LIMEDROP—Banjo or ukulele; hand baggage, one bag containing kimono and various garments.

WILLIE—Feather duster: bottle.

OFF-STAGE: Crash box, locomotive whistle and train effect.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Cassius-Small, meek-mannered; wears dilapidated old clothes, large patched shoes, etc.

LIMEDROP—Large, pompous; dressed in super-elegance, with silk hat, frock coat, flower in buttonhole, patent leather shoes, etc.

WILLIE—Wears white apron over misfit dress suit.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; I 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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CASH MONEY

Scene: A plain interior, if available; but scenery is not essential. Three wooden chairs on stage.

Music: Lively ragtime, played softly, to open; "Prohibition Blues" or similar number for close.

LIGHTS: Up all through.

At rise, Cassius sits fast asleep and snoring on one of the chairs near C. With each breath he droops over a little farther sidewise, and seems constantly in danger of falling. Willie enters, whistling, and dusts the vacant chairs daintily with feather duster, slamming the chairs around to make a lot of noise. Dusts Cassius's chair, then his shoes, finally his head, but Cassius dreams on, while Willie whistles and dusts. Willie finally pokes the duster in Cassius's face and imitates a hen clucking. Cassius awakes, clutches at duster, jumps up and sneaks stealthily around his chair, hands extended, as though stalking a fowl.

Cassius. Boy, whar at is dat chicken?

WILLIE, Ain't no chicken.

Cassius. Don't tell me ain't no chicken. Ah hears him whinny.

WILLIE. Ah hears a jass-ack bray.

Cassius. Fo' de twicetest time, Áh axes you, whar am dat luscious fowl?

WILLIE. Fo' de twicetest time Ah responds to yo' inqui-

sition. Ain't no chicken. Dat was a 'maginary bird.

Cassius. Ah didn't pay mah cash money fo' to sleep in no menagerie. Dis hyah dump was misrepresented to me as a fust class cullud boa'din' house!

WILLIE. De misrepresentation was emphatically copious.

We caters to de mahoganized aristocracy.

Cassius. Such bein' de case, Ah craves fo' conversion wid de head waitah.

WILLIE. Head waitah? Dat is de job of employment

which Ah pussonally enjoins. But Ah gives you full warnin', it costs fifteen dollahs a quart—at a minimum.

Cassius. Don't want no minimum. All which Ah desires

is 'bout half a pint.

WILLIE (starts to go, then turns). Safety fust. Whar's man fo' dollahs?

Cassius. Safety always. Whar's mah half pint? (Faint locomotive whistle and approaching train effect.)

Cassius. What's dat?

WILLIE. Dat's de train comin' in. (Starts to go.)

Cassius. Restrain yo' impatient feet steps. Ah has a impo'tant begagement fo' to meet up wid a certain pahty, maybe comin' by dis train.

WILLIE. Ah'll keep mah eye peeled fo' de lady.

Cassius. You leaps at emphatic delusions. Ah ain't intrusted in no wild women. De animile what Ah got to encounter is a pusson of de male sect which Ah has nevah saw, but which has de misfo'tune of bein' mah brotheh-inlaw. His name is Limedrop Lucifer Letts, an' if mah sister Lucy was as coloh blind in her matrimonial weakness as whut she was in selectin' her millinery decorations of yore, Ah will instantly recognize him by his dilapidated incongruosity. If you see mah brotheh Lucifer, yo' job is to advise me dat he is approximate. (Hands WILLIE a tip.)

(Departing train effect.)

WILLIE (bewildered by the fine language). Yassuh, boss. Triple stah gin, what'll put wrinkles on a tin roof. Ah reckon you bettah have a quart. (Exit.)

(Cassius settles down to resume his nap and sleeps immediately.)

LIMEDROP (singing off-stage).

If de rivah was b-o-o-z-e, An' Ah was a d-u-c-k, Ah'd dive to de bottom, sweet babe, An' nevah *would* come up! An' nevah *would* come up! Enters with a banjo or ukulele and all the hand-baggage that he can carry. Looks at Cassius for a moment and sings:

Oh, Ah sees a m-a-n, An' he's sleepin' s-o-u-n-d, But what's that to me, sweet babe, Ah's Alabama bound! Ah's Alabama bound!

(Drops all his hand-baggage with a crash, watching Cassius to see if he wakes. Sits on chair next to him, puts his feet on third chair and plays chords on banjo for next verse. Cassius watches him with one eye open, while Limedrop sings:)

Dis dump is de w-u-s-t
Dat Ah eveh f-o-u-n-d,
But hush yo' cryin', sweet babe,
Ah's Alabama bound!
Ah's Alabama bound!

(Goes on strumming banjo.)

Cassius (timidly). Say, Ah reckon as how you reckons as how you don't know where you is. Dis ain't no cabarett. Dis hyah is mah bedroom.

LIMEDROP. Hush yo' fuss, niggah. Dis hyah is mah bedroom, likewise mah settin' room, likewise mah musical observatory. (*Plays and sings*:)

Oh, some black f-o-l-k-s, Is mighty low d-o-w-n, But hush yo' cryin', sweet babe, Ah's Alabama bound! Ah's Alabama bound!

Cassius (peevishly, getting up). Dawg-gone if Ah pays mah cash money to git insulted in any fust-class cullud boa'din' house! Ah'il git me de hotel defective! (Exit.)

LIMEDROP (having given him only casual attention, goes on playing:).

Oh, rocks in de m-o-u-n-t-a-i-n An' fish in de s-e-aWILLIE enters carrying a large bottle labeled "Gin." LIMEDROP looks at it as though hypnotized and repeats the last line in a daze.

LIMEDROP (singing).

An' fish in de s-e-a— An' fish in de s-e-a—

WILLIE (attempting to back out). 'Scuse me, boss.
LIMEDROP. As you was! Front an' centah! Halt! What
you got?

WILLIE. N-n-nothin', boss.

LIMEDROP. Don't git skeered. Ah ain't no infernal revenue ossifer. (Takes bottle from WILLIE.) Looks lak gin. (Uncorks and smells it.) Smells lak gin! (Tastes it.) Tastes lak gin!

WILLIE. 'Tis gin! But for de oder gen'man.

LIMEDROP. 'Tain't fo' no oder gen'man only me. How much you want?

WILLIE. Jes five dollahs, boss.

LIMEDROP (searching his pockets). Five dollahs? Le' me see—five dollahs. (Takes coin from vest pocket and holds it in palm of hand.) 'Pears lak two bits is all Ah is got.

WILLIE. Two bits will re-imbust me fo' what you has

drunk. (Snatches coin, takes bottle and starts to go.)

LIMEDROP. Hesitate, boy. Hesitate. Ah got some impo'tant destruction fo' you. Ah is lookin' fo' a very rich niggah by name Cassius Cornflower Cobb. He is got scandalous money. All Ah got is mah health an' his sistah fo' a wife. He is mah brother-in-law which Ah has nevah saw. Boy, help me locate dis hyah Cassius Cornflower Cobb. If Ah don't find him soon, Ah cain't eat!

WILLIE. Boss, what kind o' lookin' man is dis hyah Corn

Cobb?

LIMEDROP. Ain't I jest told you Ah ain't nevah saw him? But he is powerful rich, so he'll be a terrible swell gent. (*Grandly*.) Keep yo' two bits fo' yo' trouble.

WILLIE. Ah keeps mah two bits fo' yo' drink o' gin.

(Exit.)

Limedrop (picks up banjo and sings).

Oh, Ah's dreamin' of a-n-g-e-l-s
An' a starry c-r-o-w-n,
Ah's dreamin' of you, sweet babe,
Ah's Alabama bound!

Ah's Alabama bound!

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Wish't you wouldn't dream so dawg-gone noisy. Ah is cravin' blissful unconsciousness mahself.

LIMEDROP. Man, how come you bust into mah boo-door

widout knockin'?

Cassius. How come 'you git dat "mah" stuff? Dis hyah is *mah* boo-door. Ah rented mah own room in dis fust-class cullud boa'din' house, an' Ah paid cash money fo' it.

LIMEDROP. Ah rented mah own room likewise, an' dis is it. But when de clerk looks at me he sees Ah's a gen'man, an' he don't ax me fo' no cash money. 'Cause why? 'Cause Ah got class, dat's all—class! (Turns proudly around to display his clothing.)

CASSIUS. Aw, whoof! (Takes off coat, smoothes it out,

etc.)

LIMEDROP (threateningly). Niggah, who you whoofin'? Cassius. Ain't whoofin' nobody in perspecially. (Hangs coat on back of chair.) Ah got a right to whoof, ain't Ah?

LIMEDROP. You hadn't bettah whoof me!

Cassius. Aw, whoof! (Arranges three chairs side by side, to form a bench.)

LIMEDROP. Man, dey's gwine to be a dahk red, damp

spot on dis hyah floor in 'bout eight seconds!

Cassius. An' you'll be layin' in it. Go to sleep befo' you

gits put to sleep. (Lies on chairs and goes to sleep.)

LIMEDROP (who has been unbuttoning coat, loosening shoe laces, etc.). Some cheap skates does a heap o' talkin'. (Sees that Cassius is asleep.) Wish't mah million-dollah brotheh-in-law would git a hustle on to him. (Removes coat and throws it over Cassius's.) Can't no 'spectable

cullud gen'man sleep wid a lot of po' trash niggahs! (Removes collar.) Come on, creepy chin pajamies, where is you? (Opens bag and removes yarments, which he throws one after another on the chair back. Takes out gaudy colored kimono. Looks at Cassius.) Dawg-gone if dat niggah ain't sleepin' in both de twin beds! (Twists Cassius around into sitting posture on center chair, then sets other two to form a short bench, on which he lies, with much discomfort.)

Cassius (who has been slumping over on his chair, falls

to the floor, with crash off-stage).

Enter Willie.

WILLIE. What's de mattah, boss? LIMEDROP. Ain't nothin' de mattah?

WILLIE. Thought Ah heard somebody fall.

LIMEDROP (pointing to CASSIUS). It was him you done heard fallin'—fallin' asleep. (Faint locomotive whistle.) What's dat? (Jumps up.)
Willie. Dat's de five-fifteen. Dey's a man on de

flatfo'm waitin' fo' it.

LIMEDROP. What kind o' lookin' man? (Shakes' WIL-LIE.) Hurry up, boy! What kind o' lookin' man?

WILLIE, Whv-er-

LIMEDROP. A fine, swell dressed-up man, like a million dollahs?

WILLIE. Ah-Ah reckon so, boss.

LIMEDROP. Mah brotheh-in-law! (Begins throwing garments into bag, including Cassius' coat.) Hold dat train, boy! Hold 'em fo' me, if you got to comb de engineer's head wid a crowbar!

(Approaching train effect. Together they finish crowding clothes into bag. WILLIE grabs bag and runs off. LIMEDROP picks up the rest of his baggage and starts off and trips over Cassius. He drops baggage and falls flat. Crash.)

Cassius (waking). Murder! Ah's poisoned! (Grapples with LIMEDROP.)

LIMEDROP. Git yo' black hands off o' me!

CASSIUS (pinning LIMEDROP on his back and sitting astride of him, his hand at his throat). Ain't nobody gwine to commit perjury on dis niggah, in a room what Ah paid mah cash money fo' in a fust-class cullud boa'din' house!

LIMEDROP. Leave me go. Ah's catchin' a train. Cassius. Ah's catchin' a cold. Whar's mah coat?

(Receding train effect.)

LIMEDROP. Hot dawg, Ah done packed it wid mah pajammies! It's on dat train!

Cassius. Gone!

LIMEDROP. Gone. You kin kiss yo' coat good-by!

Cassius (reaching to hip pocket). Niggah, you kin kiss yo'self good-by! (Produces razor. Turns and strops it on Limedrop's shoe. Continues sitting on Limedrop's stomach. Limedrop struggles in vain.)

LIMEDROP. Git off o' mah windpipe!

Cassius. Man, you's gwine whar you won't need no windpipe! (Tests edge of razor with thumb.) You's so dawg-gone musical, mebbe you won't need to take no lessons fo' to play on yo' hahp!

LIMEDROP. Such a fuss 'bout an old coat. (Struggles.)

Git off o' me, and Ah'll give you mah coat.

Cassius. Might as well. All you'll be needin' is one pair of wings, size seven an' a half D.

LIMEDROP. Quit agonizin' me dis-a-way.

Cassius (reaching over and picking up banjo and singing in imitation of Limedrop).

Oh, de rivah ain't b-o-o-z-e, An' Ah ain't a d-u-c-k, But Ah knows a niggah, sweet babe, Dat's sure out o' luck!

Dat's sure out o' luck!

LIMEDROP. Please, mistah, don't kill me!

Cassius. Yo' pleadin' leaves me cold. Ah got a mild disaposition, but when Ah gits started, Ah's a maniac! A regulah kliptomaniac! (Flourishes razor at LIMEDROP's throat.)

Enter WILLIE.

WILLIE. Train's gone, boss.

CASSIUS (releasing LIMEDROP, jumping up and going after WILLIE with razor). Dar's de niggah what committed bigamy wid mah coat! Let me git you, boy—let me git you! Ah had a fortune in de pocket of dat coat!

WILLIE. 'Tain't on de train, boss. Baggage is on de flat-

form.

LIMEDROP (to WILLIE). Did he git away? Did Cassius

Cornflower Cobb git on dat train?

Cassius (to Limedrop). Did it look as if Ah got on dat train? (To Willie.) Boy, git me mah coat! (Exit WILLIE.)

LIMEDROP. Is you Cassius Cornflower Cobb?

Cassius. Who does Ah look like. ——? (Local politician.)

LIMEDROP (throwing his arms around him). Brotheh! Cassius (pushing him away). Ah knows every niggah in mah lodge. You ain't no brotheh of mine!

LIMEDROP. Oh, Brotheh Corn Cobb, don't you know me? Ah married yo' sistah Lucy!

CASSIUS, Limedrop Lucifer Letts? LIMEDROP, Ah is Lucy's li'l Limedrop Lucifer.

Enter WILLIE with baggage.

CASSIUS (suspiciously). If you is Limedrop Lucifer Letts, how come yo' valise say "G. H. K."? (Opens bag to get coat.)

LIMEDROP. Oh, de artist what done de decorations didn't

know how to spell.

WILLIE. Dat all, boss?

CASSIUS. You is a waitah, ain't you? WILLIE. Sure is, boss.

CASSIUS. Den wait. (Whispers to LIMEDROP, who grins and nods enthusiastically. Whispers to WILLIE and hands him a bill which he peels from roll taken from pocket of coat.)

(WILLIE nods and exits. CASSIUS and LIMEDROP draw chairs to either side of third chair, which stands C. CasSIUS takes corkscrew out of his pocket and lays it on C chair. CASSIUS and LIMEDROP sit on the other chairs, half facing each other; put their hands in their pockets, stretch their legs and smack their lips expectantly.)

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afterpiece.

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sults. The handsome waiter is a factor in the mixup. Fine chance for comedian who plays banjo, ukulele or guitar.

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Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m. 7 9	Hey, Rube! 15 min 1
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Not a Man in the House, 40 m. 5 1	Marriage and After, 10 min., 1
Paper Wedding, 30 min 1 5 Pat's Matrimonial Venture, 25	One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m. 2
Pat's Matrimonial venture, 25	Oyster Stew, 10 min 2
min	Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m. 1
Rummage Sale, 50 min 4 10	Quick Lunch Cabaret, 20 min 4
min	Quick Lunch Cabaret, 20 min. 4 Si and I, 15 min. 1 Special Sale, 15 min. 2 Street Faker, 15 min. 3 Such Ignorance, 15 min. 2 Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min. 1 Time Table, 20 min. 1 Tramp and the Actress, 20 min. 1 Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min. 1 Two Jay Detectives, 15 min. 3 Umbrella Mender, 15 min. 2 Vait a Minute. 2
min	Street Faker, 15 min 3
Shadows, 35 min	Such Ignorance, 15 min 2
Taking Father's Place, 30 min. 5 3	Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min. I
leacher Min 1 Go frome, 35	Tramp and the Actress 20 min. 1 1
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45	Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min., 1
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