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↔ Nip and Tuck. ↔

FARCE

IN ONE ACT.

—BY—

Marvin D. Switzer.

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— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MAJ. JASPER WALTON.	-	-	-	-
DENNIS FLANNIGAN,	-	<i>A chap from the old country.</i>		
PETE,	-	-	-	<i>A mischievous negro.</i>
SUSIE,	-	-	-	<i>A housemaid.</i>
POLICEMAN.	"	"	"	"

—X—

TIME OF PLAYING—20 minutes.

—X—

COSTUMES.

MAJ. JASPER WALTON—Cheviot coat and dark trousers, side whiskers, grey.

DENNIS.—*Scene 1st.* Black coat and broad striped trousers, flaming tie, red mustache and chop whiskers. *Scene 2nd.* Ragged suit of work clothes, battered plug hat.

PETE.—*Scene 1st.* Brown coat, gray trousers and red bandana cap. *Scene 2nd.* Swallow-tailed coat, white trousers and beaver hat.

SUSIE.—Broad checked calico dress, dusting cap.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

* * Reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing audience.

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NIP AND TUCK.

SCENE I.—MAJOR JASPAR WALTON'S residence—sofa L., table C., clock on mantel, broom in corner, chairs, etc., lights up.

Enter, PETE, L. E., with bottle in pocket.

Pete. (singing) "Don't mind de rain,
Don't mind de snow,
Don't mind de weather,
If de wind don't blow."

(looks carefully around and then draws bottle from pocket)
I golly, if de ole man knew I had dis, wouldn't he cave.
(uncorks bottle and smells) Whew! dat smells lumpsious;
'spect de ole boss paid 'bout lebenty leben dollars a squart
fo' dat. I bolebe I'll sample him. (drinks) Gee whiz,
dat's good! Dis is sumfin to cheer up my droopin' sperits
an' dribe away dull keer. If ole mas-a ketches me wid dis,
I'll be in a mos' scruciatin' fix. (drinks, steps heard out-
side) Jeminy! What's dat? (listens) Oh! lawdy, I
bolebe it's de ole man! Whar'll I hide? (runs frantically
around stage, tries to get under sofa) Oh! cracky, dar
ain't room! Oh! lawd, dar he comes. (creeps under table)
Great ham-fat, dat sizzled de passage of Noah! dat was a
nar' 'scape.

Enter, SUSIE, L. E.

Yi! yi! I was fooled dat time; anyhow I'll jist wait an' see w'at's goin' to happen.

Susie. Seven o'clock! Dinnis said he would be here at half past six. Wonder what has happened the dear b'y. Shure an' if my mather foinds that Dinnis is afther matin' me here, I'll get thê bounce. (*low whistle heard out R.*) Och, there he is now. (*goes to door R.*) Come in, Dinnis.

Enter, DENNIS, R. E.

Dennis. Sure an' I am most happy to hav' this pleasure wanst more, me dear.

Susie. Och, Dinnis, yer no more deloighted than mesilf. Sure an' I thought ye had forgotten me entoirely. Take a chair.

(*they seat themselves, DENNIS with chair close to table*)

Pete. (*aside*) I golly, if Irish ain't strictly in it, yer kin chaw me up fo' buffalo meat. 'Spec de ole man will spile dis getherin'.

Dennis. (*looking around*) Bejabbers, I thought I heard a voice. Sure me darlint, no wan is around, eh?

Susie. Och, no! An' who do ye suppose would be around? Mather is up stairs takin' a bath.

Dennis. Faith an' that dirty blaggard of a nagur might be around. Sure an' it's the loikes of him that's got me in siveral scrapes. Bejabbers, an it's a bit of a ruction I'm afther havin' with the villain, if he shows his ugly face around here.

Pete. (*aside*) Talkin' 'bout me, is he? I learns 'im how to speak 'bout gemmans, de onery spadefooted lumber-gudgeon. (*pulls out bottle*) Guess I'll take some ob dis to steady my han' fo' de comin' rumpus. (*drinks*) Now I awaits my chance to get at dat miserable white nigger.

Susie. Och, no! Dinnis, the nagur ain't around. If he is, I'll fix him. (*picks up broom and goes to both doors and looks*) No, he ain't around.

(*seats herself by the side of DENNIS*)

Dennis. Och! me darlint, I take this opportunity of tellin' ye of my great love for ye. Och, me dear Susie, don't turn ye purty head away, I love ye more thin words.

can express.

While the preceding conversation is going on, PETE takes string from pocket and ties DENNIS' leg fast to chair.

Pete. (aside) I'se fixed Irish, now fo' to hab some fun.

Susie. I—I—

Dennis. Say ye will be moin me—

DENNIS attempts to get on knees, falls, knocking SUSIE over; general yell: PETE drops bottle and springs out with a yell.

Susie. (jumping up and running about) Murther! Bloody murther! Shure an' I'm kilt entoirely!

(exit, R. E.)

Pete. (prancing around) Yi! yi! Now yer ole scrub you, I fix you, I learns you how to talk unrespectful of a culled gemman of my standin'. Ye hab cast sinuation on my 'spectability; now prepar' for de revenge of a wronged citizen. Bettah look out, de culled procession am a comin'.

PETE makes at DENNIS, they fight, DENNIS knocks PETE down.

Dennis. Faith an' I'll show ye how to fool around an' Irish gintleman, y'e yaller nagur.

Pete. (getting up and slowly retreating) Bettah go way an' luff me 'lone now, Irish.

Dennis. Faith an' ye were anxious for a bit of a ruction, now get yer fill, ye skermudgeon.

Pete. (as DENNIS slowly advances) Quit dat now, Irish, I ain't doin' nuffin' to you. *(general business pursuing PETE around stage)* Well, I see ye's coaxin' a knot on yer head, so hear it comes.

PETE hits DENNIS and knocks him down, stumbles over him and falls, DENNIS springs up and looks L., then runs out R. E.

Enter, MAJOR JASPER WALTON, L. E., revolver in hand—sees PETE, points revolver.

(PETE on his knees) Hol—hol—on—massa Major—it's me—don't—shoot—yer old serbant an' body guard.

Major. Why Pete, is it you? What in the thunder is all this racket about? I never heard such a row in all my born days; I thought the house was full of burglars. Speak! you black scoundrel!

Pete. Yes, massa, spec dar was a mighty powahful admiration down heah. De truf is dat—dat—dat—

Maj. Speak you villain! It's ridiculous that I can't take a bath without having to come down here and keep you coons from tearing the house down. The way you servants act in this house, is out of all reason, and I propose to put a stop to it. Now what have you been doing? I want no nonsense, you black rascal.

Pete. (*aside*) Gosh! t'ings look bilious. (*aloud*) Why massa, de truf is, dat Irishman made a 'sault an' batter' on me, and knocked de dickens—

Maj. Irishman! What Irishman?

Pete. Why, dat ar pug nosed whelp w'ats a cuttin' 'round Miss Susie.

Maj. Why, what was he doing here, Pete?

Pete. He sneaked in here to hab a interview wid Miss Susie.

Maj. (*aside*) Thunder and mars! Am I to be run over in my own house? Here my servants are sneaking guests in here, without my knowledge or consent. If it keeps on at this rate, they'll try to run me out next. (*aloud*) Well Pete, how did you happen to get into a rumpus with the Irishman?

Pete. Well massa, as I said befo', he sneaked in heah and he seed me 'tendin' to my own business, wid no 'scuse whatsoever, he made at me like a hawk on a spring chicken, an'—

Maj. (*sees bottle on floor, points to it*) Ah! ha! that accounts for all this fuss, sir! You black ape, haven't I told you time and again, about stealing my wine?

(*advancing toward PETE*)

Pete. (*on h's knees*) Oh! massa, please don't, I 'clar' fo' gracious, I nebber will meddle wid yo' wine any mor', deed an' double I won't. I had a werry bad detraction ob de pupils of my froat, an' de doctah said if I didn't hab some fus-class wine immejately, I would gib de undertakah a job: But I won't bottah yo' wine any mor', massa. Hope I may

nebber see de back of my neck in a crosseyed lookin' glass, if I do.

Maj. Well sir! I'll let you off this time, but if I ever hear of you meddling with my affairs again, I'll cane you. Do you hear?

Pete. Yes, massa, yes sah! (*aside*) By hokey, he might break his cane.

Maj. Well, see that you take heed. Now go on about your work.

Pete. All right, massa. But massa, can I get off to-night to set up wid uncle Rastus, who was tooken wid bluemonia.

Maj. Pneumonia, you mean, Pete—yes, you may go, only you must do your work first. (*exit, L. E.*)

Enter, DENNIS, C. E., with sheet around him, unseen by PETE.

Pete. I'se gwine fo' to hab a snortin' ole time dis night; ole massa left me off for to set up wid ole uncle Rastus, who was tooken werry suddent wid de bluemonia, but by jings, I'se fooled de ole Major, I'se goin' to dedance at aunt 'Riah's. 'Spec' I'd bettah amberlate, or I'll be late. (*starts to go out L., DENNIS glides in front of him*) Oh, Lawd! w'at dat? It's a ghos' sho' nuff. I'se a goner fo' a fact.

(*drops on knees*)

Dennis. (*slow, sepulchral tone*) Your—hour—has—come—prepare—to—die.

Pete. Oh! please sah, Mistah Ghos', doan take me 'long wid you, jes t'ink how hard it would go wid my po' gal Susanner Derrick, if I'd bus' dis mortal coil. I'll be de bestest chile ye ebber hearn tell of, if ye leave me off dis time.

Dennis. On—one—condition—will—I let—thee off.

Pete. Yes sah! W'at am it? I'll do it if it's de stealin' 'of uncle Si's ole game roostah, what was in de war of sixteen lebenty seben, what all de niggahs lobed. I clar fo' gracious I will, Mistah Gob Hoblin.

Dennis. Make—ample—reparation—to—Dinnis—Flan-nigan—for—the—wrong—ye—did—him.

Pete. I didn't do de ole fool any harm.

Dennis. Beware. (*advancing*)

Pete. Oh! Lawd, I takes it back, yes I did! yes I did!

Oh! cracky, I'se a goner sho' nuff now. Please sab, quit dat Mistah Ghos'. (DENNIS *still advances*) I—I—murder! Fire! Thieves! De dickens! Help! Help! (*general business*—DENNIS *looks L., and slowly goes toward R. E.*) I golly, dat's a tarnation funny gost. He's a Irishman underneaf. I see's who dat gos' is now, 'case I kotch a glimpse of him when de wind blowed dat sheet to one side dat he's got 'round 'im. By de hocus pocus, it's dat are mizable Flannigan. I'll see whether he's gob hoblin or not. (*pulls out bottle and slips up behind DENNIS, slips bottle over DENNIS' shoulder, under his nose, who makes a loud snort, and as PETE retreats with bottle, follows with nose against it*) Ah, ha! Gos' ain't yer. I learn yer how to fool wid 'spectable folks; take dat, an' dat, an' dat.

(PETE *hits DENNIS on nose*—*general confusion*—*they fight both lay on floor.*)

Dennis. Och! begorra, ye skermudgeon, ye are too slick for me; faith an' I'll acknowledge the corn. (*looks L.*) Bejabbers, yer squealin' has brought that dirty blaggard of a cop down on us. Begob Pate, we'll fix 'im.

Pete. Yes, you's kin bet two cents an' a button, I'se a goin' to knock him.

DENNIS and PETE *hide in bushes, POLICEMAN rushes in L. E., both spring upon him*—*general business*—POLICEMAN *is downed*—PETE *pulls string from pocket and ties POLICEMAN.*

Dennis. Now, begob! he's done for, Pate.

Pete. Yes, you bet yer life. We knows how to doctah de cops, Irish. (*steps forward*) Now, my belubbed fr'en's, I hopes you kin take some consolation from dese adventures, an' always lay your trubbles aside, like we has done, (*pointing to POLICEMAN*) if yo' do hab it "Nip and Tuck."

(DENNIS *pats on knees, while PETE executes a breakdown*)

CURTAIN.

THE END.



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