

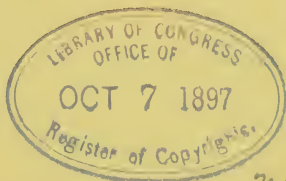
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OCT 7 1897

Doctor Snowball



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Harold Roorbach, Publisher

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ACTING PLAYS DRILLS AND MARCHES ENTERTAINMENTS

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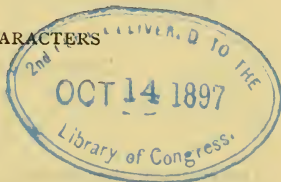
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*Roorbach's American edition of
acting plays.*

DOCTOR SNOWBALL

A NEGRO FARCE IN ONE ACT

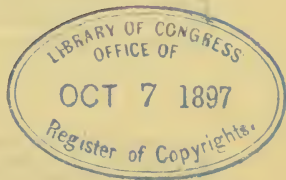
FOR THREE MALE CHARACTERS



BY

JAMES BARNES

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NEW YORK
HAROLD ROORBACH, PUBLISHER
132 NASSAU STREET

PS 635
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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

POMPEY.....*Who feels like a lion.*
ZEKE.....*A graduate ob de night school.*
DR. SNOWBALL.....*The inventor of "Kerfoozlem."*

TIME OF PLAYING—Twenty minutes.

COSTUMES.

POMPEY.—Rather dudish ; vest and trousers of a pronounced pattern ; fancy colored shirt ; high white collar ; gaudy necktie ; tan shoes ; no coat.

ZEKE.—White unstarched shirt without collar ; very old trousers, patched, and bagged at the knees, held up with one suspender ; battered old shoes, tied with white strings ; straw or soft felt hat that has seen its best days.

DR. SNOWBALL.—Exaggerated professional suit of black, with frock coat ; enormous standing collar ; tall white hat with a broad black band. He wears spectacles.

All the characters wear short, woolly, black negro wigs, and are "made-up" with burned cork and lip-rouge.

PROPERTIES.

Feather-duster, breakfast on tray, and cold tea to represent wine, in glass, for POMPEY. Dilapidated umbrella and very old small gripsack for DOCTOR SNOWBALL. A plain table and two ordinary wooden chairs, c. on stage.

ABBREVIATIONS.

In observing, the player faces the audience. R. means right ; L., left ; C., centre. R. C., right of centre ; L. C., left of centre ; UP STAGE, toward the rear ; DOWN STAGE, toward the audience.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

TMP92-008642

DOCTOR SNOWBALL.

SCENE.—*A plain room with practical door, c., in the flat. A common table and two chairs, c. As the curtain rises, POMPEY is discovered dusting the chairs, and ZEKE looks in at the door.*

ZEKE. Nigger, nigger nebber die! (*Closes door suddenly.*)

POMP. (*looking around.*) Who's dar? Why, dar's nobody dar! Seems ter me dat somebody let his name fall at de do' jist now.

ZEKE (*opens door and walks in.*) Dat yo', Pomp? Whar's yo' been fer a week back?

POMP. Been nowhar—nebber had a weak back.

ZEKE. What, nebber?

POMP. Well (*strikes attitude*), wid comparative infrequency. I's allus strong as a lion, I is,—feels jess like a lion dis blessed minnit.

[*Both come down stage.*]

ZEKE. Yo' jess looks like a lion, Pomp.

POMP. Why, did yo' ebber see a lion?

ZEKE. See one dis mawnin' down at de circus; yo' should jess hab seen de long ears ob de critter.

POMP. Did he roar loud, Zeke?

ZEKE. Roar loud! I t'ink he did; he nearly frighten me out ob my seben senses. He go, "Hee haw, hee haw!"

POMP. Why dat wus a donkey, Zekiel.

ZEKE. Eh, a donkey?

POMP. Fo'suah.

ZEKE. Can't help it, Pomp; yo' looks jess like him, fo' all dat.

POMP. Dat accounts fo' de strong likeness between you an' me, Zeke. Eberybody says we oughter be twins.

ZEKE. But I say, Pomp, I hasn't seen yo' fer more'n a week.

POMP. No, I hasn't time ter talk ter common niggers now; I's busy nussin' de sick an' afflicted.

ZEKE. Golly, Pomp! Yo' looks as much like a sick nuss as a lion, only more so.

POMP. Well, I's attendin' on de boss; he's got de mathematics, an' he's been lyin' at de point ob sickness fer a week. De disease am berry serious, an' all de shellfish in his ole hody hab got quite extracted.

ZEKE. All de what?

POMP. All de shellfish—de *muscles*, yo' know; I allus t'ought yo' wus a scholar, Zeke.

ZEKE. So I oughter be. I went to de night school five times; twice de teacher didn't come, an' de fird time he didn't hab no candle. Arter dat I went to de college an' cleaned de winders ebery week. So I oughter know sumfin' 'bout physiology.

POMP. Dat yo' should. Ef yo' wus only as smart as de great Dr. Snowball what comes here ebery day frum de expensary ter see de boss, yo'd make no end ob money, Zeke. He gits hole ob de ole man's arm so, (*imitates a doctor, feels pulse, shakes head, etc.*) an' den he says it's free an' twenty below zero, an' den he looks in his mouf ter see what he's been eatin', an' he shake his head an' say ter me, "Pompey," he say, "nuss de old genelman wid de greatest ob care, or else he'll nebber recobber frum one end to de odder, and den yo' may expec' ebery minnit ter be his nex'." An' den he writes a subscription fer me ter put de ole man's feet in hot water an' salt, an' gib him brandy an' gruel ebery ten minnits.

ZEKE (*deeply interested*). Did yo' gib him all dat?

POMP. Wall, I got a lil' mixed up wid de medicine, an' I put his feet in de gruel, an' gib him some hot water an' salt ebery ten minnits.

ZEKE. But how about de brandy, Pomp?

POMP. De brandy? Oh, I 'spects I muster drunk it myself. I's berry much giben ter dose absence ob mind fits.

ZEKE. Don't s'pose dat absence ob mind nebber drunk de hot water an' salt, eh, Pomp?

POMP. No, Zekiel; my fits don't extend dat far.

[*During the above conversation, both have walked R. and L., up and down, and joined each other C. in front of the table, suiting the action to the word.*]

DR. SNOWBALL (*outside*). Don't gib yo'rself no mo' trouble; I knows de way.

POMP. Here's de doctah, now. I'll go and fetch de boss's coffee; but first I'll act like de worshippers ob old, an' prostrate myself at de feet ob a *jenny ass*.

[*He makes a salaam and prostrates himself before the door, which opens. DR. SNOWBALL ENTERS backward as if bowing to some one outside; he falls over POMPEY, who then EXITS, closing the door after him.*]

DR. S. (*rises, pulls off spectacles and looks about him*). Deah me! How did I go fo' ter fall ober de carpet? (*Turns, advances and lays his umbrella, hat and gripsack upon table.*)

ZEKE. I 'spects it's kase yo'd no eyes behind yo', sah. Folks dat walks backward in dis vale ob tears nebber sees de stumblin'-blocks what lays in de way.

DR. S. (*aside*). Who's dis, I wunder? Anoder doctah? I'll hab no ribals in my path. I's bound ter make all de money myself. It's de duty ob ebery perfesional man ter git rich, fo' de poor man's advice is nebber taken, let it be ebber so wise. Frow a dollar on de table, an' eberybody kin hear de ring ob your money; but ef yo' only frows down a nickel nobody can't reckernize de soun'. So I won't hab no oppersition in my perfesional practice. (*Turns to ZEKE.*) Now, sah, who am yo'? I's seen yo' sumwhar's, habn't I?

ZEKE (L.). Berry likely, sah. I ginerally goes dar.

DR. S. (R.). Has yo' eber travelled?

ZEKE. Berry often, when I's been on a journey.

DR. S. How long has yo' been heah?

ZEKE. 'Bout five feet six.

DR. S. Whar d'yo' cum frum?

ZEKE. Home.

DR. S. Whar's dat?

ZEKE. Whar I started frum?

DR. S. (*growing irritated*). What might your name be?

ZEKE. It might be Dr. Snowball, but it ain't.

DR. S. (*mollified*). Oh! So yo' knows me, does yo'?

ZEKE. I 'spects yo's de great Dr. Snowball frum de suspensary, dat obercomes all de simplums ob human nature no matter how difficult dey am.

DR. S. (*pompously*). Yes, sah, I *is* de great Dr. Snowball, and all simplums am de same ter me. Ef at first I don' succeed, I try, try ag'in.

ZEKE. Kin yo' substract teef, doctah?

DR. S. (*aside*). Aha, dis is anoder patient! Yes, sah, I can extract teef.

ZEKE. Frum what kind o' moufs?

DR. S. Don' make no difference; all moufs am alike fer me.

ZEKE. Den substract one frum de mouf of de Mississippi. Yah, yah! (*Jumps aside.*)

DR. S. (*takes up umbrella and shakes it at ZEKE*). What yo' mean by dat, niggah?

ZEKE (*retreats behind table*). Yo' sets arms an' legs, doesn't yo'?

DR. S. Well, sah, what ob dat? Certainly I does.

ZEKE. Kin yo' set an arm ob a chair or de leg ob a table ?

[DR. SNOWBALL *pursues* ZEKE *with umbrella* ; ZEKE *dodges him around the table.*

(L., *as* DR. SNOWBALL *pauses.*) An' I s'pose yo' cures warts on de han's an' bunions on de feet ?

DR. S. (R., *out of breath*). I does.

ZEKE. Yo' kin cure de warts on de han's ob a clock, den, an' take de bunion off de foot ob a hill. (*Starts.*)

DR. S. I'll cure yo', yo' blame fool niggah ! (*Rushes again after ZEKE, around the table, overturning both chairs.*) I'll blister your side fer yo' ef I kin ketch yo' !

ZEKE. Dar's one side yo' can't blister.

DR. S. (*pausing and brandishing umbrella*). Which side is dat ?

ZEKE. De sea-side. Yah, yah ! (*Starts.*)

DR. S. Yo' black rascal ! (*Overturns the table in his efforts to get at ZEKE, who retreats toward the door.*) I kin see a rascal in your face !

ZEKE. I nebber knowed my face wus a lookin' glass. (*Chuckles.*)

[*As ZEKE is close to the door, DR. SNOWBALL makes a blow at him with the umbrella ; ZEKE ducks and the blow descends upon a breakfast tray which POMPEY is just bringing in. ZEKE darts out at the door.*

POMPEY (*standing in doorway, holding the wreck of the breakfast*). Hello, dar ! Dar's a fall in provisions at last. De boss been a-grumblin' at de price a long time.

DR. S. (*furious with rage*). Jist lemme git arter dat fool nigger !

POMP. Hadn't yo' better go in an' see de boss, sah ? (*Restores table to place, and places tray and fragments upon it.*)

DR. S. (*coming down R.*). How is he dis mawnin' ? Did he foller my subscription ?

POMP. (L.). No, sah, he didn't, or else he'd been roasted. He frowed it inter de fiah.

DR. S. Frowed it into de fiah ! What fo' ?

POMP. He didn't like de hot water an' salt.

DR. S. (*grabs hat and gripsack*). Ha ! I shall hab to diet him, dat's all. (*EXIT.*)

POMP. Dietin's jess a race between physic an' starvation, ter see which kin kill fust. When yo' die, yo' lib on nuffin' ; an' when yo' diet, yo's nuffin' ter lib on.

ENTER ZEKE at door.

ZEKE. Whar's the doctah, Pomp ?

POMP. Gone to diet de boss.

ZEKE (*coming down R.*). Ha, dar's nuffin' like a good diet !

Dar wus a elderly cullud genelman down in Thompson Street uster gib won'erful advice 'bout diet. He tole us what we mustn't hab ter eat; an' what wus strange, eberybody took dat ole niggah's advice.

POMP. (L.). What wus de advice, Zeke?

ZEKE. He said we mus'n't eat de shovel or de poker or de tongs, 'ca'se dey wus berry hard ob digestion; and we mus'n't eat de bellows, 'ca'se dey wus inclined ter be windy; lead, he tole us, wus a great deal too heaby fer a stiddy thing, an' drinkin' ker'sene wus apt to make too sudden a change in de system. But I say, Pomp, s'pose your ole boss dies—what's yo' goin' fer to do?

[*They seat themselves at the table, ZEKE R., POMPEY L.*

POMP. Oh, I's gwine inter de hoss business.

ZEKE. De hoss business!

POMP. (*crosses legs and sticks thumbs in armholes*). Dat's what I said.

ZEKE. Well, now, dat's berry foolish ob yo', Pomp.

POMP. What fo'? Say, yo' ain't heard how I sold ole Jerry Crow las' week?

ZEKE. No, Pomp, how's dat?

[*POMPEY tells the following with a great deal of action, carrying out the story in pantomime. ZEKE displays his appreciation with extravagant gesticulations, slapping his leg, etc. At the conclusion of POMPEY'S story, both leap back in their chairs and laugh boisterously.*

POMP. Why, yo' knowed my ole hoss, blind Bob, didn't yo'?

ZEKE. Yep, I knows him.

POMP. (*shakes head*). Not now yo' doesn't; he's dead.

ZEKE. What! ole blind Bob dead?

POMP. Jess de same ole hoss, I tole yo'. He died las' week, an' I dropped him up ag'in de fence while I fotched a hurdle to cart him away, when who should I meet but ole Jerry Crow wid a gun in his han'. "Mawnin', Mistah Crow," says I, "has yo' had any luck to-day?" "Yes," says he, "bad luck." "What," says I, "not a shot?" "Not a blame shot," says he; "but, look a-heah," says he, "isn't dat your ole hoss a-standin' ag'in de fence yonder?" "Yep," says I, "dat's our ole Bob." "Well," says he, "I'll gib yo' a dollyar 'f yo'll lemme hab a shot at him as he stan's dar." "Yo' couldn't hit him frum here," says I. "Couldn't I?" says he; "heah, catch hol' ob dis dollyar, an' I'll show yo'," says he; "I'll bet yo' anoder dollyar I drops him de fust shot." "Done," says I, an' ole Jerry took his sights an' let 'er go. But Bob neber stirred. "Missed him, by Jericho!" says Jerry, "but I'll hab anoder shoot; here's anoder dollyar." So I larfs at him an' takes his dollyar, an' he has

anoder try. He's a bit hard o' hearin', Jerry is, but *I* hears de thud ob de bullet as it bores a hole in poor ole Bob's ribs ; so *I* says to him, " *I* wondah what de coons at de cross-roads 'll say when *I* tell 'em dat Mr. Crow cyan't hit a hoss at thirty yards ! " Dat put his dander up, an' yo' should a-seen him part with his dollyars arfter dat. *I* had dat niggah poppin' away at de ole dead hoss nearly half an hour, at a dollyar a shot, an' *I* got fifty-six dollyars fer ole Bob's carcass dat wusn't worth sebenty-five cents. At las' Jerry says, " What in thunder ails dat ole screw dat he don't stir ? *I*'ll go an' dribe him out ob dat gum tree, an' den *I*'ll hab a better shot." So he walks up to ole Bob, an' *I* walks home, an' *I* ain't seen Jerry since.

ENTER DR. SNOWBALL, C., *carrying umbrella and gripsack.*

DR. S. (*coming down to table and laying things upon it*). Heah, yo', Pompey, get your master some hen fruit at once.

[ZEKE *goes up stage.*

POMP. (*rising*). Wh—what kin' ob fruit, sah ?

DR. S. Hen fruit.

POMP. (*vacantly*). Nebber heard ob it. Whar does it grow ?

DR. S. (*bangs table*). It doesn't grow, yo' iggerant nigger.

I means eggs.

POMP. Oh, yo' means eggs ; den why didn't yo' say so ?

DR. S. Yo' mus' boil 'em free minutes.

POMP. Oh, free minutes ; what, by de clock ?

DR. S. Sartin.

POMP. Den *I* can't.

DR. S. Why can't yo' ?

POMP. 'Ca'se de clock's half an hour too fast.

DR. S. What does dat mattah, yo' simpleton ? An' *I*'s left a bottle ob my great Kerfoozlem medicine, dat licks all creation, by your master's bedside.

ZEKE (*coming down*). Am dat berry strong stuff, doctah ?

[POMPEY *goes up stage.*

DR. S. Strong ! Dat's not de word for it—it's mighty. *I* cures eberyting : sore eyes, bald heads, pains in de back, bad tempers, toofache or tight shoes. *I* am a splendid hair wash, a pow'ful vermin killer, a first-rate pickle an' a good substitute fo' turpentine, an' *it* will remove all incumbrances whatsoebber.

ZEKE. Yes, *I* heard 'bout dat Kerfoozlem de odder day. *I* did Ephraim Spoopendyke a berry great an' lastin' service.

DR. S. *I*'s proud ob your testimony, sah. How did *it* operate on him ?

ZEKE. *It* removed his mudder-in-law, in two doses.

DR. S. (*confused*). Dar mus' be some mistake 'bout dat ar.

ZEKE. Dat's what Ephraim thought. He thought her constitution would stand anyfing. He'd tried beetle poison, aqua

forty—I don' know but it wusn't aqua fifty or not—an' seberal odder sooving lickens ob dat kind, an' she wus proof ag'in 'em all; but two doses ob your Kerfoozlem did de bis'ness at once, an' now de ole lady resides wif de angels. I b'lieve dat stuff woul' a-cured Uncle Pete hissself, dat wus killed las' fall.

DR. S. Uncle Pete? Uncle Pete? How wus he killed?

ZEKE. Wal, he'd got up in his sleep one night, an' tried to walk out ob de window; an' de window sash fell down on his neck an' broke his neck, an' den he fell out an' his head caught de shutter an' killed him, an' he fell inter de cistern an' wus drowned, an' de cistern tossed ober an' he rolled into de gutter an' dar he wus frozen ter deff, an' den dey took him to de station an' got de coroner to sit on him an' dat squashed all de life right out ob him.

DR. S. Dat am a wonderful story, 'Zekiel, an' I shall hab ter wash dat down. (*Turns to POMPEY.*) Pompey, fetch me a glass ob wine frum your master's room.

POMP. Yes, sah! (*Aside.*) Golly, how I'll fix him! (*EXIT, c.*)

DR. S. Now, sah, let me persuade yo' to try one bottle ob my wonderful Kerfoozlem.

ZEKE. T'ank yo', doctah, but I's got no mudder-in-law. Will it do fer washin'?

DR. S. Wash, did yo' say, sah? It will change the leopard's spots.

ZEKE. Will it make good furniture polish?

DR. S. Makes ole furniture into new. (*Turns to door.*) Ah, here's de wine.

ENTER POMPEY with wineglass on a tray. DR. SNOWBALL takes the glass, drinks and then drops the glass.

POMP. What's de mattah, doctah?

DR. S. (*sputtering*). Wh—wh—what's dis yo's giben me?

POMP. De wine, doctah, out ob de bottle on de boss's table.

DR. S. (*earnestly*). Which table?

POMP. De lil' table by his bed.

DR. S. (*throwing up his arms*). Dat's whar I put de Kerfoozlem! I's pisened! A chair, a chair, quick! (*Manifests great pain.*)

[*They each run for a chair and bring them together down c. As DR. SNOWBALL is sitting down, they each take a chair away and sit upon it, letting the DOCTOR fall to the floor between them.*

ZEKE. Why, Pomp, what yo' done took de doctah's chair fo'?

POMP. Yo' done took de doctah's chair. I only took de one I brought fo' myself.

DR. S. Yo' rascals! [*They laugh at him, withdrawing to a safe distance.*]

(*Angrily.*) What am you laffin' at, and stretchin' your moufs till dey am 'most as large as your two heads? (*Threatens them with umbrella.*)

ZEKE. I knows sumfin' dat has a mouf bigger'n its head.

DR. S. Eh! What! Yo' wants ter make a fool ob me?

ZEKE. No, sah; but it am true fo' all dat.

DR. S. Whar can dar be anyfing wif a mouf ob more size-ableness dan de head?

ZEKE. De mouf ob a ribber, doctah. Yah, yah!

POMP. So it is, Zeke. I 'member once swimming across de mouf ob a ribber when I was a pickaninny.

DR. S. (*to POMPEY.*) Well, wus yo' a good swimmer?

POMP. No, dat's de best ob it; I couldn't swim at all. I jess stepped in de water so. (*Gets tray from table and stands L.*)

DR. S. An' yo' couldn't swim? (*Takes C.*)

ZEKE. An' yo' wusn't drown'ded? (*Stands R.*)

POMP. Oh, no! I jess frew out my arms dis way. (*Throws out both arms as in swimming; the tray, which he holds in his R. hand, comes in contact with DR. SNOWBALL'S face and nearly floors him.*)

DR. S. The deuce!

ZEKE. No, doctah, dat wusn't de *deuce*; it wuz de *tray* dat won dat trick, an' de *tray* wus in Pomp's *hand*.

DR. S. An' de umbrella is in mine, yo' black rascals!

[*Comic business; he pursues them with the umbrella, and finally chases them out of the room, C. Noise as if all three were falling downstairs.*]

CURTAIN.

NEW PLAYS.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FAR E-COMEDY ON THE ROAD.

SHE WOULD BE A WIDOW; or, BUTTERNUI'S BRIDE. (25 CENTS.) An original farce-comedy *with a plot*, in three acts, by LEVIN C. TEES. For laughing purposes only. 11 male, 6 female characters (can be played by 7 gentlemen and 4 ladies). Time of performance, 2½ hours. 3 interior scenes. The leading male characters (an old plumber and a good-for-nothing doctor) offer uncommon opportunities for 2 comedians; the remaining male parts will yield barrels of fun (undertaker, burglar, speculator, member of the Legislature, etc.) The ladies' characters (vivacious society girl, sprightly young widow, comic old woman, rollicking soubrette, irate Irish woman and frothy French dame) are all first-rate, but none of them difficult. Played under the name of "At Gay Coney Island" the piece has achieved a phenomenal success. It is a laugh-producer all around.

In virtue of an arrangement with Messrs. MATTHEWS & BULGER, who are now playing "At Gay Coney Island," this piece cannot be produced professionally until the end of the season of 1897-98. AMATEURS, however, may produce it at any time, and without permission.

A NOVELTY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SWEET FAMILY."

OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 CENTS.) A musical burlesque, by W. D. FELTER. 6 male and 5 female principal characters ("artists"), with a chorus of 6 persons (3 ladies, 3 gentlemen) and 2 pages (little boys.) Requires no scenery—a paper-muslin "wall," decorated with a few evergreens, forming the entire stage setting. The programme consists of a number of specialties (including the author's well-known monologue, "Man Wanted," and the experiences of Cynthia Sniggins from Wiggletown) with various choruses and burlesque living pictures. Almost any number of young people can take part in the show, which is warranted to alleviate the most obstinate case of dyspepsia in 60 to 90 minutes.

"We produced it here (E'mira, N. Y.) for the Y. M. C. A. very successfully. We turned people away the first night, and had a full house the second."

A MINSTREL SHOW FOR DUSKY DAMES.

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