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# DENISON'S BLACK-FACE SERIES

PRICE  
25 CENTS



The Coon at  
The Door



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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Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	9	16
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Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6	18
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When Smith Stepped Out, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (50c)	4	4
Whose Little Bride Are You? 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	5	5
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	2	4

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

# THE COON *at* THE DOOR

A BLACK-AND-WHITE ACT

BY

JEFF BRANEN

AUTHOR OF

*"The Battle of Roaring-Bull," "A Dark Secret," "An Irish Alibi,"  
"An Irish Stew," "How to Stage a Minstrel Show," "Denison's  
Minstrel Opening Choruses and Finales," etc.*



CHICAGO  
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

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# THE COON AT THE DOOR

## CHARACTERS.

DOCTOR.....*Who Blackens Up and Doubles as HENRY*  
ALEXANDER .....*The Doctor's Office Boy*  
BELL BOY .....*With a Few Lines*

PLACE—*Any Apartment Hotel.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Twenty Minutes.*



OCT 10 1921

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## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

DOCTOR—Tall, dignified man about thirty-three, dressed professionally; black Prince Albert preferred. The style of the times can be substituted if more convenient to the producer of the play. As HENRY, the minstrel man—just enough change in dress to denote the difference between the black and the white tastes for “flash.”

ALEXANDER—Medium size, preferably stout, age about thirty-five. Eccentric character suit, may be a couple of sizes too large to give him a sloppy appearance.

BELL BOY—Uniform of an elevator boy or a bell-hop. Age about eighteen.

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 PROPERTIES.

Table.  
 Rocking-chair.  
 Two or three chairs.  
 Telephone on table.  
 Sofa.  
 Screen hiding sofa.  
 Dresser.  
 Revolver in dresser drawer.  
 Black-jack in dresser drawer.  
 Razor in dresser drawer.  
 Sign, “Fire Escape.”  
 Two suit-cases.  
 Dress suit too small for DOCTOR.

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 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.

## THE COON AT THE DOOR

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SCENE: *A room off main corridor in modern apartment hotel in any metropolis. Door R. leads to DOCTOR'S bedroom. Door L. leads to kitchenette. Door C. leads to main corridor. Sign, "Fire Escape," can be seen through door hanging on back wall of main corridor. A folding screen is in one corner of the room.*

*Curtain rises to tune of a melancholy coon-song. Telephone ringing on table.*

DOCTOR (*calling from off R.*). Alexander, answer that phone. (*Bell continues ringing. Sticks head out, calling.*) Alexander! (*Exits through R. door. Snores are heard from behind screen.*)

*Enter R. DOCTOR with grip and coat on arm, ready to leave.*

DOCTOR (*answers telephone*). Hello, hello. \* \* \* Oh, this you, Jack? Yes. \* \* \* No, I can't. I must catch my train. I'd like to, old boy. Say, will you deliver a message for me? I'd \* \* \* Where's Alexander? He went to a colored ball last night and didn't get back yet. I want you to get word to Mabel. Tell her I've been called out of the city \* \* \* going to sing at the Elks' minstrels at (*name local town*). I won't be able to see her tonight. Will you? Thanks, Jack. I'll do as much for you sometime. (*Looks at watch.*) Great Scott! I'll never catch that train. Good-bye, old pal. Goodbye. (*Hangs up receiver quickly. Jumps up, grabs grip and exits C. door hurriedly.*)

(*Snoring increases back of screen. BELL BOY sticks head through door at C.*)

BELL BOY. Alexander. (*Snoring increases.*) Alexander! (*He hears snoring and comes in. Seeing ALEXANDER behind screen he laughs heartily and yells.*) Fire! Fire!

ALEXANDER (*jumps up quickly and looks over top of screen at BELL BOY, who is laughing*). What's the matter with you?

BELL BOY. Gen'man down at the front door wants to see you.

ALEXANDER (*carelessly*). I don't want to see nobody. (*Starts as if dressing back of screen.*)

BELL BOY. You were down at the colored ball last night, weren't you?

ALEXANDER. Yes, sar. Yes. Who told you about it?

BELL BOY. Never mind. Come near losing your gal, Liza, too, didn't you? (ALEXANDER *frowns and looks over top of screen at BELL BOY.*) That tall razor-backed coon kind of cut you out, didn't he? (ALEXANDER *frowns again.*) If I'm not mistaken, he is the gent down stairs wants to see you.

ALEXANDER (*worried*). Is he black?

BELL BOY. Black as the ace of spades.

ALEXANDER (*frightened*). Dat's him! Does he wear a gray suit of clothes?

BELL BOY. Yes.

ALEXANDER. Oh, I *know* dat's him!

BELL BOY. What shall I tell him?

ALEXANDER (*nervously*). Tell him to go on about his business, dat's all.

BELL BOY. All right. (*Exits at C.*)

(*Music very soft as ALEXANDER comes from behind screen, shuffles over and sticks head into R. door.*)

ALEXANDER. Massa Doc. Time to get up. (*Turns, yawns and starts dusting around the room. Phone rings, he turns and looks viciously at it. Rings again.*) Dar's dat old bell ringing again. You better not come here, Mr. Nigger, looking for trouble, or I'll just bust your head. (*Bell rings again.*) Shut up! (*Dusts very excitedly.*)

*Enter DOCTOR from C. with grip in one hand and coat over the other arm. Lays grip on table, removes gloves as he eyes ALEXANDER, whose back is turned to him.*)

DOCTOR. Alexander! (*Music stops.*)

ALEXANDER (*straightening up, but not looking*). Yessah!

DOCTOR. Why didn't you answer that bell?

ALEXANDER (*turning*). I didn't hear no bell, Massa Doc.

DOCTOR. I rang three times.

ALEXANDER. Dat bell is broke.

DOCTOR. Why don't you get it fixed?

ALEXANDER. I'm goin' to, Massa Doc.

DOCTOR. Do you know I've missed my train on account of you? Got down to the depot and found that my light suit of clothes was not in my grip.

ALEXANDER. It's at de tailor's, Massa Doc.

DOCTOR. Well, go get it at once—here. (*Handing him a bill.*) Hurry now, so I can catch the ten-thirty.

ALEXANDER. Yessah. (*Takes dollar, exits through C. door. Bell rings again, he ducks back and DOCTOR turns angrily towards him.*)

DOCTOR. I thought you said that bell didn't ring?

ALEXANDER. Honest to goodness, Massa Doc, it don't ring. Dat's the way with that bell; sometimes it rings and sometimes it don't ring.

DOCTOR. That's queer. Take this coat into my room, then hurry over to the tailor.

ALEXANDER. Yessah! Yessah! (*Grabs coat and exits through R. door. DOCTOR opens grip and examines contents.*)

ALEXANDER *enters from R. door with coat about three sizes too small for DOCTOR.*

ALEXANDER (*coaxingly*). How comes it you never wear dis suit no more?

DOCTOR (*turns and looks at ALEXANDER and coat*). Where did you get that?

ALEXANDER. Don't you know? Why dat's been hanging on de wall for a long time and I just take it and brush it up and says to myself, "I'll surprise Massa Doc."

DOCTOR (*looking at coat*). I don't remember ever having worn that coat.



ALEXANDER. Don't you? You just try it on. (DOCTOR *removes coat and ALEXANDER slips the other one on. Can ad lib. conversation about the coat, ALEXANDER stroking the coat and turning DOCTOR all around.*) Dat's the best looking coat you ever had on.

DOCTOR. Why, that's my last year's coat. It's three sizes too small.

ALEXANDER. I don't care if it is; it fits you jest the same.

DOCTOR. Take it away. (*Taking off coat.*) You hurry over and get my suit at the tailor's.

ALEXANDER (*very downcast, exits through R. door with coat and returns immediately*). It's no use, Massa Doc, goin' after dat suit at the tailor's. The man said it wouldn't be done till Saturday.

DOCTOR. This is Saturday.

ALEXANDER. Well, it's no use goin' over, it won't be finished. I know it won't, 'cause the man said it wouldn't.

DOCTOR (*going to telephone*). Give me 1210 Main. \* \* Hello! This you, Smith? \* \* \* Yes, this is Doc Farley. Say, Smith, is that suit of mine ready? \* \* \* It is? All right. I'll send Alexander right over after it.

ALEXANDER (*breaking in on him*). Tell him to send it over 'cause I've got to pack your grips.

DOCTOR. Oh, one moment, Smith; send that suit over. What's that? Send the lazy nigger over after it?

ALEXANDER. What dat man calling me?

DOCTOR (*hanging up receiver*). Alexander, you go and get that suit. (*Goes back to grip on table.*)

ALEXANDER. All right, Massa Doc. But say, how long you goin' to be gone?

DOCTOR. Day or two.

ALEXANDER. Well, you'll want dis then. (*Goes over to dresser and gets out razor; slips it into his pocket.*) Here's another thing you'll want. (*Pulling out a gun and putting it in his hip pocket.*) Here is something else, too. (*Pulling out a black-jack and slipping it into his other hip pocket.*)

DOCTOR (*closing grip*). The thing I most need is that suit of clothes. (*Turning to give ALEXANDER a desperate look.*)

ALEXANDER. Yessah. (*Starts to exit through C. door, in a manner that shows he is expecting trouble.*)

DOCTOR. One moment! As I came up stairs there was a colored man at the door who insisted upon seeing you. Hereafter please remember, don't invite your colored friends to these apartments during my absence. (*DOCTOR exits through R. door.*)

ALEXANDER (*peevishly*). I didn't invite that gen'man up here. I never intimated that he should come up here. (*Looks after DOCTOR, then at C. door. Pauses, then steals to telephone.*) Give me 1210 Main. (*Disguises voice.*) Is that you, Smith? \* \* \* Well, say, Mr. Smith, I can't spare Alexander right now; he's got to pack my grips. You send that suit of clothes right over. \* \* \* What's that? What's that? No, it ain't. I say it ain't. Don't you call me an old nigger. I'll bust your head when I get over there. (*Hangs up receiver with a bang.*)

DOCTOR (*from off stage R.*). Alexander, have you gone?

ALEXANDER. Yessah! I'm goin' right now. (*Braces himself for the occasion, walks to C. door, looks up, spies fire escape sign, looks at it for a few moments, sticks head out through door as if looking down hall, looks at fire escape sign again. Scratches his head and exits, inspired with an idea.*)

DOCTOR (*calling off stage R.*). Alexander!

DOCTOR *enters from R. door.*

DOCTOR. Alexander! I guess he's gone. (*Walks up C., sticks head through C. door and looks down hall.*) He's gone all right; he left the door open. (*He comes down C. Crash is heard from off C. Looks for a moment.*) Something fell down the fire escape. (*Looks at watch.*) I've got a few moments for my rehearsal.

(*Cue for specialty: DOCTOR sings ballad. Exits through R. door. Returns immediately with grip in hand and coat over arm, looks at watch.*)

DOCTOR. Great Scott! Only ten minutes. I can't wait for him. (*Writes hurriedly, leaves note on table; exits through C. door.*)

ALEXANDER (*immediately sticks head around C. D., opposite side to that by which DOCTOR went out. Face smeared with ashes and clothes badly disarranged. He steals in quietly with the suit under his arm*). Massa Doc! Massa Doc! I wonder where he is. (*Goes over and picks up note which he reads aloud:*) "Alexander, I couldn't wait any longer. I've only ten minutes to catch my train. You have certainly disappointed me. Doc." (*Lays note down and comes to front of stage.*) I'm awfully sorry about that. I should have gone after that suit of clothes the first thing. (*Looks himself over.*) No nigger there where I got off at. Somebody prevaricated, dat's all. (*Does specialty, coon song.*)

*At conclusion of song DOCTOR enters from C. He has blackened up to represent the negro at door, HENRY. ALEXANDER is bowing to the audience.*

HENRY. Alexander?

ALEXANDER (*paralyzed with fear, stares blankly ahead*). Dat's him. I'd know that voice anywhere. (*Never turning to look back.*)

HENRY. Alexander, I want to see you.

ALEXANDER (*still not looking around*). You just go about your business. I don't want to see you.

HENRY. I insist that I must see you face to face.

ALEXANDER (*never looking*). I insist that you will not. You get right out of here, 'cause if Massa Doc should come back and find you here you'd go down that fire escape faster than I did a few minutes ago.

HENRY (*advancing*). Well, I'm going to see you.

ALEXANDER (*wheels with his hand on his hip pocket*). Don't you! Don't you! (*They stare at each other.*) For de land's sake! Is dat you, Henry?

HENRY. Why, sure it's me.

ALEXANDER. Was dat you ringing de bell?

HENRY. Yessah, been down at the front door for de last half hour.

ALEXANDER (*amazed*). Why, I thought dat was somebody else. Where did you come from?

HENRY. Georgia Minstrels.

ALEXANDER. Georgia Minstrels? (*They both shake hands.*)

HENRY. Come all the way from Mobile to get you to go back with me.

ALEXANDER (*dropping head sheepishly*). I'm sorry, Henry, but I can't go back to the Georgia Minstrels.

HENRY. Why not?

ALEXANDER. Well, you see I've got a nice man I'm working for here and get my \$8 a week.

HENRY (*laughing*). \$8 a week. Why, you're worth fifty to the Georgia Minstrels.

ALEXANDER. Yes, I know dat, and besides—you know—I've a young lady friend I might go and marry.

HENRY. You might?

ALEXANDER (*looking up at HENRY*). Yessah. I think I'm engaged to her.

HENRY. Who, Liza Beasley?

ALEXANDER. Now look here, Henry. Don't you go saying anything defamatory against Liza.

HENRY. She was down at the colored ball last night, wasn't she?

ALEXANDER (*solemnly*). Yessah.

HENRY. You was down there, too, wasn't you, Alexander?

ALEXANDER (*sadly*). Yessah.

HENRY. Liza kinder got previous with a long, lean razor-backed nigger, didn't she?

ALEXANDER (*with a sigh*). Yessah.

HENRY. Did you meet dat nigger?

ALEXANDER (*rolls his eyes up and sighs again*). Yessah.

HENRY. Did you know dat Liza and dat razor-back nigger eloped this mornin' at ten o'clock?

ALEXANDER (*with a start*). What dat?

HENRY. I said, do you know that Liza and dat razor-backed nigger eloped at ten o'clock this mornin'?

ALEXANDER (*with another sigh*). Did Eliza elope with dat nigger?

HENRY. She most certainly did.

ALEXANDER (*sighs again*).

HENRY. I know it's hard, Alexander, to lose a gal when you think you're engaged to her, but it's no use you taking it to heart so. If Liza really thought anything of you I don't think she'd gone and run away with dat bow-legged razor-back ape.

ALEXANDER (*more sighs*).

HENRY. You'd better go back with me to the Georgia Minstrels. They all like you down there and been crying their heads off for you ever since you left, and besides, if Liza ever did think anything of you and she finds dat you are somebody and dat you didn't go and blow out your brains on account of her, she'll come back looking you up. Come, what do you say, Alexander? You and I have been friends; what do you say? (*After a pause ALEXANDER looks up, gives HENRY his hand. They look into each other's eyes.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

# DENISON'S MINSTREL OPENING CHORUSES AND FINALES

By JEFF BRANEN

*Something new. A boon, especially to amateurs.  
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623 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free

## FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc. Price 25 Cents Each

	M.	F.
All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
Aunt Harriet's Night Out, 35 min.	1	2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.	11	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 30 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Class Ship, 35 min.	3	8
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Getting Rid of Father, 20 min.	3	1
Goose Creek Line, 1 hr.	3	10
Great Pumpkin Case, 35 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Honest Peggy, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Just Like a Woman, 35 min.	3	3
Last Rehearsal, 25 min.	2	3
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.	8	
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Paper Wedding, 30 min.	1	5
Pat's Matrimonial Venture, 25 min.	1	2
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Rummage Sale, 50 min.	4	10
Sewing for the Heathen, 40 min.	9	
Shadows, 35 min.	3	4
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Teacher Kin I Go Home, 35 min.	7	3
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8	
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted: a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Watch, a Wallet, and a Jack of Spades, 40 min.	3	6
Whole Truth, 40 min.	5	4
Who's the Boss? 30 min.	3	6
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8	

## FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc. Price 15 Cents Each

April Fools, 30 min.	3
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Before the Play Begins, 15 min.	2
Billy's Mishaps, 20 min.	2
Country Justice, 15 min.	8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 25 m.	3
Family Strike, 20 min.	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5

	M.	F.
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Lottie Sees It Through, 35 min.	3	4
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Please Pass the Cream, 20 min.	1	1
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Smith's Unlucky Day, 20 min.	1	1
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4	
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
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Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.	2	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
It Might Happen, 20 min.	1	1
Little Miss Enemy, 15 min.	1	1
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Quick Lunch Cabaret, 20 min.	4	
Si and I, 15 min.	1	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	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Vait a Minute.	2	2

## BLACK-FACE PLAYS Price 25 Cents Each

Axin' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 min.	10	
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 m.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 m.	10	
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Hungry, 15 min.	2	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
What Happened to Hannah, 15 min.	1	1

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