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BAKER'S DARKEY PLAYS



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SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
NO 23 WINTER STREET
BOSTON

Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

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Too Late for the Train. 2 male char. 15

The Visions of Freedom. 11 female char. 15

SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS

A Negro Act

AS PERFORMED BY SCHOOLCRAFT AND COES

ARRANGED FROM THE ORIGINAL AS FIRST PRODUCED IN SAN
FRANCISCO, JUNE, 1864

BY ✓

GEORGE H. COES

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1893



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CHARACTERS.

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(San Francisco, June, 1864.)

TRAGEDIAN	WALTER BRAY
JULIUS, a comedian	BILLY BIRCH
MANAGER	GEO. H. COES

Time of representation, 20 minutes.



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REMARKS.

There are a great many good points that can be introduced into this act, so that the performer need not confine himself strictly to the text, especially in all of the Tragedian's business. Any words he can think of to introduce without interfering with the speeches from "Hamlet," so much the better; and even in the scene with the Manager, it can be changed after they become familiar with each other. This act was a tremendous hit in San Francisco, and was a favorite act at all times. — GEO. H. COES.

TMP92-008891

SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

SCENE. — *A Wood in 3.*

(*Enter* MANAGER, L. 2 E.)

MANAGER. Now, I've just got my new theatre completed, and my company engaged, except one man. I want a light comedian. If I could only find some one out of an engagement, I could do well by him.

(*Enter* JULIUS, L. 1 E., *hurriedly, and cross to R.*; MANAGER *stops him.*)

MAN. Hallo, young man, where are you going?

JULIUS. I'm going down street here to work. I got a job.

MAN. What kind of a job?

JUL. I'm an artist.

MAN. What kind of an artist?

JUL. I'm a painter.

MAN. Oh, you're a painter, hey? What are you going to paint?

JUL. I'm going to whitewash a fence.

MAN. I think I can give you a better job than that.

JUL. Can you? What is it?

MAN. Did you ever act?

JUL. Yes; I acted like a thundering fool this morning.

MAN. No, no; I mean, did you ever act upon the stage?

JUL. You just set behind four horses with me once, and I'll take you over the summit faster dan Hank Monk did Horace Greeley when he went to California.

MAN. No, no; I don't mean a stage-coach, I mean a stage where they act — where they represent Shakespeare, Lord Byron, and all them great writers.

JUL. Yes, Shakspoke, Bay Rum — oh, yes. I know; you mean a *freatre* stage.

MAN. Now, I want a light comedian.

JUL. What, to light lamps?

MAN. No. I want a man to play light parts.

JUL. Well, I'm a pretty good shape. (*Shows himself.*) How will I do? I'd make a healthy lover.

MAN. Your shape is all right ; how's your study ?

JUL. Oh, I'm gay on the study.

MAN. Now listen. I have just got my new theatre done and my company all engaged, and I'm going to open in the play of "Damon and Pythias."

JUL. Who'll pity us ?

MAN. Don't you understand ? "Damon and Pythias." Did you never see that play ?

JUL. Yes ; how does it go ?

MAN. I'll tell you. Now, I want you to play the part of Lucullus.

JUL. Look-all-of-us ? Who's he ?

MAN. Listen ; I'll explain this piece to you.

JUL. Go it.

MAN. Now, you see, Damon and Pythias are two great friends.

JUL. Yes ; they'll lend each other nineteen dollars on a twenty-dollar gold-piece any time, won't they ?

MAN. But Damon has committed some great offence against his state, and he is arrested, tried, and sentenced to death.

JUL. Poor fellow !

MAN. After he receives his sentence, he asks permission to visit his family, who reside some fifteen or twenty miles in the interior.

JUL. Yes, I know ; out here in (*local*). I know where it is.

MAN. Pythias agrees to remain as hostage for Damon.

JUL. Oh, Pythy, he's a hostler.

MAN. No, no ; that is, Pythias remains in Damon's stead, so if Damon doesn't get back in time, Pythias hands in his checks.

JUL. Why don't he put 'em all on the jack, and call the turn ?

MAN. The court gives Damon fifteen minutes to go and come back. Damon has a horse, and you are his servant, Lucullus. You are very much attached to him. He gives you lots of money, clothes, etc.

JUL. He does, hey ? Well, couldn't he advance me a few stamps ? I could play this part much better with a little encouragement.

MAN. Oh, he'll give you lots of it. Now, when he arrives out at his house —

JUL. Yes, out in (*local name, as before*). *

MAN. He gives you his horse to hold ; and, while he is gone into the house, you kill his horse, because you don't want your master to be killed. So you kill his horse so he can't get back to be executed.

JUL. But where is the horse ?

MAN. Oh, he'll have a horse. Well, after he has seen his family, he comes out to where you are, very much excited, and says to you, "Lucullus, where's my horse ?" and you say, "I slew your horse."

JUL. Yes, but I ain't got the horse.

MAN. But you will have in the play. He says, "Lucullus, where's my horse?" and you say, "I slew your horse;" and that is all you have to do. Now I will personate Damon, to show you how he will come on. You stand over there (*R. of stage*), and I'll go here. Now look out and recollect your cue.

(MANAGER *exits R. 2. E., and rushes on tragically.*)

MAN. Lucullus, my horse!

JUL. Hey?

MAN. Hey? Did I tell you to say hey? I told you to say, "I slew the horse."

JUL. Yes; but I ain't got no horse.

MAN. Well, can't you suppose you slew the horse?

JUL. Oh, you want me to suppose I slew your horse?

MAN. Yes.

JUL. Well, go it again.

(*Exit MANAGER as before.*)

MAN. Now be careful this time. (*Rushes on as before.*)
Lucullus, where's my horse?

JUL. I suppose I slew your horse.

MAN. (*very mad*). Can't you say, "I slew your horse," without the suppose?

JUL. Of course I can. What's the use of getting mad?

MAN. Now I'll show you once more. Now look out. (*As before.*) Lucullus, my horse, my horse! Quick, I say! My horse!

JUL. I slew your horse without the suppose.

MAN. (*very mad; both walk across stage*). Oh, get out! You won't do at all. I can't learn you anything.

JUL. Give me one more chance, and if I don't do it this time, I hope to borrow a half a dollar of you.

MAN. Well, one more chance. Now recollect — I slew your horse.

JUL. What you want is, you want a straight slew.

MAN. Yes.

JUL. Well, now you go it again.

MAN. (*exit as before, and enter*). Lucullus! Quick, my horse!

JUL. I — slew — your — horse!

MAN. There; that's it. (*Both shake hands.*)

JUL. Oh, I knew I could suit you, only give me a chance. But what do I get for slewing de horse?

MAN. Well, if you play this well, I give you fifty cents the first year, and at the end of that time, if you'd like to stay, I'll raise you.

JUL. Fifty cents a year?

MAN. Yes.

JUL. And I suppose if I'm prudent and economical and saving,

in the course of ten or fifteen years I'll have as much as a dollar or so.

MAN. Oh, you'll have lots of money thrown on to you by the audience every night.

JUL. Will I? (*Looks at audience.*) Don't throw now, for I couldn't accept it no way, just now. (*Dodges, as if some was coming.*) Don't! don't!

MAN. Well, what do you say? Will you take the engagement?

JUL. Well, boss, I don't care if I do try this job for a year or two. But where is this rooster I am to be with?

MAN. Rooster? He's no rooster; he is a splendid actor. He is now down stairs in the Green Room. I'll go and tell him to come up, and you can rehearse the piece right here. (*Is going.*)

JUL. (*catches MANAGER and pulls him back.*) Say, what kind of a chap is this? Is he robust? What does he do to me when I say, "I slew your horse"? Does he touch me?

MAN. Oh, yes! He's very powerful, and gets very much excited. He comes on and grabs you this way (*takes JULIUS by both coat collars*), and chucks you up in the air two or three times, throws you down on the stage, juggles you around, and breaks an arm or a leg. Why, he has been known to kill twenty or thirty men playing this piece!

JUL. Good-morning. (*Turns to go.*)

MAN. Hold on! What's the matter?

JUL. Come to think, I don't believe I could suit him.

MAN. Oh, I was only joking.

JUL. Was you, though?

MAN. Yes; that's all. He's very weak.

JUL. Very weak? (*Braces up.*)

MAN. Very sick.

JUL. Is he very sick?

MAN. He don't weigh more than seventy-five pounds.

JUL. Is that all? (*Squares off à la Sullivan.*)

MAN. Yes.

JUL. He is very sick, is he? Has he had a doctor?

MAN. Why, yes; he's had a doctor five times a day for four weeks.

JUL. He must be sick.

MAN. Yes.

JUL. Show him up. (*Very brave.*)

MAN. All right. Now recollect your cue.

JUL. Oh, I'm all right. I can lick any sick man that don't weigh more than seventy-five pounds. Show eleven of 'em up. (*Looks off R.*)

(*During this time TRAGEDIAN enters, L. 2 E., and stands C. of stage with domino. As soon as JULIUS sees him, he throws off domino, and both strike attitude. Then JULIUS retires down to R. of stage, and TRAGEDIAN immediately commences "HAMLET'S soliloquy."*)

TRAG. Angels and ministers of grace defend us.

JUL. (*to audience*). He looks very healthy for a sick man.

TRAG. Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned —

JUL. You be damned yourself.

TRAG. — Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell —

JUL. He's crazy.

TRAG. — Be thy intents wicked, or charitable —

JUL. I've got nothing for you; go about your business.

TRAG. — Thou com'st in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee.

JUL. He's going to say something.

TRAG. I'll call thee Hamlet. (*Kneels.*)

JUL. Gimlet?

TRAG. King!

JUL. He calls me King.

TRAG. Father!

JUL. Go away; I ain't your fader. Nice-looking father I'd make!

TRAG. Royal Dane.

JUL. Royal dame — ha, ha, ha!

TRAG. Oh, answer me; let me not burst in ignorance —

JUL. Bust, if you want to.

TRAG. — But tell me why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death, have burst their cerements —

JUL. You'll get spearmint if you fool with this child.

TRAG. — Why the sepulchre, wherein we saw thee quietly inurned, hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws to cast thee up again.

JUL. Oh, what's the matter with you?

TRAG. What may this mean? What may this mean, that thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel, revisitest thus the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous, and we fools of nature, so horribly to shake our disposition with thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul? Say, why is this?

JUL. I don't know.

TRAG. Wherefore?

JUL. What for?

TRAG. What should we do?

JUL. Go about your business; don't bother me.

TRAG. (*rises, still looking on in vacancy, turns to JULIUS*). The fair Ophelia —

JUL. Fair old-feel-er — ha, ha, ha!

TRAG. Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered.

JUL. Go away; I'll mash you.

TRAG. (*getting excited*). I never gave you aught. (*To JULIUS.*)

JUL. Who said you did?

TRAG. Are you honest?

JUL. Yes, certainly I am, you bet.

TRAG. Are you fair.

JUL. No, I'm a Peruvian.

TRAG. I loved you not. (*Walks around stage.*)

JUL. I — don't — care —

TRAG. Get thee to a nunnery. (*Walks around stage.*)

JUL. Get you to a grocery.

TRAG. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?

JUL. I ain't.

TRAG. I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery — go.

JUL. Oh, if I could only get out of this.

TRAG. Where's your father?

JUL. He's in the State Prison.

TRAG. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house.

JUL. Oh, he's barred in — for ninety days.

TRAG. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice —

JUL. I've been chased long enough.

TRAG. — As pure as snow —

JUL. S—no use of getting mad.

TRAG. Thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery — go. (*Walks around stage.*)

JUL. Get you to a bummer.

TRAG. I've heard of your paintings, too, well enough. Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig —

JUL. No, sir.

TRAG. — You amble —

JUL. You lie.

TRAG. — And you lisp and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to! I'll no more of it — it hath made me mad. (*Crosses L.*)

JUL. Why don't you go to the insane asylum?

TRAG. I say, we will have no more marriages.

JUL. You better not let the ladies hear you.

TRAG. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are.

JUL. Get, you, you old bummer! Look here, I'm getting mad. Now look out for me; I ain't going to stand this no longer.

TRAG. (*grabs JULIUS à la Othello*). Be sure thou prove my love a wanton. Give me the ocular proof, or, by the worth of thine eternal soul, thou hadst better been born a dog, than answer my waked wrath. (*Throws JULIUS across; all this time JULIUS can say whatever he likes; it is to be worked up very melodramatic until this last speech is over.*) TRAG. *retires up stage and looks off*

R.; JULIUS *takes stage L., looking at TRAG., much frightened.*
 TRAG. *advances to centre of stage.*)

TRAG. By the powers, the sun is rushing down the west.

JUL. Let it rush.

TRAG. (*turns to JULIUS*). Lucullus! Quick, my horse!

JUL. Hey?

TRAG. My horse, Lucullus, my horse, I say.

JUL. Oh, what was dat I had to say?

TRAG. Lucullus, my horse.

JUL. I — I — I — slewed your horse.

(*Both strike attitude.*)

• TRAG. Merciful powers! I'm standing here —

JUL. So am I.

TRAG. — To see if the powers will with their lightnings execute my prayer upon thee.

JUL. Execute! He's a butcher!

TRAG. Come!!

JUL. Police!!

TRAG. Come!! (*Grabs JULIUS.*)

JUL. Let go of me now — police!

TRAG. To the eternal river of the dead, the way is shorter than that to Syracuse.

JUL. Let go of me! Murder! murder!!

TRAG. With one fling I'll hurl thee to Tartary, and follow, and follow after; away. (*Throws JULIUS to c. of stage and exit. He lays there until TRAG. is off, then sets up and looks off L.*)

JUL. I slewed your horse! (*Gets up and shakes himself; feels if any bones are broken.*) He's a sick man, hey? He's the healthiest sick man I ever see. He's stronger dan an elephant.

(*Enter MANAGER.*)

MAN. Well, Julius, how did you get along with that fellow?

JUL. (*carelessly*). Oh, first-rate.

MAN. How do you like him as an actor?

JUL. Oh, he can't act.

MAN. What? You surprise me! Why, he has the reputation of being one of the greatest actors on the stage.

JUL. Oh, he's a bilk; he can't act.

(*MANAGER and JULIUS turn aside and wink at audience.*)

MAN. What did he do when he came in?

JUL. Oh, not much. He came in here putting on a few scollops. He tackled me a few minutes, and I flopped him.

MAN. What's that?

JUL. I flopped him.

MAN. What do you mean?

JUL. I caught him thus. (*Catches himself by the coat-collar.*)

And thus. (*Catches himself by the seat of his pants.*) And do you see that window? (*Looking off L.*)

MAN. Yes. (*The same time going off slowly R.*)

JUL. I chucked him right through that window. (*Exit MANAGER.*)

TRAG. (*outside, very loud*). Lucullus!!!

(*JULIUS falls upon stage, and TRAG. comes on; both face each other, then back off to first entrance.*)

TRAG. Remember me! (*Exit.*)

JUL. I'll never forget you. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

Baker's Monthly Bulletin.

TO MEET MR. THOMPSON. A Farceical Sketch in One Scene. By CLARA J. DENTON. Eight female characters. Scene, a parlor, very simple; costumes modern, and all requirements very easy. An admirable drawing-room piece. Plays fifteen minutes. (1890.)

PLACER COLD; OR, HOW UNCLE NATHAN LOST HIS FARM. A New England Drama in Three Acts. By DAVID HILL. Ten male and five female characters. Scenery, not difficult; costumes, modern. This comedy-drama of New England life is of the general class to which "Old Jed Prouty" and "Joshua Whitcomb" belong. Its scenes, characters and humor are rustic; its interest, simple but strong. Uncle Nathan is a strong part. Gipsy, the waif, is an admirable soubrette, as good as "M'liss." Mike and Joe, good Irish comedy characters. (1890.)

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INNISFAIL; OR, THE WANDERER'S DREAM. A Drama of Irish Life in Four Acts. By RICHARD QUINN. Seven male and three female characters. Scenery not difficult; costumes of the period. This piece is interesting in story and depicts Irish patriotism, sentiment and humor, with truth and vigor. The character of Felix is an admirable one, the player assuming many disguises in course of the action. Effie (lead) and Mary Anne (soubrette) are both good parts; Benner (heavy) and Con o' the Bogs (heavy comedy) very effective. (1889-1890.)

CHUMS. A College Farce in One Act. By the author of "Class Day." Three male and two female characters. Scenery and costumes, very easy. Tom Burnham wears ladies' costume throughout the piece, and all the characters may be played by men, if desired, as in the original performance by Graduate Members of the Pi Eta Society, of Harvard College, at Beethoven Hall, Boston, February 29, 1876. A very funny piece and a sure hit. (1890.)

Price, 25 Cents.

WHEN THE CURTAIN RISES. A collection of short plays for parlor performance. By CLARA J. DENTON. The plays in this collection are short, bright and easy to get up, just the thing for the "Home Theatre." No scenery is needed, and no costumes that do not hang in every one's closet. Contents: THE MAN WHO WENT TO EUROPE. A Comedietta in One Act, for four males and two females. ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE. A Drama in Three Scenes, for three males and two females. "W. H." A Farce in One Act, for one male and three females. A CHANGE OF COLOR. A Drama in One Act, for two males and three females. TO MEET MR. THOMPSON. A Farce in One Act, for eight females. (1890.)

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BOUND BY AN OATH. A Drama in Prologue and Four Acts. By DAVID HILL. Six male and four female characters. Scenery, not simple, but easily simplified; costumes, modern. This is a strong and stirring melodrama of modern life and times. The comedy element is furnished by a negro and a quaint old woman's part. Elias, the "oath-bound," is a strong part; Seth is a good light comedy villain, and Jacob a strong "heavy" part. (1890.)

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THE GRANGER; OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP. A Comedy in Three Acts. By DAVID HILL. Eleven male and two female characters and supers; six male characters only being important. Costumes modern and eccentric rustic. Scenery may be made elaborate or simple, according to circumstances. John Haymaker is a good character, new to the stage, and full of rustic humor and shrewdness. Alvin Joslyn, as played by Mr. Davis, comes nearest to it in flavor. The other characters are excellent, generally rustic types and those of low life in the city, where the incidents of "The Granger's" second act occur. The story is original in idea, and of great humorous possibilities. Just the thing for a Grange entertainment. Can be played with the simplest accessories, yet will amply repay care in getting up. (1890.)

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THE BOOK OF DRILLS; PART FIRST. A group of entertainments for stage or floor performance. By MARY B. HORNE, the author of "The Peak Sisters," etc. Containing: A NATIONAL FLAG DRILL (as presented by children in Belmont, Mass., at a Fair given by the Arachne, in December, 1888. Also as given by ten young ladies of the Unity Club in Watertown, Mass., Feb. 22, 1889); THE SHEPHERD'S DRILL; THE TAMBOURINE DRILL (as given at a Rainbow Party by twelve little girls of the Third Congregational Society, Austin St., Cambridgeport, May 2, 1889); THE MOTHER GOOSE QUADRILLE (as danced at the Belmont Town Hall, May 10, 1889). (1889.)

Price, 30 Cents.

Baker's Monthly Bulletin.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HUSKING BEE. An Old Folks' Entertainment in One Scene. By NETTIE H. PELHAM. For eleven male and five female characters, and as many more as desired. Scene, the interior of a barn, easily arranged; costumes old fashioned. Plays forty minutes or more, according to number of songs and specialties introduced. Very easy to get up, and very funny. An excellent introduction for a dance, supper, or sociable, where a mixed entertainment is desired. (1891.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

A VISION OF FAIR WOMEN. A Dramatic Paraphrase in One Scene. Based upon Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." By EDITH LYNWOOD WINN. Thirty-nine girls are called for, besides the "Dreamer" who has the vision; but a smaller number may be used, at pleasure, by simply reducing the number of tableaux. No scenery is required, and the costumes can be easily contrived by home talent. This is a very picturesque and enjoyable entertainment, and by giving a large number of pretty girls a chance to look their best, is sure to please them and every one else. (1891.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

JOINING THE TINPANITES; OR, PADDY McFLING'S EXPERIENCE. PART I. A Mock Initiation for the amusement and instruction of Secret Societies. Adapted to all orders, and containing nothing to offend any secret organization. By DAVID HILL. For thirteen male characters and supers. Scenery unimportant, the stage representing the interior of a lodge-room. Costumes, burlesque regalia. Plays forty-five minutes. This is an uproariously funny travesty of the forms of initiation, and is just the thing for a lodge-room entertainment. Any number of men can assist as members, etc. (1891.) **Price, 15 Cents.**

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