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# Not a Bit Jealous

Frank Dumont

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# Successful Rural Plays

A Strong List From Which to Select Your  
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**FARM FOLKS.** A Rural Play in Four Acts, by ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS. For five male and six female characters. Time of playing, two hours and a half. One simple exterior, two easy interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Flora Goodwin, a farmer's daughter, is engaged to Philip Burleigh, a young New Yorker. Philip's mother wants him to marry a society woman, and by falsehoods makes Flora believe Philip does not love her. Dave Weston, who wants Flora himself, helps the deception by intercepting a letter from Philip to Flora. She agrees to marry Dave, but on the eve of their marriage Dave confesses, Philip learns the truth, and he and Flora are reunited. It is a simple plot, but full of speeches and situations that sway an audience alternately to tears and to laughter. Price, 25 cents.

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PHILADELPHIA

# Not a Bit Jealous

*A Comedy Sketch in One Act*

By

FRANK DUMONT

*Author of "The Depot Lunch Counter," "A Quiet Hotel," "How a Woman Keeps a Secret," etc.*



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PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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Not a Bit Jealous

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# Not a Bit Jealous

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## CHARACTERS

GEORGE SCHEMER - - - - - *very suspicious*  
MRS. BELLA SCHEMER - *his wife—still more suspicious*  
HIRAM SOFT - - - - - *a delivery clerk*

TIME.—Thirty minutes.

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## STORY OF THE PLAY

Romantic Mrs. Schemer decides to test her husband's love. She hires Hiram Soft, a delivery clerk, to make love to her and thus arouse her husband's jealousy. "How big a man is your husband?" Mr. Schemer discovers the plot, and hires Soft to dress in women's clothes and make love to him. "Say, don't forget that I'm not the real thing." Bella sees the supposed woman in her husband's arms, and proves to everybody's satisfaction that she is more than a bit jealous.

## COSTUMES

GEORGE. About thirty. Street costume, with hat, overcoat, gloves, etc.

BELLA. About twenty-five. Handsome afternoon dress.

SOFT. About twenty-five. At first entrance wears ordinary business suit, and a uniform cap. At second entrance is dressed in feminine attire, with short skirt, gay hat, hand-bag, fancy shoes, etc.

## PROPERTIES

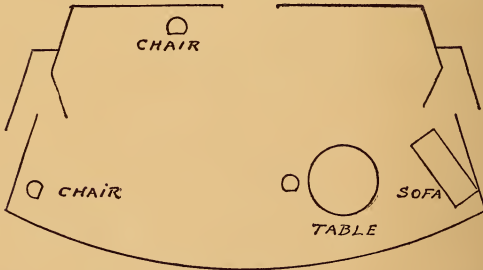
For BELLA: Novel.

For GEORGE: Hat and overcoat; pistol.

For SOFT: Box, containing lady's waist, wrapped as though just from store.

## SCENE PLOT

### INTERIOR BACKING



SCENE.—Parlor or sitting-room of the Schemers. A handsome interior, with suitable furnishings. Doors up c. and at r. and l. Lounge or sofa l. Table and easy chair l. c. Chair up r. c., near door c. Pictures on walls.

# Not a Bit Jealous

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SCENE.—*Parlor or sitting-room in the home of the SCHEMERS.*

(*Discovered: BELLA SCHEMER, L. C., in easy chair, reading a book.*)

BELLA (*reading*). “‘Who was that man who bowed to you?’ demanded Alonzo, when they were alone. ‘Why, Alonzo, how strangely you speak.’ ‘Huh, you try to evade the question. I demand an answer.’ (*Dramatically.*) ‘Who is that man?’” (*Lets novel fall in her lap, and repeats.*) Who is that man? Oh, if George would only talk to me like that once in a while. This is a beautiful story. The young bride’s husband is insanely jealous of her. He makes love to her all day and won’t let her look at another man. And they have been married nearly two months. (*Rises and throws novel on table.*) Oh, if George were only like that—if I could only make him insanely jealous of me! He neglects me—that’s what he does—he doesn’t care for me any more. (*Leans against table, L. Picks up novel again and opens it. Reads.*) “Who is that man?” (*Lays book on table, thinking.*) Ah-ha. That’s it. That’s the answer. If he once saw another man making love to me George would wake up. Now—(*crosses R., thinking hard*) now—who is that man?

(*Enter HIRAM SOFT, up c., carrying a box containing a silk waist.*)

SOFT. Who, me? (*BELLA turns, startled.*) Were you talking to me, ma’am?

BELLA. No, certainly not. Who are you—where are you from?

SOFT. From Yard and White's, ma'am (*or name a local firm*). Are you Mrs. Bella Schemer?

(*Looking at name on box.*)

BELLA. That's my name.

SOFT (*coming down R. C.*). A package for you from our store. A gentleman bought it and ordered it sent here to this address.

(*Gives box. She opens it and holds the waist up to view.*)

BELLA. The very shirt-waist that I admired yesterday. It's very pretty—but, oh, why didn't he let me go and buy it for myself?

SOFT. Search me!

BELLA (*glaring at him*). Sir! Of course it's very pretty but I want to do my own shopping.

SOFT. Uh-huh! Ladies are never satisfied! I hear the same story wherever I go.

(*Goes L. and looks at pictures on wall.*)

BELLA (*dramatically*). That's because men do not understand women—and never will.

SOFT. You're right! They don't even understand themselves.

BELLA (*crossing L. to SOFT*). Have you ever been in love?

SOFT (*edging away*). Now, now, I've got my fingers crossed. I came near falling in love once, but when I looked at my pay envelope I found I couldn't afford such luxuries.

BELLA. Would you like to earn a little money?

SOFT. Say—would a duck swim? What's the game? I'm in it.

BELLA. Very well. I'll unravel the plot. You will laugh when you hear it. I want you to make love to me!

SOFT (*looking at her doubtfully*). I don't see



where the laugh comes in. Nothing doing. I'll make love to you and you will sue me for breach of promise — Oh, no. I'm not taking any chances.

(*He retreats warily up l. c. behind table.*)

BELLA. Don't be ridiculous. This is business. I want to make my husband jealous.

SOFT (*coming down r.*). How big a man is your husband?

BELLA (*crossing to r. c.*). Oh! He is quite an invalid. You need not be afraid of him at all.

SOFT (*r.*). Are you sure that he wouldn't do me some bodily harm?

BELLA (*r. c.*). I am quite sure! I wish to arouse his jealousy—that's all. You pretend to make love to me. If it works, and we make him jealous, I'll protect you.

SOFT. Well, it sounds all right. How much?

BELLA. Well, really (*smiling at him*), don't you think that considering the pleasure and —

SOFT (*firmly*). This is in business hours. Our price for making love in business hours is ten dollars—cash.

BELLA (*sighing*). Oh, you business men. However — (*Takes purse from table and hands him a bill.*) Now, let's begin.

SOFT (*not quite sure whether to humor her or to run*). Well, what are we going to — I hardly —

BELLA. Don't forget, this is business. Now, make love to me.

SOFT. Well, you're a perfect stranger to me. Er—what kind of love do you like?

BELLA. Have you a sweetheart?

SOFT. Oh, yes, three or four.

BELLA (*going to sofa, l.*). Well, then just imagine I'm your best girl. Come, now—start in. Come on. (*SOFT takes a step toward her.*) My, but you're slow. Come here. (*SOFT runs to her, stops suddenly.*) That's right. You're getting the idea.

SOFT. Certainly. What do I do next?

BELLA. Stupid. Sit down here by me. (*Makes room for him on sofa. He sits on end toward audience.*) Now then. We'll rehearse a love scene, like they do in the movies. You are the bashful lover.

SOFT. Yes. I'm bashful, all right.

BELLA. And I am not at all bashful.

SOFT. You're right you aren't. (*Confused.*) I mean, yes, ma'am.

BELLA. Don't say "yes, ma'am." Call me darling.

SOFT (*in a ridiculous small voice*). Darling!

BELLA (*taking his hand*). Oh, not that way. More warmly, like this. (*Languishingly.*) Darling!

SOFT (*still stiffly*). Darling!

BELLA. You're getting the idea. Now put your arm around me. (*He does so, timidly. She puts her head on his shoulder.*) That's the way. (*Looking up at him and speaking dramatically.*) Oh, Armand, my loved one, how I have longed for your kiss. (*SOFT hugs her and gives her a kiss. She springs away from him.*) Oh, that was a real one!

SOFT. Certainly. I'm getting the idea now.

BELLA. Not—not too warmly, you know. This is business.

SOFT (*laughing*). All right. (*Takes her hand.*) Now begin again.

BELLA. All right. Warm, you understand, but not too warm. Now. (*Dramatically.*) Oh, Armand, no tongue could tell the depth of my love for you. (*In natural voice.*) Put your arms around me. (*He does so.*) That's it. A little closer. Oh!

(*She nestles against his shoulder. Enter, up c., GEORGE SCHEMER. He looks at them in astonishment.*)

SOFT (*tenderly*). Oh, my darling, my dearest one.  
(*GEORGE, enraged, takes off hat and overcoat and throws them on chair up R.*)

BELLA. Armand, you are my only comfort. My husband treats me cruelly. (*GEORGE takes a step to-*

*ward them and stops, clenching fists.*) Take me away from here. I will fly to the end of the world with you.

SOFT. Sweetheart! Nothing shall part us again—nothing, I say—no one, no—(*looks up and sees GEORGE, and stammers*) er—that is, hardly any one. (*Takes arm from BELLA's waist.*) I—I think we have company.

BELLA (*throwing herself on his shoulder*). Oh, you must not leave me, Armand. I would die for you. (*GEORGE takes out a pistol. SOFT hastily rises. GEORGE puts pistol in pocket.*) Armand! You repulse me! You cannot be so cruel. (*Throws herself on her knees, seizes his hand and kisses it, while SOFT frantically tries to take it away.*) Armand, speak to me! You are the only man I love.

(*GEORGE, up R. C., makes threatening preparations.*)

SOFT. I know, but I've got to get away from here. Let go of me.

BELLA (*with tender reproach*). Why, my darling, have you ceased to love me? Why are you so cold?

(*Rises.*)

SOFT. Well, two is company, but three is a crowd.

BELLA. Three. What do you mean? No one will ever come between us and separate us.

GEORGE. Except your husband!

(*Speaks as he comes down between them, hurling SOFT to R. BELLA screams.*)

SOFT. Look out who you are pushing!

GEORGE (*c., to BELLA*). Madam, who is this fellow Armand?

SOFT (*r.*). Excuse me. My name is not Armand. My name is Hiram Soft. The lady asked me—

GEORGE. Asked you, eh? You scoundrel! You come into my home like a serpent and make love to my wife, do you? You—miserable worm! Say your prayers!

SOFT. I don't know any. I was brought up in Phoenixville. (*Use name of neighboring town.*)

GEORGE. You miserable excuse for a shrimp! Prepare to die at the hands of a wronged husband. (*Seizes SOFT, who yells for help, and flings him around as he shouts.*) I'll kill you—I'll break every bone in your body, etc.

BELLA (*screaming*). Oh, George! Don't kill him!

SOFT (*loudly*). George! Don't kill little Hiram.

(*GEORGE picks SOFT up and throws him down on the floor and produces the revolver. BELLA screams again.*)

GEORGE (*c.*). Madam, go to your room. You know that I am a jealous man—but now I am crazy. Go—go! Leave me with your lover. You will never see him again. (*Takes out pistol.*)

BELLA. George, listen. You must not —

(*BELLA wishes to remain, but GEORGE in his insane fury drives her out L. Then SOFT, down R., sits up.*)

SOFT. Georgie, calm yourself. Let's talk this thing over.

GEORGE (*up c.*). Not until I have killed you.

SOFT. It may be too late then. (*Rises.*) Point that pistol the other way. Now, Georgie, have sense.

GEORGE (*coming down c.*). Don't dare call me Georgie!

SOFT. Now don't, Georgie. (*GEORGE threatens him.*) All right, I won't call you that, Georgie. Now, let me explain this business before you send for the undertaker.

GEORGE. Go ahead. Your life hangs by a thread.

SOFT. First of all your wife engaged me to make love to her. (*GEORGE points pistol.*) Now, Georgie, stop fooling with that gun. She engaged me to make love to her to make you jealous.

GEORGE. Who are you?

SOFT. My name is Hiram Soft. I'm a delivery clerk for the big department store. (*Mention local*

*firm.*) I came here to deliver a package and your wife fell in love with me—no—no—I don't mean that. I mean that she is romantic and wanted to make you feel jealous and I'm the object selected to get your goat.

GEORGE. My wife engaged you to make love to her just to make me feel jealous?

SOFT. Yes—so help me New Jersey. Here's the money she paid me. (*Shows bill.*)

GEORGE. And you're not in love with my wife?

SOFT. I wouldn't have her for a gift. Look out with that pistol.

GEORGE. So that's the little scheme, is it?

SOFT. That's the whole scheme, and I came near getting killed for it.

GEORGE (*laughing*). Now here's where I get even. You are going to be a lady.

SOFT. Not me—I'm bad enough as I am.

GEORGE. Dress as a lady and make love to me.

SOFT. Say, what is this—the crazy house?

GEORGE. Come! Do as I say and I'll pay you well. It will be a good joke on my wife and enable me to pay her back in her own coin. Here! (*Gives money.*)

SOFT (*pocketing the money*). All right. Where's my equipment—my upholstery—my feminine glad rags?

GEORGE. Go into that room. (*Points R.*) You will find everything needed. Now hurry up, and we'll have lots of fun out of this.

SOFT (*starting R.*). I hope so—but remember that I'm a lady.

GEORGE (*R. of table*). I won't forget it. (*Partially forces him out R., bidding him to hurry and be careful.*) Now, Mrs. Schemer, we'll turn the tables on you. I'm not a bit jealous, but I'll test you.

(*Enter BELLA, L.*)

BELLA (*coming down L.*). Where is your victim?

GEORGE (*C., coolly*). I killed him and buried his body in the coal cellar.

BELLA. George—be sensible. I'm glad he's gone. And you were jealous—admit you were awfully jealous.

GEORGE. I've never been jealous in my life. It's you, madam, who are jealous.

BELLA. I? There's not a jealous bone in my body. I wouldn't be jealous of you, anyway.

GEORGE (*R. of table*). And you are nobody to be jealous of, either. You read novels and moon around here kissing the cat.

BELLA. I'd rather kiss the cat than kiss you.

GEORGE. Two of a kind. But I pity the cat.

BELLA. I hate you.

GEORGE. Fine. That suits me. I'm the best little hater you ever met.

BELLA (*furiously*). I'm going home to my mother.

GEORGE (*calmly*). It's better than bringing her here.

BELLA. Oh! You monster!

GEORGE. Oh, you Vixen! (*They scowl at each other across the table and BELLA flounces out L., bursting into tears as she does so. GEORGE laughs, R. of table.*) I've got her started.

(*Enter SOFT, R., attired as a lively female. Short dress, gay hosiery, fancy shoes, a very bright colored hat and hand-bag. He flounces in ad lib.*)

SOFT (*coming down R.*). Say! How do I look?

GEORGE (*at table c.*). Splendid! You look the part.

SOFT. But I feel rather uncomfortable in these togs.

GEORGE. Never mind. It won't last long. Your name is Mabel. Come here.

(*Sits in chair R. of table and takes SOFT upon his lap.*)

SOFT. Say! Don't forget that I'm not the real thing.

GEORGE. Oh, Mabel darling! I have loved you for so long that you are part of my very existence.

(BELLA *appears at L.*) This is the first time I have ever loved any one.

BELLA (*at door L.*). He told me the same thing. Oh! (*Clutches the air in her anger.*)

GEORGE. We shall elope and live like two canary birds. Oh, Mabel—Mabel darling—give me one sweet kiss to bind our hearts together. Oh, my affinity!

(BELLA, *frantic with jealousy, now dashes down and seizes SOFT and flings him to R.* GEORGE *rises.*)

BELLA (C.). Well, hussy! Right in my own house, too. Leave here this instant.

GEORGE. Oh, a little jealous, eh!

BELLA. What, jealous of a painted doll like that? Not a bit! (*To SOFT.*) Go—do you hear me—go!

(*Makes a frantic dash at SOFT as she screams. She pulls off the supposed woman's hat, then her wig, then seizes the skirt or gown that is made apron like to be pulled off and expose a white skirt beneath it. SOFT is yelling Police! and Murder! and running about to escape the frantic woman. He stops at last down C.*)

SOFT (C.). Hold on! Hold on! Are you all crazy?

BELLA (R. C.). Oh! It's the man I hired to make love to me.

GEORGE (L. C.). And I hired him to represent a woman and make love to me.

BELLA (*sobbing*). Oh! George! I'm a fool.

GEORGE (*smiling and crossing to her*). Bella, I'm a bigger fool than you are.

(*They fall into each other's arms, saying, "Forgive me," as they embrace. SOFT limps to the door R. with battered hat, etc., turns and "blesses" them.*)





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**JONES VS. JINKS.** A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout. Price, 15 cents.

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**THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION.** A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals. Price, 25 cents.

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**SISTER MASONS.** A Burlesque in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization. Price, 15 cents.

**A COMMANDING POSITION.** A Farcical Entertainment, by AMELIA SANFORD. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework. Price, 15 cents.

**HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.** A Comedy in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels. Price, 15 cents.

**THE OXFORD AFFAIR.** A Comedy in Three Acts, by JOSEPHINE H. COBB and JENNIE E. PAINE. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment. Price 15 cents.

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