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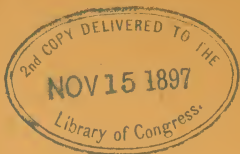
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THE DARKEY & COMIC DRAMA

HOW TO GET A
DIVORCE



Chicago.
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.



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HOW TO GET A DIVORCE

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY
FRANK DUMONT

AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "THE LADY BARBER," "THE
CAKE WALK," ETC.

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CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

[1897]
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As performed by Dumont's Minstrels.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| JUDGE ALIMONY..... | | <i>Dave Foy.</i> |
| LAWYER BLEEDEM..... | { Divorce } | <i>W. E. Murphy.</i> |
| LAWYER FLEECEM..... | { Lawyers. } | <i>Chas. Turner.</i> |
| OFFICER OF THE COURT..... | | <i>James McCool.</i> |
| MR. MULLIGAN | } Happy couples seeking separation. } | <i>J. M. Kene.</i> |
| MRS. MULLIGAN..... | | <i>Harry Vollmer.</i> |
| MR. YOUNGHUSBAND..... | | <i>W. E. Dempsey.</i> |
| MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND..... | | <i>Merrill Rudolph.</i> |
| MR. EASY..... | | <i>James Roy.</i> |
| MRS. EASY..... | | <i>Matt Wheeler.</i> |
| "THE BABY"..... | | <i>Fred. Wilson.</i> |
| | | <i>Joseph Perry.</i> |

The Jury and other bits of judicial bric-a-brac.

Plays fifteen minutes.

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HOW TO GET A DIVORCE.

Scene.—PLAIN CHAMBER.

Platform to represent judge's bench, behind which are three chairs for the judges. Two are occupied by Dummies. One a real dummy, the other a man made up to represent a dummy. He is attired in suit too large for him, with straw protruding from the legs and arms and wearing a false face. He is always limp and lifeless throughout. Middle seat is left vacant for Judge. At opening of scene a jury is discovered L. witness box R. C., witness box L. C., and court officer with club slyly smoking a cigar and keeping "order" R. C. He is made up as an Irish Policeman.

Officer. Order in the court, order in the Divorce Court. [**Lawyer Fleecem** enters L. I E., pocket full of documents. Bows to Jury and sits L. of table in front of Judges stand. Then enter **Lawyer Bleedem** L. I E., very blustering. Bows to everybody.]

Lawyer B. Where's Judge Alimony?

All. Yes, where's Judge Alimony?

Officer. Here comes the Judge. Hats off everybody. [**Enter Judge Alimony** L. I E. This character can be performed in Irish or German dialect. **Judge** bows to everybody. Takes his seat between the dummies and raps for order. He discovers that officer is smoking a cigar.]

Judge. How dare you smoke in here? Throw away that cigar. [**Officer** throws butt of cigar C. Everybody scrambles for it, **Judge** gets it and returns to seat, triumphantly smoking it.] What's the first divorce case on the docket?

Lawyer B. Mulligan versus Mulligan.

Judge. Call Mulligan abuses Mulligan. [**Officer** skips over to L. E., and shouts in thick Irish dialect.]

Officer. Mulligan forninst Mulligan the Judge wants to see you, come into coort ! [*Skips back to R. C.* **Mr. Mulligan and Mrs. Mulligan, an Irish couple enter, quarreling, L. I E.]**

Judge. Take the witness stand.

Mulligan. Be dad and I will. [*Grabs witness stand, and attempts to carry it off L.* **Officer** seizes him, clubs him, and makes him replace it R. C. and get into it. **Mrs. Mulligan** in witness box L. C.]

Judge. Who represents these Fenians ?

Lawyer B. I represent Mrs. Mulligan.

Lawyer F. I represent Mr. Mulligan.

Mrs. Mulligan. I want a divorce, and I don't care how soon I get it. It's fashionable to get a divorce and I want one. If I don't get it I'll clean out this court room.

Judge. Shut up !

Mrs. Mulligan. Shut up yourself. Don't talk to me, you old amadhawn ! If I don't get a divorce, I'll pull you off that perch, and dance on your neck, so I will.

Mr. Mulligan. And she can do it, Judge, she's a holy terror.

Mrs. Mulligan. Let me get at him ! [*She tries to run across stage with witness box, to get at Mulligan. The Officer interposes to keep them quiet. Mulligan becomes excited and tries to attack Mrs. Mulligan. The court is in an uproar. Mrs. Mulligan reaches over and grabbing books, and papers, throws them at Judge and Lawyers. Then she scrambles out of witness box, and picks up a square box full of saw-dust, used as a spittoon—and flings the contents (sawdust) all over the Judge and Jury.*]

Judge. Put that woman out. Here's your divorce. Take it and get out. [*Hands documents to Mrs. Mulligan.*]

Mrs. Mulligan. Thanks, your honor, I'll kiss you for that. [*Climbs on table to reach Judge to kiss him, she is pulled away by Officer and hustled out L. I E. Officer then grabs Mulligan.*]

Officer. What are you making all this noise for ? [*Clubs and hustles Mulligan out L. I E., then returns, and clubs some of the Jury until Judge shouts to him to stop it, and go to his position. Judge then consults with the dummies, on his right and left.*]

Judge. Call the next divorce case.

Lawyer B. Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband.

Lawyer F. I represent the wife.

Judge. Call Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband.

Officer. [C.] Mr. and Mrs. Freshhusband come into court. [*Skips back to R. C. Mr. and Mrs. Younghusband enter L. I E. Mr. Y. goes to box R. C. Mrs. Y. into box L. C.*]

Lawyer F. Your honor this is a most heart-rending case. The brutality of that man is something appalling. He has trodden upon that poor woman, starved her, and denied her anything to make life even bearable.

Judge. [*To husband.* Oh, you villain, I wish I could reach you with this. [*Tries to hit him with mallet.*] Madam, tell your story to the jury.

Mrs. Younghusband. Well, this man allows my mother to live with us and never murmurs. He buys me all the new dresses I need, and gives me all the spending money I ask for. He allows me to have my own way in everything, and tries to be loving and attentive at all times. He has never said a cross word to me since we were married.

Judge. [*To husband.*] Oh, you monster. I'll have you kicked to death by grasshoppers. [*Tries to hit husband with mallet, then picks up a croquet mallet with long handle and comes near striking husband. To wife.*] And he used to strike you and abuse you?

Mrs. Young. [*Laughs.*] Oh, no. He didn't dare say his life was his own. I used to wipe the floor up with him.

Judge. [*To husband.*] You son of a gun! Oh you double dyed villain. Take him out in the jail yard and hang him! Hang him—he isn't fit to live. To abuse that poor little angel! Oh, you rascal. Get out of my sight. Officer, soak him good! [*Officer grabs husband—clubs and thumps him savagely and throws him out L. I E.*] Sweetest of your sex. Here's your divorce. [*Gives paper.*]

Mrs. Young. Oh Judge, you are so kind—I'd like to kiss you!

Judge. I'll see you after court. [*Hits dummies to his right and left with mallet and his hands.*] What are you fellows laughing at? I'll give her all the divorces in this court if I want to!

Mrs. Young. Ta, ta! Judge. [*Throws kisses to him. Lawyers and officers all caper about flirting with her. Judge stands up—throws kisses to her, and hit dummies in his frenzy. Mrs. Y. flounces out throwing kisses to everybody. Officer in his excitement raps Lawyer B. over the head, Lawyer Bleedem jumps and appeals to Judge.*]

Lawyer B. Your honor I've been struck.

Judge. Sit down—sit down or I'll knock you down. [*Aims*

blow at Lawyer with mallet.] It's mashing in this court. Officer! keep quiet or I'll go down there and soak you good. What is the next case?

Lawyer F. Mrs. Easy who seeks a divorce from Mr. Easy.

Judge. Well, that's easy. How much did you get out of it?

Lawyer F. One hundred dollars.

Judge. Whack up—or you don't get any divorce out of this court, [**Lawyer demurs, but hands cash to Judge.**] That's business—now I'm with you. This court is not in the divorce business for fun. Bring in the burglars.

Lawyer F. Not burglars, your honor.

Judge. Oh, no! I was thinking of you and the other liar. [**To Officer.**] Call Mr. and Mrs. Easy Street.

Officer. [C.] Easy there and Easy here—come in the whole two both of yeas.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Easy L. I E. Easy into box R. Mrs. Easy into box L.

Lawyer F. This case calls for your tears, Judge, and for your tears, Jury. Here is a brute who never went away from home or refused his wife anything. He let her flirt with other men and never kicked. Oh, your honor! words choke me—my heart is too full, I'm too full for utterance.

Judge. I thought so.

Lawyer F. I can only weep for her wrongs. [*Cries.*] Grant her a divorce and give all the money this man owns to her. Oh your honor—this is sad—sad—very sad. [**Lawyer cries—starts the Jury crying. The Officer cries. Mr. and Mrs. Easy cry. Then the Judge cries.**]

Judge. [*To dummies.*] Cry! you fellows cry! [*Wipes their eyes with his kerchief. A general uproar of weeping follows. Officer wrings out 'kerchief in which there is a wet sponge concealed.*]

Lawyer F. It's pretty tough when a lawyer cries! [**Judge raps for order.**]

Judge. I give her a dozen divorces and as for that man—put him in prison for one hundred and sixty years. If he dies before his time expires, his father will have to serve out his sentence. [*Gives papers to Mrs. Easy.*] There's a whole lot divorces for you, madam.

Mrs. Easy. Who gets our little baby?

Judge. A baby? Bring in the baby.

Mrs. Easy. [*Calling.*] Come baby—come to mamma. [*A tall six foot man attired as a little girl runs in from L. I E.*

and jumps into Mrs. Easy's arms. At this moment Mrs. Alimony enters L. I E. shouting "where is he?"

Judge. Oh! my wife! [Trembles.]

Mrs. Alimony. You're so free giving all these women divorces, now I want one myself. Come off that bench you big pudding-head! [Knocks down Officer also Lawyers who seek to catch and hold her. She throws books, etc. at Judge. Then fires pistol at left hand dummy which is pulled up by string at pistol shot. Judge comes down wrestling with the other dummy and throws it down C. and kicks it. Suddenly the dummy (Live man) jumps to his feet, knocks down Judge, Officer, Lawyers and everybody within reach. Mr. and Mrs. Easy with the "baby" are at back, everybody trying to save themselves from Judge's wife who is tipping over chairs, table, etc., and the animated dummy who is C.]

CURTAIN.







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