

"LITTLE JOHNNY JONES"

BY:
GEORGE M. COHAN

Table of Contents

Original Cast

ACT 1st -- Exterior Cecil Hotel - London, England.

ACT 2nd -- South Hampton Dock, St. Hurrah Steaming

ACT 3rd -- Chinatown, San Francisco.

-- Original Cast --

ANTHONY ANSTEY, an American Gambler-----J.J. Cohan
SING SONG, Editor of the Pekin Gazette-----Bernard Dyllyn
TIMOTHY D. McGEE, an American Politician and horse owner-----Sam J.
Ryan
HENRY HAPGOOD, a young friend of Goldie's-----Donald Bryen
WHITNEY WILSON, who also makes the trip-----Tim Lewis
STARTER, of the Cecil.
CAPTAIN SQUIRVEY, of the St. Hurrah:-----C. Jack Harrington
BELL BOY:
CABIN BOY:-----William Seymour
JOHNNY JONES, the American Jockey-----George M. Cohen
MRS. KENWORTH, Goldie's Aunt-----Helen F. Cohan
FLORABELLE FLY, of the Frisco Searcher-----Truly Shattuck
BESSIE, The American Girl-----Eddie Tyler
GOLDIE GATES, an heiress in love with Jones, and THE EARL OF BLOOMSBURY-----
Ethel Levey
INSPECTOR OF POLICE-----Charles Bachman

-ACT 1.-

(Opening number done by starter and all the chorus.)

(At opening of number reformers enter from 1st entrance left, and enter hotel, and appear on balcony.)

(During number the newsboy comes from I.E.L. deals out papers to members of chorus, while he and starter are singing, starter following him around.)

(At finish of number, cabbies down stage - exit I.E.L. and chorus stays up stage - pantomime talk.)

Starter.

(Calling off L.I.E.)

Here, here, keep to the left - keep to the left.

(Sarcastic)

Drives his cab to the right like a blooming Yankee.

(Enter Henry from hotel and down to starter)

Henry.

Good morning, starter.
(*Starter turns to R.*)

Starter.

A ripping nice morning, yes sir.

Henry.

Fine day for the derby.

Starter.

Yes indeed, sir.

Henry.

(*Henry turns to L. and looks up at decorations.*)

Tell me, what are these decorations for.

Starter.

Decorations, haven't you heard? Sing Song, the great Chinese newspaper man here to see the Derby. They do say the Emperor sent him. Four of the Emperor's wards are with him, sir.

Henry.

Emperor's wards!

Starter.

Sure. Chinese women my word, they are a sight.

Henry.

Are there many Americans here?

Starter.

All sorts and sizes, sir.

Henry.

Notice any uncommon, extraordinary, I might say suspicious ones among them?

Starter.

Say, where are you from? Scotland Yards?

Henry

(*Laughing*)

Why?

Starter.

You talk like a blooming inspector. Something up, is there?

Henry.

(*Hesitatingly*)

Why no, -- but --

Starter.

Something you want to know, sir?

(Holding out hand)

Henry.

There you are again - well here.

(Slips him tip)

Is there a Mrs. Kenworth here?

Starter.

Mrs. Kenworth, oh, yes, sir. She's been here for several days, sir.

Henry.

Who's with her?

(THEY go to R. of stage)

Starter.

A lot of young females, sir. Some sort of a reforming society, I understand. They look like Salvation Army folks to me, sir.

(At this girls enter from hotel. Come down stage, all turn and look up at balcony, and discover reformers. Pointing up and laughing, both Henry and Starter turn, and both look up at balcony and cross to extreme left.)

Starter.

(All excited)

There they are, sir. Them is them, sir.

(At this girl comes down stage C. surrounded by all the girls and Starter stays extreme L. looking off. Henry goes up stage, talks to boys.)

1st Girl.

Do you know who they are?

All the Girls.

No.

1st Girl.

They're the San Francisco Female Reformers.

All.

(Laugh)

1st Girl.

They tried to close up the Chinese Lottery game.

(Girls all laugh-turn and go up stage. 1st girl goes up to extreme R. and Henry comes down to Starter.)

Henry.

Much obliged to you Starter for the information.

Starter.

(Holding out hand)

Anything else I can do, sir?

Henry.

Yes, stop holding out your hand all the time.

(Laughs, runs up to hotel and exits.)

Starter.

Thank you sir.

(Turns to L. and calls off)

Here, here- drive to the left - drive to the left.

(Exits L.I.E.)

(In the meantime, boy comes from door R. down to first girl with papers - she takes one, reads and goes to C.)

1st Girl.

(Reading paper)

Look here, girls, it says Yankee Doodle is the favorite in the Derby.

(All get around her.)

2nd Girl.

Who rides Him?

1st Girl.

It doesn't say.

(Enter McGee from hotel and right down to girls.)

McGee.

(As he comes on)

That's all right now, etc.-----

Girls.

(All turn)

It's Mr. McGee.

(All run up to him and crowd around him)

(Business here of him trying to back away, and finally succeeds.)

(All come down stage.)

McGee.

(1st girl at his R.)

By gorra's I wish you girls wouldn't be so glad to see me, but say, I got great news for you, but remember it's a secret.

All.

(All interested)

A secret?

(Get close)

McGee.

(Laughs)

I can see this bunch keeping a secret. Listen to this. "Go as far as you like on the English Derby". J. J.

1st Girl.

Who's J. J.

McGee.

Johnny Jones, the American jockey.

1st Girl.

What's he ride?

McGee.

Yankee Doodle, and any time Jones says bet, the race is in. He left Paris last night - he'll be here before noon.

1st Girl.

Will you introduce us to Mr. Jones?

McGee.

Don't be afraid, he'll introduce himself. Now remember I've chartered a tally-ho for the Derby and we'll all go together.

All.

(Delighted and go up stage.)

McGee.

(To first girl with arm around her)

But don't mention the tip. Mum's the word.

1st Girl.

Mum's the word.

McGee.

And if they run out of Mums, we'll drink any old thing they've got.

1st Girl.

(With arm around him)

Do you know Mr. McGee I think you're the dearest, darlingest and sweetest man that ever - - -

(Bus. of taking roll of greenbacks from his pockets.)

McGee.

(Aside - seeing her take money.)

Rough work - rough work.

1st Girl.

(Fooling with money)

What's this, American Money?

McGee.

Yes, American money.

1st Girl.

It's no good over here.

McGee.

(Taking it and putting it in pocket on other side.)

No, then I'll put it over here.

(At this, 1st girl releases him and runs off - sore. Exits 1st entrance R.)

But all joking aside

(Turns and girls all come down and surround him.)

I'd like to meet you girls in New York.

All girls.

(Chorus-)

Oh, New York.

McGee.

I may not be the whole thing in England, but in New York, why say-- they're all my friends.

(MUSIC CUE - SONG - "THEY'RE ALL MY FRIENDS" - done by McGee and Chrous. - at finish of number the girls all exit either side and music continues and McGee and boys continues singing and dancing. At finish boys exit. 1st E. L. and Reformers exit balcony. McGee sits at right of table at extreme left. Boy enters from door R. whistling. McGee turns and calls him.)

McGee.

(Boy comes over.)

Say, Boy, is there any mail?

Boy.

What's the name, sir?

McGee.

Timothy D. McGee.

Boy

I'll see, sir.

(Exits door L.)

(Enter Fly from hotel - comes down to table where McGee is.)

Fly.

Timothy D. McGee -- in London, quite a bit of news for the society columns I must say.

McGee.

I'm all out of wind, a man of any age shouldn't be dancing.

(Turns L. recognizes her.)

Florabelle Fly!

(Gets up and shakes hands)

Fly.

As ever yours, Florabelle.

(Sits down)

McGee.

What brought you here?

Fly.

The American line, of course.

McGee.

Here to do the Derby, eh?

Fly.

Exactly, and incidentally making notes of the different celebrities, I come in contact with.

McGee.

Still in the newspaper business, eh?

Fly.

Still scribbling scribbles for the San Francisco Searcher. Tell me, what are you doing here, Mack?

McGee.

Come to see the Derby.

Fly. Is that all?

McGee. And why?

Fly.

Oh, nothing, I see Anthony Anstey is here.

McGee.

(Surprised.)

Anthony Anstey.

Fly. Yes. McGee.

In London?

Fly.

Yes.

McGee.

What's he here for?

Fly.

Why do you ask?

McGee

Oh, nothing, but - - -

Fly.

But you have an idea he's here after Johnny Jones, isn't that is, Mack?

McGee.

No, not exactly - - -

Fly.

And you are here for the same purpose.

McGee.

And who told you?

Fly.

Common Sense. If I meet a lady in Paris, I know she's there for hats and gowns. If I meet a horse owner in London, I know he's here for Johnny Jones. Have you seen him yet?

McGee.

Well, to tell you the truth, I have not.

Fly.

Don't be afraid Mack. I'll not print your secret. Where is Jones?

McGee.

He's on his way from Paris.

(At this Fly gets up - crosses in front of table and stools to C.)

Gets here about noon, I guess. But tell me, Fly, are you sure Anstey's after him.

(Fly turns L. to McGee.)

Fly.

Do you know a horse owner who isn't?

McGee.

I guess you're right.

Fly.

You see Anstey's in a trifling way connected with the story I'm after, for the Searcher, and oh, such a story, Mack.

(At this she strolls to McGee's side)

Inside of a few days I expect to have a page or two of sensational reading that will throw our 'Frisco competitors into seven kinds of journalistic fits.

(Then she turns and strolls to extreme right.)

McGee. Murder? Fly.

No.

McGee. Robbery?

Fly. No.

McGee Love affair.

Fly. There you have it.

(McGee gets up and goes over to Fly. Laughs.)

McGee.

Story about a girl going to marry an English Lord.

Fly.

No, a story about a girl who doesn't want to marry an English Lord.

McGee.

That ought to make a good story.

(Enter servant - 2nd entrance L. with note on tray and hands same to McGee.)

Fly.

Leave that to me.

(Business)

(Servant calling McGee by name)

Boy. Mr. McGee?

McGee.

(Looking at note)

What's this?

(Business. Reads)

Sing Song wants to see me.

(Bus. Boy. bows affirmatively, and goes to 2nd E.L. and stays there.)

Fly. Sing Song?

McGee. Yes, the Chinese newspaper man. Here to do the Derby. Haven't you met him?

Fly.

I'd like to.

McGee.

Come on, I'll introduce you.

(Turns to go at same time to servant.)

Tell him I'll be right there.

(Exits servant.)

Fly.

(Laughs)

Chinese newspaper man - whoever heard of such a thing?

McGee.

Yes, the Editor of the Peking Gazette, and a real live sport.

Fly. (Laughs)

Chinaman, - Sport?

McGee.

Sent here by the Emperor.

Fly.

The Emperor?

(MUSIC CUE. Soft Waltz.)

McGee.

So they say, but come on, I want you to meet him.

(Exits door L.)

Fly.

(Follows)

This will make a story in itself. Chinese newspaper man - funniest thing I ever heard.

(Exits laughing)

(Enter Henry from Hotel. Looks about. Enter boy from door L. Shouting "Johnny Jones". Crosses and exits in door R.)

(Music Forte now.)

Henry.

(When boy exits, Henry comes down stage and calls.)

All right Goldie, come right along, the coast is clear.

(Music double Forte, and enter Goldie Gates from hotel, over to table R.) (Henry follows)

Goldie.

Are you quite sure?

Henry.

Not a soul in sight.

(Fly enters from door L. goes to C. and discovers them.)

Goldie.

What a relief. I've never been so nervous in all my life.

Henry.

Pluck up courage- everything is going along nicely. I've a thousand things to tell you.

Goldie.

Do you suppose any one suspects?

Henry.

No, but be careful. Don't get into conversation with any one. I've given them to understand here that you're a French girl, and no one knows a thing about you.

Fly.

Except Florabelle Fly. What a story - what a scoop for the Searcher.

(Turns and exits in door L.)

Goldie.

Tell me, what have you heard?

Henry.

A thousand things, Goldie. To begin with, your aunt has engaged herself to be married.

Goldie. To whom?

Henry Anthony Anstey, an American gambler.

(At this Goldie sits at R. of table)

Goldie.

A gambler? Anthony Anstey? He comes from 'Frisco and is well known.

Henry.

Notoriously so. That man would rob a newsboy of a Canadian dime.

Goldie.

Aunt Annette engaged to be married.

(Laughs)

Henry.

Now don't get meritorious.

Goldie.

But what of this husband she's picked out for me - this nobleman?

Henry.

Lord Walter Wetherington-Earl of Bloomsbury.

Goldie.

The Earl of Bloomsbury!

Henry.

Yes, a young man who desires to tie up with an American heiress. Anstey is to introduce him to your Aunt.

Goldie.

Oh, then she hasn't met him yet?

Henry.

No, I understand he is to be here today.

Goldie.

Good, then I'll get a look at my future husband.

Henry.

(Goes in back of table)

Look here, Goldie, there is some sort of a game on foot between this man Anstey and this Chinese newspaper man, Sing Song.

Goldie.

What makes you think so?

Henry.

Closeted meetings. Whispered conversations - all sorts of mysterious notions.

(Henry goes up to the L. side of table. Faces Goldie.)

Goldie.

What sort of a looking man is this Anstey?

Henry.

Well, he's a man of about fifty, rather short, keen-eyed and-

Anstey.

(From inside)

Going to the Derby? Well, I should say I am going to the Derby.

Henry.

Here he is now.

(Henry goes L. Enter Anstey from hotel- comes down stage C.)

(Goldie takes paper and reads)

Anstey.

Glorious land of the - - - - -

Henry.

(Goes over to Anstey)

Good morning, Mr. Anstey, good morning, sir!

Anstey.

(Turns)

Ah, good morning. Why as I live, the young man I met at the American bar last evening.

(Holds out hand)

Henry.

(Shakes his hand)

The same sir. Identically the same.

Anstey.

Fine day for the Derby.

Henry.

Glorious.

(Goes to L. table)

Anstey.

(Turns discovers Goldie.)

Who's your friend?

Henry.

Oh, beg pardon, allow me.

(Crosses)

Mlle., I present Monsieur Anstey, Rosario Fanchonette -

(Goldie gets up and Henry crosses to L.)

Anstey.

(Bowing)

Goldie.

(Bus. dialect)

Delighted Monsieur. Oh, you have such beautiful hair.

Anstey.

Let's all have a drink.

(Calls)

Waiter.

(Waiter who has been up stage comes down.)

A quart of wine - you know the vintage I mean.

Waiter.

Aye, Governor.

(Waiter bows affirmatively - exits into hotel.)

Anstey.

(Turns to Goldie)

You are going to the Derby, I suppose.

Goldie.

Oui, oui, that is why I come from Paris.

(Goldie goes in back of right chair.)

Anstey.

(Goes to table R.)

Oh, you come from Parea.

Henry.

(Comes over to him.)

Yes, she's a French girl.

Anstey.

A French girl, well, well! A French girl from Parea. That's strange.

(Sits down at left of table.)

Henry.

That is rather strange.

(Turns and goes L.)

Goldie.

You are an American gentleman? Yes?

(Anthony sits down.)

Anstey.

(Henry comes over to Anstey.)

American, all wool and a yard wide.

(Goldie and Henry laugh.)

Goldie.

What makes the Americans so proud of their country?

Anstey.

Other countries.

Goldie.

(Laughs)

Henry.

Henry.

(Coughs)

Very good, very good!

(Turns and goes L.)

Anstey.

You like the Americans, eh?

Goldie.

Not so much. The English are much better.

Henry.

(Bus. coming close to Anstey.)

Yes, you see, Mlle. prefers titled gentlemen. She has a score of acquaintances amongst the nobilities.

Anstey.

(To Henry)

Run away, young man, run away.

(At this Henry turns and goes L.)

Anstey.

Nobility! Do you know the Earl of Bloomsbury?

Goldie.

Ah! He is my dear friend.

(Anstey interested. Henry up stage, watches what is going on.)

He will be here today.

Anstey.

No, the Earl will not be here for a week.

Goldie.

Will not be here for a week.

Anstey.

No, not for a week.

Goldie.

Tell me, who is this heiress?

Anstey.

Only a school girl.

(At this Goldie crosses in back of table to C. and motions Henry to go.)

(Henry goes up steps of hotel and stays there.)

Goldie.

Only a school girl?

Anstey.

Yes, a beautiful young school girl.

Goldie.

She is very beautiful?

Anstey.

(At this Anstey gets up and goes over to Goldie.)

Well, I've never seen her myself, but - - -

(Bus. of leaning over to her.)

Goldie.

Ah, you're engaged to be married.

Anstey.

Now, who told you?

Goldie.

Oh, I heard, Madam Kenworth has lots of money.

Anstey.

Yes, she has lots of money.

Goldie

(Jabs him in the ribs.)

Ah, you are a wise old guy, all right, all right.

Anstey.

(Laughs)

A wise old guy?

Goldie.

You are a flirt Monsieur.

(At this Henry exits in hotel)

Anstey.

A flirt, in London, why not? Paris is a gay town.

(Laughs)

Goldie.

You've never been in Paree?

Anstey. Never.

Goldie

(Surprised)

Oh, Monsieur!

(MUSIC CUE) SONG - "MLLE. FANCHETTE" (Bus. of Henry and Anstey during song.)

(Henry exits R. At finish of number, exits Goldie door L.)

(Over to table R. and laughs heartily. Sits down. Waiter enters with wine in cooler from hotel down to Anstey.)

Waiter.

Here's your wine, sir.

Anstey.

I ordered that wine a half hour ago.

Starter.

(Bus. Enters from hotel also. Down to Anstey.)

You didn't say as how you were in a hurry, sir.

Anstey.

Americans are always in a hurry.

Starter.

So it seems, sir.

Anstey.

I don't want the wine now.

Waiter.

Very good, sir.

(Bus. Turns. exits in door L.)

Starter.

(Down to Anstey)

You know America is not the only country in the world, sir?

Anstey. Isn't it?

Starter. No sir. England's on the map, sir.

Anstey. Is it?

Starter. Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?

Anstey. No sir.

Starter. Thank you, sir.

(And starts to exit.)

Anstey.

(Bus. Aside.)

Damn fool.

Starter.

(Bus. Turns)

Idiot!

(Exits into hotel.)

Anstey.

Anglo Saxon Brotherhood.

(Enter Fly and McGee from door L. Down stage C. Fly at R. of McGee. Both laughing.)

Fly.

(Bus. as they enter.)

Chinese newspaper man. It's an awful joke with me.

McGee.

Yes, and me too.

Fly.

You say you are going to have a tally-ho to the Derby?

McGee.

Yes, won't you join us?

(Anstey turns-discovers Fly and gets up, surprised.)

Fly.

With pleasure.

(Bus. Fly turns, discovers Anstey, surprised.)

why, Mr. Anstey.

McGee.

Hello, Anstey!

Anstey.

(Turns)

Tim McGee.

(Crosses to him)

Well, well, this is a surprise.

McGee.

What are you doing over here?

Anstey.

Well, I was always crazy to come to London.

(McGee and Anstey stroll to table L. McGee sits at L. Anstey at R. Fly strolls over behind table L.C.)

Fly.

I think anybody's crazy to come to London.

McGee.

Here to see the Derby?

Anstey.

Yes, that is I - - - - -

Fly.

I see Johnny Jones rides in the Derby.

(She gives them both a look)

(McGee and Anstey both turn and look at each other, and then turn away)

Anstey.

(Aside)

Just as I suspected.

McGee.

(Aside)

He's after the kid sure enough.

(Fly goes to C.)

Fly.

(Aside)

I'll keep my weather eye on you, Mr. Anstey.

(Anstey turns.)

Bye, bye gentlemen.

(Both get up and bow.)

I must dig up some more celebrities for my article on Americans abroad. News is not hard to find around the Cecil hotel.

(Exits into hotel.)

(Anstey and McGee sit down again)

McGee.

How's 'Frisco?

Anstey. Slam Bang.

McGee. How is the stable?

Anstey.

Not so loud, Mack.

McGee.

What's the matter, ruled off?

Anstey.

Hardly. But it isn't necessary that every one should know that I'm a race track man. Why not a retired merchant or something of that sort?

McGee.

And what's the idea?

Anstey.

Women at the bottom of it.

McGee

(Surprised)

Women, and who is your friend?

Anstey.

More than my friend, my fiancée.

McGee. Engaged?

Anstey. Surest thing you know. Came all the way from 'Frisco together - got so we could coo in a business-like manner. By the time we hit London, we were engaged to be married.

McGee.

Wonderfully romantic. I suppose you told her everything you know.

(Bus. Anstey gets up strolls to C. and turns.)

Anstey.

She's heard my life story from the cradle to the grave.

McGee.

Did you tell her your right name?

Anstey.

She knows my name, but not my game.

McGee.

She doesn't suspect that you're mixed up with the ponies.

Anstey.

Ponies - why certainly not. You must know, my dear boy, she is the President of an organization known as the San Francisco Female Reformers, a band of young Western damsels that would make any Parkhurst Society blush with shame. Why their attack upon 'Frisco's Chinatown cleaned out the pigtail quarters,

(Bus. Anstey strolls to C. and then strolls back behind table to such an extent that the Highbinders have already threatened the life of the future Mrs. Anstey.)

(At this boy enters from hotel shouting.)

Boy.

Telegram for Johnny Jones.

(Continues shouting and exits door R. At same time American boy and girl enter from E.R. and exit into hotel. Anstey by this time is behind table and McGee gets up. Both look toward boy; after boy exits McGee sits down and Anstey still looks toward boy.)

McGee.

The Highbinders threatened her life?

Anstey.

(Still watching boy)

Eh!

(Bus. then goes and sits down.)

Papers still full of it all over the Pacific Coast.

McGee.

What brought her to London?

Anstey.

Here to find a suitable husband for her niece. An Earl, a Duke, or something of that sort.

McGee. Her Niece?

Anstey. Yes, daughter of the late Gerald Gates.

McGee.

Gerald Gates, the millionaire?

Anstey.

My fiancée is his widowed sister, Mrs. Kenworth.

McGee.

Mrs. Andrew Kenworth - one of the richest women in the West?

Anstey.

Misjudge me not, man, I am not marrying her because she has twenty millions.

McGee.

I understand.

Anstey

I'd marry her if she had forty millions.

McGee.

Spoken like a true American, and she's here to buy a title?

Anstey.

That is if all the titles in England are not copyrighted.

(Music, soft waltz at this point and Reformers enter from hotel)

(A lot of talk and stay up stage.)

(Anstey and McGee get up, turn and see them.)

Anstey.

(As reformers appear)

Look, them are those, I mean those are them, these are they.

McGee.

Who are they?

Anstey

Members of my fiancée's society.

McGee.

Did she bring them with her?

Anstey.

They are with her all the time.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Spoken from within)

Where are you, my children?

(Reformers line up R.)

Anstey.

Here she is now.

MUSIC FORTE.

(Enter Mrs. Kenworth from hotel and down stage C.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

Anthony.

Anstey.

My dear Annette.

(Goes to her - kisses her hand)

I present an old time friend, Mr. McGee.

(McGee crosses to Mrs. Kenworth)

McGee.

Timothy D. McGee. At your service.

Mrs. Kenworth.

From the other side?

McGee.

East side, tenth ward.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Points to girls.)

My children.

McGee.

(Bus. Surprised)

Your children?

Mrs. Kenworth.

Not my daughters, my children. We are organized for a purpose that is sweet and dear to us.

We love each other, do we not, my dearies?

Six. Yes, Mamma.

Mrs. Kenworth. I suppose Anthony has told you of our engagment?

McGee.

He has, and allow me to congratulate you both, and permit me to say that ever before has it been my good fortune to meet so sweet and amiable a woman.

(Bus. McGee gets very close to Mrs. Kenworth at this.)

Such beauty, such elegance and such - - - -

Anstey.

(Calling him)

Oh, Mack, just a minute.

McGee.

(To Mrs. Kensworth.)

Excuse me.

(Turns to him and talks in pantomime)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Turns to Reformers)

Now, children, remember London is a very large city, and you must be very careful where and how you get about. You should have an escort.

(Looks over at Anstey, then turns to Reformers again.)

I have it.

(Calls.)

Anthony.

Anstey.

Yes, my dear.

(Comes to her)

Mrs. Kenworth.

I want you to show the girls about town. Point out the different historical buildings and so on.

(McGee laughs to himself.)

Anstey.

All right, my dear.

(They cross. Mrs. Kenworth goes down to McGee, who is looking the other way.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

And now Mr. McGee if it is not too much

(McGee turns and looks surprised.)

I will ask you to escort me as far as Picadilly. I have quite some shopping to do.

McGee.

The pleasure is mine Mrs. Kenworth.

(She takes his proffered arm.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Turns to Anstey.)

You'll take good care of the little dearies, won't you, Anthony?

Anstey.

The Best of care, my dear.

McGee.

(Laughs -- turns to Anstey.)

Yes, be careful crossing the streets.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(They start to exit)

Now, you don't mind, do you?

McGee.

Not at all, not at all.

Mrs. Kenworth.

It's very very kind of you.

McGee.

(Turns. Both are laughing.)

Stick around, don't go away.

(They exit arm in arm laughing and talking L.I.E.)

(Reformers go up stage. Anstey looks after McGee and Mrs. Kenworth, and then down stage C.)

Anstey.

Laugh on my proud beauty. He who laughs screams with delight. You'll close up 'Frisco's China Lottery, will you? Cheat me out of one hundred thousand dollars a year, will you? Wait till you are Mrs. Anstey.

(Anstey goes to table L.)

I'll soon teach you and your crusading band of fool women to stay at home and mind your own damn business. McGee wants Jones. He shan't have him.

(Anstey sits down)

I'll pay that Jockey more money than any man on the American turf.

(Reformers come down stage, extreme right at this and line up and call.)

Six.

We are waiting, kind sir.

Anstey.

(Sees them.)

Oh, Lord. Imagine me parading the streets of London with six puny looking, pale-faced females.

(Enter starter, blowing whistle. Over to girls.)

Starter.

'Ansom, ladies, 'ansom.

(Over to Anstey.)

'ansom, sir, 'ansom.

(Anstey gets up -- goes to C.)

Six.

Thank you, sir.

Anstey.

Yes, six of them. Drive in a row like a circus parade. Take good care of the little dearies, and see that they are back here in an hour, and if anybody asks for me, tell them I am telling funny stories to Sing Song, the Chinese newspaper man.

(Exits in door L.)

Starter.

Yes sir.

(Turns to Reformers)

Beg pardon, ladies, one moment ladies.

(To first entrance left, blowing whistle.)

(Calls.)

Six 'ansoms, six 'ansoms.

(And goes on porch of hotel.)

MUSIC CUE

(Enter cabbies and do the number with six Reformers. At finish of number, lot of laughing on

inside. Enter Whitney Wilson from Hotel, with a bun on. Goes down to table left.

Wilson.

(Sitting down.)

I have been down in the American bar, and I have an American cocktail that would choke a Hoboken cab driver. The bar tender got sore on me because I said I could lick Charley Mitchell.

(Hits bell on table. Waiter with tray and tea on same enters at this from door R. and down to Wilson.)

Waiter.

Did you call me, sir?

Wilson.

No, but I will if you give me any lip. I'll call you or anybody else. What time is it?

Waiter.

31st of May, sir.

Wilson.

I know the date, what time is it?

Waiter.

Do you mean the hour, sir?

Wilson.

(Aside)

Can you beat that?

Waiter.

Half after eleven, sir.

Wilson.

(Mocks him.)

Half after eleven, sir.

Waiter.

Correct, sir. Do you feel like a cup of tea, sir?

Wilson.

No, I don't feel like a cup of tea. Do I look like a cup of tea?

Waiter.

I have a cup of tea here, sir.

Wilson.

Well, go ahead and drink it, don't let me stop you.

Waiter.

Thank you, sir.

Wilson.

Twenty-three.

Waiter.

What sir?

Wilson.

Twenty-three.

Waiter.

Who, sir?

Wilson.

You.

Waiter.

No sir, thirty-six. Is there anything else I can do, sir?

Wilson.

If there was you wouldn't be a waiter.

(Waiter turns and exits into door L.)

Now he's what I call a nice little fellow. If I lived here we'd be together all the time.

(Gets up)

Starter.

(Enters at this from hotel down to Wilson)

Morning, sir. Like to take a drive this morning?

Wilson.

Yes, drive me to a drink. Who are you?

Starter.

I'm the starter, sir.

Wilson.

The Starter?

Starter.

Yes, sir.

Wilson.

Well, don't you start anything you can't finish.

Starter.

Very good, sir.

Wilson

(Looking at uniform)

What are you, a soldier?

Starter.

(Laughing)

No, sir. I'm not a soldier.

Wilson.

Well you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why don't you be a soldier? Go to war and fight for your country.

Starter.

But there's no war now, sir.

Wilson.

Then start one. What's the good of brass buttons if there ain't going to be a war?

Starter.

I hope we'll never have another war, sir.

Wilson.

Hope we'll never have another war. How do you suppose the soldiers are going to make a living if there ain't goin' to be any war?

(Starter laughs.)

Come on, let's get a drink.

(Takes Starter by the arm)

Starter.

I don't drink, sir.

(At same time walks away.)

Wilson.

Don't drink? How do you expect the saloons to keep open if you don't drink? Gee, whiz, you've got a mean disposition. You don't want any war, and you don't drink. If you keep on you'll put all the soldiers and saloons and keepers out of business.

Starter.

(Laughs)

Wilson.

Twenty-three.

Starter.

What, sir?

Wilson.

Twenty-three.

Starter.

I don't understand, sir.

Wilson.

Certainly you don't. I'll bet you a ten pound note you don't know how much twenty-three is.

Starter.

I never gamble, sir.

Wilson.

Never gamble. Now how do you expect to circulate currency? Gee, whiz, you just signed a peace treaty, and throw all the war correspondents out of work, Carrie Nations all the saloons and now you're going to close up all the gambling houses.

(Wilson crosses and stops)

You've got the meanest disposition of any man I've met since I've been here, and I certainly had a good time here in Pittsburgh.

Starter.

Pittsburgh?

Wilson.

(Turns)

I mean, London. Ain't it funny I always get these two towns mixed? London and Pittsburgh. But say, no joking, London is a great town for fun.

Starter.

(Comes close to Wilson)

Right you are, sir.

Wilson.

Never mind what these other Americans say, I've been a sport all my life.

Starter.

You look it, sir.

Wilson.

And you take it from me, for a good time London makes Worcester and Springfield look like thirty cents.

(Turns to go)

Starter.

Shall I call you a hansom sir?

Wilson.

Call me anything you like.

(Singing)

Sticks and stones will hurt my bones, but names will never break me.

(Exits with Starter - door R.)

(Enter Florabelle with girls from hotel- down stage C.)

Fly.

You know I'm awfully glad to meet you girls, it's such a treat for Americans to meet Americans abroad. All going to the Derby, I suppose.

1st Girl.

(At left of Fly.)

Yes, Mr. McGee is going to take us.

Fly.

Good, I'll be with you. We'll all put a bet on Yankee Doodle.

1st Girl.

Johnny Jones rides Yankee Doodle.

Fly.

Yes, do you know him?

(Girls shake heads)

It's a shame to bet on him. It's like taking candy away from a baby.

1st Girl.

He must be a bird.

(Crosses to extreme right.)

Fly.

Why girls he'll just coax that horse's nose by the wire like the Yankee bird coaxed the English sparrow to America.

1st Girl.

(Exits 1st entrance R.)

MUSIC CUE. "NESTING IN A NEW YORK TREE". Sung by Fly and Girls. Fly and Girls exit at finish of number.

MUSIC CUE. Enter Anstey followed by Sing Song from door L. Down stage C.)

Anstey.

We can talk better in the open Sing.

Sing Song.

(Aside- Anstey at right of Sing)

Tell me, Anstey, does this American jockey Jones ride in to-day's Derby?

Anstey.

Jones is on the favorite, Yankee Doodle.

Sing Song.

And you think Mr. McGee is here to get him.

Anstey.

He's not the only one. Ever since Jones made the fact Public that he would return to America, hundreds of horse owners have made him fabulous offers. I've already sent him a check for ten thousand dollars for first call on his services.

Sing.

Ahha, the early bird, Eh?

Anstey.

Nay, nay, the wise owl.

(Goes to table R.)

Sing.

But this band of Reformers, where are they?

(Takes stage.)

Anstey

You'll see them soon enough, never fear.

(Both to table and sit down. Anstey right chair, Sing left chair.) (Wilson enters from door R. crosses to table L. and sits down.)

Sing.

Tell me, why did you make the meeting place London?

Anstey.

Because the Chinese Lottery game is not safe in America with Mrs. Kenworth there. I drove her from that country with threats supposedly made by the Highbinders, followed her here, forced my acquaintance upon her, now we are engaged to be married.

Sing.

She has money?

Anstey

All kinds, I'll get the money, never fear.

Sing.

Anstey, you're a shrewd man.

Anstey.

It's for your protection as well as my own. Haven't we been partners for five years?

Sing.

True, the Chinese Lottery in America has made a fortune for you and for me. But should the Emperor discover that I am connected with the game -

(Bus.)

off would go my head.

Anstey.

How did you manage to get here?

(Bus.)

(Wilson gets up and strolls up to hotel and enters.)

Sing.

Easily enough. Since your last visit to China, I've been made editor of the Pekin Gazette. Upon receiving word from you to come to London, I suggested to His Majesty the idea of coming here and writing a story on the English Derby, so here I am. Now what are your plans?

(Anstey gets up and goes to C.)

Anstey.

You must come with me to San Francisco.

Sing.

And why?
(*Sing follows him.*)

Anstey.

Because the game is at a standstill. The Chinamen are afraid to operate. All I've said and done is of no avail. A word from you and the game goes on.

Sing.

But this woman and her band of - - - -

Anstey.

Leave that to me - once my wife. I'll guarantee her band of Reformers will be no more.

MUSIC CUE- CHINESE MUSIC.

Sing.

Soft, Peddle. Here comes the words.

(*Anstey goes to extreme left. Chinese girls enter from door left and down stage C. and sit on pillows.*)

Sing.

(*Aside. Goes up behind them.*)

Ahmila, Amoy, Agoy, Ahfung. Hung, Tun, Hila Muck a ting. Sung Fing Ko To la ma Fo Lung Ching tee.

(*To Anstey*)

I told them you were a friend of mine.

Anstey.

Who are they?

Sing.

Those are the Emperor's four favorite wards. Wanted to see England and America, so he sent them in my charge.

(*Come down to Antsey*)

(*Laughter from inside by McGee and Mrs. Kenworth*)

Antsey.

Here comes the fair lady now.

(*Points L.I.E.*)

Sing.

Mrs. Kenworth!

Anstey.

Yes, and Mr. McGee, the man that's after Jones.

Sing.

What about this nobleman?

(*At this Anstey crosses and goes to extreme R. Sing follows.*)

Anstey.

I get 50% of his income.

Sing.

Antsey you are a shrewd man.

Antsey.

I'm a business man.

(Both talking in pantomime. Enter McGee and Mrs. Kenworth L.I.E. laughing)

McGee.

Now don't over laugh yourself.

Mrs. Kenworth.

I don't know when I've enjoyed a stroll so much.

McGee.

(Both stop at extreme left-laughing.)

Here too, Mrs. Kenworth, and all me to say that never before - - - -

Mrs. Kenworth

(Screams when she sees Chinamen.)

Look, look, save me, save me, Anthony.

(Gets behind McGee.)

Antsey.

Why, what's the matter, my dear.

(Crosses over to her.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Crosses McGee to Anstey.)

Anthony the Highbinders are after me.

(Laughter from all.)

Anstey.

Nonsense, my dear. I have the honor to present Sing Song, a Chinese newspaper man. This lady, Sing, is Mrs. Kenworth of whom I wrote you in my last letter.

Sing.

(Crosses to Mrs. Kenworth. Anstey goes to C.)

Ah, Charmed Mrs. Kenworth. Mr. Anstey has told me of the good work you are doing and believe me I am as much opposed to Chinese gambling as you are yourself, and if I can be of any service to you, pray commend me.

Mrs. Kenworth.

You are very kind, sir.

(Shudders and crosses over to Anstey.)

Take me away from here.

(Both exit 1st entrance R.)

Sing.

(Crosses to McGee.)

Ah, Mr. McGee.

McGee. Hello, Sing.

Sing. I no see you a long time.

McGee.

Going to the Derby, I suppose.

Sing.

That's it. His Majesty has sent me here to write of the English and American sports. There are his four favorite wards.

(Over to girls, repeats Chinese speech.)

Hung Tung, Hi la Muck a Wing. Sung Fing Ko To la ma Fo Lung, Ching tee. I told them who you were.

McGee.

(Laughs)

I thought you were singing a song.

(Enter Wilson from hotel, Sing goes extreme R. Laughing from inside.)

(Sing sits down)

Wilson.

(Talking off)

That's right, make a fool out of me. That's the way with you Englishmen, you're always kidding the poor Americans.

(Turns and sees Chinese women)

Hello, what's this? A Chinese comic opera?

(To ladies)

How do do, ladies.

Sing.

(Gets up.)

How do you do, sir.

Wilson

Just the fellow I want to see.

(Goes over to Sing.)

Say, if I give you some laundry to-night, can I get it Friday night?

(Sing gets very sore. A lot of Chinese talk. In his anger walks up and down, talking to Chinese girls.)

Wilson.

(Goes over to McGee.)

Gee, he's got a mean disposition.

McGee.

(Laughing)

He's no laundryman.

Wilson.

What is he, a juggler, or a musician?

McGee.

He's the editor of a Chinese newspaper sent here by the Emperor.

Wilson.

(Over to Sing.)

Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were a press agent.

Sing.

Press Agent! Press Agent!

(Thinks it over.)

Wilson.

How's everything in China?

Sing.

China's doing nicely.

Wilson.

How's the emp----

Sing.

Who - what?

Wilson.

The Emp--- the main squeeze.

Sing.

The main squeeze?

Wilson.

Yes, the big smoke.

Sing.

(Business-treacherously)

Do you mean his royal Majesty, the Emperor?

(A lot of Chinese talk)

Wilson.

(Over to McGee.)

(Sing goes to girls and talks Chinese.)

Sing.

Come, my little ones, it's time to chop suey.

(Sing and girls go up stage with music and off door left.)

Wilson.

(Wilson and McGee go over to R. table and sit down.)

They run like a lot of ducks.

McGee.

You're an American, aren't you?

Wilson.

I don't look like a Dago, do I?

McGee.

Here to see the Derby.

Wilson.

To tell you the truth, I don't know what I'm here for. I got on a boat in New York to bid a friend good-bye, and I fell asleep. When I awoke I was all at sea. My wife is waiting for me on the dock. That's ten days ago.

(McGee laughs)

She's still waiting for me on the dock. Now I'M even.

McGee.

And how is that?

Wilson.

She used to keep me waiting for her out in front of Siegel & Cooper's. I remember one day she kept me waiting pretty near three days.

(McGee and Wilson talking and laughing quietly.)

(Enter American girl singing from I.E.R. passes McGee and Wilson. Then turns to them smiling. Runs up into hotel, Wilson excuses himself to McGee and starts to follow her, but stops up stage. McGee gets up. Enter starter, with grip. L.I.E. followed by cabbie with another grip to C.)

McGee.

Here, here, come back here.

(Aside)

By golly that fellow takes the cake.

(Cabby enters with grip. Calls to Starter.)

Cabby.

Here's the other one, sir.

Starter.

(Takes grip)

I say, you know who your fare is?

Cabby.

Blowed if I do.

Starter.

Johnny Jones.

Cabby.

Johnny Jones? My word, let's see him go by.

(Starter and cabby stand left, and Jones enters whistling, and walks by them to C.)

(Jones gives dog to servant who exits with dog to hotel.)

(Turns and sees Mack.)

Jones. Hello, Mack.

McGee. Well, Jonsey, my boy.

(Jumps up and shakes his hand.)

Starter.

(To cabby- aside.)

Isn't he a ripper?

Cabby.

He's a pippin, sir.

(Exits L.I.E.)

McGee.

Well, Jonsey, old boy, how are you?

Jones.

Fine and dandy. Boston nobby. Fat and fine and splendid.

McGee.

How did you leave Paris?

Jones.

Perfectly sober, the way you see me now.

Starter.

(To Jones)

Put your luggage in, sir?

Jones.

(Turns to Starter)

Yes, put it right in, that's the boy.

(Starter exits in hotel)

Wilson.

(Comes down stage to Jones.)

Say, boy, will you join me in a drink?

Jones.

(Crosses Mack to Wilson.)

No, thanks, nothing doing.

(Crosses Wilson to table, extreme right)

Wilson.

(To Mack)

How about you?

McGee.

(Crosses him to table)

Not for mine.

Wilson.

I must have company. A drink is no good without sociability. Sociability is no good without a drink.

McGee.

(Laughs)

That's a good speech.

(Sits down left chair.)

Jones.

Yes, but it doesn't make me thirsty.

(Sits down right chair.)

Wilson.

Well, I'll see you boys later. Make it as late as possible. I'm a late boy.

(Starts to go up stage. Turns.)

If you see anything of King Edmund trotting along here, tell him I'm satisfied with life.

(Jones and McGee watch him until off.)

Jones.

He's a nice fellow.

McGee.

Oh, he's all right.

Jones. I like him.

McGee

(Business, gives him a side look)

I can see that.

Jones.

Who is he, Mack?

McGee.

Nobody to know.

Jones.

What brought you to London?

McGee. You. Jones.

How's that?

McGee.

You're going back to America?

Jones.

Yes, with bells on.

McGee.

I want you, Jones.

Jones. What for?

McGee. Because you're the best jockey in the world. Name your price, I'll - - -

Jones.

Let's not talk shop, Mack. I've half way agreed to ride for - - - - -

McGee. Anstey?

Jones. I didn't say.

McGee.

No, but I've heard - - - -

Jones.

You mustn't believe all you hear. Anyhow I don't expect to ride much longer.

McGee.

Are you going to retire - marry, settle down, give up the track forever.

[HANDWRITTEN: Jones.

Someday.]

McGee.

(Laughs.)

Impossible.

Jones.

Nothing of the sort. I'm a free born American, twenty-one years of age, and I can do as I please, I guess.

McGee.

And who's the fair damsel?

Jones.

The sweetest girl in California.

McGee.

When did this all happen?

Jones.

Two years ago.

McGee.

When you were riding in 'Frisco?

Jones. Yes. McGee.

Say, when did you first see her?

Jones.

You want to know everything.

McGee.

Well, I'd like to know that much.

Jones.

Well, it's a long story, Mack.

McGee.

Well, I'll listen to it.

Jones.

Would you like to hear it?

McGee. I would.

Jones. The first time I saw her, I was perched on a 50 to 1 shot that ought to have been dragging on ice wagon.

McGee.

You were sitting on the horse.

Jones.

Yes, going to the post on an old nag. A girl leaned over the rail and shouted, I've got a bet on you Jonesy, so out and win.

McGee.

The girl shouted -

Jones.

And then ran away, disappeared, but her face was photographed and my heart was the film. I can't tell you how I felt because I don't know myself.

McGee.

Well, did you win?

Jones.

Did I win?

(Laughs)

Why, I just pushed that old skate's nose to the barrier and from the second the starter said go-

McGee.

(Deeply interested)

Yes, go on, go on -

Jones.

You'll be betting on this race before you get through.

McGee.

By golly, you had me going that time.

Jones.

Well, I'm not going to grandstand it and describe the race but on the square, Mack, I could make that scene in Old Kentucky look like thirty cents.

McGee.

And when the race was over you met the girl that looked over the rail, and she's the girl you're going to marry, and everything ends happily and so on, etc.

Jones.

Now you have it.

McGee.

But how about her parents?

Jones.

She has none-lives with her aunt. She's a very wealthy girl, Mack. Her father was known as the Copper King. His name was Gerald Gates.

McGee.

And the Aunt's name is? --

Jones.

Kenworth. She's a fanatic on the subject of reform.

McGee.

President of the Female Reformers?

Jones. Yes. McGee.

Why it's like a story in a book.

Jones. How is that?

McGee. She's here.

Jones. Who? McGee.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Jones.

Here, in London?

McGee.

Yes, but that's not all. She's engaged to be married.

Jones. To whom?

McGee. Anthony Anstey.

Jones. The Devil.

McGee. That's what I think he is.

Jones.

Must be some mistake.

(Gets up - crosses to C.)

McGee.

(Follows to C.)

Sure, wasn't I talking with her. Didn't she tell me the whole business?

Jones.

What business?

McGee.

About the engagement with Anstey, and how he's going to introduce her to an English nobleman that they're going to cart back to America to marry the girl.

Jones.

An English Nobleman?

McGee.

Yes, the Earl of something, I forgot the name. Sure I met Anstey. He introduced me to her and she up and tells me the whole story.

Jones.

There's something behind this Mack.

McGee. Evidently.

Jones. Is Anstey here?

McGee. Certainly.

Jones. I'll be back in a minute.

(Turns to go off L. and McGee pulls him back.)

McGee.

Here now, Jonsey, keep cool! Don't rush head long into trouble, think it over. Keep you head, there's lots of time.

Jones.

(Shakes his hand)

You're right, Mack, but I've had my eye on that fellow for a long time.

(Both go to R. Enter Florabelle from hotel down C. followed by American girls)

Fly.

Who said Johnny Jones was here?

Jones.

(Turns to her.)

What Florabelle Fly?

(Goes to her and shakes hands.)

Fly.

Jonsey.

(Turns him around)

Turn around and let me see you.

Jones.

How do I look?

Fly.

Just as cute a kid as ever.

Jones.

What are you doing in London?

Fly.

Came to see you win the Derby.

Jones.

(Turns to McGee)

Did you hear that, Mack?

McGee.

He'll do that all right.

(Girls pulling at Fly's dress, seeking introduction.)

Fly

(Turns to girls)

Ladies, allow me. Mr. Johnny Jones, the American Jockey.

(She crosses over to McGee and Jonsey crosses to girls. They swarm around him like a lot of bees and in a second he is enclosed with them. Fly laughingly to McGee.)

Fly.

Pretty soft for Jonsey, eh, Mack?

McGee.

Oh, when I was a boy I had a lot of women after me.

Fly.

And how was that?

McGee.

I stole a pocketbook.

(They exit arm in arm R.I.E. laughing.)

Jones.

(Breaks away from girls.)

Well, by Jove, this is a treat. You know I didn't think there were so many Americans in the whole city of London. I suppose you're all going to the Derby?

1st Girl.

You bet we are.

Jones.

Want a little tip?

All.

(Interested)

You bet we do.

Jones.

Pawn your jewelry, go in hock, and play Yankee Doodle straight to win.

(American girl exits on run I.E.R.)

MUSIC CUE. SONG: "YANKEE DOODLE BOY"

(After number all exit - both sides. Jones goes into hotel.)

MUSIC CUE.

(Enter Mrs. Kenworth and Anstey, R.I.E. arm in arm.) (Waiter comes and places table and chairs. Jones comes from hotel down to waiter.)

(Business, and follows Anstey and Mrs. Kenworth off door left.)

(Boy crosses from door R. and exits I.E.L. Shouting)

Boy.

Anthony Anstey. Anthony Anstey!

Henry.

Come right along old chap.

(Enter Henry from hotel and looks around. Runs up and motions to Goldie O.K. Enter Goldie in male attire, and goes directly to table R.)

Goldie.

Fine day for the Derby.

Henry.

Glorious indeed.

Goldie.

A cigarette, Leslie.

Henry.

Yes ma'am.

(Hands her a cigarette.)

Goldie. Yes ma'am.

Henry. I beg your pardon, I mean-yes sir.

Goldie.

No, no, Lordship, Lordship!

Henry.

Yes, of course, your Lordship.

Goldie.

Now remember, I'm the Earl of Bloomsbury.

Henry.

Very well, your Earlship. Is Earlship correct? What?

Goldie.

Lordship, just Lordship.

Henry.

Oh, just Lordship.

Goldie.

Yes, can't you think?

Henry.

How can I think and keep these whiskers on at the same time.

(Pulls them down.)

Goldie.

(Sees waiter, who appears and comes down to Henry.)

Sh---- don't do that around here.

Starter.

Something wanted sir?

Henry.

Just one moment, do you want anything Early?

Goldie.

(Disgusted)

Don't call me Early.

Henry.

Don't call you Early, very clever indeed.

(Turns to starter)

No, the Earl doesn't want something.

Starter.

The Earl---

Henry.

The Earl, of course the Earl.

Starter.

The Earl of what, sir?

Henry.

Why the Earl of Bloomsbury.

Starter.

The Earl of Bloomsbury, my word!

(Starter crosses to Goldie and Henry to extreme left.)

I'm pleased to meet you your Earlship.

(Bows and goes up stage, then turns.)

I shall not forget your Lordship.

(Turns and bows again)

Long live the Earl of Bloomsbury. Hurrah for the Earl of Bloomsbury. etc., etc.

(Exits in hotel)

(Goldie watches his bewildered.)

Goldie.

What are you strutting around like an ostrich for?

Henry.

I can't help it, Goldie, I'm nervous.

Goldie.

Well, don't get nervous and don't call me Goldie.

Henry.

All right your steamship.

Goldie.

(Gives him a look)

Steamship.

Henry.

No, no I mean your - - - - what kind of a ship is it?

Goldie.

Lordship, just Lordship.

Henry.

Yes your Lordship. Now tell me what is the idea again?

Goldie.

The idea is that I am the Earl of Bloomsbury.

Henry.

Then you're going to marry yourself?

Goldie.

Figuratively speaking. You see Mr. Anstey has never met the Earl of Bloomsbury. I am going to introduce myself to Mr. Anstey as that distinguished personage.

Henry.

But he has word that the Earl wouldn't be here for a week.

Goldie.

Well the Earl suddenly changed his mind- thought it quite a lark to pop in and surprise all hands.

Henry.

(Strolls C.)

I see, it's an awful chance, though.

Goldie.

My dear boy we take chances every time we cross the street.

(Hears someone coming)

Sh - - -

(Enter Sing Song, Mrs. Kenworth and Anstey, from door L. down stage. Sing goes to extreme L.)

Starter.

(Starter coming down from hotel to Henry.)

Anything wanted Sir?

Henry.

(Starter turns goes up stage.)

Anstey.

(As they enter)

You see, my dear, the English Derby doesn't come under the head of an ordinary horse race. It is an event anxiously looked forward to, by all classes of people in England.

Sing.

Say, I understand that ministers of the gospel attend.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Really, and do you think it would be perfectly proper for me to go?

Anstey. Absolutely.

Sing. Most assuredly.

(Sing sits down at table, interested all the time.)

(Goldie crosses Henry and over to Anstey, and Fly comes from hotel and stays on porch sizing things up.)

Goldie.

Beg pardon, but could you tell me where I might find a gentleman named Anthony Anstey?

Anstey.

Right here sir.

(Over to her. This brings Goldie and him C. Leaves Mrs. Kenworth and Sing L. and Henry R. Henry sits down.)

Goldie.

Ah, indeed, that makes it very single. I am the Earl of Bloomsbury.

Anstey.

(Surprised)

The Earl?

Goldie. The Earl.

Anstey. Oh, my dear Earl this is a surprisingly great honor. But I --

Goldie.

-- my sudden appearances here overwhelms you, I understand. I thought it best not to linger. Left Berlin right after I sent you the word of my delay.

Anstey.

Delighted, delighted, my dear Earl. I have so much to say - so much to talk of.

(To Mrs. Kenworth)

My dear Annette, I have the great honor to present Sir Walter Worthington - The Earl of

Bloomsbury. This lady, your Lordship, is Mrs. Kenworth, of whom I spoke in my last letter.
(Anstey crosses over to Sing.)

Goldie.

Ah, Mrs. Kenworth, your niece is the American heiress of whom I --

Mrs. Kenworth.

Yes, your Lordship, I am Goldie's Aunt.

Goldie.

Pleased, awfully pleased.

Anstey.

(Aside to Sing.)

Things are coming my way, Sing.

Sing.

(Aside)

Evidently.

Anstey.

(Calls)

Ah, my dear Earl.

Goldie.

(Business. Crosses to him.)

My dear Anstey --

(Mrs. Kenworth over toward Henry and looks him over, with lorgnette. Henry gets up, turns and faces Mrs. Kenworth, and quickly turns from her. She goes up stage L.)

Anstey.

I present Sing Song, Editor of the Pekin Gazette.

(At this Sing gets up and bows to Goldie, and Anstey up stage and joins Mrs. Kenworth. Florabelle at this point is up stage, writing in memo, and sizing up the situation. Mrs. Kenworth strolls up stage and looks Florabelle over.)

Sing.

(Bows)

Goldie.

Delighted - delighted, delighted, pardon, just a moment.

(Goldie goes over to Henry. Mrs. Kenworth crosses down stage to extreme left, with Sing and Anstey also at same time extreme L. Leaving center clear.)

Fly.

(Down stage-writing.)

He introduced her to her Aunt as the Earl of Bloomsbury. Great Scot what a story.

(Up stage L. behind table.)

(Everyone interested at what Goldie says.)

Goldie.

(To Henry)

Leslie, you had best go to the Kings Club, and inform them that the Prince and myself will desire the Royal billiard table at seven P.M.

Henry.

Yes, your Lordship.

(Starts to go L.)

Goldie.

And I say, Leslie.

Henry.

(Stops)

Yes sir.

Goldie.

Cash that draft.

Henry.

Which one, sir?

Goldie.

The one for the sixty thousand pounds.

Henry.

Yes, your Championship.

Goldie.

(Over to Anstey.)

Beastly lot, these servants.

(Anstey Sing and Mrs. Kenworth now sitting at table.)

Anstey.

Going to the Derby, your Lordship?

Goldie.

Rather, haven't missed the Derby since my fifth year.

(Goldie goes up around table and down to extreme left - Fly follows.) (Wilson and McGee enter from hotel, arm in arm, followed by all the girls laughing and dress the stage.)

Wilson.

(Wilson and McGee both down stage to Anstey.)

Say, I just had a fight with an English bell boy. He got sore because I said cricket was a kid's game.

(Up stage C.)

CUE -FIFE AND DRUMS.

(All this down stage and looks off R.I.E. Shouting Here comes the soldiers. At this Reformers appear on balcony- soldiers enter first E.R. and line up R.)

Starter.

What's the blooming row, now?

Soldier.

(Steps down.)

We are here to escort our Chinese visitor to the Derby.

Sing.

(To C.)

Ah, my noble escort. One moment.

(Goes and calls Chinese girls from door L.)

Ah Mila, Ah Moy, Ah Goy, Ah Vong!

(Turns to Soldiers.)

I told them we were ready.

Soldier.

(Turns to give order.)

Attention, company, left foot forward march.

(Soldiers exit single file I.E.R. Sing and Chinese girls follow. McGee and Wilson stroll over to table R. and sit down.)

Jones.

(Enters from hotel. Comes down stage C. and looks off R. after soldiers.)

Hello, what's all the excitement?

Anstey.

(Over to Jones)

Jonsey, just the boy I want to see.

Jones.

(Aside to Anstey)

Is this Mrs. Kenworth?

Anstey.

Yes, but for Heaven's sake don't tip my hand as a sporting man.

Jones.

I want to talk to you.

Anstey.

I haven't time now.

(Turns to go away.)

Jones.

(Pulls him around)

Well you'll make time to talk to me.

Anstey.

What do you mean?

Jones.

Just what I say. You're playing a crooked game Mr. Anstey, and I'm going to find out what it is.

Anstey.

Why, you young rat I'll - - -

(Scream by all)

(Attempts to strike a blow with cane, and Jones wrests it from him and breaks it.)

Jones.

There goes your cane, Anstey, and your neck will be next if you don't stop where you are.

(Throws cane away.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

Why Anthony, what does this mean?

Jones.

I'll tell you what it means, Mrs. Kenworth, I'm engaged to your niece, and have been ever since I left 'Frisco a year ago.

Mrs. Kenworth. WHAT?

Anstey. Do you hear this, Mrs. Kenworth? This common jockey, this rat of the stables, engaged to your niece.

Mrs. Kenworth.

This man is mad.

Jones.

(Turns to all.)

A big joke, isn't it - a jockey engaged to an heiress.

Anstey.

Yes, a gigantic joke.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Is there no protection against a public insult from a madman?

Jones.

(To Mrs. Kenworth.)

Is there no protection against a woman of your sort, Mrs. Kenworth? To force upon a young girl an outrageous marriage with a cur.

(Jones points to Goldie and Goldie laughs.)

who would sell himself for an American bank roll.

(At this Anstey steps close to Jones.)

You just called me a rat Anstey.

Anstey.

That's what you are and for this insult I'll drive you from the track, if it takes every dollar I possess.

(Everybody interested.)

Jones.

You'll never do that. If your record was as clean as mine, you'd have a good appetite and many a good night's rest. I never bet on a mount or rode a crooked race in all my life, and you've

turned every dirty trick that's known to the racing world - fixed your jockeys - pulled your horses, and fooled the public time after time, and you call me a rat?

Anstey.

That's what you are.

Jones.

I wasn't too much of a rat to receive this check from you ten days ago, Anstey,
(At this Jones tears up check, and at finish of speech throws check in Anstey's face. Everybody horror struck.)

But I don't want your kind of money, and there's your check, there it is, right square in your face.

(A scream by all. Mrs. Kenworth goes up stage and exits in door L.)

Anstey.

(To Jones)

I'm not through with you yet.

(Up stage and follows Mrs. Kenworth off.)

----- CURTAIN -----

ACT II.

*SCENE: SOUTHAMPTON DOCK, with the Steamer St. Hurrah ready to steam away.
(OPENING NUMBER - SAILORS OF THE ST. HURRAH CHORUS, sung by Sailors. At finish of chorus boy and Reformers enter R.3.E. Go around stage singing chorus. Sailors join them. At finish boy exits R.2.E. Reformers exit ship, and sailors go aboard ship and stay there. Enter Fly, an American girl and do number. At finish of their chorus, Fly and girls exit aboard ship. At finish of number enter Wilson R.2.E. preceded by boy carrying his grip.)*

Boy.

Right this way, sir. Here's the St. Hurrah right here, sir.

Wilson.

That's all right I'll take the grip.

(Takes grip and crosses boy.)

Boy.

(Holding out hand.)

Thank you, sir.

Wilson.

(Stops)

Got your hand out again, have you? Tip, tip, tip. That's all I've been doing since I landed in England, but I'll give you a tip. The next time I tip anybody, I'll be tipsy.

(Gives him a side glance.)

Did you hear that one? The next time I tip anybody I'll be tipsy. All my own stuff. I made it up as it went along. Gee, whiz! You're a great audience. Prommised your mother you'd never laugh, didn't you?

(Over to him)

There ain't going to be any donation.

Boy.

Thank you, sir.

(Exits same as entrance.)

Wilson.

Now he's what I call a nice little fellow. Great company.

(At this point Captain Squirvy comes down the gang plank and crosses Wilson)

Hello whiskers.

Captain.

(Turns)

Whiskers.

Wilson.

Say, how do you expect the barber shops to keep open, if you're going to let those things grow out all the time.

Captain.

(Very indignant.)

Is it me you address?

Wilson.

I don't want your address, I want you to get a shave.

Captain

(Indignant)

Wilson.

Now don't get sore, Whiskers.

Captain. Whiskers?

Wilson.

(Looks at boat)

Say what is this, the Fall River Line?

Captain.

(Sore)

Bah!

(Walks away)

Wilson.

(Aside)

There's another nice little fellow. Say what time does this boat break out?

Captain.

(Walks back to Wilson)

Are you going to sail with me, sir?

Wilson.

Who are you?

Captain

Who am I?

(Laughs)

Who am I, sir - I am ----

Wilson.

Wait a minute, just tell me who you are, don't rave about it.

Captain.

I am Captain Squirvy, sir.

Wilson.

Captain of what?

Captain.

Captain of the St. Hurrah.

Wilson.

Gee, whiz! I thought you were Captain of the base ball team. Say, Whiskers, -

Captain.

(Real sore)

Not Whiskers, sir, not whiskers.

Wilson.

Not Whiskers, well, they look like whiskers.

Captain.

My name is Squirvy, sir. SQUIRVY.

Wilson.

How'd you get that name?

Captain.

(Takes hat off)

That was my father's name.

(Puts hat on again.)

Wilson.

Oh, well, then you're not to blame. It's hereditary. Come on let's get a drink.

(Starts to go and stops.)

Captain.

Thank you, I'm not thirsty.

Wilson.

(Looks at him.)

Well, you don't have to be thirsty, don't you ever wash your face till it gets dirty?

Captain.

(Laughs)

Very good - Very good!

Wilson.

Do you like that one?

Captain. Splendid.

Wilson. Would you like to hear another?

Captain.

Yes, indeed.

Wilson,

Well there ain't going to be any more.

Captain.

(Laughs heartily)

Wilson.

What are you laughing at?

Captain.

Really, I don't know.

Wilson.

What's the good of laughing? Save up your laughter for a good Joke. Then burst out and make a fool out of it.

Captain.

(Laughs)

Why don't you go and get a sleep?

Wilson.

Why don't you go and get a shave?

Captain.

Bah!

(Walks away to R.2.E. and looks off)

Wilson.

It's plain to be seen that the Captain hates himself.

(Train effect. Enter girls from ship and down plank.)

1st Girl.

Come on, girls, let's see if our baggage is all right.

(Girls come down plank, turn and go extreme left. Wilson stays C.)

Wilson.

Ah, how do you do bright eyes.

Girl.

How do you do, sir?

Wilson.

Say, have you girls met the Captain?

Girl.

Yes, have you seen him?

Wilson.

There he is.

(Points to him.)

Captain.

(Raising hat)

Ah, ladies.

(Girls all run over to him except the first girl, who lingers with Wilson)

Wilson.

Say, the Captain's a devil among the ladies, isn't he?

1st Girl.

Yes, he's a fine fellow.

Wilson.

I'll bet he spends his money like a sailor. Always stick up for a sailor. Remember Jack Sharkey was a sailor. Well here I go on the water wagon.

(Starts up plank, and all laugh.)

1st Girl.

(Goes and joins girls and turns to Wilson.)

Hope you won't be sick.

Wilson.

(Turns)

Hope I won't be sick! Well, how do you suppose the doctors are going to make a living if we don't get sick every once in a while. Gee, whiz, if you had your way you'd put all practicing physicicans out of business. You've got the meanest disposition of any woman I ever met in all my life.

(Exits boat.)

(Girls all laugh as he exits and stroll to C.) (Captain approaching first girl goes left.)

Captain.

(To girl)

Tell me, who is that fellow?

1st Girl.

I don't know.

Captain.

A boat gambler I presume. I'll keep my eye on him.

(Both go C. At this boy comes from L.2.E. and joins Captain.)

1st Girl.

I hope we don't have a storm at sea.

Captain.

(Laughs as girls shudder.)

A storm at sea to me is as welcome as the sunshine of a spring morning to a birdie in its nest.

When the thunger crashes --

(Girls shudder)

and the lightning flashes --

(Girls shudder)

the rain pours down, the pyramid waves splash the deck - the old ship is rocking like a cradle and the --

Girls

Ah, Captain!

(1st girl exits aboard ship - seasick.)

Captain.

(Laughs)

Bah, sailors, eh?

(Laughs)

2nd Girl.

Captain have you always been a sailor?

Captain.

No indeed, when I was a boy like this lad I worked in a store.

MUSIC CUE.

(SONG- "Captain of a Ten-Day Boat", sung by Captain and Girls, sad boys enter at introduction from ship and do number with them. At finish all exit R.2.E. Also boy and Captain stays left. Florabelle appears on deck of boat at finish of this number with kodak, and coming down plank laughing.)

Fly.

Captain Squirvy entertains the American girls with a sailor's hornpipe on the Southampton Dock. More news for the Searcher.

(Approachs Captain - laughing)

Captain.

(Turns to Fly and greets her)

Ah, Miss Fly, going to cross?

Fly.

With you again, Captain.

(Goes down stage L. and turns.)

Captain.

Well, well, with Sing Song, the Chinese newspaper man, and Florabelle Fly, the press will be well represented on the St. Hurrah.

Fly.

A boat load of celebrities, eh, Captain?

Captain.

Yes, indeed, I suppose you know Johnny Jones crosses with us.

Fly.

Yes, poor Jones.

Captain.

That's what I say, Fly. Why in the world was he ever ruled off the English track?

Fly.

No one seems to know.

Captain.

Do you suppose it was because he lost the English Derby?

Fly.

Well, of course his horse was favorite, but then other favorites have lost.

(Bus. Fly taking Captain's picture.)

Stand up straight, fix your tie. There have been no facts made public. We only know he's off the track.

Captain.

There's something behind it all.

Fly.

Evidently, but it's all a mystery up to now.

(Shouting and yelling and laughing without.)

Captain.

Hello, what's this?

(Both up stage.)

Fly.

Mrs. Kenworth and her female Reformers have arrived.

Captain.

Oh, yes, I read of them in the London Times. Sing Song is to accompany them back to San Francisco I see.

Fly.

(Crosses to extreme R.)

Yes, going to protect them from the Highbinders.

(Laughs.)

She's proved a great subject for the press.

Captain.

(Goes L.)

A better subject for an insane asylum, I should say.

(At this Mrs. Kenworth enters from R.2.E. preceded by boy with grips.)

Boy.

Here you are, here's the St. Hurrah. Right this way, Ma'am.

(Enter Mrs. Kenworth)

Fly.

(Sees her)

Why Mrs. Kenworth.

(At same time snapping her picture.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

Ah, Miss Fly, awfully glad to hear that you are going to make the trip with us.

Fly.

I'm tickled to death myself. Have you met Captain Squirvy, Mrs. Kenworth -

(Introduction)

Captain.

(Bows in acknowledgment)

Mrs. Kenworth!

Mrs. Kenworth.

Captain? Captain of the St. Hurrah?

Captain.

(Swells up)

Yes, madam.

Mrs. Kenworth.

I suppose you have crossed the ocean many times.

Captain.

A hundred and three times, madam, and twice in a row boat.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Brave fellow. I like brave men.

(Captain swells out.)

I adore brave women who stand by their rights.

(Turns to Fly and back again.)

(At this boy comes from ship - crosses to R. bus. with trunk.)

Fly.

(Aside)

Here's one who stands by her rights alright, alright, alright.

Captain.

I've heard a great deal of you Mrs. Kenworth through the newspapers.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Newspapers! Rubbish.

(Captain crosses to C. Mrs. Kenworth to L. and looks up at boat.)

Fly.

I wonder if she was looking at me when she said that.

Captain.

It looks that way.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Turns to Captain.)

Have my little dearies arrived yet, Captain?

Captain.

(Turns to Mrs. Kenworth.)

Yes, half hour ago.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Will you be so kind as to present them to the stewardess, my dear Captain?

Captain.

With pleasure, my dear Mrs. Kenworth, and I assure you the pleasure is all mine. I will see to them at once.

(Goes up plank and off ship.)

Fly.

(Goes over to Mrs. Kenworth.)

Tell me, is it true the Earl of Bloomsbury is to marry your niece, Mrs. Kenworth?

Mrs. Kenworth.

Yes, indeed. Ah, lucky girl. An Earl for a husband.

Fly.

Then her engagement to the American jockey Jones is ----

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Interrupts her)

---Jones, that insignificant, horrid creature. Whatever foolish escapade my niece may have had with this jockey was a joke, a mere lark. Goldie is fascinating, I might say coquetteish, and the poor fool took her seriously.

(Laughs)

(At this sailors enter from R.2.E. and Boy exits R.2.E.)

Ridiculous, ridiculous.

(Laughs haughtily and exits aboard ship. Sailors take trunks and exit aboard ship.)

Fly.

The story gets stranger as the chapters progress.

(This is aside.)

Henry.

(Without)

Come along your lordship, right this way, your lordship.

Fly.

(Up stage, looks off R.)

Hello, here comes my heroine now, from England to America in male attire, and the Searcher scoops the story.

(Down stage as Goldie and Henry enter, turns and snaps them with her kodak. Enter Henry carrying grips, and so followed by Goldie still disguised as the Earl.)

Henry.

(Goes L.)

Here we are, your lordship, here's the St. Hurrah. Shall we go right aboard?

Goldie.

May as well, I suppose.

(Looks at ship)

Beastly looking boat, isn't it?

Henry.

Yes, awful looking catamoran.

Goldie.

(Turns sees Fly.)

Ah, Miss Fly.

(Tipping hat)

Fly.

Howdy, my dear Earl. I suppose you're anxious for the trip to be over with, and see what your future wife really looks like.

(Both come C.)

Goldie.

I don't care what she looks like.

Henry.

(Turns)

He wouldn't care if she looked like thirty cents.

Fly.

Has Miss Gates heard of the match?

Goldie.

I believe her Aunt cabled her the good news, that I had agreed to become her husband. Ah, she's the lucky girl.

Fly.

What do you suppose the outcome will be?

Goldie.

I don't care what the outcome is.

Henry.

No, by Jove it's the income he's after.
(Turns and looks at boat)

Fly.

But I understand this girl is in love with Johnny Jones, the jockey.

Goldie.

If she marries him she's disinherited.

Fly.

Jones don't care, he loves her for herself.

Goldie.

Do you think so?

Fly. He told me so.

Goldie.

(Overjoyed)

He did, when?

Henry.

(Turns and coughs at this point.)

Don't you think we'd best get aboard, your Lordship?

(Fly walks up stage)

Goldie.

Put the luggage in my stateroom, Leslie.

Henry.

(Down to Goldie, aside)

Don't talk too much.

Goldie.

(Aside)

Leave that to me.

Henry.

(Aside)

I never did like these female newspaper men.

(Starts exit aboard ship.)

Coming right aboard your silly old boat, Captain, and you shall make way for the Earl of Bloomsbury.

(At this Wilson comes down plank and meets Henry, who look each other over.)

(Henry turns from Wilson.)

My word, what a silly looking man.

Wilson.

Say, how do you expect the expressman to make a living if you are going to carry that stuff around with you all the time?

Henry.

(Crosses Wilson and up plank.)

You mind your own business you old fool, and if you don't I'll give you a piece of my mind, you silly old sponge cake.

Wilson.

(Follows him)

Now don't get sore Clare, he'll be great company for me, all right.

(Both exit ship)

Goldie.

(To fly who comes down stage R.)

And so you really think this Jones would marry Miss Gates if she hadn't a dollar in the world?

Fly.

Undoubtedly, but I hardly think she'll care for him now that he's disgracefully accused of throwing the English Derby. I understand his suspension extends to America, and that he is actually ruled off the track forever.

Goldie.

She loves him just the same.

Fly.

What makes you think so?

Goldie.

Oh, silly fools, these girls you know.

Fly.

(Laughs - goes over to plank.)

Are you going aboard, my dear Earl?

(Goes up plank.)

Goldie.

(Goes over to trunk R.)

No, I'm going to sit here and watch the sailors bid good-bye to their sweethearts.

Fly.

Jimney Christmas, what a story this is getting to be.

(Exits aboard ship) MUSIC CUE. (SONG - "GOOD-BYE FLO" Sung by Goldie with chorus behind her. At finish crowd hollering and shouting without. Goldie and sailors exit aboard ship, and girls exit R.2.E. Enter McGee on run from R.2.E.)

McGee.

By gorra, I never got in a crowd like that in my life. They're trying to mob poor Jonsey. Swarmed around him like a lot of bees.

(Yelling and hollering and Bus.)

(Yells)

Go it, Jonsey, go it. He soaked one of them, down he goes. Give it to him again.

(Supposed to be looking at fight off R.)

Come on, come on, and lick the devil ----

(Enter Jones with jeers, hisses and yelling)
Are you all right? Turn around and let me see.
(Turns Jonsey around)

Jones.
Why, I could fight my way through as an army of ours like them.

McGee.
Who the devil started it?

Jones. Anstey!
McGee. Anstey.

Jones.
The minute I stepped from the train he shouted to the crowd, "there he is Johnny Jones, the crooked jockey", why they were on top of me before I where I was at.
(Goes down stage R.)

McGee.
Where is the kid that had our grips?

Jones.
(To kid as he enters with grips)
Ah, there you are! Good boy!
(He starts to walk plank - Jones follows, boy turns.)

Boy.
Good boy nothing. If I'd have known as who you were I'd never carried your blooming luggage. Johnny Jones, eh? Threw the English Derby, did you?
(Hisses him.)
I hope the next horse you get on falls down and breaks your blooming neck.
(Tails)
Robber, thief, cad!
(Hisses - exits aboard ship.)
(Enter Wilson on deck and listens.)

Jones.
(To McGee)
I'm a hot favorite, Mack.
(Down stage R.)

McGee.
(Follows him)
You are in bad luck, kid.

Jones.
I throw the English Derby? Why I never tried so hard in all my life, yet for the last three days every kid in the streets of London has jeered me - pointed me out to passers-by with calls of thief! Robber! Cad! and all such things.

McGee.

(Goes C.)

And no satisfaction from the English Club?

Jones.

Not a bit. Called before the steward and suspended. Called before the committee and ruled off. No satisfaction, no explanation, except what the papers have printed and they merely intimate that I may have ridden a crooked race.

McGee.

And even if you did, you're not the first that - - -

Jones.

Wait a minute, Mac. Do you think I did?

McGee.

(Turns)

I didn't say that, Jonsey.

Jones.

(McGee goes extreme R.)

No, but you may as well. Gee, whiz! Haven't I a friend in the world?

(McGee offers Jones his hand. Wilson, who has just come down plank.)

Wilson.

Have you got any money?

Jones.

I've got all kinds of money.

Wilson.

To hell with the friends.

(Goes and looks off R.)

McGee.

(Jones and McGee cross Wilson and look at him surprised and go up stage L.)

There's no hand, kid. I'm going to go the route for you and stick right with you till you prove to the whole damn world that you are on the square.

Jones.

That's awfully nice of you, Mack.

(Cheers, and shouts in distance at this)

Jones.

(Looking off R.)

I guess I'll get aboard before I'm mobbed again.

(Jones, McGee and Wilson go aboard ship and stay there.)

MUSIC CUE - FORTE.

(ENTER TOMMY ATKINS SOLDIERS AND SING SONG; AND the Four Chinese Girls, who do big number and dance. At finish of dance Chinese girls exit aboard ship, and Tommy

Atkins Soldiers exit R.2.E. Sing Song stays on stage - goes up to plank. McGee exits into ship. Henry comes on deck, now listening. BOTH. Sailors are on the deck all through this set.)

Captain.

(Coming down plank at finish of number.)

Ah, my dear Sing Song, welcome to the St. Hurrah.

Sing Song.

Captain Squirvy, I believe.

Captain.

At your service.

Sing Song.

I've heard Mr. Anstey speak of you.

(Crosses to left and meets Mrs. Kenworth who is coming down plank. Captain crosses looks off right.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

Where is Anthony?

Sing Song.

He's with the police.

(They both go down stage L.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

With the police.

Sing.

The Earl of Bloomsbury turned out to be a bogus Earl.

Mrs. Kenworth.

A bogus Earl?

Sing.

So it seems. Anstey is now giving the detectives a full description of the counterfeit.

Mrs. Kenworth.

He's already aboard the ship.

(Crosses to C.)

Sing.

Good. I believe they intend to surround the boat and capture him at once.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Will wonders never cease?

Sing.

They'll get him if he's aboard the ship.

Mrs. Kenworth.

He's aboard the ship right now.

Henry.

(Aside)

But he won't be in a minute.

(Exits into ship hurriedly)

Mrs. Kenworth.

Oh, this is horrible, terrible.

Captain.

(Turns.)

What seems to be the matter?

Mrs. Kenworth.

Nothing, everything.

(Enter Anstey with inspector. R.2.E.)

Anstey.

Come along Perkins.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Up to him)

Ah, Anthony!

Anstey.

(Inspector stops)

You heard!

Mrs. Kenworth.

Yes, what does it mean?

Inspector.

Imprisonment for life, Ma'am if we get the man.

Captain.

Inspector Perkins!

Inspector.

(Turns at mention of name)

Hello, Captain.

(Shakes hands)

May I have your permission to search the St. Hurrah for a person enrolled on the passenger list as the Earl of Bloomsbury?

Captain.

Go as far as you like, Inspector. Come along, I'll help you. This way, Inspector.

(Crosses - goes up plank and exits.)

(Inspector follows to plank and stops, turns to Anstey) (By this time Sing Song has gone up stage and has joined Anstey and Mrs. Kenworth.)

(At this Wilson comes aboard ship and down plank.)

Inspector.

(To Anstey.)

Have no fear Mr. Anstey, I'll take him dead or alive.

(Inspector starts up plank and meet Wilson who is just coming down - then stops.)

Hello, Wilson, how are you?

(Holding out hand. Jones exits into ship.)

Wilson.

There must be some mistake.

(Anstey, Sing and Mrs. Kenworth stand at R.2.E. pantomine talk.)

Inspector.

(Wilson crosses Inspector.)

I beg your pardon, I thought you were somebody else.

Wilson.

Well, if I ain't somebody you thought I was, I must be somebody else.

Inspector.

(Exits aboard ship, saying)

All right, Captain, I'm coming.

(Exits on run. Wilson goes up stage.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

How did you discover him to be an imposter?

Anstey.

(Shakes letter in hand)

This letter.

Sing.

From the real Earl?

Anstey.

Exactly I've wired him to follow on the next boat.

Mrs. Kenworth.

The wretch may approach my dearies. I must protect them at once.

(Goes aboard ship.)

Anstey.

Nothing to fear now, my dear.

Mrs. Kenworth.

But the brute may speak to them.

(Exit hurriedly and excited into boat. Anstey goes over to boat and sees her exit.)

Sing.

Who do you suppose this masquerading person can be?

Anstey.

Some imposter or fool taking a desperate chance.

(Goes over to Sing.)

The Chinese Lottery papers, where are they?

Sing.

(Takes papers from sleeve.)

There they are.

Anstey. Oh! Sing.

I see Jones' name is on the passenger list.

Anstey.

Yes, the little rat.

Sing.

He'll beat the Earl to the field of battle.

Anstey.

Will he? I'll cable Chung Fow to kidnap the girl. On Mrs. Kenworth's arrival in Frisco she will learn of the disappearance of her niece.

Sing.

What's the scheme?

Anstey.

Ransom money for the girl's release, and a promise of silence, and no more uprising against the Chinese Lottery game.

Sing.

It's blackmail.

Anstey.

Not at all. Business proposition.

Sing.

Tell me, how was that jockey affair arranged?

Anstey.

Easily enough. On the day of the Derby I circulated a report that Jones was bought by an American syndicate to throw the race. My appearance at the track strengthened the story to such an extent that the American colony watched every move I made. I took a long chance on Jones' defeat; bet six thousand pounds on British Boy, which put the English betting ring into a wild turmoil. Long before the race was run, Jones was called before the Stewards. He must have convinced them of his innocence, for he went to the post on Yankee Doodle. Now had he finished our of the money, under ordinary circumstances, well and good, but meeting defeat in the face of the accusation and the American Money switching over to the long shot, British Boy, brought the English to their feet with a cry of fraud. He was mobbed in the paddock, barely escaped with his life. Jones unconditionally suspended and ruled off the English track.

Sing.

(Crosses.)

Hop, Toy, Sing.

Anstey.

The whole scheme has to be handled with gloves, my dear Sing Song, and no one but a conniving, scheming, deep-thinking man, could have successfully operated this little game I played, for sweet revenge. I'll not soon forget the insult he publicly hurled at me in the Court of the Hotel Cecil.

(Anstey laughs heartily. Wilson who has been up stage now pushes his way in between the two.)

Wilson.

Say, will you boys join me in a little drink?

Sing.

No clinky.

(Turns up stage L.)

Anstey.

I'm just as much obliged.

Wilson.

You boys are great commons all right.

Anstey.

(Crosses him to left.)

You'll excuse me I'll - - -

Wilson.

Beg pardon --

(Business of brushing off his shoulder with one hand and taking papers from pocket with the other. Puts papers in his own pocket.)

Anstey.

(Turns)

What's the matter?

Wilson.

I thought I saw some dust on your shoulder.

Anstey.

You're liable to see a lot of things the way you are going.

(Turns - goes up stage L.)

Wilson

(Aside)

You won't see much where you're going.

(Turns R. to go off.)

Sing.

(Up stage)

I wonder if they captured the counterfeit Earl.

Anstey.

I believe they have him by this time.

Wilson.

(Turns)

Sorry you boys won't join me. I wouldn't have your disposition for anything in the world.

(Exits R.2.E.)

Sing.

(Points to Wilson.)

Who is he?

Anstey.

(Comes down stage C. Looks up at boat.)

Some fool or another.

(At this point Inspector appears on deck. Fly follows him and watches.)

Hello, did you get your man?

Inspector.

No, he's vanished. Disappeared entirely.

Sing.

That's strange.

Inspector.

(On plank)

He must be ashore.

(He descends - Fly follows and watches the Inspector.)

Anstey.

You'd best guard the boat.

Inspector.

I have men here.

(Whistles off R.2.E. four English policemen appear from R.2.E.)

(To men.)

You have the description?

Four Bobbies.

Aye Governor.

Inspector.

Go aboard and keep your eyes open.

Four Bobbies.

Thank you, Governor.

(The four exit boat on run.)

Inspeotr.

(To Anstey)

I'll look about the station.

Anstey.

Watch the London train.

Inspector.

He'll not escape, sir.

(Exits R.2.E. Fly follows him off.) (When policeman exit in boat. Henry appears on deck and starts down plank.)

Sing.

(Who is left, writing in some book.)

This will be news for the Pekin Gazette.

Anstey.

Come along, Sing, let's get aboard.

(They start for the boat and meet Henry, who has discarded his disguises and is back to himself.)

Henry.

(Coming down plank.)

How do you do, Mr. Anstey.

Anstey.

Well, well, my young friend of the American bar, going to cross?

Henry.

Expect to. Excuse me - - -

(Crosses and looks off R.2.E.)

Anstey.

(Points to plank)

This way, Sing.

Sing.

Good, I must see that my ladies are comfortably situated.

(Crosses and starts up plank.)

Anstey.

I'll be with you directly.

Sing.

Very good, I'll be in the cabin or somewhere.

(Exits aboard ship.)

Anstey.

(To Henry)

Oh, I say - - -

(Calls)

Henry.

(Turns)

Did you call, Mr. Anstey?

Anstey.

Yes.

(Looks about to see if the coast is clear)

How about the little French girl, is she going to cross?

Henry.

Yes, oh, yes. She's aboard the ship.

Anstey.

Good, good!

(Laughing)

Splendid, splendid! Go right along Sing, I'm coming.

(Exits both hurriedly)

Henry.

What an old villain he is. I would like to know what game he and that Chinamen are playing.

By Jove, what a narrow escape! Goldie got rid of her disguise none too soon.

(At this Inspector enters in great hurry from R.2.E. towards ship Fly follows, and Henry goes R.C.)

(Aside)

Hello, the Inspector. Inspector.

(Turns and sees Henry who is R.C.)

You name, sir?

Henry.

Hapgood - - Henry Hapgood.

Inspector.

His hiding place is on that ship. He was seen going aboard.

Captain.

(Comes down plank)

Your men are searching.

(Crosses to Henry)

Hello, who is this?

Henry.

You remember me, Captain, I crossed with you.

Captain.

Oh, yes, Mr. - - -

Henry. Hapgood.

Captain. Hapgood. Correct.

(They shake hands)

Inspector.

(To Captain)

All right, Captain?

Captain.

(Turns to Inspector.)

All right? Yes.

(Henry and Captain talk in pantomime)

(NOTE - At this the policemen appear on deck.)

1st Bobby.

(Calls to Inspector)

Not a sight of his Governor.

Inspector.

Guard that deck.

(The police all salute and walk up and down deck.)

(NOTE - When Inspector entered from R.2.E. he was again followed by Fly who stare up stage and makes note of all his actions.)

Fly

(Comes down stage.)

What's all the excitement?

Inspector.

(Down to her)

Your name, please.

Fly.

Florabelle Fly, representing the San Francisco Searcher.

Henry.

(Crossing Captain to Fly)

The San Francisco Searcher, did you say?

Fly.

Yes, you seem interested.

Henry.

Well, rather, that is to say, I've -- I've -- heard of the paper.

Fly.

(Laughs)

Oh, I see.

(To Inspector and crosses)

you needn't be alarmed, Inspector, I'm perfectly harmless.

(Laughs heartily and runs up plank and exits aboard ship)

Captain.

I dare say you'll be glad to get home.

Henry.

You bet I will, Captain.

(Aside)

No more masquerading trips for Henry, once I hit good old California.

MUSIC CUE. "GOOD OLD CALIFORNIA" (Sung by Henry and male chorus, Sailors stroll on from boat at introduction. Bobbies on plank and Captain aside of Henry. After number policemen exit ship. Enter McGee from ship calling.)

McGee.

(As he enters)

Hello, what's the matter, are we all pinched?

(Looking at police as he descends plank.)

Inspector.

(Who has been standing at foot of plank during number. Goes toward McGee.)

Your name, please.

McGee.

Where are you from?

Inspector.

Scotland Yard.

McGee.

(Whistling and starts down stage.)

I don't want to play in your yard.

Inspector

(Down to McGee.)

Your name?

McGee.

(Turns)

McGee.

(Inspector nods - turns and goes up stage.)

Captain.

(Calls to Mack.)

Hello, Mack.

McGee.

(Crosses to Captain R.)

Ship ahoy, Captain, what's the fuss?

Captain.

All kinds of excitement.

(They pantomime)

(Enter Goldie down plank at this and stops short as she meets Inspector.)

Goldie.

(As French girl again)

Pardon, Monsieur, have you seen a Mr. Hapgood?

Inspector.

Hapgood? Yes.

(Points to Henry)

(Henry who has since song been looking off up stage R.3.E. comes over himself to greet Goldie.)

Goldie.

(Crossing)

Thank you.

(Aside to Henry)

It's all up, I'm afraid.

(Both down stage L.)

Henry.

What's happened?

Goldie.

I met my aunt face to face.

Henry.

She knew you?

Goldie.

I'm afraid so. She stopped and stared and - - - -

Henry.

(Sees her coming)

Sh- - -

(Goldie and Henry walk to entrance L.) (At this Mrs. Kenworth and Anstey on deck and come down plank, followed by Fly who stays up stage R.)

Anstey.

You must be mistkane, my dear. It can't be possible that-----

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Down stage C.)

But I tell you I'm not mistaken. I know the girl when I see her, I - -

(Sees Goldie and points)

Look, see, there she is.

Goldie.

(Over to Mrs. Kenworth.)

Did you call me, Madam?

(Anstey laughs haughtilly at this)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Looks from one to the other in surprise.)

Why, what's the matter?

Anstey.

(Still laughing, crosses Mrs. Kenworth.)

My dear, allow me! Miss Fanchette. Mlle. I present Mrs. Kenworth.

(Goes over to Henry)

Goldie.

(Crossing him to her)

I am very pleased to make my acquaintance, Madam.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Looks at her suspiciously)

What is the name?

Goldie.

My name? Fanchette, Rosario Fanchette.

(Mrs. Kenworth stands and stares at Goldie.)

Anstey.

(To Henry, laughing)

She thought this French girl was her niece.

(Laughs heartily.)

Henry.

Her niece?

(Joins in the laugh)

Goldie.

Is there something I can do for you, Madam?

Mrs. Kenworth.

No, nothing.

(Still looks at her.)

Goldie.

I'll see you again.

(In French.)

(Turns to Anstey and Henry)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(To herself)

What a remarkable resemblance.

Anstey.

(Still amused. Crosses to her as she speaks. Laughingly)

Well, my dear, are you satisfied?

Mrs. Kenworth.

Who is this girl?

Anstey.

A Parisian flirt - nothing more nor less.

(Laughs)

You see, my dear, how easily one may be mistaken.

(Turns back again to Goldie and Henry.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(To herself.)

If I were not sure Goldie is at school in San Francisco, I'd swear she - - -

McGee.

(Toward Mrs. Kenworth.)

Ah, Mrs. Kenworth.

(Captain at this point turns and goes up stage and joins Fly.)

(NOTE: Florabelle has been on stage making notes all during this scene, she having followed on stage Mrs. Kenworth and Anstey.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Turns to McGee.)

Hello, going to cross Mr. McGee?

McGee.

I'm going as far as the boat goes.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Good, I'm awfully glad.

(Takes his arm and they stroll right)

Goldie.

(To Anstey - laughing)

And she thought I was her niece.

Anstey.

(Laughing)

That's it.

Henry.

She must be crazy.

(Laughing)

Anstey.

(Turns to Mrs. Kenworth)

You see, my dear ---

(Sees her with McGee R. stands looking at them)

With McGee again.

(Inspector comes on deck.)

Henry.

(Aside to Goldie)

Goldie you're a wonder!

Goldie.

(aside)

Another narrow escape.

McGee.

(To Mrs. Kenworth)

And you thought she was your niece?

Mrs. Kenworth.

I could have sworn it.

(They both laugh heartily)

Anstey.

(Calls)

Oh, my dear, --

(McGee and Mrs. Kenworth take no notice of him)

My darling --- my honeysuckle --

(They laugh heartily and talk in pantomime)

Damn that Irishman.

(Inspector who has been on deck comes down plank and down stage to Anstey.)

Inspector.

I can't account for our man's disappearance.

Anstey.

(Turns up stage)

Nor I. I'll take a look about the boat myself.

(Starts up plank.)

Inspector.

Keep a sharp watch. I'll see if my men in the station have an inkling.

(Starts for R.2.E.)

Anstey.

(On deck plank)

She seems very much interested in McGee.

(Exits aboard ship.)

Inspector.

(Meets Wilson who enters R.2.E. and as Wilson crosses him he turns and looks at him.)

I'd like to know what he's doing in England.

(Wilson directly over to plank and exits into boat. At this point Fly and Captain come down C.)

Fly.

(To Captain)

And the Earl turns out to be an imposter, very strange. Isn't it?

Captain.

Yes, very.

(Effect of train arriving without. At this Tommy Atkins boy enters R.2.E. and exit into ship. Leaves Fly and goes up stage, looking off R.2.E.)

Hello, here's another train.

Fly.

(Writing in memo.)

Mrs. Kenworth converses with Timothy McGee on the subject of reform.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Turns to her.)

Ridiculous.

(Crosses her and over to Goldie.)

Fly.

That's just what I think.

(Over to McGee.)

McGee.

Say, you're raising the devil.

Fly.

And raising my salary at the same time.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Looking at Goldie.)

Why I never saw such a thing.

Goldie.

(Indignant)

You mean me, Madam?

Mrs. Kenworth.

It's positively striking, I ----

Goldie.

Oh, yes, the gentleman told me I look like a young lady ----

Captain.

(Down to Mrs. Kenworth at this)

What do you say to a stroll on deck, Mrs. Kenworth?

Mrs. Kenworth.

Delighted.

(Goldie turns to Henry.)

(At this crowd hollering and jeering without.)

Inspector.

Something up.

(Exits R.2.E. Jones appears on deck.)

Henry.

It sounds like a riot.

Fly.

I'll have to see what all this about.

(Exits on run R.2.E. Noise subsides and Henry and Goldie stroll to L. Down stage and Jones comes down from ship.)

McGee.

(Up to Jones)

Hello, Jonsey, where have you been?

Goldie.

(Aside to Henry.)

There he is.

Henry.

Keep your nerve.

Jones.

(To Mack.)

There's a poker game aboard, Mack.

McGee.

A poker game?

(Crosses and starts up plank.)

What's the limit?

Jones.

(Laughing)

You're the limit.

McGee.

Politics and poker are two games where a man should always have a few things up his sleeve.

(Exits boat.)

(Jones laughs and turns to C.)

Henry.

(Walking directly to Jones, and Goldie going R. and looks off.)

Hello, Jones.

Jones. How are you?

Henry. You kno't know me, my name's Hapgood. I've been a great follower of yours. Sorry to hear of your trouble.

Jones.

Forget it, my boy. It doesn't bother me in the least. Who's the little swell?

(Looks at Goldie.)

Henry.

Oh, pardon me, Mlle.

(Goldie turns.)

This gentleman is the great Johnny Jones, the American jockey.

Jones.

Thanks, old chap.

(Both cross Henry to L. Jones to Goldie.)

Goldie.

(To Jones)

Ah, the great Johnny Jones. Delighted to meet you.

(In French)

(Jones over to her and stares)

What is the matter? Why you look at me so?

(Crosses him.)

I am a nice girl, eh?

(Jones walks right up to her and looks into her face.)

(Henry down stage at this extreme left) (Goldie runs over to Henry)

What is the matter with him. Is he crazy?

(In French)

Henry.

(Crosses over to Jones)

What seems to be the trouble, Jones?

Jones.

Who is this girl?

Henry.

Fanchette. Rosario Fanchette.

Jones.

Are you sure?

Henry

Certainly, I've met her a dozen times in Paris. She's a --- Why, what's the matter?

Jones.

Nothing.

(Boy dashes from R.2.E. and on to boat calling.)

Boy.

Henry Hapgood. Message for Henry Hapgood.

(Exits aboard ship)

Henry.

That's me.

(Calling and after boy)

Here boy, here you are- that's me.

(Exits on run up plank and aboard ship.)

(Jones over to Goldie - stares at her again. At this Fly enters R.2.E. and over to plank. Looks down and sees Jones and Goldie. Stays on plank and watches.)

Goldie.

(Crosses Jones and stops.)

Oh, again I look like someone, eh? Just now the lady tells me I look like her niece and - - -

Jones

(Interested)

The lady told you this?

Goldie.

Yes, she was all excited. She thought I look so much like --

Jones.

(Aside)

She means Mrs. Kenworth.

Goldie.

Who I look like now, eh?

(Jones just stares)

I say, who I look like now, eh?

Jones.

(Staring at her.)

Why, you look just like a girl I know. MUSIC CUE.

(SONG AND DANCE done by Jones and Goldie. At finish of number Goldie exits R.2.E. Jones looking after her. Fly comes down plank.)

Fly.

Ah, that's the time I caught you, Jonsey. Naughty, naughty.

Jones.

(Turns)

Say, who is she?

Fly.

How should I know. Pretty isn't she?

Jones.

I should say so, by Jove!

Fly.

(Both take C. stare.)

You haven't fallen in love, have you?

Jones.

Not exactly that, but - - -

Fly.

She looks like the real thing, eh?

Jones.

I should say she does.

Fly.

Strange this Earl should turn out to be an imposter.

Jones.

(Goes up stage)

Yes, very strange.

Fly.

(Aside)

(Goes extreme left.)

He doesn't suspect - good.

(At this point Captain and Anstey come down plank all excited.)

Captain.

Where could you have lost them?

Anstey.

I can't imagine Captain. They were in my pocket not ten minutes ago.

Captain.

Are you sure?

Anstey.

(Looking about)

Absolutely sure. I tell you, Captain, I've been robbed.

(Goes to R.C.)

Fly.

Something lost?

Captain

Valuable papers.

Anstey.

Yes, very valuable papers. It's the work of a thief.

Captain.

I don't know who the thief can be.

(At this point Jones down stage to Anstey and stops.)

Anstey.

(Turns - sees Jones and looks at him.)

I think I do. A man who will cheat the public will pick a pocket.

(At this point Mrs. Kenworth enters from ship)

Jones.

Look out for your watch, Captain.

(Turns and goes up to side of plank. Bus. of Captain throwing up hands - turns and goes up stage.)

Fly.

(Aside.)

Anstey loses valuable papers.

(Anstey turns up stage - sees Mrs. Kenworth on plank.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

Ah, my dear.

(Descends plank)

The papers.

Anstey.

It's nothing. Papers of importance in a business way, that's all.

(Mrs. Kenworth crosses over to Fly L. At this the four Bobbies appear on plank.)

1st Bobby.

Is the Inspector about, Governor?

Anstey.

No, what luck?

1st Bobby.

None. Our man is not aboard this ship.

Captain.

I'm glad of that.

Anstey.

Then, where the devil is he?

Mrs. Kenworth.

Strange!

Fly.

Very.

(Noises of crowd yelling and jeering without.)

Captain.

(Looking off R.)

What's this?

(Shrill whistle blows at this point)

1st Bobby.

That's for us.

(Four bobbies exit on a run from ship to R.2.E.)

Anstey.

What's up now?

(At this point Wilson appears on plank. Sailor enters at this R.2.E.)

Sailor.

(Excited, salutes Captain, takes Captain by the hand and goes down stage C.)

Captain, big crowd, police driving back. They want to get the ship to mob Johnny Jones.

Captain.

Mob Johnny Jones?

Jones.

(Going extreme L.)

I can see my finale.

Anstey.

(Laughing to Mrs. Kenworth)

Come my dear, we'd best get aboard.

(Captain, Fly and Mrs. Jenworth exit aboard ship)

Wilson.

(Down to Jones, and slips him a pistol.)

Here use this if it comes to a show down.

(Enter McGee from ship in haste)

McGee.

(Appears on deck)

What's all the fuss?

(Everything excitement around stage and jeering of crowd is heard without. Mob scene here. Mob enter with police trying to fight them back. At this Wilson and Jones shoot off pistol. Mob who get frightened, turn and run off R.2.E. lots of noise.)

(As mob exits Tommy Atkins boy enter from aboard ship, down stage.)

Anstey.

(All excited, over to Wilson)

Do you know what you are doing? Do you know all England has been cheated, robbed by this our you are trying to protect? Who are you?

Wilson.

I'm a Democrat.

(Anstey exits hurriedly into ship. Wilson down stage C. calling.)

Come here, everybody.

(All surround him. Inspector at his right. Jones and Hapgood at L.)

This man Anstey is scheming to drive Johnny Jones out of England.

Jones.

But he'll not do it. I'll stick here and prove that I'm on the level.

Hapgood.

That's the boy, Jonsey.

(Shakes his hand)

Wilson.

I'll have a written confession of his scheme before the ship is two hours out.

Inspector.

What's the inducement?

Wilson.

(Takes papers from pocket and shows them)

These papers.

Inspector.

I'll report to headquarters. You signal Lizard Island.

Wilson. How?

Inspector. By a skyrocket from the ship.

Wilson.

Good! A skyrocket from the ship at Lizard Island will prove that Johnny Jones is on the square.

Jones.

If that rocket goes off I'll be on the next boat.

Sailors.

(Aboard ship)

All ashore that's going Ashore!

MUSIC CUE.

(Bobbies and Tommy Atkins Boy line up R. Wilson goes aboard ship. Goldie who exited R.2.E. now enters same and goes aboard ship. Hapgood stays on plank during number, which Jones sings. All action up stage. Henry down and business with Jones. Then leaves Jones and exits aboard ship. Boy comes down from ship and gives Jones his hat and grip, and exits aboard ship. Sailor brings Jones' trunk and dog from ship, and takes them off R.2.E. and returns to ship. Everybody sing as ship strikes out, and bell rings, dark stage.

TRANSFORMATION. Piano Chorus.)

-- CURTAIN --

ACT III

(Business at opening - Chinaman crossing stage - also policeman.)

(Enter Wilson up stage - R.3.E. and meets policeman L.C.)

Wilson.

Say, excuse me. Could you tell me where I can find a policeman?

Officer.

Are you speaking to me?

Wilson.

Certainly I'm speaking to you. How do you suppose people are going to get acquainted if they don't speak to each other.

Officer.

Move on, move on.

(Crosses him -goes up to R.U.E. and looks off.)

Wilson.

Gee, you've got a mean disposition.

(Shouting and yelling heard without and back of stage.)

Who's making the holler?

Officer.

(Turns and goes to Wilson.)

The Chinamen are celebrating the arrival of Sing Song.

Wilson. Who is he?

Officer. A Chinese newspaper man, sent here by the Emperor to study modern Journalism.

Wilson.

Gee, I thought it was Grover Cleveland's birthday.

(Turns and starts to go.)

Come on, let's get a drink.

Officer.

I don't drink on duty.

Wilson.

(Stops and turns.)

Well then drink on me.

Officer.

Are you looking for somebody?

Wilson.

Yes, I want to find a policeman.

Officer.

Well, what do I look like?

Wilson.

(Looks him over.)

I'm ashamed to tell you.

(Drum beating without and officer exits up stage R.U.E. and swinging club)

(As policemen exits, newsboys enter R.I.E. with papers and runs around stage calling.)

Newsboy.

Extra, extra, full account of the great kidnapping case. Extra - all about the disappearance of Goldie Gates. Extra- extra.

(Boys exit L.I.E. on run.)

Wilson.

(Looks about, and whistles up to balcony left.)

(Chinamen appears on balcony and leans over to see who it is.)

Wilson.

Are you Chung Fow?

Chinamen.

Yes, all right.

Wilson.

Tell Anstey I'm here.

Chinaman. Wilson?

Wilson. Yes, Wilson.

(Chinaman disappears into den)

Wilson.

(Starts to go R.C.)

This is a nice, cheerful little place. If I lived in 'Frisco I'd hang out here all the time.

Anstey.

(Enters from down left, slaps door behind him and looks all about until he sees Wilson, R.C.)

Is that you?

(Comes down C. and stops.)

Wilson.

No. --This is me, -- that's you there.

Anstey.

Well, I'm here, I kept my word.

Wilson.

Yes, for the first time in your life.

Anstey.

(Goes to strike him with cane.)

What?

Wilson.

Here. Put it down, put it down. Don't force me to chastize you. Be a nice good little boy and listen to me.

Anstey.

(Puts down cane.)

Go on, don't waste words - you know my disposition.

(Turns away.)

Wilson.

Yes, you've got a damn mean disposition.

Anstey.

(Turns to Wilson.)

You've got me cornered Wilson, but don't torture me, please don't torture me!

(Turns aside.)

Wilson.

I'm not going to. However a few words will not be amiss. To begin with, Mr. Anstey, the lottery King -

(Anstey turns.)

I've been after you since you first began to deal that crooked game in the Chinese quarter. Any time you crossed the Pacific or the Atlantic I was within shooting distance. It took me three years to lend you and now you make one wrong move, or refuse to write or do anything I dictate, and I'll send you up for the rest of your natural existance.

Anstey.

(Starts to walk away L.)

And if I turn state's evidence -

Wilson.

You're a free man, pretty soft, eh?

(Wilson laughs at him as he grits his teeth.)

Anstey.

(Turns and stops.)

Laugh. Ruin a man, then laugh at his disgrace.

Wilson.

Why didn't you think of that when you tried to put that little jockey out of business in England?

Anstey.

Well, that's all past and gone. Hasn't he been reinstated? Hasn't my written confession ruled me off the track forever? I'm a ruined man, - what more do you want?

Wilson.

I want that kidnapped girl before I leave Chinatown.

Anstey.

The Chinamen know nothing of her disappearance.

Wilson

You cabled Chung Fow to kidnap the girl.

Anstey.

But the girl was not in Frisco.

Wilson.

Anstey if you lie to me, I'll make you break stones twelve hours a day for the next twenty years.

Anstey.

(Over to Wilson.)

Well, I'll submit to the inevitable, anything you say, but don't send me away, please don't.

Wilson.

(Points to den left.)

Go in there and wait for me, and don't forget the job in the stone yard I spoke about.

(Shouts)

Go on - Twenty-three.

Anstey.

(Bus. Hesitatingly.)

(Exits into den and slams the door after him.)

Wilson.

He's what I call a nice little fellow.

(Looks at watch.)

It's about time McGee kept his appointment. He's fifteen minutes late.

(Shouts and yells heard without at this.)

(Wilson goes L. Enter McGee and Mrs. Kenworth R.U.E.)

McGee.

It's all right now, cheer up. The whole town is on the search.

(Looks off R.)

Wilson was to be here at eleven, and -----

Wilson.

It's a quarter past eleven now.

McGee.

(Turns, surprised)

Hello.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Crosses to him quickly.)

Tell me, is there any news?

Wilson.

(Goes to her.)

Now don't get excited. Everything will turn out all right. She's in safe keeping even if she is kidnapped.

McGee.

Of course, sure they're only waiting for the ransom.

Mrs. Kenworth.

I'll pay anything. Promise silence, but --

Wilson.

The best thing you can do is to keep quiet. I'll find the girl before the night is over.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Do, and I'll reward you.

Wilson.

I don't want any reward, I want to talk to you.

(At this McGee goes upstage and looks off right.)

Wilson.

I am tickled to death to see you with this man - McGee.

(At mention of his name McGee turns and swells up.)

He's a good man - I know him. He's a Brooklyn Elk. You don't want to overlook this jockey Jones. They may have fixed that horse in England but they couldn't fix the jockey. He's the candy all right. I don't blame your niece for getting sweet on him.

(At this McGee strolls down stage.)

but this man with the gray looks. He's no good, arouse mit him. I'm going to get him to sign this, the skedew. I want to give you a little bit of advice.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Yes, yes, go on.

Wilson.

Give up this band of reformers and let the Chinamen alone. Don't dictate to anyone whom they should marry. Stay at home, do your knitting and sewing and let the rest of the world take care of itself.

Mrs. Kenworth.

Why sir, I ---

Wilson.

Now don't mind me; that was on my chest and I had to get it off - That's all.

McGee.

(Crosses her to Wilson.)

Where's Jones?

(Mrs. Kenworth goes up stage R.)

Wilson.

Jones is doing a little detective work on his own hook.

(Drums beating without again and big noise. All up stage look off R.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

What's this?

McGee.

Sing Song's reception in Chinatown.

(All down stage C.)

Wilson.

Now go take a walk and come back in about ten minutes, and if I haven't got your niece by that time it's because she's not in Frisco.

(Mrs. Kenworth and McGee start to exit)

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Turns)

How can I ever thank you?

Wilson.

Send me an invitation to the wedding.

McGee.

We'll do that.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Looks at McGee.)

What?

McGee.

Oh, I forget ----

Mrs. Kenworth.

Why Mr. McGee, I'm surprised, I -----

McGee.

Slip of the tongue--slip of the tongue.

(They exit arm in arm laughing L.I.E.)

Wilson.

(Over to den R. and nears in.)

I wonder how Jones is getting on with his detective work.

(Chinaman appears - Enter from L.U.E. to C. and whistles to Wilson.)

Wilson.

(Turns and over)

Good, I've been waiting for you - what's new?

Chinaman.

Anstey's right - the girl never was kidnapped.

Wilson.

I never thought she was.

Chinaman.

Sing Song's now reviewing Chinatown.

Wilson.

Go in there and tell Anstey to put his signature to this.

(Hands him paper)

Tell him to grab a fast train east. He won't have a Chinaman's chance in Frisco from the minute he signs it.

(Chinaman goes over to den L. raps on door and when the slit is raised says "Ho la ha.")

Door opens and he exits into den L.)

(Wilson goes to extreme R.I.E. takes out watch and looks.)

Wilson.

Quarter past eleven. Quarter past eleven. Gee I'm glad I'm not in Boston.

(Enter Chinaman R.U.E. down stage and exit into den L. Enter Hapgood from R.U.E. and looks all around followed by Goldie, who is veiled.)

Hapgood.

She's disappeared but I'm almost certain she came this way.

Goldie.

(R stage C.)

Was she alone?

Hapgood.

(L. stage C.)

Oh, no, McGee was with her. He's been running in and out of the Pinkerton offices all day. The whole town's on a search for you, Goldie. It ceases to be a joke.

Goldie.

What'll I do?

Hapgood.

Give up this deception. Let people know who you are. Things are getting serious.

Goldie.

Things are just as I want them. I've at least taught my Aunt a lesson, and that's what I started out to do.

Hapgood.

I know, but the notoriety.

Goldie.

Notoriety. She started all that with her crusading society.

Hapgood.

But think of Jones. That poor kid has turned Frisco upside down in search of you.

Goldie.

And at the same time convinced my Aunt what a man he is.

Hapgood.

Great Scott, she's agreed to your marriage, done away with her society; offered all sorts of rewards for your restoration. I can't see the sense of carrying things further.

Goldie.

(Laughs)

But just imagine the fun I'm having, reading the accounts of my disappearance. The kidnapping stories, the search of Chinatown and so on.....

Hapgood.

(Gets very sore)

I don't see anything to laugh at, Goldie. It's a nightmare with me.

(Drums heard without.)

(Both run up stage and look off R.)

(NOTE- As drums beat Wilson enters from I.E.R. sees Goldie and Hapgood and watches both under cover. Hapgood and Goldie run up stage and look off R.)

Hapgood.

(Down stage C. at R. of guide.)

Here comes the Chinese parade - let's get away from here.

(They exit hurriedly L.I.E. MUSIC CUE. MARCH.)

(Wilson exits R.I.E.)

(At finish of march the Chinese are left on stage, and Sing Song enters with guide from R.U.E.)

Sing.

(Down stage C. at R. of guide.)

Wonderful sight--wonderful sight! One would think China had been transplanted in America.

The Emperor would be proud to behold this settlement-- proud of his people.

(Cheers from all)

Guide.

This is the famous Chinese gambling den of Frisco.

Sing. Gambling den?

Guide. The Chinese lottery game has made it famous.

Sing.

A disgrace to our people.

Guide.

It's controlled by Americans, I believe.

Sing. Oh, I see.

Guide. It's one of the greatest sights of Chinatown - shall we visit here?

Sing.

Not in there - not I. We will proceed to the Joss house. Lead on my good people.

(MUSIC CUE- Parade marches off, leaving Sing Song and Guide alone.)

Guide.

(Starts up stage L.)

This way, Sing.

(Points to L.U.E. Sing follows.)

Sing.

Wait, perhaps 'twould be best were I to visit here. The Emperor should know of his workings.

Come, I will see this place.

(Both go to den L. and guide raps.)

Chinaman.

(Inside through slit)

Ho, la, ma.

Guide.

(To Sing as door opens.)

This way.

(Sing exits and Guide follows. A lot of Chinese talk from Sing as they exit.)

(At same time Florabelle enters from den R.H. side.)

Florabelle.

(Sees them exit and takes stage.)

Sing Song visits lottery den- Johnny Jones turns detective. Now Miss Gates if you'll please become yourself again I'll have a sensational finish to a story that will make every newspaper in America sit up and notice things.

(At this Chinaman opens slot at door of den L. Hollers.)

Chinamen.

Sing Ta!

(Fly sees door of den open - runs up stage R. and looks. All attention. Enter Chinamen from den and blows whistle - looks off R. Enter Wilson R.I.E. and run up to Guide. Guide pantomimes to him that Sing is in there and he exits den L. followed by Chinaman.)

Florabelle.

(Crosses to L. when they've exited.)

A dash of mystery about all this. I'll keep my eyes open here.

(Exits L.2.E.) (Newsboys rush on stage again, and around and exits R.U.E.)

Newsboys.

Extra - extra - full account of the kidnapping case. Extra - extra!

(Exits)

(Enter Jones and looks about.)

Jones.

There isn't a nook or corner in Chinatown I haven't searched, and what a study it all is. By golly, life's a funny proposition after all.

(SONG)

(Sits on box down stage L. and sings a song.)

(After song Chinaman appears on balcony of den L. and blows whistle. Enter policeman from upper R.E. and Wilson from den L. and meets policeman, and points to den L. police enter den L. Wilson goes up stage. Jones gets up from box and looks into door of den R. Enter Hapgood and Goldie up stage L.)

Hapgood.

(Looking at Jones)

Why, there is Jones.

Goldie.

The poor kid. Go on, tell him, I'll wait in the cab.

(Goldie turns and faces Wilson who motions her to keep quiet and takes her off R.U.E.)

Hapgood.

By George!

(Goes over to Jones)

Oh, I say, Jones?

Jones.

(Jones turns, sees who it is and grasps his hand.)

Hapgood.

Miss Gates is waiting for you.

Jones.

Miss Gates, where?

Hapgood. At home.

Jones. What do you mean?

Hapgood.

Keep cool, she has a lot to say, and wants to see you right away.

Jones.

Are you sure?

Hapgood

(Laughs)

Well, rather, I - - - *(Jones gets excited)* now don't get excited, here's your Aunt.

(Enter McGee and Mrs. Kenworth R.I.E.)

Mrs. Kenworth.

This suspense is very trying.

McGee.

Everything will be all right, you leave it to Wilson.

(Sees Jones)

Hello, Jones, any news?

Jones.

(Goes over to Mrs. Kenworth.)

All kinds of news, Mrs. Kenworth - - - -

Hapgood.

(Pulls Jones back and Crosses to Mrs. Kenworth.)

Wait a minute let me tell it. Mrs. Kenworth, there's a young lady in the cab wants to see you right away.

Mrs. Kenworth.

A young lady?

Hapgood.

Yes, Mlle. Fanchette, you'll perhaps remember having crosses the ocean with her.

Mrs. Kenworth.

(Thinks)

Fanchette?

McGee.

The French girl.

Jones.

(Realizes)

I always thought so, by Jove.

Hapgood.

Permit me Mrs. Kenworth.

(Offers her his arm which she accepts.)

You'll excuse me Mr. McGee, I'll be with you in a minute, Jonsey.

(They exit arm in arm hurriedly R.U.E.)

McGee.

(To Jones)

What's it all about?

Jones.

Nothing, everything - it's all right. I understand it all now.

McGee.

Yes, but I don't.

Jones.

No, but you shall. How can I ever thank you for sticking by me like you did.

McGee.

Just win a few races for me this summer.

Jones.

If I ever ride again

(Shakes hands)

that's the answer.

(Anstey enters from den L. crosses to R. Jones and McGee see him come out.)

Helo, Anstey, where are you going?

Anstey.

(Stops and turns)

I'm going as far away from here as I can get. I don't stand a Chinaman's chance in this burg.

(Exits R.U.E. on the run.)

McGee. Poor devil?

Jones. It's the only chance he had.

McGee.

I'll keep my eye on that Larry-Buck, and see that he grabs a fast train for the East.

(Follows him off on run)

(Jones runs up and looks after them)

Fly.

(Enters from U.E.L.)

Hello, Jonsey, any news?

Jones.

(Turns and sees Fly.)

All kinds of news - Goldie Gates and Mlle. Franchette ---

Fly.

Are one and the same.

(Lots of life all through this till finish. Enter Wilson and Goldie, followed by McGee and Mrs. Kenworth from R.I.E. all excitement.)

Wilson.

(Has Goldie by the hand. Sees Jones and goes up to him.)

There he is now.

(Goldie crosses Wilson to Jones, who embraces her. Enter Mrs. Kenworth preceded by McGee.)

McGee.

Come on, now. Everything will be all right.

(Looks up and sees Wilson.)

Why, there's Wilson now.

Wilson.

Yes, and there's your niece.

(Pulls Goldie from Jones and over to Mrs. Kenworth. Both embrace.)

McGee.

Well, how can we reward you?

Wilson.

(Takes Goldie from Mrs. Kenworth and pulls her over to Jones)

There's the only reward I want.

(At this a lot of noise heard inside of den. Enter police from den with Sing handcuffed. At this Mrs. Kenworth takes Goldie away from Jones and both exit excitedly on run L.I.E. and Fly exits R.U.E.)

Sergeant.

(To Sing)

Come on, get a move on, we'll be a long time together.

(Sing crosses officer. Other policemen go up stage R. and line up. Wilson comes down stage to Sing.)

Sing.

What does this all mean?

Wilson.

It means that you and me are going to take a long trip to China together -- Do you play Pinocle?

Sing.

(Wild with rage.)

Ling, Kow, Fring to long, China tok ki Ling ki la and so on.

(Denouncing Wilson. McGee and Wilson go extreme left and look on.)

Wilson.

Now don't lose your head, you'll lose that soon enough. I'm going to introduce you to the Emperor all over again.

(Bus. with hand indicating "You'll lose your head" and turns to go.)

Sing.

Gee, you've got a mean disposition.

Wilson.

(Turns)

Come on.

(Starts to exit R.I.E. and turns in time to see Sing turn to strike officer)

Here! Come on - be careful.

(Wilson, Sing and Officer exit L.E.R. McGee leaves Jones and follows them off on run.)

(Lights up - chorus enter singing. Mrs. Kenworth, Goldie and McGee enter I.E.R. McGee stays L. Mrs. Kenworth takes Goldie over to Jones, and they embrace. Mrs. Kenworth goes back to McGee. Hapgood and Fly enter R.U.E. and down stage center arm in arm singing.)

-- CURTAIN --