

**BROKEN PROMISES. A
TEMPERANCE
DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS**

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Broken Promises. A Temperance Drama, in Five Acts by S. N. Cook

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S. N. COOK

**BROKEN PROMISES. A
TEMPERANCE
DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS**

BROKEN PROMISES.

A TEMPERANCE DRAMA,

In five Acts,

BY

S . N . C O O K ,

AUTHOR OF "OUT IN THE STREETS," "ENOCH ARDEN," ETC., ETC.

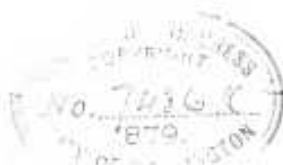
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CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONE, SIDES
OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, DISPOSITIONS
OF CHARACTERS, ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

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HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,

No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.



BROKEN PROMISES.

—:O:—

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MARK FIELDS, (<i>An Englishman</i>).....
JIM LARKIN, (<i>A Bumster</i>).....
NEED MCCALL, (<i>An Ex-thief</i>).....
LARRY BAILEY, (<i>In love with KITTY</i>).....
JACK MCCALL, (<i>A Counterfeiter</i>).....
BARTENDER.....
MRS. FIELDS, (<i>An Adventuress</i>).....
KITTY FIELDS, (<i>Daughter of MARK</i>).....
NELL LARKIN, (<i>Sister of JIM</i>).....

COSTUMES.—MODERN.

JIM LARKIN'S dress very poor until change in last act, when it is to be very much too large for him.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

Carpet down. Cupboard. Curtains to window. Table. Six chairs. Paper money. Wine and glasses on tray in cupboard.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Plain table. Five plain chairs. Pen, ink, and paper. Letter discovered on table.

SCENE II.—Sofa, *n.*, at back. Tables *n.c.* and *s.c.* Six chairs. Money.

ACT III.

Liquor store bar fittings, complete, *n.* Two round tables. Chairs. Spittoons. Pocket pistol. Money.

ACT IV.

Cottage furniture. Chintz curtains to window. Cottage tables, chairs, &c. Bundle of letters. Bottle of liquor and glasses on tray, with lemon, jug of hot water, sugar, and spoons off s.t.c. Liquor flask.

ACT V.

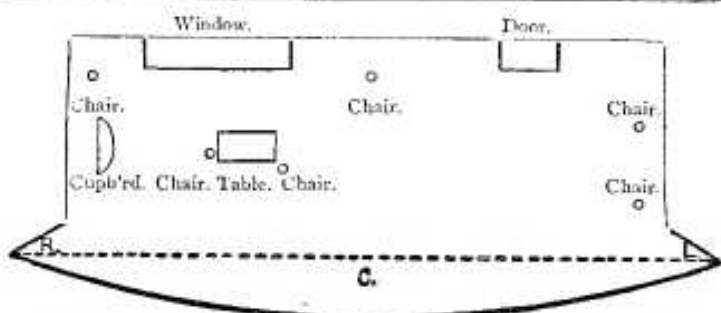
Carpet down. Handsome furniture—sofa, easy chairs, tables, and other chairs. Writing materials discovered on table. Bottle of chloroform.

SCENERY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—

Interior backing.

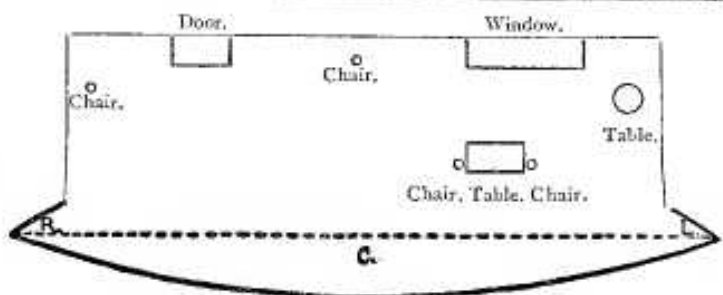


Neatly Furnished Room in MARK FINEB'S House. Back grooves. Window, R.F. Door, L.F. Cupboard S.E.R. Table N.C.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—

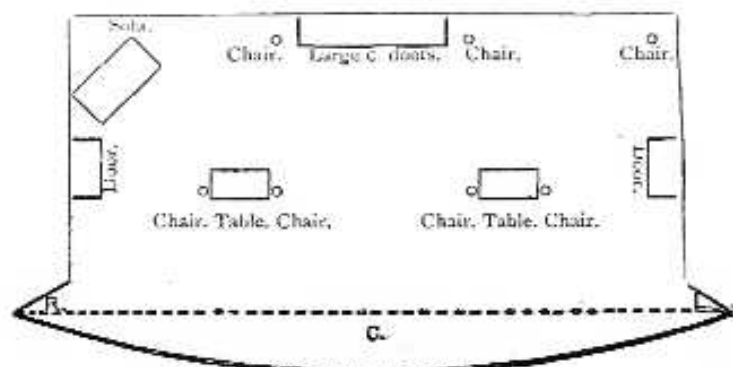
Interior Backing



A Room at NELLY LANSKY'S—plainly furnished. Second groove. Door s.r. Window, l.r. Table, l.c. Small table, s.r.l.

SCENE II.—

Interior backing.

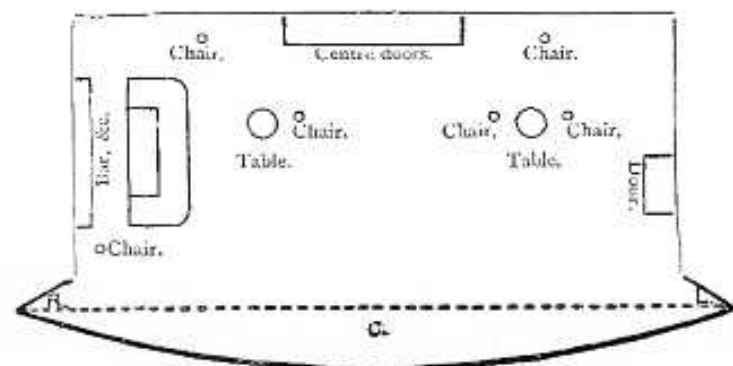


Another Room in MARK FIELD'S HOUSE. Back groove. Centre doors. Doors s.r.r. and s.r.l. Sofa u. up stage. Tables, s.c. and l.c. Seven chairs.

ACT III.

SCENE.—

Interior Backing.

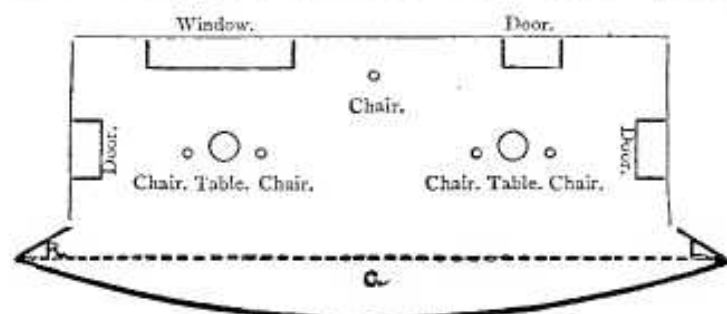


A Liquor Saloon. Bar fixtures, &c., r. Centre doors. Door s.r.l. Table r.c. and l.c. Six chairs.

ACT IV.

SCENE—

Exterior backing.

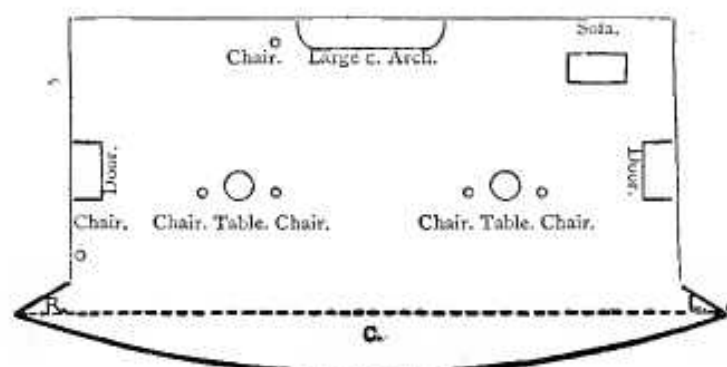


Cottage Interior. Door, L.F. Window, R.F. Tables, R.C. and L.C. Doors, S.E.R. and S.E.L.

ACT V.

SCENE—

Interior backing.



A Drawing-Room at MARK FIELD'S HOUSE. Centre arch. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Sofa L. up stage. Tables, R.C. and L.C. Six chairs.

* * * There is no charge for the performance of this piece.

BROKEN PROMISES.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Room at MARK FIELD'S. Neatly furnished. Door, L.F. Window, with curtains, R.F. Cupboard S.E.E. Table and two chairs N.C. Four other chairs.*

Enter NED MCCALL, door L.F.

Ned. Comfortable surroundings here, upon my word; vast improvement upon the late home of Ned McCall. The old lady played her cards well, she fished for gulls and got one in the person of Mark Fields. And he, poor old fool, thought he was marrying the widow of that distinguished American, the late General McCall. (*Laughs and sits n.*) Well, my paternal ancestor was a distinguished man in certain circles. Ah! that was a hard crew that I used to run with. (*Jumps up.*) But that's all over now. We have parted company for good. I mean to shake them now, one and all.

Enter JIM LARKIN, door L.F.

Jim. (*Opening the door and standing in doorway.*) Hello! hello here! This is a kind of a sylvan bower for a man like Ned McCall. Don't you find yourself out of place? (*Comes down L.*) Vice in the abode of virtue!

Ned. (*n.*) There, there, that will do! Any further remarks are unnecessary, Mr. Larkin.

Jim. Mr. Larkin! (*Laughs satirically.*) That's good! I'll take off my hat for that. (*Salutes in like manner.*) How fast we learn.

Ned. I have just been thinking about you, Jim; not only you, but all the old crowd of past acquaintances. I was thinking that—

Jim. We were old friends through thick and thin, that no change of time or circumstance, as the poet says, could ever change our friendship! Eh, Ned? *(Slaps him on the shoulder.)*

Ned. I was going to say, Jim, that the ties which once bound us together in the cause of interest—

Jim. Cannot now be rudely severed or sundered in the cause of friendship!

Ned. Don't interrupt me, Jim! I wish now to—

Jim. Renew our vows of eternal fidelity, eh? That's it, isn't it? I know what you mean, Ned, but you're too modest to say the word. Modesty is what ails you, my boy! it is a weakness with me also. But no matter about that, with all our modesty we remember the days when the cramps nipped us often. And we remember that we were not sufficiently careful in our manipulations at times, and were obliged to play checkers with our respective noses, and gazed through windows adorned by— *(Laughing.)*

Ned. *(Seriously.)* Jim, be quiet, will you? Those days you speak of belong to the dead past, that past which with me I wish to be buried deep in oblivion; that the memories of the past like my companions of that time shall be forgotten in the future!

Jim. You're right, Ned, you're right, who can blame you? Go back on Samly Magruder, and Fatty McDowell, and the whole crew of them. We'll shake them, won't we? Pals change as well as fortune. Our circumstances have changed and we'll change with them—yes, we will shake them, Ned.

Ned. We will shake them, you say? May I ask you, Jim, whom you mean by *we*?

Jim. Why *we*, you and I, of course. We have been old partners so long that we are almost one, you know. *(Laughs.)* "Two souls with but a single thought," etcetera, etcetera, as the poet says. Many were the deeds of darkness done by us, Ned, and often we have sworn to share each other's fortunes in weal or woe, and we won't go back on each other now, will we?

Ned. *(Throws his hat down on table.)* I am going to turn over a new leaf now, and you must remember, Jim, that Ned McCall, the stepson of old Mark Fields, is not to be known in the places that once knew Ned McCall, the—

Jim. *(Angry.)* Thief! I'll finish that sentence for you, Ned, because you're so modest and hate to say it! *(Laughs.)*

Ned. I cannot listen to such language. I've turned over a new leaf and am going to be a different man, and for the future associate with companions other than those I have associated with in the bitter past.

Jim. Of course, give the boys the shake, all but old Jim. You'll stand by him to the last, won't you, Ned?