

**FRENCH AMERICAN ACTING
ADDITION, NO. 1. A COUNTRY
KID: A RURAL MERRY
COMEDY IN THREE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649335411

French American acting addition, No. 1. A country kid: a rural merry comedy in three acts by
Nesbit Stone Scoville

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

NESBIT STONE SCOVILLE

**FRENCH AMERICAN ACTING
ADDITION, NO. 1. A COUNTRY
KID: A RURAL MERRY
COMEDY IN THREE ACTS**

FRENCH'S AMERICAN ACTING EDITION

No. 1.

A COUNTRY KID

A RURAL MERRY COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS

BY
NESBIT STONE SCOVILLE

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY NESBIT STONE SCOVILLE

"NOTICE.—The professional acting rights of this play are reserved by the publisher, and permission for such performances must be obtained before performances are given. This notice does not apply to amateurs, who may perform the play without permission. All professional unauthorized productions will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law."



NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 W. 22D STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
PUBLISHERS
89 STRAND

DAL 3344.8.15

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1978

A COUNTRY KID.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Tom Cunningham.....JUVENILE.
Frank Blandon.....HEAVY.
Bill Taylor.....TRAMP.
Zeben Cunningham.....OLD FARMER.
Reuben Thacker.....COUNTRY KID.
Jim Jones.....TOUGH.
Mariah Cunningham.....CHARACTER OLD WOMAN.
Mary Blandon.....JUVENILE.
Chick.....SOUBRETTE.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Country Home.*

ACT II.

SCENE 1—FRANK BLANDON'S *City Home.* SCENE 2—*Country Road.* SCENE 3—*Interior Country Home.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1—*Exterior of Old Powder Mill.* SCENE 2—*Country Road.* SCENE 3—*Exterior Country Home.*

A COUNTRY KID.

PROPERTIES.

ACT. I.—Shot gun, ham, loaf of bread, spade, pitchfork, axe, ladder, table and chairs, rustic furniture, bags of hay, rakes, hoe, plough, tin pail, legal documents, old letters, coffee-pot, six milk pans, bell, three cigars, stove and pipe.

ACT. II.—Parlor furniture, curtain for C. D., secretary and paper, decanter and glasses, cigar case and cigars, cake, dagger, three pistols, centre table, fish-pole and line, target rifle, table set for six people, red table-cloth, cupboard, wash-pan, long roll towel, bench, comb and brush, teapot, teakettle, stovewood, cookstove, black kettle, dishpans, three lbs. flour, cooking utensils (to hang on wall), old chromos (to hang on wall), wood, chain, rocker, etc., plenty of , small paper bag of bran, old chairs without back, red top, looking-glass, six drinking glasses, water-pitcher (plenty of dishes), handcuffs, switch, paper money, iron bar, pipe and tobacco, pan of potatoes, knife, and market-basket.

ACT. I.

Exterior farm scene. Set house L. Barn R., fence right to left, centre opening.

ZEBEN.

Enter at rise from barn.

(Bus. Noise from horse kicking)

Whoa, whoa, I say, goll darn you, whoa. Gash blamed those peskey mules; I can't do anything with them. They won't pay any attention to me whatsoever. They seem to have a dislike to me and express it with their hind legs. That boy Reuben is the only one that can do anything with him. By the way, I wonder where he is! There is some folks coming on this morning's train and I want him to hitch up and go and meet him. Reuben, goll darn him, if he is on this farm I'll roost him out. Reuben, Reuben, I say

(Bus. CHICK runs in to Zeben)
Gee whilicans!

CHICK.

Oh, dad, excuse me, I didn't mean to do it; did I knock all the wind out of your stomach?

ZEBEN.

I should say you did, and look here, young lady, this kind of business will have to stop. Why, you are getting worse and worse. And if it continues I will have to give you a good sound thrashing.

(CHICK *laughs*)

What you laughing at?

CHICK.

The way you talk, dad, you look so funny.

ZEBEN.

Ah, I look funny, do I? Well, my lady, I have made up my mind to give you a good scolding and I—

CHICK.

Oh, dad, just look at these nice flowers. I gathered them for you, ain't they beautiful?

ZEBEN.

Oh, I—

CHICK.

Just smell of them once.

ZEBEN.

There is no use trying; yes, child, they're nice.

CHICK.

I thought you would like them. Say, dad, ma says there is going to be some city folks here to-day. Be that so?

ZEBEN.

Don't say be that so, it ain't grammar. You must say are that so?

CHICK.

All right, dad, are that so?

ZEBEN.

Yes, Chick, and you want to put on your best togs. We want to show them that there is just as much style in the country as in the city.

CHICK.

Say, dad, who be they what's coming?

ZEBEN.

They be my nephew and niece. And you bet they're a slick couple too.

(CHICK cries)

Why, little gal, what's the matter? have I hurt your feelings?

CHICK.

I was just thinking if she was pretty.

ZEBEN.

You bet she is, she is from the city.

CHICK.

Well, if she comes out here and tries to steal my Reuben I'll scratch her eyes out.

ZEBEN.

Why, Reuben ain't the boy to throw himself away on a flirt of a city girl. Ni, sires, he is too smart for that. And he's getting smarter and smarter every day. And if he keeps her up, I mean to adopt him and you can have him for a brother.

CHICK.

Oh!
(And cries)

ZEBEN.

Now what's the matter?

CHICK.

I don't want him for a brother.

ZEBEN.

Don't want him for a brother, then what the deuce do you want him for?

CHICK.

I want him for my fellow. And I'm going to have him too, and if anybody tries to take him away from me it will be the worse for them, do you understand that? Bah!
(Exit in house)

ZEBEN.

(Sits on bench and laughs)

Well, I'll be goll darned did anybody ever seesuch a gal.

(Laughs)

Wants him for a fellow.

(Laughs)

Well I'll be gum swizzled if she can't have him, if she wants him. Or anything else around this farm. But this won't do for me. It is nearly time for that boy to start for the train.

(Noise in house)

What in tarnation is that?

(Enter MARIAH from house, pushing out REUBEN, who stands L. with hands in pockets)

Now what's the matter?

MARIAH.

Matter, matter enough. This great big overgrown lomicks has been into my preserves again, and not satisfied with what he could reach from the ground had to climb clear up to the top shelf. And when he was nicely settled, judging from appearances, the shelf broke down, busted the jars and the preserves run into the milk, and ruined every bit of it. Well, what are you standing there for like a bump on a log? Why don't you order him off of the place or give him a good sound thrashing?

ZEBEN.

Reuben, did you do all this?

MARIAH.

Did he do it! didn't you just hear me say he done it? Would you dare to doubt my word? But that's always the way! You have had everything to say since we were married. But there I must get into the house I feel so nervous.

(Exit into house)

ZEBEN.

Now don't get scared, Reuben; the old lady slipped a crock or two this morning. She will run directly and we will get her fixed.

REUBEN.

I ain't scared.

ZEBEN.

Now, Reuben, we are going to have company to-day, they will arrive on the next train, so I want you to hitch up

and go and meet them. And here is some money, you can stop at the corner store and buy yourself a new suit. You see they are city folks and they like style.

REUBEN.

All right, I'll get there.

(*MARIAH inside*)

Zeben, Zeben.

ZEBEN.

All right, Mariah; you better start right away, Reuben.

(*Exit in house*)

REUBEN.

Gee whillicans, but I have fun around here. I get into all kinds of trouble, but they always forgive me.

(*Song for REUBEN*)

BILL TAYLOR.

(*Enters L. U. E.*)

Hold on there, hold on there, when I say hold on I mean let go. I can't make friends with these country dogs. They don't seem to like my cut. If ever I get into Congress I'll have a law passed to kill every dog in the country. And put a free lunch counter on every corner. Oh, Lord, but I'm hungry. Hungry, that's no name for it. Why, I'm getting so thin that I have a pain here.

(*Pointing to stomach*)

I don't know whether it's my back or my stomach, if I could only see the photograph of a chicken, or the hole out of a doughnut. Oh, my, what a sensation! If I had a small piece of cloth I could chew the rag for a while. Well, thank heaven, it is only twenty miles to Chicago. And when I get there I can eat my usual three meals a day, for one day at least. I wonder if my dear old friend Franky will divy up. I guess so, if he don't I have made up my mind to squeal.

(*Bus. of smelling*)

Ah, does my nose deceive me? No, I smell something pretty. And as a thermometer of my stomach indicates eating time, I will investigate;

(*Exit behind house*)

(*Enter from house, ZEBEN, MARIAH, and CHICK. All dressed up*)

ZEBEN.

Well, Chick, how do we look?