

**OBSTINACY; OR,
WHO SHALL YIELD.
COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

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Obstinacy; Or, Who Shall Yield. Comedy in One Act by Frederick Letpoldt

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FREDERICK LETPOLDT

**OBSTINACY; OR,
WHO SHALL YIELD.
COMEDY IN ONE ACT**

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OBSTINACY;

H Lee Jr
1854

WHO SHALL YIELD.

COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RODRIGO BENBONIX.

PHILADELPHIA:
FREDERICK LEYPOLDT.

1854.

50543.30.2

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Harvard College Library

Feb. 10, 1917

Estate of
Henry Lee.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by

FREDERICK LEYFORDT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Obstinacy.

Dramatis Personæ.

AUSDORF, a gentleman of means.	H. Lee.
CATHERINE, his wife.	E. P. Lee.
EMMA, their daughter.	E. D. Parkman.
ALFRED BREKID, Emma's husband.	H. Parkman.
HENRY, } Alfred's servants, engaged.	S. Cabot.
LESLIE, }	L. Cabot.

OBSTINACY.

SCENE.

[A room in Alfred's house. Doors right and left; folding doors in centre. In the centre of the apartment a table half set; at the right hand another table covered with glasses, decanters, plates and every thing pertaining to a table service. On the left a work table and a sofa. On the right a little table with a newspaper.]

[HENRY. *Enter LISBETH.*]

Henry. [occupied in setting the table; hums a song.]

Lisbeth. [outside the door] Henry! open the door.

Henry. [opens the door.]

Lisbeth. [comes in, holding two dishes of cold meat in her hand, which she puts upon the table.]

Henry. Come, let me help you. [takes one dish from her, and, while she puts the other on the table, puts his arm round her waist, and kisses her on the cheek.]

Lisbeth. Oh Henry, suppose some one should see you.

Henry. Who is there to see us?

Lisbeth. Mr. Steiner may come at any moment.

Henry. Ha, Lisbeth, to snatch a kiss as you are going along, who would not if he could?

Lisbeth. But if Mr. Steiner—

Henry. Well, if Mr. Steiner were to see us, what of it?

Lisbeth. I should die of shame.

Henry. What for? I suppose he kisses his wife sometimes. They're only married three months, you know.

Lisbeth. Yes, but she's his wife. If you were my husband—

Henry. [*tenderly*] Well, how long will it be before I am?

Lisbeth. [*sighing*] Who can tell?

Henry. [*embracing her*] Too long for you.

Lisbeth. [*getting away from him*] What's the use of talking this way? Let us finish setting the table. [*both go on setting the table.*]

[*Enter ALFRED, R., remains at the door, and overhears the following conversation.*]

Lisbeth. The bride's father and mother are coming this morning.

Henry. How glad they will be to see the young couple so happy. Hum, I have no father-in-law to give you.

Lisbeth. That makes no difference, neither have I.

Henry. I think, we two are enough for each other. [*surveying the table*] Thank Heaven, the table is set.

Lisbeth. Yes.

Henry. What?

Lisbeth. Nothing, I only said yes.

Henry. That's nothing, you should say so too.

Lisbeth. Say what?

Henry. Thank Heaven, the table is set.

Lisbeth. Why?

Henry. Because it is proper to say so.

Lisbeth. Stuff!

Henry. Whenever anything is finished, it is proper to say "good," or "thank goodness," or "thank Heaven, the thing is done."

Lisbeth. Nonsense!

Henry. It is not stuff, it's not nonsense. When God created the world and saw that it was good, he said, "Thank Heaven, the world is finished." And therefore, it is a pious custom always to say something of that kind, whenever—

Lisbeth. Away with your nonsense!

Henry. [*earnestly*] *Lisbeth*, this is no foolery; you must not be such a free thinker. [*persuadingly*] Come here and say with me, thank Heaven the table is set.

Lisbeth. No!

Henry. If you love me?

Lisbeth. I will not!

Henry. [*agitated*] You won't?

Lisbeth. No!

Henry. When I ask you to do me a favor, you say, I won't?

Lisbeth. Yes, yes, yes; when I won't, I won't, even if you beg me ten times over.