

**THE MAN FROM  
BRANDON: A  
FARCE IN ONE ACT**

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The Man from Brandon: A Farce in One Act by J. M. Taylor

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**J. M. TAYLOR**

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# The Man From Brandon

A Farce in One Act

By J. M. TAYLOR

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BOSTON  
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## The Man From Brandon

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### CHARACTERS

PHIL LESTER, *captain of Brandon football team.*  
JEREMIAH DECKER, M. D., *from the Kirby Insane Hospital.*  
DAN MOULTON, *of Brandon, Miss Janet's nephew.*  
MISS JANET SPENCER, *a maiden lady.*  
BERENICE MOULTON, *Miss Janet's niece. Sister of Dan.*  
BERTHA MELVIN, *Berenice's friend.*  
ANNE, *Miss Janet's maid.*

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*Costumes, Modern*



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## The Man From Brandon

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SCENE.—MISS JANET'S sitting-room ; time—afternoon. BERENICE and BERTHA seated, BERTHA embroidering, BERENICE reading a letter.

BERENICE. O Bert, Dan is coming to-day.

BERTHA. Is he really?

BERE. Yes, and he's going to bring a friend with him. It's Phil Lester, the college football captain.

BERT. Do you know him?

BERE. No, I never saw him, except on the football field. They say he's just lovely. But Bert, what shall we do for dinner?

BERT. The new cook should be here soon, shouldn't she?

BERE. Yes, but if anything should happen, and ; besides, you know, the new cook is a man.

BERT. O so you said. I had forgotten. When is Dan to be expected?

BERE. He says to expect him for lunch, but then, nobody can ever tell when to expect Dan. He may be early or he may be hours late.

BERT. We can manage the lunch all right.

BERE. Yes, but I do hope the cook will arrive in time to prepare dinner. It's just like Dan to bring a stranger home with him at the worst possible time, but I suppose we must make the best of it, so here goes for lunch. (*Rises.*)

BERT. All right. We'll make the best showing we can. (*Folds embroidery.*)

*Enter MISS JANET, C.*

BERE. O Aunt Janet, Dan is coming home to-day, and he is going to bring a friend with him. What shall we do for dinner?

MISS JANET. Never fear, dear, Peter has gone to the station for the cook. I expect him any minute, but I am afraid you girls will be obliged to prepare lunch.



BERE. O we can do that all right. It was only the dinner that bothered us. Come on, Bert.

[*Exit, R., followed by BERT.*]

MISS J. O dear, how things are turning out! I thought to-day would be the best day possible to have Dr. Decker run out, and now it seems as if everybody else were coming too. I must guard against possible mistakes. (*Goes to door, C., and calls.*) Anne!

*Enter ANNE, R.*

ANNE. Yes, ma'am.

MISS J. Anne, Mr. Decker, the veterinary surgeon, is coming here to-day to examine my poor little Fido. He is expected at any time, and, when he comes, no person but myself is to know that he is here. Do you understand?

ANNE. Yes, ma'am. When will the old geezer get here?

MISS J. Anne! The idea of referring to a gentleman as an old geezer!

ANNE. Beg pardon, ma'am.

MISS J. As soon as Peter returns with the new cook, send him back to the station for Dr. Decker. You must receive the doctor when he comes, and be sure that nobody else knows that he is here. You know, Berenice thinks that I am making a great deal of unnecessary fuss over my poor little doggie. Be sure and let me know when the doctor arrives.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am, I'll keep the lid on him.

MISS J. You'll do what?

ANNE. I mean I'll see that nobody butts in.

MISS J. Anne, I do wish that you'd be a little more careful of your language, your slang is perfectly shocking.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am.

MISS J. I do hope that things will go all right. Berenice thinks it foolish of me to call in a specialist for my little Fido. The idea! As if the poor little doggy woggy didn't need one just as much as a human. Well, I must get the little darling ready to see the doctor.

[*Exit, R.*]

[*Exit, R.*]

*Enter ANNE, C., followed by PHIL, carrying a suit-case.*

ANNE. Wait here, please, while I see if the mistress wishes to see you before you commence work.

PHIL. Before I commence work!

ANNE. Yes, you are to begin at once. You see, the young

master is coming home to-day and is bringing a friend with him, so it will be necessary for you to cook the dinner.

PHIL (*aside*). Cook the dinner! What the deuce is the matter with her? I never cooked a thing in my life. (*Aloud.*) I am afraid I don't understand you, you see I'm from Brandon —

ANNE. Yes, you used to be cook there. (*Aside.*) Gee, ain't he a lala! (*Enter BERE., c.*) The new cook, ma'am.

BERE. O I'm glad you've come. Anne will show you your room, and you can assume your duties as soon as you can get ready.

PHIL. Yes, but you see, I'm from Brandon —

BERE. Yes, I know. My brother hired you. He said you were an exceptionally fine cook.

PHIL (*aside*). The deuce he did. I'd like to know what kind of a joint I've got into.

BERE. Anne, show him his room.

ANNE. Yes, ma'am.

[*Exit, r., followed by PHIL with suit-case.*]

BERE. There, that's off my mind. Now we shall have no trouble about dinner. (*Enter BERT., c.*) The new cook has arrived.

BERT. Yes, I saw him. He doesn't look like a servant, much less like a cook.

BERE. I noticed that, but Dan said he was well educated. I expected to see a much older man, though.

BERT. Yes, he looks hardly older than Dan.

*Enter PHIL, c.*

PHIL. Excuse me, ladies, but I'm from Brandon —

BERE. Yes, I know all about it. (*Goes to door, l.*) This is the kitchen. Everything is in readiness, but if you fail to find anything, ask Anne. I think the first thing you had better do is to baste the turkey.

PHIL (*aside*). Baste the turkey! I wonder what in thunder he's got to be basted for.

BERE. We will leave you now. Be sure and baste the turkey.

[*Exit, c., followed by BERT.*]

PHIL. Well, what in the name of Cæsar's ghost is the matter with every one here? Dan sent me on ahead and told me to tell his aunt that he'd be here later. Then that coachman met me at the station and said that he'd been sent to meet me. I wonder how he knew I was coming alone? He couldn't.

Where am I, anyway? They seem to have an idea that I'm a cook, although I can't see where they get it. Well, Phil, old boy, it will be something to tell when you get back to the college, and, while you are waiting to find out who you are, you might as well baste that turkey, if you can find him.

[*Exit, R.*]

*Enter ANNE, C.*

ANNE. My gracious, that new cook is strange. He just asked me to show him where the cellar was, said he wanted the wood-pile. He must be daffy.

*Enter DECKER, C. He stops and gazes about room, then crosses slowly to ANNE.*

DECKER. Ah—er—can you tell me where I can find Miss Penn?

ANNE (*turns quickly. Aside*). He must be the old sport Miss Janet expects. (*Aloud.*) You mean Miss Spencer, sir, not Miss Penn.

DECK. O well, is she in?

ANNE. I think she is, sir. Please wait until I see. (*Aside.*) He's no beaut.

DECK. (*sits down*). Strange. (*Takes letter from pocket and opens it.*) Yes, there it is. Penn. I was sure of it. P-c-double-n certainly don't spell Spencer. Well, perhaps she was flurried and signed the wrong name. I wonder what sort of a man it is that I am expected to take back to the hospital. The letter said he was violent, but then, people often have the idea that a patient is violent when it is not by any means the case.

*Enter ANNE, C.*

ANNE. Miss Spencer will be down in a few moments, sir, and she wishes that if any member of the family comes along you will please not say as how your name is Decker.

DECK. Certainly, if she wishes it. It is often the case that the patient can be more easily handled, if he does not know that he is attended by a man of my profession.

ANNE (*aside*). Lor'! How he talks! As if his name would make any difference to a dog. (*Aloud.*) You will please wait here for Miss Spencer, sir.

DECK. Certainly. (*Exit ANNE, C.*) This house seems