

**LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY:
A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS
FOUNDED ON THE STORY
OF THE SAME NAME**

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Little Lord Fauntleroy: a drama in three acts founded on the story of the same name by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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A Drama in Three Acts

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BY
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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Henry F. Little
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

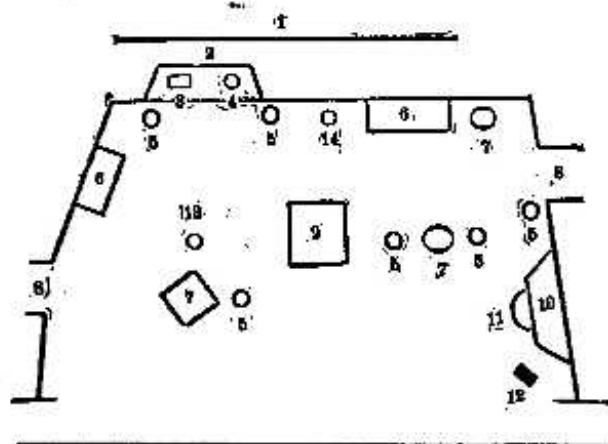
Original Cast, Broadway Theatre, New York.

Earl of Dorincourt.....	Mr. J. H. GILMORE.
Cedric Errol (Lord Fauntleroy) {	Miss ELSIE LESLIE.
	Master TOMMY RUSSELL.
Mr. Havisham, a Solicitor.....	Mr. F. F. MACKAY.
Mr. Hobbs, a Grocer.....	Mr. GEORGE PARKHURST.
Dick, a Bootblack.....	Mr. FRANK E. LAMB.
Higgins, a Farmer.....	Mr. JOHN SWINBURNE.
Wilkins, a Groom.....	Mr. ALFRED KLEIN.
Thomas, a Footman.....	Mr. JOHN SUTHERLAND.
James, a Servant.....	Mr. T. J. PLUNKETT.
Mrs. Errol ("Dearest").....	Miss KATHRYN KIDDER.
Mina.....	Miss ALICE FISCHER.
Mary.....	Miss EFFIE GERMON.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

GROUND PLAN.

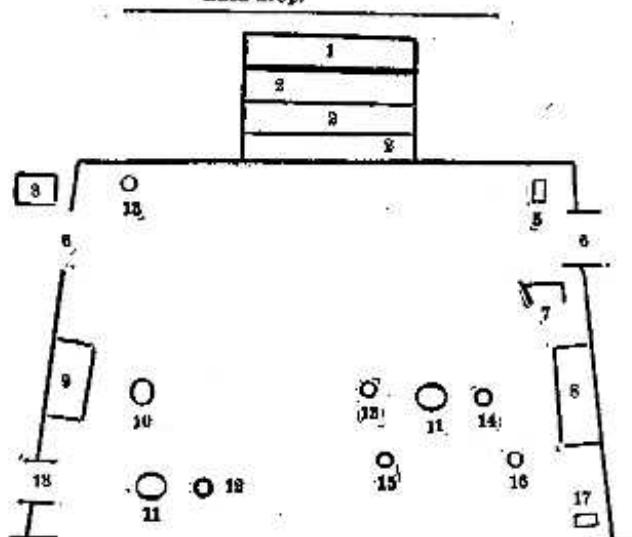
ACT I.



1. Street backing; view of store with sign, "Silas Hobbs, Corner Store Groceries"; 2. Double window—to open in; 3. Sewing machine; 4. Bird in cage; 5. Chairs; 6. Bookcases, tray, water pitcher on shelf; 7. Tables; 8. Doors to open on and up; Centre piece; 10. Mantel; 11. Fender; 12. Work stand; 13. Stool; 14. Waste paper basket.
Chints curtains on windows and R. H. bookcase.

ACTS II. AND III.

Back drop.



1. Balustrade; 2. Steps; 3. Buffet; 4. Tapestry curtains; 5. Man in armor; 6. Opening with tapestry curtains; 7. Screen; 8. Fireplace, log burning; 9. Glass cabinet, bric-a-brac; 10. Stand lamp; 11. Tables; 12. Armchair; 13. Chairs; 14. Big armchair; 15. Stool; 16. Cushion; 17. Antique clock; 18. Door with curtains.

Take off lamp on L. H. table. Cushion and stool for Act III. Put out log and all lights.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Small sitting-room in New York house.*

DISCOVERED.—MARY looking out of window R. F. into street at CEDRIC playing with boys.

MARY. Look at him! Look at him now! Rishtyeratic, is it? Faith, I'd loike to say the choild on Fift Aveynoo that comes up to him an' stheps out as hansum as himself. Just cash't yer oi on him! Is there man, woman or choild as wouldn't turn their hids to look afther him—wid his hid up an' his curly hair flyin' an' shoinin'! It's loike a young lord he is! See that now! (*beula forward and nods her head*) Bless the friendly little sowl av him—he's noddin' to me. Let him be playing iver so hard an' he's got a laugh an' a nod for them that's his friends. (*raising her voice*) I see yez, darlint. Good luck to yez. Sure it's yez 'll win the race. (*closing window. In a lower voice*) There isn't another pair of legs in the strate that's the bate of the pair in the brown stockin's. I minded the howls in them last noight. An' nigh as big as saicers they was too—ivvery howl av them—but wouldn't me an' the young mistress kape awake ivvery noight from Monday till Saturday to kape yez lookin' the gintleman's son ye are. (*Ready shouts. Music*)

Enter MRS. ERROL, R., looking troubled and holding open letter in her hand.

MRS. E. (*bus.*) Mary. Oh, you are here. (*coming to chair L. of R. table*)

MARY. Yes, ma'am. (*laughs*) I was watchin' Mather Cedric here, playing wid the byes. (*turns and sees MRS. ERROL'S agitation*) Why, ma'am, it's pale ye are. Have ye had bad news? (*goes to her hurriedly. MRS. ERROL sinks into chair*)

MRS. E. Yes, I have had bad news—very bad news I am afraid.

MARY. In the letter, ma'am—bad luck to it!

MRS. E. Yes, in the letter. We have had very little money before, Mary—and I am afraid we have lost it nearly all. Mr. Latham, to whom Captain Errol left the charge of all our affairs, has died suddenly, and it appears that he has made indiscreet speculations and has had great misfortunes.

MARY. (*fiercely*) Misforchens, is it? He's had the misforchens to play ducks and drakes wid the bit o' money the poor Captain left his young widdy an' choild—he's had the misforchens to take the brid out av the mouth av the bye that's playin' in the strate there as happy as a king, an' have his mother widout a roof to cover her. Bad cess to his misforchens and you looking as pale as a lily wid the throuble av it.

MRS. E. I shall be better directly, Mary. It was the shock. It may not be as bad as it seems, and I don't think he is a bad man. He may have thought he was acting for the best. He was very fond of Captain Errol. Sometimes the best men are indiscreet. I will go and see Mr. Blair, my lawyer, at once. (*rises from her seat and sinks back again, resting her elbow on table and her forehead on her hand*)

MARY. Faith, it's taken all the strength out av ye, ma'am.

MRS. E. No—no! Is Cedric still there, Mary?

MARY. Yes, ma'am—shall I call him? (*going up*)

MRS. E. No—I don't want him to see me looking ill. It would trouble him so and I shall be better in a moment.

MARY. (*bringing glass of water from chiffonier up L.*) Drink that, ma'am, your color's coming back already.

MRS. E. (*drinks water, gives back glass to MARY*) Thank you, Mary. You can understand. It is Cedric I am thinking of.

MARY. Sure an' it's never yourself you think of, ma'am.

MRS. E. (*smiling gently*) Don't we always think of Cedric, Mary? After his father died—you know what he was to me then—though he was such a tiny child—I am sure he understood, and tried to help me in his innocent way. You know how he used to look at me—with that wondering loving little look, and then come up and pet me and show me his playthings.

MARY. Small blame to us, ma'am, who wouldn't think of him? (*shouts heard*) Hear him shoutin' out there like a young dook.

MRS. E. (*gets up and approaches window*) Yes—how happy he looks! Ah, Mary, how could I bear to see him look less happy. He has had such a bright little life; he has such a gay little heart. He has comforted me many a day when I think I should have died if I had not had him near me. (*down to table R., seated*)

MARY. Indade I do. An' the quare little ways av him—an' his ould-fashioned sayin's. Didn't he come into my kitchen the noight the new President was nominated and shtand before the foire lookin' loike a picter, wid his hands in his shmall pockets, an' his innocent bit av a face as sayrious as a judge. An' sez he to me, "Mary," sez he, "I'm very much entrusted in the 'lection," sez he, "I'm a 'publican an' so is Dearest. Are you a 'publican, Mary?" "Sorra a bit," sez I, "I'm the best o' Demmycrats." An' he looks up at me with a look that wud go to yer heart an' sez he, "Mary," sez he, "the country will go to ruin," an' nivver a day since thin has he let go by widout argyin' wid me to change me polytics.

MRS. E. Whatever happens, Mary, if the worst comes to the worst, I do not want him to know that I am in trouble. We must try to hide it from him.

MARY. That's thrue, ma'am—sure, ma'am, we'll get along someway—until Masther Cedric's owlder—an' thin it's himself that'll provide for us both in sphlinder. "Mary," sez he to me only yesterday, "when I'm grown up I'll buy you a pink silk frock an' a photograf album, an' a bicycle—an' we'll go nearly ivvery day to the circus.

MRS. E. Yes. He will take care of us when he is older, but until then how shall we take care of him? How can I educate him as his father's son should be educated? How can I provide for his future? (*crosses L. and sits at fire*)

MARY. Faith, ma'am, an' there's an ould gentleman in England with castles an' mashions of his own that might have the sowl to remember that his grandson's got an earl for his grandfather.

MRS. E. No—no! (*crosses L.*) The Earl of Dorincourt will do nothing for him. He has never forgiven me for marrying his son; and sometimes—sometimes I have thought that perhaps I was wrong—but I was so young and so lonely, and Captain Errol was so kind.

MARY. An' isn't Masther Cedric the image av himself over again—wid his laugh an' his foine looks and ways? Where's the earl that wouldn't be proud av such a grandson—if he once set eyes on him?

MRS. E. He never will, Mary.

MARY. Did he never write, ma'am?

MRS. E. Never; he did not even answer Captain Errol's letter announcing Cedric's birth; he has never written since the time just after our marriage, when he said he would never speak to him or see him again, and that he might live and die as he pleased. No, my little boy will gain nothing from being the grandson of the Earl of Dorincourt. I have only Cedric and Cedric has only his mother. (*rises*) So you see I must be very brave, but I must go at once and see Mr. Blair. Will you give me my hat and