

APPENDIX I

MISCELLANEOUS TEXTS

NB: The works in this appendix are included in the Australian Variety Theatre Archive as published or unpublished texts. New works are added whenever they are located. See <http://ozvta.com/> (or at Pandora: <http://nla.gov.au/nla.arc-143747>)

Index

1. Miscellaneous Poems from Variety Industry Practitioners:

- "When the Baritone was waiting on the Hungry Harry Clay" (Charlie Vaude) 1914 1046.
- "To Variety – 1914" (Arthur Morley) 1914 1047.
- "The Old Pro" (Dorothy Harris) 1915 1048.
- "Out of a Job" (anon) 1915 1049.
- "The City of Make-Believe" (Arthur Morley) 1915..... 1050.
- "Stranded - Xmas 1897" (Arthur Morley) 1915 1051.
- "A Week with Ike Beck Around the Suburbs" (Presto) 1917 1052.
- "Slavin's Spasm" (Art Slavin) 1918 1053.
- "The King of Vaudeville" (Harry Clay) 1920 1054.
- "Solicitor Charlie Greif has become a Member of the Celtic Club" (anon) n. yr. 1055.

2. Miscellaneous Variety Song Lyrics:

- "Woolloomooloo" (written by Lance Lenton; sung by Will Whitburn) 1885 1056.
- "She's Only Seventeen" (sung by Ted Tutty) 1916 1057.
- "For Auld Lang Syne! - Australia Will Be There" (written by Skipper Francis) 1916 1058.
- "I've Been So Busy Knitting" [written by Wish Wynne; sung by Dorothy Harris] 1917 1059.
- "Clogs and Shawl" [written and sung by Art Slavin] 1919 1060.
- "Bert Hinkler" [written by Nat Phillips; sung by Amy Rochelle] 1928 1061.
- "Hanah" [written by Nat Phillips] n. yr. 1062.

3. Miscellaneous Patter or Comic Routines:

- "Drink's a Curse" (Will Whitburn) n. yr. 1063.
- Extract from *Joke, Parody and Monologue* (Charlie Vaude) 1916 1064.
- "Stiffy The Steward" (Nat Phillips) 1916 1066.
- "Life is like a game of cards..." (Art Slavin) 1919 1070.
- "Sock Gags" (Nat Phillips) n. yr. 1071.
 - Sock and Beer Bit
 - Sock Gag
- "Reincarnation" (written by Nat Phillips; performed by Nat Phillips and Roy Rene) n. yr. 1074.
- "Prisoner's Song Gag" (Nat Phillips) n. yr. 1076.
- "A Matter of Time" (Nat Phillips) n. yr. 1079.
- [untitled sketch] (Nat Phillips) n. yr. 1081.

"When the Baritone was waiting on the Hungry Harry Clay"

Charles Vaude

[Written by Charles Vaude to commemorate Harry Clay's initiation into the Chasers, a weekly social gathering of theatrical personalities on Sydney Harbour. The baritone referred to in the poem is Mel Brewer.]

There was bustling, there was hustling, as you've never seen before.
There was carrying and tarrying, from big boat to the shore.
There was helping hands and willing, on everything to lay,
When the Baritone he waited on the Hungry Harry Clay.
It was, "will you have a drink, sir? Would you like a cigarette?
Is there anything at all, sir, that I could go and get?
Does your hook at all want baiting? Now, you only have to say,"
Said the Baritone who waited on the Hungry Harry Clay.
It was, "mind the sea is rough, sir, it is much too cold to swim,
If I'm lucky with my line, sir, can I put you by a bream,
To make you feel at home, sir, I will try to do my best,
I'll sit upon your lap to keep the cold from out your chest.
If La La cracks a joke, sir, I will tell you what to say,"
Said the Baritone who waited on the Hungry Harry Clay.
"I'll tell you what to eat, sir, inform you what to drink,
And when it comes to Chasers, I will just give you the wink.
And if Kelso starts a throwing, I will tell you what I'll do
To save your Regal Presence, I will stand in front of you.
I've a watch here to inform you the right time of the day,"
Said the Baritone who waited on the Hungry Harry Clay
"And when they go for wood, sir, don't mind Charlie Vaude,
You're not quite fit for climbing, just stay right here, aboard.
And if they call you 'loafer, which they are bound to do,
Just tell them I'm collecting enough wood for the two.
And I hope you won't be lonely, the short time I'm away,"
Said the Baritone who waited on the Hungry Harry Clay.
"Just sit yourself right here, sir, you haven't long to wait;
Here's a roll and butter, a knife, a fork, a plate.
How would you like your chop, sir, lean, with a little fat?
You never 'came at' Chasers, well I'll put you wise to that.
Never throw at Wangy, or he'll 'go crook' all the day,"
Said the Baritone who waited on the Hungry Harry Clay.
"Would you like a little fruit, sir, banana or a pear?
Now, mind where you are going, for they're throwing over there.
Keep telling funny stories, the boys are out for fun,
And you can bet your life, sir, I will laugh at everyone.
In "Variety" on Wednesday, I've told Brennan what to say,"
Said the Baritone who waited on the Hungry Harry Clay.

Australian Variety 10 June 1914, 12

"To Variety - 1914"

(To my esteemed Friend, Martin C. Brennan)

Arthur Morley

The "curtain" is up and our entrance we make,
To do what we can on life's stage;
And though p'haps a failure we've been in the past,
In this act we may be "the rage."

We may make a "point" that we've missed in the run,
Of the year that is over and past;
P'haps make a hit in the lines that we speak,
Ere the curtain is rung down at last.

Each one has his part in this drama of life,
Though success may reward but a few;
But we stand in the wings awaiting our turn,
And promptly respond to our cue.

Let us each do our best to please one and all,
Though oft-times our lot may seem hard;
It's a pleasure to know that our work is well done,
And applause is a generous reward.

So ring up the curtain on nineteen one four,
May all "in the business" do well;
May "Variety" prosper in cover of green,
That's all I can wish - "there's the bell!"

Australian Variety 7 Jan. 1914, 4.

"The Old Pro"

Dorothy Harris

Just a poor old pro trotting along,
Earning a quid or two with a song.
Tomorrow we eat, and then we fast -
You wonder how long the war will last.
With salaries gone 'long the misty way,
You never know where next you'll play.
Your act goes punk and you can't get by
They say your rotten or just won't try.
So you pick up your courage and strive once more,
Smile and blink with a heart that's sore.
You will try to please, and strive like a Turk,
Till some mug in the gods cried out get work.
So you try your best and you land a job,
While you work and swelter all day for a bob.
The in disgust you're back in the game,
Trying to make good, it's never the same.
And you dream away, like the fool you are,
Of the time when you'll be a shining star.
You go right on for years and years,
Today all smiles, tomorrow tears.
Until you're old and broken down -
A joke for all about the town.
You're brass goes down until you're broke,
You've got a few years before you croak.
So they give a concert and get a few quid,
And rave about the things you did!
Just a poor old pro. we end the same,
And not a soul but yourself to blame.
Then you give your last great show,
You top the bill but the music's slow.
Each one will close in the self same set,
Six feet of earth is all you get.
Then the curtain goes down, but it's made of clay.
You're off the boards this time to stay.

Australian Variety 3 Feb. 1915, 7.

"Out of a Job"

Anonymous

A young lady writes of a broken down pro,
It's all to the good, as I certainly know,
As I'm one myself, though it's nothing to blow,
I'm out of a job!

I've shown at the Rickards and Fuller and Bain,
And Dix, Ted Holland alas all in vain,
I don't think that ever I'll play them again,
I can't get a job!

I ask King Droll Howard to give me a show,
And he says in a voice, very soft, very slow,
Nothing doing at present, maybe I'll let you know,
When I give you a job!

When they need a pianist, they send 'round for me,
I get a night's work and I'm brim full of glee,
The pros get the bird and blame poor old me,
I get fired from the job!

I've run shows myself, please don't laugh, it's no joke,
And most every time finished up stony broke,
With my clothes and my jewellery put into soak,
And out of a job!

Still, I walk around the town and they say "he's well dressed,
He's got a good...." well you know the rest,
(There's many a true saying spoken in jest)
He ain't got a job!

But there'll come a day, maybe near, maybe far,
When recognised talent is down below par,
And the managers need a new bright shining star,
Then they'll give me the job!

Australian Variety 17 Feb. 1915, 16.

"The City of Make-Believe"

Arthur Morley

A wee little girl sat playing
Her face bore a look of despair
She seemed to imagine her dolly was cross
She scolded her big teddy bear
Each toy held a charm to this girlie
For they were part of her life
Her little heart knew of no other delight
She shared in their sorrows and strife

She lives in a world of make-believe
Surrounded by all of her toys
Each doll tells a story of love to her
Each toy beats her sorrows and joys
She shares with her pets her own little gifts
And when they're in trouble she'll grieve
She's only a child and the world to her
Is a city of make-believe."

The take the daughter of fashion
Like a butterfly scorching its wings
Living a life of pleasure and ease
In the charm that society brings
Her cup is brimful of enjoyment
A circle of light is her life
Living for self - she never can be
A true-hearted mother or wife.

She lives in a world of make-believe
At society's open door
She lives for the present- no thought of the
days
That the future may hold in store
The lights of the ball-room - the sparkle of
gems
Are the sights that alone will please
But sooner or later she'll find all is dross
In her city of make-believe.

Somewhere in France there's a soldier
Fighting for country and king
Doing his bit for the land he loves
Gaily he'll laugh and he'll sing
First in the charge is our hero
First to the guns if he can
Fighting he lives and fighting he dies
Just like a soldier and man.

It isn't a world of make-believe
It's a world of bitterest strife
A fight where justice is fighting 'gainst
wrong
A struggle of life for life
Around him his comrades are falling fast
And though he may his death-wound receive
He fights for that woman and child he left
In their cities of make-believe.

Australian Variety 17 Dec. 1917, 4

"Stranded - Xmas 1897"

Arthur Morley

'Tis a long call back - and times were bad
And the rain came tumbling down,
As we sat near the bar on that Xmas Eve
In a little country town.

There were only six in the show, and we
Were stranded - without a cent,
We couldn't open the hall to show
For just one reason - the rent.

The lady who kept the pub looked glum
She knew we were actors, so
She passed the word that they'd have to pay
For our tucker, or "out you go!"

But still, you know, there's a silver line
To the darkest cloud on high,
And just as our hearts began to sink
A drunk came strolling by.

He looked at the boys and then he said
"I'll give you a quid for a song,"
You bet your life he didn't escape
We held him good and strong.

And then like a lamb we led him in
To where the piano stood,
And sat him down beside the singer who
Sang songs as well as he could.

And when he sang that old, old song
"There's No-one Like Mother To Me,"
The drunk sat sobbing, his old form shook
And tears in his eyes you could see.

He pulled from his pocket a cheque book old
And wrote out a cheque for a pound
But in signing his name he made a blot
So threw the cheque to the ground

Another attempt he made to sign
And this time made no mistake
I grabbed the cheque - a welcome sight
And not one hard to take

And when he had gone, I said to the boys
"Let's drink to our luck tonight;
It's Xmas Eve, so fill up your glass
And let us all be merry and bright."

I paid for the drinks, the cheque was cashed
And as we turned to go
My mate said, "Wait, have one on me,
Your fellowship to show."

Upon the bar he placed a quid
And said, "Come on, I'll pay"
You cashed your cheque, so I'll cash mine,
The one he threw away."

Australian Variety 29 Dec. 1915, 17.

"A Week with Ike Beck around the Suburbs"

by Presto

In doing a week for Ike Beck,
I packed up my props and my clothes
And, on Saturday, at Mascot,
(To a big crowd) with the old red nose

Now it's not too warm out at Mascot
But the actors they all didn't care,
Just as long as they pleased the audience,
And got their cut of the cash that was there.

Now Monday of course is an off night,
Ike having no place for to show,
But it's only a matter of some little time,
When every night he'll be on the go.

On Tuesday, at the meeting place,
The actors all did gather,
And took the trip to Auburn fair
On a wagon, in fine weather.

Cel Delwyn said: "Who'll drive the mokes?"¹
Levarto said: "Don't worry!"
When Tauchert cried: "Why, I'm the man!"
But Ike said: "You'll be sorry;"

We started off, and all went well
So merry and so bright,
Fat 'Jamo' said: "I wouldn't care
If my leg was only right!"

With someone singing high,
And all at once our old mokes fell,
And Verlie heaved a sigh.
Granville was the final show,
And sorry all were we,
And Bob said: "What about the fares?"

Ike said: "Leave that to me!"
If Ike continues on this game,
A Fuller may he be,
And may we live to see the day,
When a city show has he.

Australian Variety 15 Aug. 1917, 8.

¹ Moke was the name given to a donkey or small horse

"Slavin's Spasm"

(Art Slavin)

Everybody's got the 'Flu
At-choo! At-choo! At-choo!
I'm trying to write this verse for...
At-choo! At-choo! At-choo!

Don't miss Clay's laughter show this week
If you're feeling sad or blue
It's no damned good, I can't write no more -
At-choo! At-choo! At-choo!

Australian Variety 11 Oct. 1918, 17.

The king of vaudeville
No doubt is Harry Clay,
And with his vaudevillians
He'll drive dull care away;
He's travelled the Australian states
For twenty years or more,
And is known to many thousands
As the man who holds the floor;
The children coming out from school
Will shout "Hip, hip, hooray!"
When they see his posters on the wall
For good old Harry Clay;
They hail his combination with delight
Whenever they appear,
And pack theatres nightly
When he visits twice a year;
He'll be in this town shortly,
So get ready one and all -
To give him a reception,
And he'll make a regular call.

Harry Clay *Theatre* Jan. 1920, 26.

"Solicitor Charlie Greif has become a Member of the Celtic Club"

Anonymous

[The following gags are held in the Nat Phillips Collection, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G, Box 3; SL.2.]

For me family is famous all over the earth,
I'm a regular broth of a boy,
Charolus O'Griffin, Solicitor, Perth,
Is the name I should rarely enjoy.

Me family started way back in Kildare,
And one day one O'Griffin named Moses,
Humped his pack through the world to Jerusalem square,
And threw in his lot with the noses.

Me name now is Greif, and it grieves me to think,
How me ancestry's got so confusin',
When I go to the Celtic and call for a drink,
I get drinkin', and puzzlin' and Musin'.

Me ancestry's quare, I'm both Sheeny and Pat,
And when I'm wild I can argue blue murther,
And when's there's a row on I call for me hat,
And run further and further.

In the main strates of Dublin, me ancestors ran,
What the pawn-broker's call a Tip-top shop,
And they tell me the dear little shamrock began
From the three balls that hang from the pop shop

For me family's famous all over the earth,
I'm a regular broth of a boy,
Charolus O'Griffin, Solicitor, Perth,
Begorra, bejabbers, Oi, Oi.

"Woolloomooloo"

(Lance Lenton)

I happened to be born on a cold and frosty morn,
In the famous suburb known as Woolloomooloo;
For it was in Riley street where the folks first heard me bleat.
For at the time I had nothing else to do.

Oh, my name is McCarty
And I'm a rorty party
A larrikin so hearty
That's a fact, oh strike me blue

I'm a perfect daisy
Won't work because I'm lazy
Gone way along the boozing throng
That loaf round Woolloomooloo
When I grew up a lad, I went straight to the bad,
I soon became a most accomplished thief;
But the Government was kind, and they didn't seem to mind,
In Darlinghurst they granted me relief...

After spending years in gaol, I began to quail,
I resolved to live upon a different lay;
Soon I enlisted in the ranks of the Salvation cranks,
You can bet I made the bloomin' business pay.

"Hallelujah!" I yell out, for I know my way about,
I kid the mugs that I'm converted too;
All the lassies, too, I mash and I'm never out of cash,
For I spank the drum all over Woolloomooloo"

(qtd. Edgar Waters 211).

As sung by Will Whitburn from c 1885.

"She's Only Seventeen"

[The following is an extract from one of Ted Tutty's most popular songs. It was published in the May 1916 issue of the *Theatre*, page 52.]

I love a girl
A dear little girl
 And she's only seventeen;

I love a girl
The same little girl -
 And she's only seventeen!

I love her dearly -
I don't want her pelf.
I'd do anything
For her little self;
I'd lay down my life for her.
But I want it myself -
 And she's only seventeen
 Only seventeen
 Only seventeen

She said, "I'll love you all my life.
Indeed you are my dream" -
 And she's only seventeen
I love a girl
 And she's only seventeen
I'm sorry to say
That I married this girl -
 When she was only seventeen.

"For Auld Lang Syne! - Australia Will Be There"

(Skipper Francis)

There has been a lot of argument
Going on they say
As to whether dear old England
Should have gone into the fray
But right-thinking people
All wanted her to fight
For when there's shady business
Britannia puts it right.

Rally 'round the banner of your country
take the field with brothers o'er the foam
On land or sea
Where'er you be
Keep your eye on Germany
But England, home and beauty
Have no cause to fear
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
No, no, no! Australian will be there.

You've heard about the Emden
That was cruising all around
It was sinking British shipping
Where'er it could be found
Till one fine summer morning
Australia's answer came
The good ship Sydney hove in sight
And put the foe to shame

When old John Bull is threatened
By foes on land or sea
His colonial sons are ready
And at his side will be
From Africa, India and Canada
Come men to do or die
And motherland is glad to hear
Australia's battle-cry

Theatre June 1917, 47.

A Welshman by birth, Skipper Francis immigrated to Australia in 1913 due to ill-health. He was contracted by the Fullers that year and appeared on their circuit constantly past 1917. The song was first performed in 1916.

"I've Been So Busy Knitting"

(Wish Wynne)

Young Miss Smith was affected with
A desire to knit all day
She would sit in the chair and knit
Till the dark wool turned to grey
Once a gentleman came to call
But her hands were both quite full
She looked so nice that he kissed her twice
But she never lost her wool
And when her mother said, "Miss
How can you behave like this?"

She answered, "I've been so very busy knitting
making socks and mufflers for soldiers thin and fat
And if anybody kissed me, I've been so busy knitting
That I never noticed a little thing like that.

She got wed to a man called Ted
And she knitted all his socks
They had two little children
Who ran around in knitted frocks
One day someone asked her
How her delightful children were
She looked dazed and upon him gazed
With an empty vacant stare.

She answered, "I've been so very busy knitting
making socks and mufflers for soldiers thin and fat
If I've a son and daughter, well I've been so busy knitting
That I never noticed two little things like that.

One day she told her husband
He was exceedingly unkind
Off she ran with a soldier man
Down to Coogee where they dined
later on when the case was heard
Her defence was "heaven forbid!
I don't know any soldier
O, sir I only wish I did
Then the judge said "Well miss,
Who was that soldier with you?"

She answered, "I've been so very busy knitting
making socks and mufflers for soldiers thin and fat
If the man is not my husband, well I've been so busy knitting
That I never noticed a little thing like that.

Theatre Apr. 1917, 41.

"Clogs and Shawl"

[The following is an extract from Art Slavin's parody of the one-time popular Lancashire song, "Clogs and Shawl."]

She wore clogs and a shawl,
Only clogs and a shawl;
If that's all she wore,
She looked fine I'm sure;
If she took off her shawl,
She'd have clogs on - that's all;
'Twould make me feel dizzy,
If I look at Lizzy;
In only her clogs and shawl.

Theatre Feb. 1919, n. pag.

"Bert Hinkler"

(Words and Music by Nat Phillips)

[A copy of the following song, published by L. F. Collin (Melb) is held in the Nat Phillips Collection, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G - Box 10; Folder 1]

I want every one to join in with me
To greet our hero from over the sea
I feel proud I'm an Aussie when I hear his name
And I bet ev'ry one of you are feeling just the same.

Hinkler, Hinkler that name gives you a thrill
He's no tinkler, a flier with a will
In his tiny little bus he left England without any fuss
Then one morning from out of the sky
We saw Hinkler flying high
He's mother's boy but he's our pride and joy
Bert Hinkler we are proud of you.

This little flier from Queensland's sunny clime
Told all the world that he'd be here on time
His one thought was Mother whom he'd long'd to see
So let's all get together and sing his praises with me.

"Hanah"

(Nat Phillips)

[The following lyric is held in the Nat Phillips Archive, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G - 3; SL.23. Edited by Clay Djubal, 2005.]

Everybody has a sweetheart that they love
And they talk about them like an angel from above
I've got a girl, she's not an angel from the sky
She can't be an angel for she is too fat to fly
I never take her for a walk, she is too fat to roam
For if she fell down in the street
I know she would roll home.

Chorus

Hanah, oy, oy, oy Hanah
She makes music ion a grand pianer
Mit one finger plays a song
Every note she plays is wrong
All the neighbours have threatened to hang her
Hanah oy, oy, Hanah
They say there is no girl worse than her
She is a sunflower run to seed
Built for comfort not for speed
Hanah oy, oy, oy, Hanah

"Drink's a Curse"

[The following is from the Will Whitburn Collection, "Original Handwritten Manuscript of Jokes, Patter and Sketches," held in the Performing Arts Museum, Melbourne]

We've been reading a good deal in the papers recently about local options and Prohibition. Reformers claim that whiskey has killed more men than bullets... [pause] Naturally any man would rather be full of whiskey than full of bullets. In other words, whilst no-one wants to be shot, thousands are willing to be half shot.

... Well, why do people drink anyhow? I'll tell you, it's to drown their sorrows. But the trouble with most people is that their sorrows are expert swimmers. Now as a rule, Ministers of the Gospel avoid liquor in every shape or form. Yet it is not every preacher who is a total abstainer. No, not by a jug-full. I once met a very dignified minister who was asked if he'd care to take a drop of whiskey to keep out the cold. "No Sir," replied the minister emphatically. "No whiskey for me for three reasons - firstly I am chairman of the sons and daughters of Temperance, secondly I am just about to enter a church, and thirdly... [pause] I've just had one.

Now my wife says that drink is one of my failings; it isn't. It's one of my successes. It's the best thing I do. As an instance, the other night my wife gave me permission to go out with a few old phoneys (er, cronies) but after I met the boys, I didn't exactly remember whether my wife said I was to have two drinks and be home by twelve, or twelve drinks and be home by two. So I gave myself the benefit of the doubt and got home just as the clock struck two. Yes the clock struck two and my wife struck one. [pause] I was the one.

Goodness knows, I do try to restrain my thirst for alcoholic stimulants. Whenever I stand in front of an open door of a hotel and feel tempted to enter, I say "get thee behind me Satan!" [pause] Then Satan gets behind me and kicks me in.

"Extract from *Joke, Parody and Monologue*"

(Charlie Vaude)

[The following is from the Charlie Vaude's book, *Joke, Parody and Monologue*, the first in a series published by the Australian comic. These extracts were published in the *Theatre Apr.* (1916), 34. A later publication of Vaude's, *Chuckle With Charlie Vaude*, published in 1934, can be found in the State Library of Victoria]

[Presented in the book in the form of an interview, Charlie Vaude is both the interviewer and the interviewee]

How long have you been on the stage Mr Vaude?

- Oh about twenty minutes at one time. I had to stay on twenty minutes whilst they were setting a scene at the back.

How did you first come on the stage?

- I was carried on.

What! Were you intoxicated?

- Oh dear no. It was at a baby show. I played the baby brigand.

How was that?

- Well, I was a baby in arms.

Were you successful?

- Oh yes I was a howling success.

Did the audience cry out for more?

- No but I did. But mother had left the bottle at home.

Have you any hobbies?

- Two. Keeping warm in winter and cool in summer.

Do you believe in astrology.

- No. I have nothing to fear as regards the future.

How is that?

- It can't be worse than my past.

Do you get your topics from the newspapers?

- Excuse me! I try to keep up-to-date.

Which gag do you like best?

- The one audience laughs at most.

Is it hard to get topical gags?

- Not half so hard as trying to keep them.

Which town in Australia do you like the best?

- Where are we now? That's the best.

Have you any pets?

- Two, but six o'clock closing sends them home before I'm finished at the theatre.

[The *Theatre* notes in the article that "Vaude certainly gets the bulls-eye when in his book he says, 'It's a wise gag that knows its father.'" Quips constitute a big part of the publication. One reads: -]

Australia was not prepared for the war. She had a terrible lot of drawbacks. But she got rid of two of them for now there are only eight in a packet.

The Germans must be short-sighted. They seem to be taking all the towns on the coast to be green peas. Every chance they get they start shelling them

[The book contains a number of the songs sung by Vaude and Verne. Evidently the singer has to be pretty sober before tackling this one (the lines given are the chorus)]

When the sea ceaseth it sufficeth us,
When the sea ceaseth it sufficeth us,
But when the sea's a seething sea, then we make a fuss,
But when the sea ceaseth it sufficeth us.

"Stiffy the Steward"
A Nautical Comedy in One Spasm

(Nat Phillips)

[The following comic routine is held in the Nat Phillips Archive, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G - Box 2. The text indicates it was completed in Adelaide on 30 May 1916. While the second page of the text indicates it is to be played out in "3" spasms, the third page proposes "1" spasm.]

[*Exterior in 3. Wicker furniture and cushion. Enter Lady with letter to music - Sailors' Hornpipe*]

LADY: Well here's a nice state of affairs. Here have I invited a party of friends to join me in my yachting cruise and I have just received this note telling me that he is unable to join the ship. Well the "Maysail" can't go out without a steward. But where am I to get one that is the question?

[*Stiffy off stage shouting "Rabbits"*]

STIFFY: Rabbits, wild rabbits! Want and rabbits lady?

LADY: Not today thank you.

STIFFY: Are you sure? Positive? Not today? No? Good morning.

LADY: Good morning, and shut the gate.

STIFFY: Blow the gate. Get up Pansy. Rabbits! [*He exits continuing to call rabbits. Re-enters*] Ah, look lady, I got some nice rabbits out there. Some are a Zac, some are ninepence, some are eighteen dinea and some are two bob.

LADY: I don't care what they are, I don't want any.

STIFFY: All right, don't do your nut. I'll do 'em to somebody else. [*Starts to exit*]

LADY: Oh here, I say my man.

STIFFY: Oh you do want some rabbits. No? Then what do you want to call me back for. A man ought to stoush yer.

LADY: Now look don't lose your temper. Do you want work?

STIFFY: Piccadilly, not if I can get anything else to do.

LADY: No what I mean is I have work to offer you.

STIFFY: Have you. Well keep it and offer it to someone else.

LADY: Do you mean to tell me you never work?

STIFFY: Certainly you don't remember what Nelson said when he spoke at the dock meeting at [*insert name of local hotel.*] Who? Nel, the bloke with one mince pie.

LADY: I suppose you refer to Lord Nelson. No I don't remember what he said. What did Lord Nelson say?

STIFFY: When the men said "what about work," what did Nelson say. He said: "when you see it coming duck." And I've been ducking because you might get it.

LADY: Now look I'm in need of a steward for the "Maysail." It's sailing next week.

STIFFY: The who sail... the Maysail... Who's that?

LADY: My yacht, the Maysail.

STIFFY: Oh your yacht the Maysail... [*Aside*] The may sink.

LADY: Now will you accept the position?

STIFFY: What's in it... £5... a month... well lend us a tray till the war is over.

LADY: No, we'll talk about terms later on. Now you are a seafaring man?

STIFFY: A who faring man?

LADY: Are you a sailor?

STIFFY: No Mrs. I'm a rabbit seller. I don't remember being a sailor.

LADY: Of course you're a sailor and you've been to sea.

STIFFY: See who? I just come in to see you about some rabbits.

LADY: You know what a sailor is don't you?

STIFFY: Yes, one of those fellows that say runs up the rigging and throws the main deck into the sea. Am I one of them? Yes... that's funny I don't remember being one of them.

LADY: Of course you're a sailor and you've been wrecked.

STIFFY: No Mrs, you've got the wrong bloke. I don't remember being wrecked.

LADY: Yes, you were wrecked but you were saved.

STIFFY: must have joined the army. I don't remember it just the same.

LADY: Yes of course, don't you remember. You were down below when she struck.

STIFFY: What did she strike for more work and less pay? I don't remember it.

LADY: No. Don't you remember? You were down below when you felt the bottom reel.

STIFFY: I don't remember it.

LADY: Don't you remember. The lights went out. The ship was in darkness. Now what did you do?

STIFFY: Put a penny in the slot.

LADY: No, you were on board a ship. You were not in a house.

STIFFY: I don't remember it.

LADY: Well to resume. The captain shouted all hands on deck. Now what did you do?

STIFFY: I put my hand down and some big mug stood on it.

LADY: No. The captain shouted all hands on deck and you rushed up on deck in your pyjamas.

STIFFY: No, I don't wear bananas.

LADY: You must have had something on.

STIFFY: I don't remember.

LADY: Well the captain shouted all hands on deck, she's turning over.

STIFFY: Hey who is she. A ship!.. Oh a ship.

LADY: All ships are called she.

STIFFY: No he ships. No. Well what about mail boats?

LADY: The captain shouted all hands on deck. You rushed up on deck. You found everything in confusion. Men rushing about madly, women huddled together, most of them only in their dishabille.

STIFFY: In their what bill?

LADY: In their dishabille, their night attire.

STIFFY: In their little nighties... yes... I see that... yes... I wish I could remember that.

LADY: Then you went down into the saloon. You found most of the passengers congregated there. Corrugated? No, congregated. Now those passengers were singing. Can you remember what those passengers were singing... yes. Well what were they singing?

STIFFY: You've got to go under. Get out or go under.

LADY: No, they were singing hymns. And then the Chaplin...

STIFFY: Good boy Charlie.

LADY: I say, this is not a moving picture.

STIFFY: Well you said Chaplin.

LADY: The minister, he prayed. He said "she had gone on the bar and nothing could save her." Now what did you do?

STIFFY: I went to the other one and had a pot of beer.

LADY: You can't get a beer on a sand bar.

STIFFY: Why had they sold out?

LADY: They don't sell beer on a sand bar.

STIFFY: Well I had a drink or I wasn't there. I'll bet you a dinea either way.

LADY: You couldn't get a drink, you were on the rocks.

STIFFY: Somebody must have chatted yer. Well I'm still on em. I wish somebody would push me off em...

LADY: Next you were sent down below to the sleeping compartment. Now tell me what you saw in the sleeping compartment.

STIFFY: That's something I got on me own.

LADY: I insist on knowing what you saw in the sleeping compartment.

STIFFY: Tell you... yes. Oh no, you're not old enough.

LADY: Well after that, what happened?

STIFFY: I woke up.

LADY: Now it's plain to be seen that you don't know anything about the sea. But you'll have to. Now besides this, I want you to engage a stewardess for me. You know what a stewardess is don't you? Yes... well what is it.

STIFFY: A female Irish stew?

LADY: No a stewardess is a lady who looks after the lady passengers.

STIFFY: Leave that to me, I'll look after the ladies.

LADY: Now let me see how you would engage one. You sit over there and I'll be the lady looking for the position [*Bis with cushion*] Good morning, Sir. I don't think so... I'm the stewardess.

STIFFY: Oh yes of course. Have you a go there?

LADY: Excuse me, is this the shipping office?

STIFFY: No, this is the racecourse.

LADY: This is the shipping office, alright. Are you in want of a stewardess?

STIFFY: Are you a stewardess?

LADY: A young one.

STIFFY: Sit down. [*Bis*] Are you married? No. Engaged? No. heard of anything? Sit down. Come amongst us. Have you ever been to sea before?

LADY: Oh many times.

STIFFY: Are your stays long, pardon. Did you stay long?

LADY: Do you know I've often been away for six months at a time.

STIFFY: Second division or hard labour. [*Bis*] Now what is your father?

LADY: My father is a manufacturer.

STIFFY: Any brothers or sisters.

LADY: Yes, there are five sisters and ten brothers.

STIFFY: What's you father?

LADY: A manufacturer.

STIFFY: Of course.

LADY: Now, besides all this you may have to help entertain the passengers. What's that? Why sing them nautical songs. Not naughty songs... nautical songs. Well can you dance? Yes. Well let me see you dance the hornpipe.

STIFFY: Alright, let her go.

[Hornpipe and finish]

Life is like a game of cards. We all take a hand in the game. The barber cuts, the shopkeeper deals, and the old maid goes alone. She tries to get a partner; but nobody will prop; and she's euchred every time. The butcher plays a plucky game. He plays for a good stake, and never loses his block. A baker never plays for fun. He always needs the dough. The navvy plays spades and the sport plays clubs. The lover plays hearts; but he often has to use diamonds to take a trick. A little baby always reminds me of cards. The baby's the little joker and his mother's the queen of trumps. If the little joker plays a crook game his mother takes him up, put him across her lap, raises the right bower, and trumps the ace.

Art Slavin. *Theatre* Feb. 1919, n. pag.

"Sock Gags"

(Nat Phillips)

[The following gags are held in the Nat Phillips Archive, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G, Box 3. Both are variations on the same joke]

"Sock and Beer Bit"

[*Straight man enters to make speech. Comic walks across in front of him with an empty glass jug*]

- S. MAN: Here, where are you going?
- COMIC: I'm going to get some beer
- S. MAN: Well get me some.
- COMIC: Good oh. Give us the money.
- S. MAN: Money? What for.
- COMIC: To get the beer with.
- S. MAN: Money to get the beer. Anyone can get beer with money. To get it without money, now that's clever.
- COMIC: I'll have a go. [*He exits and re-enters a few moments later with the jug empty*] Here you are.
- S. MAN: [*Goes to drink*] Here, where's the beer. I can't drink this, there is none in it.
- COMIC: Oh anyone can drink it when there's beer in it. To drink it when there's none, now that's clever.
- S. MAN: I might have known you were clever by the way you dress.
- COMIC: You like my clothes don't you. Yes you do. I heard you say nice suit.
- S. MAN: I say what wonderful socks
- COMIC: [*Shows sock*] You wouldn't find another sock like that in the world.
- S. MAN: I know where there is another sock like that
- COMIC: Where?
- S. MAN: On your other foot. [*Enter second comic. Sock biz is repeated. They bet the 1st Comic has a different coloured sock on the other foot.. B.O.*]

"Sock Gag"

[*Straight man and Comic enter arm in arm*]

COMIC: I say that was a sad affair

S. MAN: What's that?

COMIC: Haven't you heard?

S. MAN: Heard what?

COMIC: My word.

S. MAN: What is it?

COMIC: So sudden too.

S. MAN: What are you getting at?

COMIC: Ask me.

S. MAN: I am asking you.

COMIC: Certainly.

S. MAN: What are you talking about?

COMIC: Nelson's dead!

S. MAN: Look here, Nelson's dead so let him rest.

COMIC: I'm not touching him.

S. MAN: You keep digging him up every two or three minutes.

COMIC: Well don't shout, you'll wake the man up.

S. MAN: Look here, Lord Nelson's been dead for over a hundred years.

COMIC: My word how time flies. Oh I say I am surprised at you. One of the smartest in the company and look at those cheap socks you have on.

S. MAN: Excuse me, but I am very particular with my socks. As it happens these cost me 8/6 a pair. I bought the last ones.

COMIC: I saw some exactly the same at the local dor 6½.

S. MAN: Look here I'll give you to understand sir that there is not another sock like this in the country. [*He pulls up a trouser leg*]

COMIC: Oh yes there is.

S. MAN: Now tell me where I can find another sock like that!

COMIC: Why the other foot of course [*He pulls up the other trouser leg. They exit*]

[*3rd Man enters. S. Man tells him off about his clothes, pulls up a trouser legs and remarks how common the sock is. Same biz as above. S. Man exits. Comic returns in a smart suit and tells 3rd Man he ought to be ashamed of himself. Comic pulls up his trouser leg and shows a comedy sock, remarking how loud it is*]

COMIC: I always wear loud socks. They keep the feet from going to sleep.

3RD MAN: I should think they are the cheapest socks one could wear.

COMIC: Cheap! I like that. They cost me two guineas. I had them made special for me. They are my own design.

3RD MAN: But I know where you can get four pair for a 1/-

COMIC: No, you've made a mistake. I'll bet any one in the world that there is not another sock like this in the world.

3RD MAN: I'll bet a pound there is. [*They make a bet*]

COMIC: Well go on tell me where there is another sock like this!

3RD MAN: [*In the process of picking up the money*] Why on the other foot.

COMIC: Hey wait a minute. I wear odd socks! [*He pulls up both trouser legs and shows the two odd socks. He picks up the money and walks off*]

"Reincarnation"

(Nat Phillips)

[The following text is held in the Nat Phillips Collection, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G, Box 3]

Stiffy: Hello, come here I want you. Do you believe in reincarnation?

Mo: What's that, a new kind of drink?

Stiffy: No, do you believe that when you die you come back on this earth on some other shape or form?

Mo: That's a bit too deep for me.

Stiffy: I wonder what I'd come back as.

Mo: A dog, a beautiful Alsatian dog.

Stiffy: You know I should imagine Mo that you would come back as a beautiful white rose.

Mo: Me a rose?

Stiffy: Yes a pure white rose. I can see you now lying in a bed of black soil.

Mo: Yes I know, with manure all over the top of me.

Stiffy: A pure white rose, then a beautiful lady comes along, gets down from her car, takes a pair of scissors from her bag, bends down and snips your stalk.

Mo: Snips my what?

Stiffy: Snips your stalk.

Mo: Am I still a rose?

Stiffy: Yes you're still a rose. Then she plucks your petals one by one.

Mo: Plucks my what?

Stiffy: Plucks your petals one by one.

Mo: Am I still a rose?

Stiffy: Then she carries you to her lips, pressing a passionate kiss upon you.

Mo: Am I still a rose?

Stiffy: The she puts you down into her bosom.

Mo: Into her bosom... am I still a rose?

Stiffy: Then she takes you home, goes into her bedroom, prepares for bed, puts you into a vase and leaves you on the dressing table all night.

Mo: I knew there was a catch to it.

Stiffy: In the morning.

Mo: In the morning.

Stiffy: n the morning.

Mo: In the morning.

Stiffy: You are withered and drooping.

Mo: Am I still a rose?

Stiffy: Then she throws you out of the window into the garbage tin below.

Mo: God blimey, I knew I would finish up in the dirt box [*He begins to exit*]

Stiffy: Where are you going?

Mo: I was just going down to the Irish Club to make a speech to a few of the boys, but I don't know what to say to the boys down there.

Stiffy: You're going to the Irish Club to make a speech. You want me to help you? [*Mo nods*] Very well. Follow me. Follow me. [*Coughing Bis*] Follow me in my speech and my mannerisms.

Mo: Oh.

Stiffy: Ladies and gentlemen on this glorious anniversary of our Patron Irish Saint.

Mo: Do I say that?

Stiffy: Yes.

Mo: On this glorious anniversary of Pat Redman the Irish giant.

Stiffy: Irish Saint. We have assembled here to pay the reverence we owe to those Ante Deluvian heroes.

Mo: Blimey that's a mouthful. All right, we have assembled here to pay the ten cents we owe to Handy Hooligan the Irish dago.

Stiffy: Who ever heard of an Irish dago. Who fought, bled and died for patrimony and the love of Erin's land.

Mo: He fought, bled and died for bad Maloney who loved his beer in cans.

Stiffy: Who said anything about cans?

Mo: Well that's how I like mine.

Stiffy: Ireland has produced more odd characters than any other nation on earth.

Mo: God blimey they all know that.

Stiffy: Well go and tell them.

Mo: Ireland has produced more Hod Carriers than any other nation on earth.

Stiffy: Not Hod Carriers... odd characters. Get this right - and their ancestors were often the butts of queer anecdotes.

Mo: If I say that I will get pinched.

Stiffy: Go on and say it.

Mo: And their aunt's sisters were butted in the rear by nanny goats.

"Prisoner's Song Gag"

(Nat Phillips)

[The following text is held in the Nat Phillips Archive, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G, Box 3]

Characters:

Comic, Man, Baritone, Vocalist, Frenchman

[*Worked on Tabs or Front Cloth. Man enters and sings first few lines of "Prisoner's Song"*]

COMIC: [Interrupting the man] Hi. hi.

MAN: [Stops singing] What's the matter?

COMIC: Cut that out. Sing anything you like but not that.

MAN: What's the matter with it?

COMIC: They put him to death months ago.

MAN: But this is a fine song.

COMIC: You ought to be fined for singing it. Why can't you let the poor fellow rest?

MAN: I want to sing it.

COMIC: If you sing that, you'll find yourself where the fellow in the song was. Besides, it isn't a song.

MAN: What do you mean it isn't a song?

COMIC: It's a dance.

MAN: Now you are talking silly.

COMIC: I'm doing nothing of the sort. I say this is a dance. I ought to know. I've been in prison enough myself. Just you watch [*To the conductor*] Just let a few bars of the "Prison Cell" lose will you.

[*Orchestra plays double time, Comic dances and falls*]

MAN: Now what have you done?

COMIC: My leg irons tripped me.

MAN: I knew it was a song.

COMIC: It's a dance. It's a dance.

MAN: It's a song.

[*Loud argument ensues. Enter Baritone*]

B.TONE: What is the trouble here?

COMIC: He says the "Prisoner's Song" is a song and I say it's a dance.

B.TONE: Well you are both wrong.

COMIC: Eh!

B.TONE: Yes this song was never written for a comical object.

COMIC: [*Pulling coat back*] Who's a comical object?

B.TONE: This song should be sung with pathos and feeling.
COMIC: I haven't got any.
B.TONE: Got any what?
COMIC: Potatoes and peeling.
B.TONE: I mean this song should be sung with vim and temperament.
COMIC: They don't give you any of that in prison.
B.TONE: Don't give you what?
COMIC: Gin and peppermint.
B.TONE: This is a crying song.
COMIC: I call it a crying shame.
B.TONE: Listen.
COMIC: You want to arrest our attention.
B. TONE: Exactly.
COMIC: Go ahead, unbolt the doors.

[Frenchman enters]

F.MAN: Messieurs and Madams. I have been requested to sing ze pretty leetle song. Messieurs and Le Gendarme, Vou le couis open ze door of ze Bastille si vous plais.
COMIC: Hi cut that out old man.
F.MAN: Compre? Oh oui.
COMIC: Not we! You.
F.MAN: A gentleman he say to me, Alphonso, Alphonso.
COMIC: Froggy, Froggy.
F.MAN: Alphonso, Alphonso.
COMIC: Froggy, Froggy.
F.MAN: Ah... *[Bis. running and kissing him]*
COMIC: I thought so.
F.MAN: I sing ze song.
COMIC: Here, would you mind going outside and destroying yourself.
F.MAN: I sing ze song, "Ma Cheri." I alone will wait in the dungeon.
COMIC: What do you know about prisons?
F.MAN: I do ze hard labour and nearly became wedded to Madam Guillotine.
COMIC: We don't want to know anything about her.
F.MAN: About who?
COMIC: Madam Gelatine.

F.MAN: No, no mon ami.

COMIC: Here, my name's not Ami. Keep that for your own friends.

F.MAN: Ze guillotine, ze guillotine, ze knife on ze napper [*Bis*]

COMIC: [*To Baritone*] Why don't you take him away and drown him.

F.MAN: Zis gentlemen is a French song. Viola. [*Sings to melody of Finucila*]

I wish I had ze fille make ze armour
La la, Oui, oui.
La la, Oui, uoi
In ze Bastille I wait all alone for you
Ze guillotine, ze guillotine
Monte Cristo make ze dive and 'oppit
He get right back inside ze sack
If poor Alphonse, he try ze same he coppit
Ze knife go plonk, off come his conk

Cheri. Cheri, I sned ze Billet Douis
Cheri, Cheri, ze tale I tell to you
If I have ze wings to fly to you
And set ze prisoner free
Meet me in the moonlight
Ooh la la, Oui, oui.

[*Repeat chorus for dance. All exit or black out*]

"A Matter of Time"

(Nat Phillips)

[The following text is held in the Nat Phillips Archive, Fryer Library, University of Queensland. See Appendix G, Box 3]

Characters:

Jack, Jimmy, Ethel

[Scene: A tube station. A large clock points to five minutes to one. Jack, a man-about-town is fidgeting about, waiting for someone. Jimmy enters. Also a man-about-town, but slightly older. He greets Jack]

JACK: Well, if it isn't Jimmy!

JIMMY: Jack my dear boy old pal, how are you?

JACK: Fit as a fiddle, thanks. *[They shake hands]*

JIMMY: That's fine. I haven't seen you for an age. Come and have a drink.

JACK: Sorry, old man. Fact is I'm waiting for someone.

JIMMY: Which one?

JACK: I don't think you know her.

JIMMY: Another one? You're incorrigible. You're getting a big boy now, you know. You ought to get married and settle down.

JACK: That's good from you! Why don't you practice what you preach. You're nearly twice my age. What are you doing here, by the way?

JIMMY: I'm here for a definite object. Jack, do you know the one thing that's kept me out of marriage all these years.

JACK: No, but I'd be glad of the tip.

JIMMY: My passion for punctuality. I've quarrelled with every woman I've loved because she's kept me waiting. I've often sworn that if I could find a woman who could be on time for an appointment I'd marry her without a qualm.

JACK: You're safe.

JIMMY: You don't think I'll ever find such a woman.

JACK: Not an earthly.

JIMMY: My experience so far this morning seems to prove you're right; but there's one more chance. I shall know in two minutes.

JACK: How do you mean?

JIMMY: It's like this. I've been thinking of getting married for some time - in fact, I'd finally decided to. Then, naturally the question cropped up - "who?" It was very difficult. At last I reduced it to three, but weight them as I would I couldn't find anything to choose among the three. Then I had the inspiration of applying the punctuality test. Last night I wired to the three of them, making an appointment with each at different times and places this morning; and I took a solemn vow that if any one of them turned up in time for the her appointment I should propose to her on the spot.

JACK: And what happened?

JIMMY: Number one was twelve and a half minutes late. Number two was seventeen.

JACK: And number three.

JIMMY: Number three is due here at one o'clock.

JACK: [*Mock-heroically*] Poor girl. She little knows here fate hangs on such a slender thread.

JIMMY: Something tells me she will not fail me!

JACK: [*Taking Jimmy's hand*] Goodbye, old friend! I feel I shouldn't intrude at such a crisis time in your life. I'm going to the other entrance to look for mine.

JIMMY: Goodbye.

JACK: If the worst happens, let me know what you want for a wedding present. [*Jack exits*]

[The clock hands are within a few seconds of one o'clock. Jimmy looks up anxiously. As the hand teaches the hour, Ethel enters hurriedly]

JIMMY: [*rapturously*] Ethel!

ETHEL: Hullo!

JIMMY: [*Gratefully*] I knew you'd do it.

ETHEL: Do what?

JIMMY: Never mind. I'm the happiest man in the world. At least you can make me so.

ETHEL: How?

JIMMY: You must have seen how I've always admired you. I had hesitated to speak before, but this moment has decided me. Ethel will you share my name and fortune?

ETHEL: Oh, Jimmy, you know I adore you.

JIMMY: Then you'll marry me?

ETHEL: Rather! You haven't sold your car, have you?

JIMMY: No.

ETHEL: Oh, Jimmy, you darling.

JIMMY: Where shall we lunch?

ETHEL: I'm awfully sorry Jimmy but I can't lunch.

JIMMY: Can't? Why not?

ETHEL: If I'd known...

JIMMY: But why did you imagine I asked you to meet me here at one o'clock?

ETHEL: I don't understand...

JIMMY: Didn't you get my wire?

ETHEL: Wire? No!

[Jack enters and goes straight up to Ethel]

JIMMY: [*Reproachfully*] There you are! Where on earth have you been to? I've been waiting here since half-past twelve.

ETHEL: Oh Jack, I'm sorry, but you know I can never be on time for anything. [*Turns to Jimmy*]

JIMMY: You will excuse me, won't you Jimmy. I'll look you up at tea time. So long!

[Jack and Ethel exit. Jimmy looks after them and then as the clock. Black out]

[untitled sketch]

[The following sketch is from an incomplete manuscript held in the Nat Phillips Collection. [Box 3; UT.30] The pages located are 2 -5. Missing is page 1. The character speaking the first passage of dialogue is not identified in the manuscript but more than likely is that of Baboo.

Although no date for the sketch is given, it is possibly a Stiffy sketch from 1914-1916 which was staged prior to Nat Phillips' partnership with Roy Rene (aka Stiffy and Mo). The scene appears to be set in an Indian court.

The characters are: Detective Stiffy, Judge, Warton (defendant's lawyer), Baboo Bannerjee (Prosecutor), Miss Juliet Lovemore² (plaintiff), Rita, Stella, Vera, Leighton]

-
- [Baboo]: Marriage was made in the romantic shade of the coal truck in Ballygunge – and under section 14 - Subsection B. of the Railway Act [of] 1827 in the reign of George IV of glorious memory – that is a place within the meaning of the act.
- Warton: Does my learned friend intend to produce the coal truck?
- Baboo: My Lud – I refuse to be brow beaten by the multifarious and diverse diversions of my worthy friend [picks up wrong brief]. But I stand under the foot of my female client and under your lordship's most radiant and beaming countenance and my only hope is to place the bone of contention clearly in your Lud's eye. My Lud will be pleased to observe that my client is a poor forlorn and friendless female widow and her sole possession is one small post-mortem son...
- Judge: No, no, Mr Bannerjee.
- Baboo: I beg your Lud's pardon. In a moment of aberration I had picked up the wrong brief.
- Warton: Or in other words had broken down under the exuberance of his own verbosity.³
- Baboo: My learned colleague's efforts to distract my argument are important – I will now lead your Lordship back to the coal truck.
- Judge: I don't see where the coal truck comes in.
- Baboo: My Lud, under section 41 of the Land Trespass Act – it is clearly laid down – that to be found loitering near a coal truck without any visible means of subsistence is a punishable offence and in this predicament I say the defendant now stands. My Lud again look at the sequence. The coal truck was black. The night was black, and we know that this villain's heart was black.
- Judge: Very well proceed.
- Baboo: [To Plaintiff] What did the defendant say to you on this lovely night in June.
- Juliet: [To the Judge] Need I answer that my Lud?
- Judge: You may write it down if you would prefer.
- [Plaintiff writes]
- Baboo: Thank you my Lud – I see your Lordship has a melting heart.
- [Stiffy takes written note from Plaintiff, reads, laughs, hands to Judge who reads the note and hands it back to Stiffy. Stiffy begins to take it to the Rita.]
- Stiffy: No, I think you're too young [Hands it to Stella – all read. Loud giggling] Silence in the court. [Stiffy passes note to Warton. Digs him in the ribs – does comedy walk back to box.]
- Baboo: I think the evidence I have produced needs no conglomeration. I leave my client in your Lordship's bosom. [Sits]

² Juliet's name is spelt Julit in the script directions.

³ Spelt "verlosity"

Warton: *[Rising]* Now Miss Juliet Lovemore you have told your extraordinary story of the mysterious coal truck in Ballygunge, but I ask you are you speaking the truth?

Juliet: Yes

Warton: Are you speaking the truth?

Juliet: Yes... yes.

Warton: Are you speaking the whole truth?

[Juliet bursts into tears – Scene in court]

Baboo: My Lud I object to the bullying of my client in this unseemly way. I appeal for your Lordship's protection

[Bis. Judge giving chocolates etc. Plaintiff is carried from Witness Box and given a chair near Bannerjee]

Baboo: We shall now call Detective Stiffy *[Stiffy enters Witness Box]* You are Detective Stiffy of the Bentinck St Agency?

Stiffy: Yes... Divorces arranged on the shortest notice. Breach of promise guaranteed. Alibis proved...

Judge: Yes, yes, that's quite enough.

Baboo: Mr Stiffy kindly tell your story.

Stiffy: From the information I received from Fluffy down there.

Judge: I beg your pardon?

Baboo: Mr Stiffy has playfully alluded to my client as Fluffy

Judge: Proceed.

Stiffy: I watched the defendant. He left the Gaiety Theatre a little after midnight and after several drinks at Casty's

Judge: Casty's – where's that? I have never heard of this place.

Baboo: Castellazzo's my Lud. A place where Europeans take their rice.

Judge: Proceed.

Stiffy: The defendant – that bloke over there with the raspberry tart.

Judge: I beg your pardon.

Baboo: My Lud, a Calcutta colloquialism.

Judge: Proceed.

Stiffy: Well he jumps into a taxi. I jumps into another. He goes up Chowringhee – me after him. He turns down Park Street. I follow and when he gets to Circular Road he turns to the right.

Baboo: And what then.

Stiffy: He turns to the left.

Judge: One moment Mr Bannerjee. Do you allege that the defendant took the wrong turning?

Baboo: That is my case my Lud. Your worship has hit the nail on the bread basket.

Judge: Proceed.

Stiffy: Well I am after him. Oh he couldn't lose me in a month of Sundays. Well he meets Fluffy here - he gets down and I follow. He puts his arms around her and I gets close and listens.

Judge: What was he saying?

Stiffy: Get your 'air cut.

Judge: And what did she say?

Stiffy: [*Sings*] I'm afraid to go home in the dark.

Judge: Mr Bannerjee. To what do you attribute this sudden change in the defendant?

Baboo: The cause is before you [*He points to Vera*]

Stiffy: Yes that's it. The raspberry tart.

Judge: I see. Proceed.

[Baboo sits. A plate of curry is brought into the court]

Warton: Now Mr Stiffy...

Stiffy: [*Aside to Baboo*] You see me bamboozle him.

Warton: Mr Stiffy, when you've quite finished.

Stiffy: Oh all right, keep your 'air on. [*To Plaintiff*] That's a nasty one for him ain't it.

Warton: My Lud I really cannot go on with my case while my learned friend is stuffing his face with rice in this horrible way.

Baboo: My Lud I object. [*Blows rice over Warton*] I must keep body and soul together with a little sustenance.

[Jury are all talking very loudly about hats. Leighton and Vera join in general uproar]

Judge: Order. I really must have order. [*Stiffy calls order*] Any other questions Mr Warton?

Warton: No my Lud.

Judge: [*To Stiffy*] You may sit down, and I must compliment you on your evidence. Does that complete your case Mr Bannerjee?

Baboo: Yes my Lud except that I tender this photo taken by Detective Stiffy [*Hands the Judge the photograph*]

Judge: Now Mr Warton.

Warton: My Lud I submit I have no case to answer. There is not one tittle of evidence in support. As for the coal truck, it is purely the invention of my learned friend's addled brain.

Baboo: My Lud I object. I never invented a coal truck.

Warton: The whole case is trumped up by the muddling asinine soi-disant⁴ detective.

Stiffy: [*Walks over to Warton*] Look 'ere, are you alluding to me because if you are you'll get a splash in the gazooch.

[Jury all start talking – general uproar. Stiffy calls order, and each time he does so he hits Warton. Warton protests.]

Judge: Order! Order! Really I must have order. Have you finished Mr Warton?

⁴ No suggestion as to the intention or meaning here.

[*Stiffy threatens Warton*]

Warton: Yes my Lud.

Judge: Mr Bannerjee.

Baboo: My Lud. I leave the case to the jury in the full assurance that they will right the wrongs of this unfortunate member of their sex, and with these brief words I will as Shakespeare says...

Stiffy: Shut up. [*Baboo sits*]

Judge: What is your verdict?

Stella: [*Gently*] Damages one lac⁵ of rupees.

Baboo: I appeal for immediate execution.

Warton: I appeal for time.

Judge: The judgement is one lac of rupees and costs payable – two annas per week.

Curtain

⁵ No suggestion as to the intention or meaning here.