CAST OF CHARACTERS

UNCLE JOHN LINDEN  a wealthy retired gentleman, ailing and looking older than his years
FLORENCE LINDEN  his adopted daughter, a young lady of society
CURTIS WARING  his nephew, one not to be trusted
MRS. NANCE  prim and proper housekeeper in Linden mansion
DODGER  a young man, Uncle John’s long-lost son, rough, handsome, becomes a gentleman
MRS. O’KEEFE  an Irish apple woman with a “heart of gold”
GOLDIE  a pert apple girl
MRS. LEIGHTON  a snobbish woman of assumed elegance
RUFIAN  a Bowery tough
LIZZIE LESLIE  a “Mae West” type, good friend to Dodger
MRS. SLAVENDOLT  tyrannical boss of the sewing girls
MRS. WARING  Curtis Waring’s wife, whom he deserted; sweet and pathetic
MR. SWINTON  Dodger’s benefactor in San Francisco

FOLLOWING CHARACTERS CAN BE DOUBLE CAST:
THE NEW YORK SWELLS
GEARY STREET RAGTIMERS
SAN FRANCISCO RUFFIAN
WIDOWS
ORPHANS
SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

PROLOGUE:  A street in New York

ACT ONE:
Scene One - Drawing room of Linden Mansion
Scene Two - Drawing room of Linden Mansion
Scene Three - A street in New York
Scene Four - Aboard a ship at sea
Scene Five - Loft of a New York garment factory

ACT TWO:
Scene One - Geary Street, San Francisco
Scene Two - A street in New York
Scene Three - Drawing room of Linden Mansion

SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

"Madison Avenue"
"I'll Snap My Fingers At Fate"
"Adrift In New York"
"Apple Song"
"I'll Snap My Fingers At Fate" (Reprise)
"It's Always Darkest Before The Dawn"
"I've Always Had A Talent"
"Sewing Song"
"Sewing Song" (Reprise)

"It's Always Darkest Before The Dawn" (Reprise)

ACT TWO

"Geary Street Rag"
"Without You"
"Apple Song" (Reprise)

"Without You" (Reprise)
"This Is A Happy Day"

The New York Swells
Curtis Waring
Florence
Mrs. O'Keefe

Curtis Waring
Mrs. O'Keefe, Florence
Lizzie Leslie
Widows, Orphans
Widows, Orphans, Florence
Florence, Mrs. O'Keefe, Widows, Orphans

Geary Street Ragtimers
Florence, Dodger
Florence, Mrs. O'Keefe, Goldie
Florence, Dodger
Company
ADrift in NEW YORK

PROLOGUE

AT RISE: The NEW YORK SWELLS ENTER on Apron; a gentleman with a lady on each arm. THEY are dressed in the New York high fashion of the early nineteen hundreds. LADIES wear long gowns and ornate hats. GENTLEMAN is dressed in a suit and top hat. THEY parade about elegantly.

NEW YORK SWELLS: (Sing.)

"MADISON AVENUE"

Madison Avenue, Madison Avenue!
It's really so elegant,
Lovely to see,
Quite architectural,
Great dignity!

Madison Avenue, Madison Avenue!
It's fun to go walking,
To see and be seen,
Life here has comfort,
It's quiet, serene.

Brownstone mansions,
All in a row,
Filled with aristocrats you don't know.
Smart new carriages standing outside,
Waiting to give lovely ladies a ride.

It's hard to believe,
But it really is true,
There's plenty of money
And troubles are few!

On Madison Avenue, Madison Avenue,
Now let us take you behind the scene,
In one of the mansions
Where life is serene,
On Madison Avenue, Madison Avenue!

(As song ends, NEW YORK SWELLS gesture toward the curtain. THEY EXIT as Curtain Opens.)
ACT ONE
Scene One

SETTING: Drawing room of the Linden Mansion. There is an easy chair at LEFT and also a desk at FAR LEFT. At RIGHT is a small settee. FLORENCE is seated on the settee. She wears a very feminine elaborate dress such as pink satin or powder blue velvet, with lace at throat and wrists. CURTIS WARING stands to RIGHT of sofa, toying with a glass of wine, gazing fondly at FLORENCE. He wears evening clothes, very correctly. He has a dark moustache and has a face not to trust. At LEFT of a small serving table at the back stands MRS. NANCE, the housekeeper. She wears a black housekeeping dress, leg-of-mutton sleeves with a slight train in back and a high white collar. A tray with a wine decanter and glasses are on the table.

CURTIS: (Smiles as he looks about the room.) Ah, yes! Be it ever so GRAND, there’s no place like home! (Chuckles wickedly.)

FLORENCE: (Firmly.) Curtis, let me remind you, you are not a member of this household.

CURTIS: No, not yet, my dear. After all, I have been away in San Francisco. (He suddenly sits, grabs her hand passionately.) But now I am back.

UNCLE JOHN: (At this moment he ENTERS LEFT. He wears dark trousers and a smoking jacket. A dark shawl is over his shoulders and he carries a cane.) Good evening.

FLORENCE: Oh, Sir! (She jumps up, anxious to get away from CURTIS.) Let me help you. (She CROSSES to UNCLE JOHN.)

UNCLE JOHN: Yes, yes, but no fuss!

(CURTIS shrugs, goes back to RIGHT of wine table. He is about to pour himself some more wine. UNCLE JOHN totters along, CROSSING in front of FLORENCE to his chair. He looks up, sees CURTIS about to pour some more wine.)

UNCLE JOHN: Mrs. Nance, remove the wine, then leave us. I wish to speak to Florence and my nephew.
MRS. NANCE: Yes, sir. (She does not like CURTIS and she takes the wine decanter abruptly out of his hand, places it back on the tray. She EXITS RIGHT with tray. CURTIS CROSSES to sofa and sits. FLORENCE helps UNCLE JOHN seat himself.)

UNCLE JOHN: Thank you, thank you. Now be seated.

(FLORENCE starts to CROSS to sofa to seat herself beside CURTIS. Unseen by UNCLE JOHN, CURTIS pats the seat next to him. FLORENCE looks at CURTIS, then back to UNCLE JOHN.)

FLORENCE: (Intending to remove herself as far from CURTIS as she can. She CROSSES in front of UNCLE JOHN, goes far DOWN LEFT.) I prefer to stand, thank you.

UNCLE JOHN: As you wish.

CURTIS: You have something to say to us, Uncle?

UNCLE JOHN: Yes, my children. Curtis, I am glad you have returned to New York. I feel my days are numbered.

FLORENCE: (Concerned.) Why, sir? Are you ill?

UNCLE JOHN: No more than usual.

CURTIS: (Aside, with pleasure.) He doesn’t look at all well!

UNCLE JOHN: (Sighs.) Alas, I feel I am approaching the end.

FLORENCE: (She CROSSES to his chair.) But you are not old.

CURTIS: (With pretended concern.) You are but fifty-seven.

UNCLE JOHN: Alas, it is not years only that make a man old. Two great sorrows embitter my life . . .

CURTIS: Must we hear about that again?

UNCLE JOHN: First, the death of my beloved wife, and next, the loss of my boy, Harvey.

FLORENCE: You have not spoken of your son Harvey for some time.

UNCLE JOHN: Yet I think of him night and day.
CURTIS: Yes . . . he was stolen by a servant whom you discharged.

UNCLE JOHN: Yes, yes! (Becoming agitated.) Is he dead? Is he living in misery while I live in luxury? This luxury (Looks about.) which I cannot enjoy with no one to care for me.

FLORENCE: Don't say that, Uncle John. (She kneels beside his chair, takes his hand, and says sincerely.) You know that I love you

CURTIS: (Jumps up, CROSSES quickly to the RIGHT of UNCLE JOHN kneels, grabs his other hand. Falsely says.) And I, too, Uncle!

UNCLE JOHN: Yes, I must not forget that all I have left in this world is . . . (Looking from one to the other.) my dear ward Florence and my dear nephew Curtis. But you both understand no one can take the place of the boy I have lost.

FLORENCE: How old would the boy be now?

UNCLE JOHN: (Smiles.) Just one year older than you, Florence. But I remember him as he was on the last day I saw him, in a little velvet suit, reflecting his Mother’s looks in his boyish face.

CURTIS: (Rises, CROSSES to sofa.) The boy Harvey must be long since dead.

UNCLE JOHN: (Vehemently.) No, No, Curtis! I will not believe it! (FLORENCE stands.)

CURTIS: Or, if he lives . . . (Aside.) and I know he does, (To UNCLE JOHN.) He’s probably a street ruffian.

FLORENCE: (CROSSES RIGHT to CURTIS. Says confidentially.) Curtis! Have you no heart?

CURTIS: (Suddenly taking both her hands in his.) Indeed, Florence, you ought to know. (FLORENCE breaks away from him, goes DOWN FAR RIGHT. He goes after her, takes her hands again.) My dearest wish is to find favor in your eyes. (She can’t get away so she turns her head away. He turns his head to UNCLE JOHN.) Uncle, would you approve if Florence and I were to marry?

UNCLE JOHN: Yes, you both are equally dear to me, and if you are united in marriage, my fortune could be left to you jointly.
CURTIS: (Letting go of FLORENCE’S hands, turns to UNCLE JOHN, says with false, exaggerated emotion.) Sir, I greatly appreciate your goodness.

FLORENCE: Yes, I exist only because of your bounty . . .

UNCLE JOHN: And that brings me to what I have to say.

CURTIS: (Expectantly.) Yes, Uncle?

UNCLE JOHN: As I have told you before, I have made two wills. They are in the secretary desk yonder. (Gestures toward desk at FAR LEFT.) The first will bequeathes the property, upon my death, to you and Florence.

CURTIS: (Spellbound about the contents of the desk, CROSSES to it, staring at it. As if to himself, he says.) Ah . . . I know.

UNCLE JOHN: In the second will, my property goes to my boy, if he is found and I am still alive.

CURTIS: (CROSSES DOWN LEFT, to Audience, aside.) Little does he know, but I have already made arrangements to dispose of the second will. (Laughs.)

UNCLE JOHN: If I were convinced that my boy would never be found, I would leave my property only to you, Curtis, and Florence.

FLORENCE: (Impulsively.) No, no! Don’t change the will, sir!

CURTIS: (CROSSING LEFT to FLORENCE.) Are you mad? (CROSSES in front of FLORENCE DOWN RIGHT, says to Audience.) Will she forever balk me?

UNCLE JOHN: And now, my dear children, I brought you both together, for it is time I set my affairs in final order. My ward, my adopted daughter, Florence, you do intend to marry Curtis, don’t you?

FLORENCE: (CROSSES to settee slowly, sits.) No, I do not!

UNCLE JOHN: (Shocked.) What! What’s this?

FLORENCE: (Glances at CURTIS, then leans in toward UNCLE JOHN. UNCLE JOHN leans toward her. She says in Stage Whisper.) I do not trust him! (Another glance at CURTIS. CURTIS leans toward THEM to listen.) He is flirtatious with other women!
UNCLE JOHN: Nonsense! *(Resumes proper sitting position.*  
*FLORENCE leans back on settee and resumes her proper posture.)*

FLORENCE: No, sir, I cannot marry Curtis.

UNCLE JOHN: *(Impulsively.)* Then I shall leave my entire estate to him!

FLORENCE: Do what you wish with your money, sir. I have no claim to more than I have received.

UNCLE JOHN: If you persist in your ingratitude, you must find another home.

FLORENCE: Oh, Uncle, you do not mean that!

UNCLE JOHN: I do mean it! I have given you much, and I expect you to honor my wishes. I shall leave you to think about it, young lady! *(He calls.)* Mrs. Nance . . . Mrs. Nance! Where is that woman! *(Rises.)*

FLORENCE: *(Stands.)* May I help you?

UNCLE JOHN: No!

*(MRS. NANCE hurries in LEFT.)*

CURTIS: *(CROSSES to UNCLE JOHN.)* Allow me to help, Uncle.

MRS. NANCE: *(A “dig” at CURTIS.)* I shall help the MASTER of this house! *(She helps UNCLE JOHN to the door, LEFT.)*

CURTIS: As you wish, Mrs. Nance.

UNCLE JOHN: *(Turns at door. To FLORENCE.)* Ungrateful girl! *(UNCLE JOHN and MRS. NANCE EXIT.)*

CURTIS: *(CROSSES to CENTER, looking after UNCLE JOHN.)* Uncle John demands . . . *(Turns to FLORENCE.)* that you and I be married.

FLORENCE: It can never be.

CURTIS: But with no money, where will you live? Who will protect you?
FLORENCE: I can protect myself!

CURTIS: A penniless girl in a cold, selfish world?

FLORENCE: *(Surprised.)* Penniless?

CURTIS: Yes, penniless!

FLORENCE: Then my choice lies between poverty . . . or a union with you!

CURTIS: Correct, my dearest.

FLORENCE: Then I have made a decision.

CURTIS: *(Expectantly.)* Yes?

FLORENCE: *(CROSSES FRONT to Audience.)* I shrink from poverty, for I have been reared in luxury, but I would rather live in a hovel than become the wife of one I loathe.

CURTIS: *(Stung to fury.)* Girl, you shall bitterly repent those words! You are headed for a tenement house on the East side.

*(The words "tenement house" frighten FLORENCE. She gasps and sweeps our RIGHT. CURTIS follows her retreating form, then turns to the Audience.)*

CURTIS: She'll change her mind . . . she cannot escape me! *(Sings.)*

*I'LL SNAP MY FINGERS AT FATE*

Florence will come to me,
Mincing, with bended knee.
She'll see her destiny
And know she has to marry me!

I'll snap my fingers at fate, it's true,
There's nothing money can't buy.
If Dodger returns to bother me,
He just might happen to die!

I'll snap *(Snaps fingers: Snap, Snap.)*
My fingers, *(Snap.)*
At fate! *(EXITS LEFT.)*
FLORENCE: *(ENTERS RIGHT, sadly. Looks about the room.)*
Alas, my heart is breaking. Am I to be driven from the only home I have ever known? Uncle used to be so kind. Curtis has exerted a baleful influence on him. Oh, dear, I must rest and gather my strength for the morrow. *(Sits on settee.)* I'm so tired . . . yes, just a little rest. *(She leans back.)* And then I will be fine . . . yes, fine . . . *(She falls asleep.)*

*(After a moment MRS. NANCE ENTERS LEFT. She notices FLORENCE sleeping, covers her with an afghan, turns down the lamps at back. Lights Fade. If so desired, the effect of moonlight can be seen coming through French windows at rear. MRS. NANCE EXITS LEFT. Presently, the figure of a young man is seen outside the window. He is picking the lock. The window opens and he ENTERS. If there is no back window, he can ENTER RIGHT. He wears a stocking cap, a long knitted scarf, rough trousers and a longish straight rough coat. He has a manly, vigorous figure. He tip-toes toward the desk, but stops short when he sees FLORENCE.)*

DODGER: *(As if to himself, stage whisper.)* A sleeping gal. But I guess she won't hear me pickin' the desk lock. Well, I better get on with it before I get nabbed. *(He goes to desk, picks the lock. FLORENCE stirs. He finally succeeds in opening the desk.)*

FLORENCE: *(Wakes, sits up, cries out in fear.)* Oh!

DODGER: *(Springs to her side. With one knee on sofa he seizes her wrists.)* Don't you alarm the household, and I won't harm you!

FLORENCE: Who are you? *(Sees French window open.)* A thief?

DODGER: Never put it in words before, but I suppose I am.

FLORENCE: Please sit down.

DODGER: *(Surprised.)* You're asking me to sit, Miss?

FLORENCE: Yes . . . and please release my hands. *(DODGER hesitates.)* I won't alarm the household.

DODGER: I believe you won't, Miss. *(Releases her hands, sits beside her.)*
FLORENCE: (A little nervously.) I'll just turn up the lamp. (She goes to lamp at back.) How sad that you are a thief! (She turns up the lamp, sees him clearly for the first time.) When you are so young and nice looking.

DODGER: Do you pity me, Miss?

FLORENCE: Yes, you must be very poor to bring yourself to steal.

DODGER: I got enough to eat and a place to sleep!

FLORENCE: Why don't you earn your living honestly?

DODGER: I do what my old man tells me.

FLORENCE: Your Father?

DODGER: Well, he keeps harpin' he is, but I know different. I don't believe a man like Tim Bolton could be my father.

FLORENCE: Do you mind telling me your name?

DODGER: No, 'cause somehow I know you won't poach on me. They call me Dodger.

FLORENCE: Well, Dodger, I wish I could persuade you to become honest.

DODGER: I think you really do care what becomes of me.

FLORENCE: I do indeed.

DODGER: You think if I tried hard I could be respectable?

FLORENCE: I am sure you could.

DODGER: Well, for someone like you I might go square, but all my life I've lived with thieves, drunkards and bunco men. Now I'm livin' in a Bowery dive. (Rises, strides about.) But if I was rich and lived in a nice house like this . . . and 'societied with swells . . . if I only had a Father like yours . . .

FLORENCE: Well, he is not my Father. I am a foundling like you, and he is about to order me out! So you see, I am not a rich young lady, and I am about to lose my home.
DODGER:  (*Impulsively.*)  If you have no home, come with me!

FLORENCE:  (*Astonished.*)  What?

DODGER:  I will hire a room for you. You shall be my sister... I will give you money.

FLORENCE:  How kind you are!  (*She CROSSES, sits in UNCLE JOHN'S chair.*)  But I could not accept stolen money.

DODGER:  I won't steal no more!

FLORENCE:  What? You will not rob this house?

DODGER:  No. And for you, I'll try hard to go square.

FLORENCE:  Oh, yes, Dodger, do rightly, whatever happens!

DODGER:  Miss, you've taken a kind interest in me. Nobody ever did that before.  (*Smiles at her.*)

FLORENCE:  Promise me you will never steal again.

DODGER:  I promise, and here's my hand, Miss, to seal our bargain.  (*CROSSES to her, THEY clasp hands.*)

FLORENCE:  Oh, Dodger, I'm so proud of you! You'll give up stealing and I'll seek employment. There must be something I can do.  (*Smiles at him.*)  We'll face the world together!

UNCLE JOHN:  (*ENTERS RIGHT, muttering.*)  I heard voices! Who is it?  (*He stops short in astonishment to see FLORENCE clasping the hand of a ruffian. Alarmed.*)  A young rough!

  (*DODGER backs away ready to take flight.*)

FLORENCE:  (*Stands.*)  Oh, sir!

UNCLE JOHN:  So this is the company you keep when you think I am out of the way?

DODGER:  Say, old man, don't you insult her. She's an angel.

UNCLE JOHN:  (*Sarcastically.*)  No doubt you think so.  (*To FLORENCE.*)  Such elevated taste, Florence. Is HE your reason for not wanting to marry Curtis?
FLORENCE: I only met this boy tonight.

UNCLE JOHN: Don't try to deceive me!

FLORENCE: (CROSSING to UNCLE JOHN.) It is true, sir. (FLORENCE has been blocking UNCLE JOHN'S view of the desk. When she CROSSES to him, he sees that the desk is open.)

UNCLE JOHN: (Gasps.) My desk! (Hurries to his desk.) My desk! It is open! (He takes out a key, relocks the desk.) Young man, did you open my desk?

DODGER: Yes, sir!

UNCLE JOHN: You . . . you rascal! (CROSSES CENTER to DODGER, threatening him with raised cane.) Give me back what you stole!

DODGER: I took nothing, sir.

UNCLE JOHN: It's a lie! (Cantankerous UNCLE JOHN, CENTER STAGE LEFT squares off with the "young rough" who is at CENTER STAGE RIGHT.)

DODGER: (Aggressively.) I don't allow no one to call me a liar, old man!

FLORENCE: (CROSSES around behind DODGER, steps in between him and UNCLE JOHN and intercedes to avoid violence. Pleading.) Sir, please, he took nothing!

UNCLE JOHN: (Still threatening, with cane held aloft.) So, shameless girl, I blush to think that you stand by him.

MRS. NANCE: (ENTERS LEFT, is horrified to see the scene.) Mr. Linden! Florence! Whatever is going on?

FLORENCE: Please, sir, put down your cane!

UNCLE JOHN: Yes, I will . . . (He puts down cane.) And I'll do more, too! (CROSSES LEFT to MRS. NANCE.) Mrs. Nance, I call upon you to witness that this girl . . . (Points at FLORENCE with cane.) my adopted daughter, has proven herself unworthy. In your presence, I cut her off.

MRS. NANCE: (Wails.) Oh, Mr. Linden! Whatever has she done?
UNCLE JOHN: She has introduced this ruffian into the house to rob me! He forced open my desk . . .

DODGER: But I took nothing! *(Indicates FLORENCE, smiles.)* She stopped me!

UNCLE JOHN: And what is worse, he appears to have a high admiration for Florence. Is this true, Miss?

FLORENCE: Yes, sir, but we have a high admiration for each other!

UNCLE JOHN: *(Sarcastically.)* Perhaps you would like to marry him instead of Curtis.

DODGER: *(Blushing, counters right.)* As if she’d take any notice of me! *(Gallantly.)* But if you throw her out, sir, I will take care of her and be a brother to her.

MRS. NANCE: But she is a young lady brought up on Madison Avenue.

UNCLE JOHN: Silence, Mrs. Nance.

MRS. NANCE: But sir, how will she support herself?

UNCLE JOHN: That will be Miss Florence’s concern, not ours.

DODGER: *(Turns to FLORENCE.)* So that’s your name . . . Florence.

FLORENCE: Yes.

DODGER: Sounds like a flower.

UNCLE JOHN: Oh, it does, does it? *(To FLORENCE.)* Well, Miss, you are now under his protection, and for your sake I won’t have him arrested for attempted burglary. But you, my ungrateful girl, must be out within the week. At that time Curtis will move in and occupy your rooms.

FLORENCE: *(Downcast.)* Yes, sir.

UNCLE JOHN: And now, Mrs. Nance, help me up to my bed.

MRS. NANCE: Yes, sir. *(THEY EXIT LEFT. FLORENCE follows after them.)*
FLORENCE: I will take him at his word.  *(Turns to DODGER.)*  
Well, Dodger, soon I shall be an orphan.

DODGER: We’re two orphans, Miss, ’cause now that I’m going  
square, I can’t go back to Tim Bolton’s either.

FLORENCE: Some day he will realize his cruelty toward me. But he  
is not himself. He’s ill.

DODGER: Don’t worry, Miss. I’ll help you and I’ll start right now!  
I’m going to see a friend of mine about employment for you.  
*(CROSSES to EXIT RIGHT.)* Her name is Mrs. O’Keefe. I’ll be  
back within the week.

FLORENCE: Is this Mrs. O’Keefe a nice lady?

DODGER: *(At door.)* She ain’t no lady at all. She sells apples on  
the East side.  *(EXITS RIGHT.)*

FLORENCE: *(Alarmed.)* Oh, dear. Yes, very soon I’m afraid I  
shall be . . .  *(Sings.)*

"ADRIFT IN NEW YORK"

Adrift, adrift in New York,  
Who knows what dangers prevail,  
What threat to life and limb?

Alone, alone in New York,  
How can my innocence last,  
Unless I am locked in?

That awful Bow’ry’s there,  
How can one safely walk the streets?  
And then, that Madison Square,  
Where thieves mix in with the elite!

Adrift, adrift in New York,  
I feel so awf’ly alone,  
Bereft of friends and kin,  
Alone, adrift in New York,  
May Heaven save me at last  
And send me home again.

*(Lights Dim to denote passage of time.)*
ACT ONE
Scene Two

SETTING: Drawing Room of the Linden mansion.

AT RISE: MRS. NANCE ENTERS RIGHT. She is carrying a tray with some medicine on it for MR. LINDEN. As she is CROSSING to STAGE LEFT, FLORENCE ENTERS RIGHT.

FLORENCE: Mrs. Nance?

MRS. NANCE: (Turns to her.) Yes, Miss?

FLORENCE: How is Mr. Linden today?

MRS. NANCE: Tolerable, but he prefers to stay in his rooms.

FLORENCE: Has he asked for me?

MRS. NANCE: No, Miss. (She starts to EXIT LEFT, when a knock is heard at the door.)

FLORENCE: I'll answer the door, Mrs. Nance. I'm expecting someone.

MRS. NANCE: Yes, Miss. (EXITS LEFT.)

FLORENCE: (CROSSES to door, RIGHT.) Come in.

DODGER: (ENTERS RIGHT, breezily.) Afternoon, Miss Florence. (CROSSES to CENTER.) I know it's been three days since you saw me, but I've been busy.

FLORENCE: (CROSSING to him, CENTER.) I had every confidence that you would return.

DODGER: Say, I hope you're not sorry about your decision to leave.

FLORENCE: I have no choice.

DODGER: Bully for you! (He strides about.) Oh, perhaps that ain't proper language. I ain't used to talkin' to young ladies.

FLORENCE: I don't mind, Dodger. Your heart is in the right place.
DODGER: I’m glad you got confidence in me, ’cause my friend, Mrs. O’Keefe, is here.

FLORENCE: *(Surprised.)* The apple woman?

DODGER: Yes, Miss, and she’s got a place you can stay... just off the Bowery. It’s a tenement house.

FLORENCE: *(Shuddering.)* A tenement house!

DODGER: Don’t be scared, I’ll protect you! Mrs. O’Keefe will be your friend, too. It’s time you met her. *(DODGER CROSSES to door RIGHT, FLORENCE uneasily counters to CENTER. DODGER calls off RIGHT.)* Mrs. O’Keefe! *(To FLORENCE.)* She don’t trust nobody with her apples, so she brung ’em along.

MRS. O’KEEFE: *(ENTERS RIGHT.)* She is a jolly woman, middle-aged. She carries a basket of apples and wears a blouse, long skirt, apron, striped stockings, low-heeled shoes, shawl, sweater. *She speaks with a slight Irish accent.* There ya are, Dodger.

DODGER: Mrs. O’Keefe, this is Miss Florence Linden who I was tellin’ you about.

MRS. O’KEEFE: Hello, dearie! *(She CROSSES to CENTER and shakes hands with FLORENCE, much and boldly.)* I’m pleased to meet ya!

FLORENCE: *(Pleasantly.)* How do you do?

MRS. O’KEEFE: My, you’re a real leddy, ain’t ya? Say, I got lodgin’s for you, and a job, too. I lost one of my apple girls. She run off with Jimmy Mahone, the young spalpeen! You can take her place.

FLORENCE: Thank you.

MRS. O’KEEFE: I owe Dodger a favor, so I brung my other apple girl along. *(Looks about.)* Where is she? *(Calls OFFSTAGE RIGHT.)* Goldie, get in here! They won’t arrest ya!

GOLDIE: *(ENTERS RIGHT.)* She is saucy, and Irish, too. *She wears a saucy hat, a shirtwaist with slight leg-of-mutton sleeves, a long skirt, low shoes and a shawl. *She looks about. Exaggeratedly.* Well, lah-dee-dah!
MRS. O'KEEFE: Frankly, I was a-hankerin' to see the inside of one of these brownstones. *(Looks about.)*

GOLDIE: *(Sarcastically.)* Ain't we elegant, now!

MRS. O'KEEFE: *(To GOLDIE.)* Mind your manners! *(Looks about.)* This is somethin'... ain't it?

DODGER: Mrs. O'Keefe, show Miss Florence how you and Goldie sell apples!

MRS. O'KEEFE: All right, Dodger! Pull that big chair back over there and give us room. *(DODGER CROSSES, pulls UNCLE JOHN'S chair back. To FLORENCE.)* Now, dearie, this is how we sell apples down in the Bowery. You watch Goldie so's you'll get the hang of it. It ain't hard! Ready, Goldie?

GOLDIE: *(CROSSING to CENTER.)* Well, who am I gonna sell apples to? *(Suddenly, to FLORENCE.)* You?

*(FLORENCE is taken aback at the girl's boldness.)*

MRS. O'KEEFE: No, no, no! Just pretend!

GOLDIE: Sellin' apples in a brownstone... it's silly!

DODGER: I'll give ya five cents to do it!

GOLDIE: Five cents? I'm sellin' apples!

*(MRS. O'KEEFE sings and GOLDIE dances, but the dance is far too aggressive and bold for FLORENCE to even try.)*

MRS. O'KEEFE: *(Sings.)*

"APPLE SONG"

Come buy my apples, apples,
Red and golden apples,
Look at them all spread out here!

Apples, apples, dewy, fresh young apples,
They'll fill your heart with good cheer!
They’re good when you’re hungry,
And one ev’ry day will surely be yummy,
Keep the doctor away!

Come buy my apples, apples,
Red and golden apples,
They’re certainly better than beer,
Apples, apples,
Wonderful new apples,
You’re lucky to find them here!

GOLDIE: (To DODGER.) Give me my five cents!

DODGER: Here ya are! (Hands her a coin.)

MRS. O’KEEFE: (To FLORENCE.) You wanta try it now, dearie?

GOLDIE: (Pointing at FLORENCE.) Her? No, she ain’t equal to it!

MRS. O’KEEFE: Goldie, that ain’t no way to talk.

GOLDIE: (To FLORENCE, angrily.) Why are you goin’ to the Bowery and sell apples? (To MRS. O’KEEFE.) She’ll take some poor honest girl’s job!

MRS. O’KEEFE: Now, Goldie, that’ll do. You take a horsecar and go along back to the Bowery, and sell them apples! (GOLDIE tosses her head and CROSSES to door RIGHT.) And mind you don’t let the boys pinch your apples or your cheeks.

GOLDIE: (Turns at door, to FLORENCE, says sarcastically.) My fine lady, stay on Madison Avenue where you belong! (With a toss of her head, she EXITS.)

MRS. O’KEEFE: Why, that wild slip of a girl!

FLORENCE: I am afraid she is correct. I am not bold enough for selling apples.

MRS. O’KEEFE: Yes, I must be honest. You’re too shy!

FLORENCE: (Pulls a piece of newspaper from her pocket.) But let me show you an advertisement I placed in the newspaper two days ago.

MRS. O’KEEFE: In a newspaper? For what, Miss?
FLORENCE: To become a governess. Here it is... shall I read it?

DODGER: Let me read it. (FLORENCE hands him the paper. He reads aloud.) "Miss Florence Linden, a young refined lady, desires position as governess. Can perform on piano and instruct in French and English. Inquire two-one-zero Madison Avenue."

MRS. O’KEEFE: Why, that’s a fine ad, Miss! And bein’ a governess is better than workin’ in the garment district.

FLORENCE: Dodger! I didn’t know you can read!

DODGER: (Smiles.) Oh, sure I can read, but I don’t write so good.

FLORENCE: Well then, I’ll teach you.

DODGER: Will you, Miss?

FLORENCE: You’ll be a gentleman yet.

DODGER: I’m too rough for that... I’m ignorant and from the street. But I’ll try hard! If ever I find my real relations, I don’t want them to be ashamed of me.

(A knock is heard.)

MRS. O’KEEFE: Who’s that?

FLORENCE: (She starts toward door, RIGHT.) I’ll answer the door.

MRS. O’KEEFE: While you answer the door, dearie, I’ll try out this heavenly settee. (She sits.)

FLORENCE: (At door.) Yes?

MRS. LEIGHTON: (OFFSTAGE.) I am inquiring about an advertisement listing this address.

FLORENCE: (To MRS. LEIGHTON, OFFSTAGE.) One moment, please. (She turns to DODGER, MRS. O’KEEFE.) Oh dear! An answer to my ad!

DODGER: (CROSSES to her quickly.) Don’t be nervous, Miss! Come on, Mrs. O’Keefe, we’ll stand over here out of the way. (DODGER goes to FAR RIGHT.)
MRS. O’KEEFE: (Stands.) And if you’ll be needin’ references, Dearie, you can count on me and Dodger. (She joins DODGER at FAR BACK RIGHT.)

FLORENCE: Thank you! (To MRS. LEIGHTON OFFSTAGE.) Yes, I’m Miss Florence Linden. Won’t you come in?

MRS. LEIGHTON: (ENTERS. She is a snobbish woman wearing a large hat with plumes and carrying a lorgnette. Her street dress is a bright color with large leg-of-mutton sleeves. The long skirt has flounces at the bottom.) You are the young lady who desires a position as governess?

FLORENCE: Yes. (She gestures toward the settee.) Won’t you be seated?

MRS. LEIGHTON: (As she CROSSES to settee she looks about.) Pardon me, but I was curious to see a young lady who lives on Madison Avenue and seeks employment as a governess. (She sits on settee.)

FLORENCE: (CROSSES to UNCLE JOHN’S chair, LEFT. MRS. LEIGHTON watches her closely through her lorgnette.) In a few days my circumstances will require me to support myself.

MRS. LEIGHTON: Indeed! And as a governess, do you intend to wear such a fine gown?

FLORENCE: (Sits.) I suppose I shall.

MRS. LEIGHTON: Can you furnish references?

FLORENCE: Yes. Madame Morrison of the seminary educated me. (DODGER and MRS. O’KEEFE at FAR RIGHT are listening carefully to every word.)

MRS. LEIGHTON: Do you feel yourself competent to instruct a girl of twelve in music, French and English?

FLORENCE: Yes. However, I have never taught before, but I enjoy teaching, and I like children.

MRS. LEIGHTON: I see.
FLORENCE: What hours would I be expected to teach?

MRS. LEIGHTON: Three hours daily, from nine to twelve. I don’t propose a high salary. The pay is fifty cents an hour.

MRS. O’KEEFE: (Whistles.) Land-a-Goshen! (She CROSSES DOWN LEFT of MRS. LEIGHTON to CENTER STAGE.) Fifty cents an hour! She’ll take it!

MRS. LEIGHTON: (Horrified.) Who is THIS person?

DODGER: (CROSSES to DOWN RIGHT of MRS. LEIGHTON.) And Florence, you’ll be able to afford one of Mrs. O’Keefe’s lodgin’ rooms!

MRS. LEIGHTON: (About DODGER.) And who is THAT person?

FLORENCE: Thèse good people are assisting me.

MRS. O’KEEFE: Mind ya, my rooms ain’t fancy like this. It’s a tenement house, like I said.

MRS. LEIGHTON: (Horrified.) A tenement house!

MRS. O’KEEFE: There’s a iron bedstead, a wooden chair, a pine bureau, a table . . . no rug, but the view’s real nice. It looks out across the alley to the rear of the Bucket of Blood Saloon.

MRS. LEIGHTON: Saloon!

MRS. O’KEEFE: Why, sure! What do you expect down in the Bowery?

MRS. LEIGHTON: (In shock, trying to gather herself together.) The Bowery! (Stands, says to FLORENCE.) Good day!

FLORENCE: But Madame, what of the position of governess?

MRS. LEIGHTON: I will not have my daughter taught by a person who lives in a tenement house on the Bowery!

MRS. O’KEEFE: Ain’t she a swell, now!

MRS. LEIGHTON: (To ALL.) Good day! You BUNCO ARTISTS! (As she starts to EXIT RIGHT, to DODGER.) Out of my way! (She EXITS RIGHT.)
DODGER: I’m afraid no one will hire you as a governess, Miss, if you have a Bowery address.

FLORENCE: Oh, dear, how will I pay for my lodgings?

DODGER: Don’t worry none. I’ll get a job smashin’ luggage down at the pier, or sellin’ papers, or both!

MRS. NANCE: *(ENTERS LEFT, followed by UNCLE JOHN.)* You can see for yourself, sir. The house is full of riffraff.

UNCLE JOHN: So, Miss, still entertaining, eh?

FLORENCE: No, sir!

MRS. O’KEEFE: Ah, another swell now.

UNCLE JOHN: Well, you’ll not entertain the likes of your Bowery friends here any more. Mrs. Nance, bring Miss Linden’s cape and hat.

MRS. NANCE: Yes, sir. *(EXITS LEFT.)*

UNCLE JOHN: Ungrateful girl, you will leave this house tonight!

FLORENCE: Tonight? But I still have a few more days!

UNCLE JOHN: No, I want you out tonight!

FLORENCE: But I have nowhere to go.

UNCLE JOHN: *(Sarcastically.)* Go with HIM! He will protect you!

DODGER: That I will, sir.

UNCLE JOHN: I will have Mrs. Nance pack your things. And tomorrow, young man, you may return for Miss Linden’s valise and trunk.

DODGER: Yes, sir!

*(MRS. NANCE ENTERS LEFT with FLORENCE’S cape and hat. She CROSSES and gives them to her.)*
MRS. O'KEEFE:  *(Placing a protective arm around FLORENCE.)*
Come along, Dearie. We’ll go back to the Bowery. *(With a stern look at UNCLE JOHN.)* This neighborhood makes me nervous!

*(MRS. O'KEEFE and FLORENCE start toward EXIT at RIGHT. UNCLE JOHN CROSSES to CENTER after them.)*

UNCLE JOHN:  *(Pointing to EXIT at RIGHT.)* Go! All of you! And never darken my door again!

*(MRS. O'KEEFE, FLORENCE and DODGER EXIT RIGHT.)*

LIGHTS FADE
END OF SCENE
PROPERTIES:

Cane (UNCLE JOHN)
Tray, decanter, wine glasses (ON STAGE)
Afghan (ON COUCH)
Key or pointed tool for picking lock (DODGER)
Key (UNCLE JOHN)
Basket of apples (MRS. O'KEEFE)
Newspaper clipping (FLORENCE)
Lorgnette (MRS. LEIGHTON)
Cape, hat (MRS. NANCE)
Newspapers (DODGER)
Guns (CURTIS, RUFIAN)
Needles, thread, material (WIDOWS, ORPHANS)
Vest pattern, needle, thread (MRS. SLAVENDOLT)
Letter (MRS. O'KEEFE)
Baby-sized doll (MRS. WARING)
Cane (MR. SWINTON)
Wallet, two bills (MR. SWINTON)
Basket of apples (GOLDIE)
Will (CURTIS)
Ring (MRS. WARING)
Child's blue velvet suit (MRS. O'KEEFE)

PRODUCTION NOTES:

This musical is very simple to stage. There is one set, the drawing room of Mr. John Linden's mansion on Madison Avenue, which remains intact at all times. All other scenes may take place on the apron in front of the main curtain and require no sets.
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