

**Bought and Paid For**  
A Drama in Four Acts  
by  
George Broadhurst

Transcribed and adapted from a MS. in the  
Marks Brothers Dramatic Company Archive  
at the Perth Museum  
Perth, Ontario,  
by  
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## Background To The Play

**George Broadhurst** was an American producer, writer, lyricist and director who had a rather spectacular Broadway career, beginning in 1899 with **Why Smith Left Home** and capped in 1917 with the opening (by the Shubert Organization) of the 1186-seat Broadhurst Theatre on Broadway, which was dedicated to the production of his plays and which has since been the original home to shows such as **On The Twentieth Century, Pal Joey, Auntie Mame, The World of Suzie Wong, Fiorello, Cabaret, Play It Again Sam, Godspell, The Sunshine Boys, Amadeus, and Kiss of the Spider Woman.**

He was born June 3, 1866 and died January 31, 1952 at Santa Barbara, California. Also known as: George H. Broadhurst and George Howells Broadhurst. He is the author of at least two plays that the Marks Brothers are known to have performed: **Bought And Paid For** and **Innocent**, as well as one of the big comedy hits of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, **What Happened To Jones.**

**Bought And Paid For** ran twice on Broadway and was twice made into a movie, in 1916 and 1922, the latter version with Theda Barra in the lead. During the show's 431 performance first run, Frank Craven, playing the role of Jimmy, was elevated to stardom. Craven would go on to play the original Stage Manager in Thornton Wilder's **Our Town** in 1938. Brooks Atkinson once commented that Craven was "the best pipe and pants-pocket actor in the business." In its time, **Bought And Paid For** was thought of as "a play about a wealthy man who eventually wins the love of his wife." Our perceptions of it today differ.

**Bought and Paid For** opened at The Playhouse Theatre, NY September 26, 1911 and ran for a total of 431 performances. Opening Night Production Credits were: Produced by **William A. Brady.** (The Playhouse was also known as William Brady's Playhouse); Written by **George Broadhurst.**

Cast:

Allen Atwell - *Oku* \*

Frank Craven - *James Gilley* \*\*

Julia Dean - *Virginia Blaine*

Marie Nordstrom - *Fanny Blaine*

Charles Richman - *Robert Stafford*

John Sharon - *Josephine* (?) (This is either an error or the character of *Josephine* was played by a male for the first production [note that, reversed, the name would be *Sharon John*])

It was revived at the Playhouse Theatre, December 7, 1921, for an unknown number of performances. Opening Night Production Credits for the revival were: Produced by William A. Brady; Book by George Broadhurst; Staged by John Cromwell.

Opening Night Cast

Allen Atwell – *Oku*

Capt. Wm. Harrigan – *James Gilley* \*\*

Helen MacKellar – *Virginia Blaine*

Marie Nordstrom – *Fanny Blaine*

Katya Prevon – *Josephine*

Charles Richman – *Robert Stafford*

\* the character has been changed to *Francois* for this adaptation, combining the characters of *Oku* and *Josephine*. While not particularly racist in characterization, the Japanese character *Oku* would have been difficult to present today.

\*\* Although spelled *Gilley* in the production credits, the manuscript consistently spells it *Gillie*, throughout.

## **Bought and Paid For**

### The Scenes

Act I – the drawing room of Robert Stafford’s “swell” apartments in New York City. Early evening, fall 1910 or thereabouts.

Act II – Virginia’s boudoir in the Stafford home. 1:00 a.m. One and a half years later. A spring night.

Act III – same as Act II. The next morning.

Act IV – the Gillie’s flat on 176<sup>th</sup> Street in Manhattan. Three months later. About 6 p.m.

### **The Characters**

*Francois* – Stafford’s French butler

*James Gillie* – a young stock clerk with ambition

*Virginia Blaine* – a telephone exchange girl

*Fanny Blaine* – her sister; fiancé, then wife of *James Gillie*

*Josephine* – a French maid to *Virginia* after her marriage

*Robert Stafford* – a millionaire financier

### **The Manuscript**

The MS. from which this transcription was taken was an oil-cloth bound carbon copy. It had no title, author credit, copyright notice, character page, or scene descriptions. On the cover is stamped “Bought And Paid For” and the same is hand-written at the top of the cover. On the first page is stamped “For Reading Purposes Only”, yet throughout the script, blocking, script revisions and other markings indicate that the MS. was used for a stage production. In fact, the wording of one pencilled notation makes us think that it may be in George Broadhurst’s own handwriting.

### **Historical Note**

Laura Jean Libbey

Mentioned in the play is Laura Jean Libbey. She was an author of sensational dime novel romances for women – a total of 82 by the end of her life. She was so prolific and popular with readers that she had several stories running at the same time in different story papers. Born in 1862, she lived most of her life in Brooklyn, New York. She reported that at one point she was earning \$60,000 a year from her work. Each story had the same basic elements: a young girl, alone in the world, attracts the attention of a suitor far above her in station. After sensational mishaps and separations, the couple is united in the end and the heroine marries at a young age. Oddly enough Libbey did not follow her own formula for her heroines: she was 36 when she married a Brooklyn lawyer. She had no children. She died in 1924 after complications from cancer surgery and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York and left little behind beyond her novels, which had grown outdated long before her death. She wished to be remembered as a writer, installing a grand headstone in Greenwood Cemetery some years before her death inscribed "Laura Jean Libbey." She admitted in an interview that she enjoyed visiting her "grave" and listening to what people said about her. Sadly, these days, no one says much.

**Bought And Paid For**  
**A drama by George Broadhurst**  
**ACT I.**

*(Scene. Stafford's Swell Apartments. Boxed in Three with doors R. and L. and in Flat R. Phone and stand up L. Table and chairs down L. Settee R. Mantle with vase to break R. Other ornaments on mantle. Whole set elaborate and expensive. Phone rings at Rise. Francois enters C. X's to phone.)*

Francois: Stafford residence. *Ah, oui, Monsieur.* No, *Monsieur*, they've not arrived yet. *(Clock strikes seven and as it does Jimmy rings door bell off stage.) Excusez-moi, Monsieur.* That may be they, *maintenant*. I will tell them, *Monsieur.* *Au revoir.* *(The door bell rings again. Francois opens door)*

Jimmy: Is this Mr. Stafford's apartments?

Francois: *Oui, Monsieur. Bienvenue, Mesdames, Monsieur. Entrez vous, s'il vous plait.*

Jimmy: How's that?

Virginia: *(Whispering)* He says for us to go in, Jimmy.

Jimmy: *(Whispering)* Well, why didn't he say so?

*(Jimmy enters with Virginia and Fanny, hands his hat and coat to Francois.)*

Jimmy: Tell Mr. Stafford the people he was expecting have come.

Francois: *Desollé, Monsieur*, but *Monsieur* Stafford has not yet arrived.

Jimmy: *(Winks at Virginia)* I told you being late was the proper thing.

Virginia: Is there some mistake?

Francois: *Non, Mademoiselle.* *Monsieur* Stafford has telephoned to say he is very sorry, but he could not get away. He will be here in half an hour.

Jimmy: Half an hour — jumping Jupiter.

Francois: He is very sorry, but he will hurry as quickly as he can. He requests that you wait until he arrives and has asked me to offer his apologies.

Virginia: Very well, we understand. We will wait.

Francois: May I take your coats and hats, *Mesdemoiselles*? *(Girls give him hats and*

*coats; behind Francois' back, Fanny mouths "Mademoiselle! Oooh!"*  
Perhaps you would care for cocktails? *(Jimmy has picked up a book from table; at word "Cocktail". he slams book shut)*

Jimmy. I would!

Francois. *(To Virginia) Mademoiselle?*

Virginia. *Non, merci. (Francois turns to Fanny, she looks at Jimmy)*

Jimmy. Sure. *(he nods yes)*

Francois. What kind please?

Jimmy. *(To Fanny) What kind do you like?*

Fanny. What kind do you?

Jimmy. Martini suits me all right.

Fanny. Me too.

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Francois. *Bien sur, two martini cocktails. Excusez moi. (Backs off L.U.)*

Jimmy. What's with all the Italian?

Fanny. It's not Italian, Jim. Don't you know French when you hear it?

Jimmy. It's all Greek to me. Say this is some room, eh?

Virginia: Yes, it is beautiful.

Fanny: *(Looking at furniture) When this place was being built I read in the paper that Mr. Stafford was to pay \$15,000 a year for his rooms.*

Jimmy. \$15,000 just for his rooms?

Fanny: Yes, fifteen thousand dollars a year.

Jimmy: *(Whistles) Why that's nearly three hundred a week. Three hundred just for his rooms, while I slave a whole week from eight in the morning until six at night for a measly fourteen. I tell you there is something rotten in this country.*

Virginia: Mr. Stafford didn't get more than fourteen when he was your age. He was poor too.

- Fanny: Yes and when they raised you from twelve to fourteen at Christmas you thought you were doing great. I remember how chesty you were about it.
- Jimmy: Only because I figured I might be getting eighteen pretty soon and then we could get married. Do we still have to wait till I get eighteen Fanny?
- Fanny: We certainly do. A couple certainly can't live on less than eighteen.
- Jim. I know it. That's what make me sore when I read about millionaires like Stafford having luxurious private yachts, giving fifty thousand for a picture and things like that. They have so much money that they don't know what to do with it. And yet all that stands between me and happiness is four dollars a week, and I can't get it.
- Virginia: Don't worry, Jimmy. Your chance will come just as Mr. Stafford's did.
- Jimmy. Fine chance I've got. Third Asst. Shipping clerk in a wholesale grocery. Why, the manager of the department only gets thirty and he's been with the firm twenty six years.
- Fanny: That's a sweet outlook for me I must say. If it takes a man twenty six years to work up the thirty, I suppose you'll be getting eighteen eleven years from the third of next January. *(Count on fingers)*
- Jimmy. I'm doing my best and no fellow can do more. That's what makes me so sore I tell you. Here I am slaving away for fourteen and he spends three hundred just for his rooms. I wonder how many rooms he gets for that.
- Fanny: I think it's twelve and four baths.
- Jimmy. Four baths. What in god's name can a bachelor do with four baths?
- Fanny. Is there any reason he shouldn't have them if he can pay for them?
- Jimmy. But what good are they to him? No matter how much money he has, he can't be in more than one of them at a time. I suppose he uses them Monday, Tues. and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday and keeps the favorite for the special splash on Sunday.
- Fanny: Do you realize that Mr. Stafford has servants and that he has friends come to stay with him occasionally?
- Jimmy: I hadn't thought of that.
- Fanny: Take my advice and do think once in a while, and get rid of that temper, too.

For the first time in our lives we are invited to dine with a rich man and I for one want to enjoy it.

Francois. *(Enters L. with tray containing cigars, cigarettes, cocktails and glasses.) Mademoiselle. Monsieur. (Hands glass to Fanny and Jim) Cigarettes and cigars, Monsieur. Is there anything else?*

Jimmy: *(Sits R. of table) Not for me.*

Fanny: *(Sits L. of table) Not for me.*

Virginia: No, thank you. *Nous demandons du rien sinon.*

Francois. *Tres bien, Mademoiselle. Excusez moi. (Exits C. U.)*

Fanny: Say, Virgie, I didn't know your French was that good!

Virginia: Four years of it at the high school so I can say "No, thank-you" to the butler.

Fanny: Is he really a butler? Ain't we movin' up?

Jimmy. *(Drinks) Some cocktail eh?*

Fanny: Fine. *(Drinks; Jimmy sees cigars on table, takes one and lights it. Pleased with it; no one looking. He takes a handful and he is about to place them in pocket as Virginia sees him)*

Virginia: Jimmy.

Jimmy: *(Returns them) Why not? He wouldn't mind.*

Virginia: Just the same it isn't a gentlemanly thing to do.

Jimmy: If it comes to that, I'm not a gentleman. I'm a shipping clerk.

Virginia: Then of course there's nothing more to say. *(Takes book and sits L.)*

Jimmy: *(X's to her) How did you first come to know Mr. Stafford?*

Virginia: How many more times must I tell you. I was at my desk in the hotel about three months ago, he came and wanted a long distance – I think it was Washington. There was some trouble in getting his party, and as people will, we got into conversation about it.

Fanny: *(X's C.) Did you know then who he was?*

Virginia: No. To tell you the truth, I didn't much care. A girl who handles a telephone desk at our hotel hasn't got much time to bother about anything else.

Jimmy: When did you find out?

Virginia: About a month later. That day he sent down stairs for a stenographer. I told you all about it at the time. I asked at the desk if it was all right to go to his rooms. They told me who he was and that he often transacted a lot of business there. That's how we got acquainted. Since then, as you know I have seen a great deal of him, telephoning and doing copying for him. He has been very kind indeed. One day he asked me to go to dinner with him —

Jimmy: Did you?

Virginia: Certainly not. Then he used to come nearly every day. One time – I, I think he had been drinking.

Fanny: He was drunk?

Virginia: No, not that, but I could see that he had been drinking.

Jimmy: He "lit up a bit" to show that he was human, eh?

Virginia: I didn't like him quite so much after that. He asked me again —

Fanny: And you wouldn't.

Virginia: Of course not.

Jimmy: Say, that was foxy —

Virginia: What was?

Jimmy: Making him think that he having money made no difference.

Virginia: It didn't.

Jimmy: Sure, it didn't. That was the way I'd play it.

Virginia: What do you mean? I wasn't playing anything or anybody.

Jimmy: Why not? It's all in the game.

Virginia: He finally asked me to dine with him here and bring you and Jim – I told him about you two being engaged.



Jimmy: I'm beginning to think this fellow Stafford is on the level. He might even want you to marry him.

Virginia: Don't be absurd.

Fanny: But if he did, would you marry him?

Jimmy: Would she? Say, Fanny, are you crazy?

Virginia: I don't know that I would.

Jim: What? Do you mean to say that if any man as rich as Stafford was to ask you on the level to be his wife, that you wouldn't jump at the chance?

Virginia: I've seen men that are twice as rich as Mr. Stafford that I wouldn't marry if they gave me half their money as a wedding present.

Jimmy: Well, in a way I can't say that I blame you. I've seen pictures of a lot of these financiers and believe me they're the rummiest looking bunch I ever set eyes on. But I didn't think Stafford was that kind.

Fanny: I thought he was rather distinguished looking.

Virginia: He is – and what's more, he's a gentleman.

Jimmy: Then see here, if this Mr. Stafford is distinguished looking and a gentleman, as well as rich, will you please tell me what kind of a man you want.?

Virginia: I – I want a man I can love.

Jimmy: *(Whistles)* If you can't love a man as rich as Mr. Stafford, take my advice and go see a heart specialist.

Virginia: A girl can't love a man just because she wants to. Love doesn't go where it is sent; it goes where it pleases. *(X's up)*

Fanny: That's right. You don't suppose I loved a fourteen dollars a week shipping clerk because I wanted to, do you?

Jimmy: What?

Fanny: I loved him because I had to.

Jimmy: Same here. The first time I ever set eyes on you, Fanny, something inside me said "me for her".

Fanny. *(Places hand over heart mockingly)* And something here said “him for me.”  
*(Both sit on sofa L.)*

Virginia: My heart has never said anything to me like that. *(Sits at table)*

Jimmy. Then perhaps it won’t be that way with you. Perhaps you’ll learn to care for him by degrees like you would – say for Stafford.

Virginia: Don’t talk nonsense.

Jimmy: He’s not interested in you. Yet if you play your cards right —

Virginia: I’m not going to play any cards.

Jimmy: *(X’s to her)* Let me tell you one thing. A chance like this won’t come to one girl in a million.

Virginia: Please —

Jimmy: It’s a chance of a lifetime. It means a lift to Fanny and me, too.

Fanny: Yes, that’s true.

Virginia: How?

Jimmy: Do you think that I want to be a shipping clerk all my life? Well, I don’t. I’ve got ambition. Yes, and I’ve got the ability. All I need is a chance and I’ll be one of them, too.

Virginia: One of what?

Jimmy: A captain of industry, a magnate, a financier.

Virginia: You.

Jimmy. Me.

Fanny: He could do it.

Jimmy: You bet I could. And if you married Mr. Stafford and he gave me a chance, which as his brother-in-law he certainly would, well, if I ever got a flying start, I’d show ‘em a few things. I’ve got ability, I have.

Virginia: Why don’t you prove it by getting eighteen a week?

Jimmy: I thought you would say something like that. It shows how much you know.

Fanny: Explain to her, Jimmy.

Jimmy: What's the use? She wouldn't understand. But I will say this. If I had an opportunity to show some rich man just what I could do, I'd be worth perhaps a million dollars in ten or twelve years, and that would mean a swell house for you and me and servants and automobiles and everything like that. I'd show 'em.

Fanny: Oh, Jimmy, wouldn't it be lovely? And perhaps we could get real society goo. Perhaps we might meet the social leaders from Harlem and Brooklyn whose pictures are in the papers every Sunday.

Jimmy: There's nobody we couldn't meet.

Fanny: And fancy going to the dress maker's, picking out a half-dozen dresses, having them sent home without even asking the price; and letting them charge just as much as they like. Wouldn't that be heavenly?

Jimmy: You can have all that and more.

Virginia: It's perfectly ridiculous.

Fanny: (*X's to her*) All I want is for you to be happy, sis.

Virginia: I know it, that's the way you've always been.

Fanny: You're different to me.

Virginia: No, I'm not.

Fanny: Yes, you are. You'd do any man credit.

Virginia: Fanny —

Fanny: But I'd hate to see you try to keep a house on eighteen per. That means doing your own work, including the cooking; yes and the washing — and you were never made up for that.

Virginia: Don't worry about me, I'll be all right.

Fanny: I hope so.

Virginia: I will, never fear.

Jimmy: Will you give me a straight answer to a plain question? If Mr. Stafford asks you to marry him, will you? Come on now. Will you?

Virginia: I won't talk about such things.

Jimmy: Well if he does and you don't accept him, you'll be the biggest fool that ever lived.

Fanny: That's just what I say. I wish he would ask me.

Virginia: Would you accept him?

Fanny: Would I? Oh, would I!

Virginia: And, throw Jim over?

Fanny: I'd throw Jimmy so far and so hard he would think he had been struck by a cyclone.

Jimmy: And, I wouldn't blame her.

Virginia: I can't understand you two.

Jimmy: Why would I expect any girl to stick to me when she can have a place like this? Look at these rugs, this swell furniture and those ornaments. *(X's to mantel, picks up vase)* I suppose this is one of them peach – peach – something or other vases I've read about.

Virginia: Peachblow, Jimmy.

Jimmy: That's it. I suppose it's worth six or seven thousand dollars.

Virginia: *(Quickly)* Be careful!

Jimmy: *(Drops vase)* Now you've done it.

Virginia: I have?

Jimmy: Yes. I shouldn't have dropped it if you hadn't shouted at me. *(Picks up pieces and puts them together)*

Fanny: I – I think we had better go home.

Virginia: Don't be foolish.

Jimmy: Wait a bit. *(Puts pieces together)* Look here, how's that for luck? They fit perfectly. No one will know the difference. We'll leave it just like that and he'll think the Frenchman did it.

Fanny: Fine.

Virginia: I'll do nothing of the kind.

Jimmy: If we don't he'll think we've done it.

Virginia: He's not only got to think it. He's got to know it.

Jimmy: But if he does – *(doorbell)* – I'll bet that's him. Shall you tell him?

Virginia: I certainly shall if you don't.

Francois. *(Enters D.L.) Pardonez moi. (exit D.R.)*

Fanny: I'm so nervous. Do I shake hands with him when I'm introduced or do I say "Pleased to meet you"? *(with an affected manner and curtsy)*

Virginia: Behave as you would with anyone else.

Fanny: How do you feel, Jimmy? PERUSIA COPY ONLY

Jimmy: PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS I'm not worrying about meeting him. I'm worried about that. *(Vase)*

Stafford: *(Enters with Francois D. F. shakes hands with Virginia)* How are you? I'm sorry I'm late. This, I presume, is your sister.

Virginia: Fanny, let me introduce Mr. Stafford:

Stafford: I'm pleased to meet you, indeed, Miss Blaine.

Virginia: And this is Mr. Gillie. Just Jimmy, we call him, don't we, Fanny?

Fanny: Yes, Jimmy, of course.

Stafford: *(Shakes hands)* How do you do, Mr. Gillie?

Jimmy: *(Looking at fingers)* How are you?

Stafford: Are you quite sure that I am forgiven for keeping you waiting? Believe me, it was absolutely unavoidable, or it wouldn't have happened.

Virginia: Oh, yes, we're quite sure.

Stafford: And you explained thoroughly, Francois?

Francois. *(Who is taking empty glasses from table)* Monsieur was unavoidably detained

and most apologetic.

Stafford: That's right. Now, get me the menu.

Francois. *(Takes tray and starts for door) Oui, Monsieur. (Exits L.)*

Stafford: Useful chap, Francois. Being a bachelor, I don't keep house, but if I have a little party like this, I generally leave the selection to Francois and have it served in there. *(Points L.)* He has the door shut so we can't see the spread. I hope he has something good. I hardly ever understand a word he says.

Jimmy: Nice little place you have here, Mr. Stafford:

Stafford: Glad you like it. Have you seen the other rooms?

Jimmy: No, I'm judging from this one.

Stafford: *(As Francois enters and hands him menu, looks it over; it is apparently in French)* I think that will do nicely. Have dinner served when ready.

Francois. *Oui, Monsieur. (Starts for D.L.) Voulez-vous habillera pour le dîner, monsieur?*

Stafford: I recognized one word there. Dinner.

Virginia: He asked if you would dress for dinner.

Stafford: Ah! *(To Francois)* I sha'n't dress tonight.

Francois. *Tres bien, Monsieur.*

Stafford: You can go.

Francois. *Oui, Monsieur. (Exit D.L.)*

Stafford: I'm glad you like this room, Mr. Gillie.

Jimmy: I do for a fact. I think it's all right.

Stafford: *(X's R.)* My best things are in that room. But there are some here that are rather goo, I think. Did you notice this? *(Picking up small ivory ornament)* It was carved by a Japanese master nearly eight hundred years ago.

Jimmy: Did he get much for it?

Stafford: Who, the carver?

Jimmy: Yes.

Stafford: Probably a few cents a day.

Jimmy: A few cents a day.

Stafford: Yes.

Jimmy: *(Whistles)* He ought to have joined the carvers' union.

Stafford: There were none in those days. Even if there had been, he wouldn't have joined – he was an artist. He worked for the joy of living.

Jimmy: He knows his own business best, I suppose, but I never saw a man who would raise a family on that.

Stafford: I've one or two peachblows that I think are rather good. There is one up there I'm particularly fond of.

Jimmy: *(To Fanny)* It's coming.

Stafford: *(Takes vase; piece comes off in his hand)* This vase is said to be – why, it's broken.

Jimmy: Yes.

Fanny: Why, so it is.

Stafford: Francois must be more careful. I never knew him to do anything like this before.

Virginia: *(Aside to Jim)* Tell him.

Jimmy: Not on your life. He doesn't suspect us. We can get away with it.

Virginia: Mr. Stafford:

Stafford: Yes?

Virginia: Francois didn't break it.

Stafford: Didn't he?

Virginia: No, it wasn't Francois. We did it.

Stafford: Did we? *(Looks from one to another, Fanny last)*

Fanny: Not me. Them.

Stafford: It doesn't matter in the least.

Jimmy: I was looking at it when Virginia suddenly spoke to me and I dropped it. Of course, I'll pay for it.

Stafford: Please, don't give it another thought, any of you.

Virginia: I can't tell you how sorry I am.

Stafford: Then don't. The only thing that I can possibly regret is that the incident might have thrown a little cloud over what I hoped will be a pleasant evening. If you want to be really good to me, you will promise that you won't think of it again. Is it a promise?

Virginia: I'll do my best.

Stafford: Thank you. *(To Fanny)* And you – ?

Fanny: Of course, it wasn't any of my affair, but –

Stafford: Then, it can't bother you?

Fanny: No.

Stafford: Mr. Gillie?

Jimmy: I feel as though I ought to pay for it.

Stafford: Oh, no, no.

Jimmy: Yes, that's the way I feel. How much did it cost?

Stafford: Well, uh . . .

Fanny: Jimmy . . .

Jimmy: Come on, how much?

Stafford: *(Pause)* Two thousand dollars.

Jimmy: I feel as though I ought to pay for it, but if you insist –

Stafford: And, I certainly do.



Jimmy: Then I suppose I'll have to let the matter drop.

Stafford: *(To Virginia)* I think you told me that your sister and Mr. Gillie were engaged.

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: *(To them)* Congratulations. I hope you'll both be very happy.

Fanny: Thank you.

Jimmy: I guess we will be all right. *(Sits at table and smokes)*

Stafford: May I ask when the wedding will take place?

Jimmy: That depends on how a business venture of mine turns out.

Stafford: I see. What business are you in, Mr. Gillie?

Jimmy: I'm a shipping . . . clerk.

Stafford: Then you're not in business for yourself.

Jimmy: No. That is, not now, though I hope to be some day. You see, I have ambitions.

Stafford: That's right, every young man should.

Jimmy: I want to do something big. I have the ability; all I need is the chance to prove it.

Stafford: Hmm. In what direction do you think your talents lie, Mr. Gillie?

Jimmy: Finance organization. I've got ideas, too. For instance, Mr. Stafford, did you ever stop to think of the money there would be in a chewing gum trust?

Stafford: No, I must confess I never did.

Jimmy: Well, there's big money in it. I've figured it all out. I'd like to tell you about another scheme of mine, which is going to revolutionize railroading in this country. Cut down train time one half – I told the girls about it – they think it's great.

Stafford: Yes, Miss Virginia mentioned it to me. You must tell me what it is, some day.

- Jimmy: I've got lots of other ideas, too, but I suppose I'll never be able to work them out. What chance has a shipping clerk got?
- Stafford: Mr. Gillie, the business world today is actually hunting for men big enough to hold big positions. I don't mean fifty thousand dollar men. There is a better chance for the really big man than there ever was.
- Jimmy: But how is a fellow going to prove he is a big man?
- Stafford: By doing what ever work he is engaged in in a big way. The man who says "I'm too good for this job" but only says it, will probably have it for the rest of his life, but the man who says "I'll show my boss that I'm too good for it" and does his work in a way that proves it – the feet of that man are on the road that leads to the city of big things.
- Virginia: The city of big things.
- Stafford: But we didn't come here to talk business and such things as that. Have you read any of the new books, Miss Blaine?
- Fanny: Virginia hasn't had much time to read, lately.
- Stafford: If you are fond of paintings, I have two which I think rather good. They are in the library there.
- Jimmy: Can I see them?
- Stafford: Certainly. *(To Fannie)* There's also a collection of fans which I think would interest you.
- Fanny: I am sure they will. Will you excuse me?
- Stafford: Certainly.
- Fanny: *(X's to D.R.)* Come, Jimmy.
- Jimmy: Surest thing, you know. *(Both exit R.)*
- Stafford: Well, Miss Blaine –
- Virginia: Well, Mr. Stafford –
- Stafford: We are alone.
- Virginia: Why didn't you let me see the pictures, too? You know I am interested in books and pictures *(starts to go)*

- Stafford: Not yet, please. I have so many things I want to talk to you about.
- Virginia: What, for instance?
- Stafford: Among them is myself.
- Virginia: I know a great deal about you already. The newspapers and magazines have been full of the history of the man who, starting with nothing, has become a power in the railroad and financial world. It only needed one thing to make it fit for the modern young man's story book. It neglected to say "Our hero neither smokes nor drinks."
- Stafford: It couldn't – I do both.
- Virginia: Another public idol shattered. In the last interview the newspaper had with you –
- Stafford: Excuse me – probably faked.
- Virginia: – you neglected to say "Making my first thousand dollars was the hardest task of all." All successful men do that, why not you?
- Stafford: Making the first thousand was about the easiest thing for me. I got hold of some information about a certain stock, borrowed a hundred from a friend, put it up as a margin in a bucket shop, and, by pressing my luck, made and got my first thousand without any trouble whatever.
- Virginia: And it was that, I suppose, that started you on the way to the City of Big Things.
- Stafford: It's a great city. The only one worth living in.
- Virginia: And you are the most prominent inhabitant.
- Stafford: I wouldn't go so far as to say that. Still everyone in the city knows I'm living there.
- Virginia: I wonder how it must feel to be a man and successful?
- Stafford: It feels great. To know that you've done something; to know that you've made a name and a place for yourself; to realize that no one dare try to walk over you; to know that your bitterest enemy respects you and your rights because he knows if he doesn't, it means a fight to the finish. That make a man feel good.
- Virginia: I should think it does.

Stafford: And then, success means money – and money means power – and luxury – and every comfort that the world can give. If a successful man wishes to travel by land, he has his private car; if he wishes to travel by water, he has his own yacht, and so it goes –

Virginia: It must be wonderful to be like you and have everything you can wish for.

Stafford: I didn't say I had everything I could wish for.

Virginia: Well, haven't you?

Stafford: No. I haven't a home.

Virginia: Why, all this is so beautiful –

Stafford: This isn't a home, merely a place in which I live.

Virginia: Oh.

Stafford: Furniture, pictures, tapestry, books – they don't make a home. Only a woman can do that. *(Leans over sofa)* Virginia, will you make a home for me? Will you be my wife?

Virginia: Your wife.

Stafford: Yes, my wife.

Virginia: I – I am greatly flattered, but – is it not rather sudden? We know so little of each other.

Stafford: I do not have to know you long to be convinced that you are the only woman in the world with whom I could be happy.

Virginia: But are you convinced? Do you really love me?

Stafford: You wish to know the truth?

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: I feel always that I want to be near you, to be tender to you, to look after you and guard you, shield you from all trouble and harm. If that is love, then I love you.

Virginia: You don't even trouble to ask if I love you.

Stafford: I don't expect you to – yet.

Virginia: I do like you – more than like you – but I don't love you – yet.

Stafford: Do you love any other man?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: Do you like any other man more than you like me?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: Then give me a chance. Marry me and I'll make you love me.

Virginia: You'll make me — ?

Stafford: Yes – I'll make you – and when I have your love, I'll hold it against the world. Be my wife. I'll be a loyal and faithful husband. You sha'n't have a single care. You shall have every luxury that money can buy. Virginia, will you marry me? (*Embrace*)

Virginia: I don't know what to say. Give me a little time.

Stafford: Say yes.

Virginia: You must give me time to consider.

Fanny: (*Enters with Jim*) Those pictures are fine, aren't they, Jimmy?

Jimmy: Fine.

Stafford: I'm glad you like them. Shall we go in to dinner? Before we go in, however, I have a toast to propose.

Jimmy and Fanny: A toast?

Stafford: I have the honor of proposing the happiness of Miss Virginia Blaine, my future bride.

**CURTAIN.**

**Bought And Paid For**  
**A drama by George Broadhurst**  
**ACT II**

*(SCENE: — Virginia's boudoir in the Stafford home. Doors LU and R. Windows in flat. Dresser up C. between windows. Phone up stage. Small sofa L. Writing desk up R. stage. Table and chair L. Virginia enters at rise in evening dress LU. Francois enters R. Virginia throws opera cloak to him)*

- Virginia: *(Sits L.)* Has Mr. Stafford returned?
- Francois: *Non, Madame.*
- Virginia: Nor 'phoned?
- Francois. *Non, Madame. Did not Monsieur go to the Opera with Madame and Madame Gillie?*
- Virginia: Yes, but he couldn't stay. He had some business to attend to. You are sure he hasn't phoned?
- Francois. I shall call down, *madame. (To phone) 'Allo, que-est ce c'est, que ca? Madame wishes to know if any word has come from Monsieur. You are quite sure? Merci. (Hangs up) Non, Madame.*
- Virginia: *Tres bien. (Rise and X R) Soit Josephine avec la bébé?*
- Francois: *Oui, Madame.*
- Virginia: *Le bain était un petit froid ceci matinal, Francois.*
- Francois: *Je suis vraiment desollé, Madame. I shall speak to Josephine.*
- Virginia: I'm not complaining, Francois.
- Francois: No. Madame is very kind good and kind.
- Virginia: There's no reason why I shouldn't be.
- Francois: *Merci, Madame. (Fanny knocks at R. and enters as Virginia X's to up R)*
- Fanny: *(In evening dress)* Baby's all right. She's sleeping just as sound as can be.
- Virginia: I was sure she would be.

(Virginia exits L. to change to fancy Kimono or morning gown)

Fanny: She's a perfect darling.

Virginia: She's certainly a dear.

Fanny: Did you ever know a child who behaved better?

Virginia: Never. She hasn't been the slightest trouble since you've been here, has she?

Fanny: No – and she's always that way. It's such a comfort to a mother to know her child has such a sweet disposition. I wonder whether she gets it from me or from Jimmy?

Virginia: Jimmy's coming in to say good-night, isn't he?

Fanny: You bet – I mean, certainly he is. Shall we see you in the morning, before we go back home?

Virginia: Of course.

Fanny: I thought perhaps you would have breakfast in bed.

Virginia: And let you and baby go without saying goodbye? No, indeed. *(Enter R.)* That's better. How good it is to be unlaced.

Fanny: I could let an inch or so out of mine without doing any violent harm. Oh, I just love to be dressed deck-o-lettie. I got it right that time, didn't I, Francois?

Francois: *Oui, Madame.*

Fanny: And say — Virgie —

Virginia: Yes?

Fanny: I looked them all over at the Opera to-night and take it from me – nobody had anything on us.

Virginia: You certainly looked very well.

Fanny: You weren't ashamed of your sister, were you?

Virginia: Ashamed? I should say not.

Fanny: Of course, with my figure, I can wear anything; but when it comes to evening

dress, I flatter myself that I'm in front of the procession and very near the band.

Virginia: It certainly is becoming to you.

Fanny: You were a dream. Did you see the look you got from that woman in the box – the one with the pushed-in face?

Virginia: No.

Fanny: I did. Prussic acid and vinegar.

Virginia: Oh, Fanny –

Fanny: I saw it. One drink would have meant death mingled with convulsions.

Virginia: You imagined it.

Fanny: Not much. I saw it, I tell you. So did Jimmy – I mean James. You know, I'm trying to break myself of this habit of calling him Jimmy. It's so common.

Virginia: Where is Jimmy?

Fanny: Smoking a cigar and admiring the baby.

Virginia: Do you know what I'm going to do for her?

Fanny: No – what?

Virginia: I am going to do all I can for her. She'll never have to fight and struggle like the way mother did. I'm going to buy clothes for her and see after her education; get a governess when the time comes; send her through Vassar or Wellesley if she wants to go; see that she learns how to ride and drive. In fact, I'm going to do everything for her that money and love can.

Fanny: You're a thoroughbred, Virgie, but what would your husband say?

Virginia: He would help me. He's as fond of her as I am. And you know the size of his heart.

Fanny: I should say I do. See what he's done for James and me already.

Francois: Will there be anything else, *Madame*?

Virginia: No, Francois. That will be all.



Francois: Shall I call Madame in the morning?

Virginia: No, I'll ring when I want you.

Francois: *Oui, Madame. (Crosses R) Quant au bain y verrai a ce que cela non se repête plus.*

Virginia: Very well, Francois. That's all right.

Francois. *Merci, Madame. Bon soir. (To Fanny) Bon soir, Madame.*

Fanny: Bonn swar, France-wa.

*(Francois exits L.)*

*(Mimicking)* Anything else, Madame? No, France-wa, that will be all. Shall I call you in the morning, Madame? No, I'll ring when I want you. Gee, that's classy all right. It's just like you read in the story books.

Virginia: What is? *(Arranging hair)*

Fanny: You and the way you speak. And in French, too!

Virginia: Why shouldn't I? I studied hard enough.

Fanny: And your music.

Virginia: That, too.

Fanny: And your books on literature and art and your autos and your yacht and your box at the Opera and everything that money can buy – and just think only two years ago, you were an underpaid telephone girl in a hotel.

Virginia: Yes, it's wonderful.

Fanny: Wonderful? It makes Laura Jean Libby look like a piker.

Virginia: Fanny.

Fanny: What's the matter?

Virginia: Slang.

Fanny: Oh, I just have to blow off steam once in a while. Two years ago I was working in a little millinery store. Enter the rich Mrs. Chuddington. She's fifty if she's a day, weighs a hundred and ninety and has a double chin. She

sees a hat that would suit a girl just out of school and tries it on. I look at her and say “Oh, Mrs. Chuddington, isn’t that lovely?” Of course, I know it’s awful, but I have to say that because it’s business. I point to the customer and Marie says, “Oh, Mrs. Chuddington, isn’t that exquisite?” Then Mrs. Chuddington puts on the hat, leaves the store, looking a positive fright. Marie looks at Fanny; Fanny looks at Marie and, though we don’t say word, we think — oh, how we think!

Virginia: They try that with me.

Fanny: But how is it now? Now, I’m Mrs. James Gillie, sister of the rich Mrs. Robert Stafford with whom I just spent a evening at the Opera and who I am now visiting with her French Butler. Sometimes, I don’t believe it’s real and I find myself waiting for the alarm clock to go off.

Virginia: It is real enough, Fanny – and you – you are happy?

Fanny: *(Sits)* Of course I am. Why shouldn’t I be? Haven’t I got James and the baby and a pretty flat and a maid to do the work and isn’t James getting a hundred a week from Mr. Stafford? Well, I should say I am happy.

Virginia: I’m so glad.

Fanny: You’re happy, too, aren’t you?

Virginia: Yes —

Fanny: If you’re not, I don’t know what you want. Nobody could be a better husband than Robert. He’s just the kindest, nicest man – a woman couldn’t help loving him – you do love him, don’t you? *(Go to her)*

Virginia: Yes, most of the time – in fact, nearly all the time.

Fanny: Most of the time – nearly all the time – what do you think love is? Off again, on again, gone again? You either love a man or you don’t. At least, that’s the way I understand it.

Virginia: The trouble is that you don’t understand this.

Fanny: What is it dear? Tell me.

Virginia: Did Jimmy ever come home – drunk?

Fanny: I should like to see him try it, just once. I imagine once would be enough.

Virginia: Then you can’t understand it.

- Fanny: Does Robert? (*Virginia nods yes*) Often?
- Virginia: If it were often, I couldn't bear it; I should have left him long ago. It's bad enough as it is. When he's himself, there isn't a finer man in the world, but when he's not —
- Fanny: Tell me everything. Does he come home in a nasty temper?
- Virginia: He's generally in the best of temper, at first.
- Fanny: And, afterwards?
- Virginia: Afterwards – it isn't love at all, he's just a stranger, who has me in his power.
- Fanny: Poor little Virgie.
- Virginia: Sometimes for days I can hardly look at him. And yet strange as it may seem I still love him. I love him to-day better than I ever did. Why? I don't know. If it wasn't for just that one thing, I should be the happiest woman in the world. (*Jimmy knocks at R.*)
- Fanny: (*crosses to door*) It's James. Shall I let him in?
- Virginia: Certainly. (*Fanny opens the door and as he enters, she kisses him*)
- Jimmy: What's that for? Do you need money? (*X.R.I. Fanny L.I. Virginia: L.C.*)
- Fanny: Not this time. Well, I guess this was some night for the Gillie Family, eh?
- Virginia: Yes, wasn't it?
- Jimmy: You were queens, both of you. The rest were only deuces.
- Fanny: You'd think that, anyway.
- Jimmy: So would anybody with good eyes. Honest, I never saw so much paint on a bunch of women in all my life. When it comes to complexion, they make the crowds at the French Maids ball look like a lot school girls just out of the convent.
- Fanny: It was pretty bad.
- Jimmy: The funny thing was that the old ones were the worst – that one that wore the long fur coat. What a fur coat. I'm not sure it was, but it made her look like a stuffed beaver.

Fanny: James!

Jimmy: Well, that dame was so outrageously made up that you could have used her face for a danger signal. On the level you could! And, yet I'll bet she was so old, it would break a fellow to buy candles for her birthday cake.

Fanny: I know the one you mean.

Jimmy: Why do they do it? Do they think folks are blind? Or does each woman imagine that, while she can spot it on every other woman a mile off, nobody can see it on her?

Fanny: I think you've guessed it.

Virginia: We were all right, weren't we?

Jimmy: That's what you were. While we are on the subject, what is the matter with yours truly?

Virginia: Splendid!

Fanny: James got a Tuxedo a year ago, but this is the first time he has worn full evening dress.

Jimmy: Yes, I felt all right, except my hands and feet. My hands are no bigger than other fellows but while I had on these white kids, I felt there was nothing to me but the lunch hooks.

Fanny: James!

Jimmy: Honest. They felt so big that every time I put my feet down, I thought I was going to step on one of them. (*Sit L.*) Pretty good looking suit though, isn't it?

Fanny: Yes, indeed.

Jimmy: And say, what do you think of my near pearls? (*Shirt studs*)

Virginia: I'll get you some genuine ones.

Jimmy: Don't bother. I looked the other fellows over and you couldn't tell 'em from mine. If you have any money to invest on me, put it into something that will show.

Virginia: I will. And now, tell me, Jimmy, what did you really think of the opera?

Jimmy: I hoped I wouldn't have to mention it. (*Go down L.*)

Virginia: Why – Jimmy?

Jimmy: Won't you please drop the Jimmy and call me James?

Virginia: Why?

Jimmy: I'm going to be a millionaire some day and when I am, James Gillie will be bad enough but Jimmy Gillie – that wouldn't sound as though I had a cent.

Virginia: I see. Well from this time on, it will be James.

Jimmy: Thanks.

Virginia: And now, having settled that point: what did you really think of the opera?

Jimmy: On the level, or tell it to the neighbours?

Virginia: Is there any difference?

Jimmy: You bet there is. To the neighbours, I'll say it was delightful and extremely artistic, a witty and daring re-interpretation of a classic – but if it's on the level, I say it was punk.

Virginia: What?

Fanny: Punk!

Jimmy: Yes! Fancy paying five to hear a sawed-off Italian let go a few top notes (*he sings*) when you can get the same seat in a vaudeville house and hear Kitty Marks and a whole bunch of good acts for a dollar. Five a throw to hear a dago yodel something I don't even understand. Not for my money.

Fanny: James!

Jimmy: And the leading lady! A human joke if ever there was one. They are all talking about this beautiful maiden of eighteen summers and when she came on – ! A milk wagon, believe me. A milk wagon! I hate that kind of music.

Fanny: Then why did you take me last week to see that famous violinist?

Jimmy: A mistake, my dear. I didn't know he was a violinist. You see, he was flourishing his bow and I thought he was a juggler.

Virginia: You're incorrigible.

Jimmy: Musical Comedy and Vaudeville for me. I've joined the ranks of the tired business man like your husband.

Virginia: You're wrong there. Robert is very fond of Opera.

Jimmy: Which accounts for his not going to hear it, I suppose.

Virginia: No, that was not it. He had to see some of his associates on very important business.

Jimmy: That's what I'll be saying soon. I'm already getting a hundred a week. I guess that's not bad for a fellow who 2 years ago was only getting 14.

Fanny: It's just splendid.

Jimmy: And the best thing about it all is that I did it all myself.

Virginia: All?

Jimmy: Yes, every bit.

Virginia: Didn't Robert help any?

Jimmy: Oh, of course, he gave me the chance, but how long do you suppose I would have lasted if I hadn't made good?

Virginia: What salary were you getting when Robert gave you your chance?

Jimmy: That's got nothing to do with it.

Virginia: You were getting \$14 a week and he started you at 50. That was some help, wasn't it?

Jimmy: Well, what of it?

Virginia: Nothing. I mention this only to make you remember that Robert is entitled to at least a part of the credit for your advancement.

Jimmy: He gave me my start, I'll admit that. But, did he raise me to \$50 and then to 100 out of charity? Not much. He did it because I was worth it.

Virginia: Of course.

Jimmy: Yes and I'm worth more than 100 now. I'm going to strike for a raise pretty soon and if I don't get it – if I don't get it, I'll put on my coat, walk right out and leave him flat.

Fanny: James!

Virginia: And then what will you do?

Jimmy: Go to work someplace else.

Virginia: As a shipping clerk?

Jimmy: I should say not.

Virginia: Then what will you do?

Jimmy: I'll find something.

Virginia: At a salary of over \$5000 a year?

Jimmy: Yes.

Virginia: Don't be foolish.

Fanny: I think myself you had better stick to Robert.

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Jimmy: You talk as though Mr. Stafford was "handing me" something. Well, I tell you he isn't. There's no friendship in business. I'm a valuable man to your husband. I've put him on to four or five good things on Wall Street lately. Did he tell you about 'em?

Virginia: No.

Jimmy: I did, just the same, and if he followed my advice, he must have made half a million or so, just out of my tips. I'm not conceited, not a bit, but I know just what I can do.

Virginia: *(Phone rings; crosses to phone)* Hello. Thank you. *(Puts phone down)* Robert has just come in.

Jimmy: There's another thing. Why shouldn't I call him Robert, the same as you and Fanny do?

Virginia: Has he objected?

Jimmy: No. I never tried it. I fell like a fool though at the office. Everybody knows he is my brother-in-law and yet I have to call him Mr. Stafford, just as though he were no relation at all. Do you think he would mind if I called him Robert?

Virginia: You must be the judge of that (Knock at R.)

Stafford: *(Enters; is just the least bit intoxicated; is very loud and jolly through this scene)* Evenin', everybody. *(Fanny and Jimmy R.; Virginia L.; Stafford C.)*

Fanny: Isn't he jolly to-night?

Stafford: *(Kisses Virginia)* Hello, honey. My but you look sweet to-night. *(She turns away to Jimmy)* Do you wonder that I'm in love with her?

Jimmy: I should say not.

Stafford: She's the prettiest and sweetest girl that ever lived. Kiss me, honey.

Virginia: Robert – please –

Stafford: You know you love me. Kiss me. *(She kisses him)* That's the girl. *(Fanny and Virginia exit R into bed room; Stafford looks at Jimmy)*

Stafford: I've been meaning to talk to you.

Jimmy: Yes.

Stafford: What salary are you getting?

Jimmy: A hundred.

Stafford: No, you're not. You're getting a hundred and fifty.

Jimmy: I'm only getting a hundred.

Stafford: Now, you're getting a hundred and fifty. When you're really worth twenty, I'll make it two hundred.

Jimmy: Twenty?

Stafford: Yes, I have a system about you. I pay you ten times what I think you're worth.

Jimmy: *(Looking around)* Oh, do you?

Stafford: When you first came, I figured you were worth five dollars, so I gave you fifty. When I thought you were worth seven dollars and a half, I gave you \$75, and when I thought you were really earning ten, I raised it to a hundred.

Jimmy: And, now you think I'm worth fifteen.



Stafford: Jimmy, promise me you'll never get to be worth 25. The manager of your department only gets two fifty and I couldn't pay you as much as I do him, could I?

Jimmy: I hoped to be the manager of the department, some day.

Stafford: Jimmy, for all our sakes, let's hope that your hope doesn't come true. (*Enter Virginia and Fanny R.*) My, but you look sweet to-night. (*Meets her C.*)

Virginia: Please.

Stafford: (*To Fanny*) You wouldn't mind, would you? You wouldn't mind if a husband kissed his wife?

Fanny: Of course not. (*Sits R.*)

Stafford: How's the kid?

Fanny: Very well, thank you.

Stafford: Well, I saw her this morning. I thought she looked a little pale. It isn't good for kids to look pale. It shows that they don't get enough fresh air and sunshine. Do you know what I'm going to do?

Fanny: No.

Stafford: In the morning, I'm going to send you one of my cars as a present for her.

Fanny: Oh, Robert –

Stafford: That's the reason I've just raised Jimmy fifty: to pay for the chauffeur and things. So the kid can have plenty of fresh air – see?

Fanny: Oh, you're so good.

Stafford: It's for the kid. I'm very fond of her. Besides, she's named for Virgie. (*To Jimmy, who has not been listening*) How does the idea strike you?

Jimmy: What idea?

Stafford: I've just made your daughter a present of an auto.

Jimmy: What make is it?

Stafford: It's a – (*laughs*) You're always there, aren't you? Honest, Jimmy, don't change – I'll never forgive you.

- Jimmy: I didn't know I was so funny.
- Stafford: That's the beauty of the whole business.
- Fanny: An auto, all for ourselves. Isn't that lovely?
- Jimmy: I think we had better say goodnight. *(X R.)*
- Stafford: Well, good-night.
- Jimmy: Good-night.
- Fanny: Good-night, dear.
- Virginia: Good-night.
- Fanny: Thank you so much for the auto.
- Stafford: That's all right.
- Jimmy: If I don't get a good eight hours sleep, my brain won't work right. Would you mind if I was late an hour or so in the morning?
- Stafford: I wouldn't, but Mr. McLaughlin might. He's the Superintendent of your department and I never interfere with the Superintendent.
- Jimmy: Then I suppose I'll have to be there, but remember this: If I don't get a good eight hours sleep, my brain won't work right. So if I'm not up to my usual standard, don't blame me. *(Turns and starts to exit; bumps into Virginia who enters L.)* Good-night, Virginia. *(Exits L.)*
- Virginia: Good-night, Jimmy. *(Arranges hair at mirror)*
- Stafford: *(Laughing)* His brain. Ha, ha, that's rich. That boy is more fun to me – From the very first day he came to work for me, he has been full of suggestions. They've all been good. One of them – one of them made me laugh for week. I even laugh now when I think of it. *(Follows her about the room; she tries to avoid him)* He wanted me to – *(laughs)* It's the funniest thing I ever heard, you'll enjoy it, too. He wants me to put up a factory to make infants' food in jars. Isn't that the funniest idea? Don't you think that's funny?
- Virginia: Yes, dear. It probably is.
- Stafford: There's no probability about it. It certainly is. I don't think you get it – no, I'll tell you it again. He wanted me to put up a factory —

- Virginia: I understand.
- Stafford: Well, don't you think it's funny?
- Virginia: Yes, dear. It is.
- Stafford: You don't seem to enjoy it.
- Virginia: I'm very tired, so I think I'll say good night, dear. *(Starts for DR and Stafford crosses to door ahead of her)*
- Stafford: Not just yet.
- Virginia: Please let me go. Be a nice, good husband and say good-night, won't you please, dear?
- Stafford: Stay with me a little. I want you here.
- Virginia: No, dear, please. It's quite late and I'm tired; really, I am.
- Stafford: Tired, are you?
- Virginia: Yes., dear. *(X R.)*
- Stafford: I know the best thing in the world to cure that tired feeling: champagne. We'll have some – what do you say?
- Virginia: Don't take any more, Robert. It isn't good for you. *(X R.)*
- Stafford: Good for me? Don't you worry about that. I know what's good for me. *(Crosses R.) (Tap bell)*
- Virginia: Then say good-night and have it in your own room.
- Stafford: Drink alone and you right here? Well, I guess not. Where be the fun of that? We'll have a little party. Just you and me, a little party, eh? *(Crosses to her; she crosses R.)*
- Virginia: Please, don't.
- Stafford: Why not?
- Virginia: I remember the last time.
- Stafford: What's the good of thinking about that? There's no time like the present. I'll drink to your pretty eyes. My, but you do look sweet to-night.

*(Crosses up L. and as he does, Virginia quickly crosses to DR; he hears her and turns as she gets to door; she turns and sees him looking at her and stops)*

You won't run away? *(Crosses to her)* It wouldn't be a pretty thing for you to run away from your husband. So you won't do it, will you? Will you?

Virginia: No. I won't run away.

Stafford: That's the way to talk. *(Crosses to DL -- exits) (Enter with bottle and glasses)* Shall I serve? *(fills glasses at table)* Here's to you, sweet heart. *(Drinks)* You didn't drink?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: Aren't you going to?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: Why not?

Virginia: Because I don't wish to.

Stafford: Is that so? *(Drinks again)* Suppose I wanted you to, would you take it, then?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: You wouldn't?

Virginia: No, I wouldn't. I don't like it, I don't want it.

Stafford: I could make you. *(X R.)*

Virginia: Please, don't speak to me like that. *(X R.)* If I didn't know that it isn't yourself who is talking –

Stafford: Not me? Then who is it?

Virginia: It's the man who takes your place when you are drunk. *(Rises, crosses C.)*

Stafford: *(Rises)* Well, what about this man? Do you like him?

Virginia: No, I do not.

Stafford: Well, what are you going to do about it?

Virginia: Please, let me go, dear. Good-night. *(Starts R.)*

Stafford: Wait. You don't like to talk to me, do you?

Virginia: Of course, I do.

Stafford: Then sit down and do it.

Virginia: I'm tired, dear.

Stafford: Come and sit down. There. *(Points to chair)*

Virginia: But Robert —

Stafford: There — *(She sits opposite him at table; he drinks another glass, sits and looks at her for a moment)* Why do you want to quarrel with me?

Virginia: I don't want to quarrel with you.

Stafford: Then, we're friends, are we?

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: *(Rises)* Then shake hands on it — if you don't want to quarrel, shake hands on it. *(She rises extends hand which he takes)* Good, now let's kiss and make up.

Virginia: *(Starts to go but he still holds her hand)* I tell you I want to go.

Stafford: Let's kiss and make up. Come on, now.

Virginia: I can't.

Stafford: Can't — why?

Virginia: I don't want to kiss you when you're drinking.

Stafford: You don't love me, is that it?

Virginia: I love the man I married and he loves me. But you are not the man I married. You are a stranger; who comes and talks of love when it isn't love at all. That's the man you are, and I hate him.

Stafford: So, you hate me, do you?

Virginia: Yes, I do, and now will you let me go?

- Stafford: No, I won't. Even though you hate me, you're still my wife – you belong to me.
- Virginia: Robert, what do you mean?
- Stafford: Who were you till you married me? Nobody. What were you? A telephone girl getting \$10 a week. And now who are you? You're Mrs. Robert Stafford. And what are you? You're the wife of one of the richest men in the country. And how did he get you for his wife? He bought you and he paid for you.
- Virginia: You didn't.
- Stafford: Oh, yes, I did. Did you love me when you married me? No. Would you have married me had I been poor? No. I bought you and I paid for you – and anything I've bought and paid for belongs to me. Now, will you kiss me?
- Virginia: No, I will not.
- Stafford: Now, look, in the morning, you can go down to Tiffany's and buy anything you like – anything.
- Virginia: No wonder you talk of buying me. If I did that, where would I be any better than a woman of the streets? Good-night.
- Stafford: You're not going to leave until you've given me a kiss. Then you can go.
- Virginia: You promise that?
- Stafford: Yes.
- Virginia: *(She comes close; turns away)* I can't. I can't.
- Stafford: All right, then. *(Takes hold of her; draws her to him; kisses her on the mouth)*
- Virginia: Let me go. Oh, my god. *(Breaks away from him; crosses to DR and exits, locking door on inside. Stafford picks up poker from fire-place and breaks out panel and unlocks lock on inside; opens door and exits RU)*

**CURTAIN**

**Bought And Paid For**  
**A Drama by George Broadhurst**  
**ACT III**

*(SCENE: — Same set as Act II. The next morning. Virginia enters R. with two large jewel cases, followed by Francois)*

- Virginia: Is this everything? *(Places cases on table L)*
- Francois: *Oui, Madame.* Except those in the safety deposit vault.
- Virginia: I'll give you an order for them. You will go for them. *(X to desk; writes note; gives it)*
- Francois: *Oui, Madame. (Fanny knocks at R.)* Shall I open, Madame?
- Virginia: Yes. *(Fanny opens door, enters)*
- Fanny: Good morning. *(XL.)*
- Virginia: Good morning, dear. *(Gives note to Francois)*
- Francois: *Tres bien, Madame. (Exits R.)*
- Fanny: I'm sorry about last night, dear.
- Virginia: Don't, please . . .
- Fanny: Have you seen him this morning?
- Virginia: No.
- Fanny: Then, you don't know how he is?
- Virginia: Oh, yes, I do.
- Fanny: How do you know?
- Virginia: Previous experience. I'm so unhappy, dear, you'll never know. This thing is not of yesterday. I've endured it so long until I can stand it no longer. He despises me. He said he did. He bought me — and he paid for me. How can he have anything but contempt for me?
- Fanny: What did he do or say? What does he say this morning? Have you spoken to him?

Virginia: No, I've scarcely exchanged a word with him. He can't definitely recall what he said or did but he is thoroughly repentant and ashamed.

Fanny: That's something, anyway.

Virginia: Is it, when it gives me no guarantee for the future?

Fanny: But after all's said and done, dear, he's your husband and that makes everything right, doesn't it?

Virginia: No, it merely makes it legal.

Fanny: Legal?

Virginia: (*L.C.*) Yes. Lecherous old men of 80 marry girls of 19, but does that make their relations right? Avaricious young men in their 20's marry women in their 60's – does marriage make their relations right? No, marriage merely makes them legal.

Fanny: Do you mean to say that a marriage certificate —

Virginia: — is documentary evidence that a woman is entitled to live with a man, that's all. A marriage certificate has nothing to do with morality. Nothing.

Fanny: Then what has?

Virginia: Love and respect. The legal thing isn't always the right thing, and if I am ever forced to choose between what is legal and what is right – I shall choose what is right.

Fanny: Are you going to do anything?

Virginia: What can I do?

Fanny: I don't know, and yet I feel that you are going to do something, aren't you? Tell me, whatever it is, you won't do something rash.

Virginia: I can promise that freely enough.

Fanny: I'm so glad.

Virginia: And you must promise me something.

Fanny: What?

Virginia: Promise me that whatever happens you will never tell Jimmy about Robert



and me.

Fanny: Very well.

Virginia: Whatever happens, remember.

Fanny: Then something is going to happen?

Virginia: That depends.

Fanny: I'm so worried, I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of you. I was so nervous that I kept James awake, too. I'm glad you're not going to do anything rash. *(Jimmy knocks at R.)*

Jimmy: Hullo?

Virginia: Come in.

Jimmy: *(Enter. X L.)* Morning, Virgie.

Virginia: Good morning.

Jimmy: Just dropped in to say goodbye before I hiked along. *(L.)*

Virginia: I'm glad you did. *(Go up C.)*

Jimmy: We've had a bully little visit, haven't we, Fanny?

Fanny: Yes, indeed.

Jimmy: Great finish, too, what with my raise and the car.

Fanny: Yes, isn't that fine?

Jimmy: I hope it's a late model. I hate those old-fashioned things.

Fanny: I'll be satisfied with any kind of car.

Jimmy: So will I – in a way. But I hate folks to think I'm not up to date. If Robert's ready, we can go down together, can't we?

Virginia: I don't think so.

Jimmy: *(Laughs)* I didn't think he would be after last night's illuminations. He was full all right, circuited from tower to basement. On the level, he was so "lit up" that if every light on his machine had gone out, the cops wouldn't have

said a word.

Fanny: James, keep still.

Jimmy: Why? Is there anything criminal in a man getting tanked up, once in a while?

Fanny: Take my advice: don't you ever try it.

Jimmy: And if I should, what can you do about it?

Virginia: The husband's unanswerable argument: what can you do about it?

Jimmy: Sure, what can you do?

Fanny: I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd leave you at once.

Jimmy: Yes, you would. *(Rise)*

Fanny: Yes, I would. I wouldn't stand for any drunken husband. I'd leave him so quick that – *(notices what she has been saying in regards to Virginia)* *(Rise)*

Jimmy: That what?

Fanny: Nothing.

Jimmy: You needn't worry, anyway. I just can't stand the stuff. Give me 3 drinks and next morning, my head's full of roman candles. Not for mine, thank you.

Fanny: I'm glad of it.

Jimmy: Gee, but I'd like to be there when he comes in. I wonder what he will say?

Fanny: He won't remember anything about it.

Jimmy: Oh, that's the kind it is – one of those convenient witness stand memory fades. *(X R.C.)* "I have no recollection of things", eh? Well, you take it from me, that's the best kind to have. You can agree to any old thing and not remember it. You can make all kinds of promises and then forget them. You can – say – *(C.)*

Fanny: What's the matter?

Jimmy: Good Lord, suppose he should forget about my raise.

Fanny: How you frightened me. Oh, Robert won't forget that.

Jimmy: You can just bet he won't, while I have the power of speech. He won't come that "I can't recall" gag on me.

Fanny: Of course not.

Jimmy: *(Sit R.)* I've calculated exactly what I'd do with the extra fifty. I reckoned that, after we paid the chauffeur and for gasoline and things, we'd have about 20 left, so I figured we would be able to leave 140<sup>th</sup> Street and move down to 129<sup>th</sup>. Then I'd pictured old McLaughlin's face when he heard I'd got another raise and what he'd look like every morning when I rode to the office in my own car; and I'd picked out the places we would go for the next 4 Sundays. Yes, and a lot of other things, too.

Fanny: How did you find the time?

Jimmy: I had plenty of time last night, after we went to bed and you kept me awake by doing your grand combined kicking and contortion act. You take it from me – every time you get one of your restless fits, you smash all world's records for landing sudden and violent kicks in unexpected places.

Fanny: Can I help it if I am a little nervous once in a while?

Jimmy: Of course not, and I don't blame you for it but that doesn't give me back my sleep, does it? I've got to skin. *(Go up R.)* I'll be a late as it is and McLaughlin's sure to be waitin' there for me with a few pleasant words. Good-bye, dear. Get home early and be sure that the dinner is all right, won't you?

Fanny: Yes, dear.

Jimmy: If it's OK about the car, have Virgie's chauffeur drive you home and leave it in front of the building where the neighbours can get a peek at it. I'll arrange about the garage when I get back.

Fanny: Very well.

Jimmy: Then good-bye. If we don't get that machine now, after it being promised to us, after all the figuring I've done on it, it'll be hell. That's what it'll be: just hell. *(Exits R.)*

Fanny: You know I didn't mean what I said about leaving him.

Virginia: You didn't, really?

Fanny: No, honest I didn't. I don't think I could leave him, no matter what he did. I love him and you love Robert, don't you?

Virginia: Yes.

Fanny: Well, a woman couldn't deliberately leave the man she loves, could she?

Virginia: I think a woman might – and be justified in it.

Fanny: Even if she loved him?

Virginia: No matter how much she loved him.

Francois *(knocks and enters with jewel case)* They are all there but the ruby cross, Madame. That is at the jewellers. *(Places them on table L.)*

Virginia Yes, I remember.

Fanny: *(Looking at them)* Aren't they beautiful? Which is your favorite?

Virginia The pearls.

Fanny: They must have cost a fortune. This is the first time I've seen them together. They're simply great.

Francois Will Madame go out this morning?

Virginia: *(X R.)* Probably.

Francois What furs will Madame wear?

Virginia: None. Bring my cloth coat and the hat that goes with it.

Francois *Oui, Madame. (Exit)*

Fanny: If these were mine, I'd have them out and count them every day. Then they'd have no chance to get away from me. Robert's very good to you, isn't he?

Virginia: Very. *(Sit R. of table)*

Fanny: *(Takes solitaire ring from box)* This was his first present, wasn't it?

Virginia: Yes.

Fanny: Do you remember how scared we both were that somebody might break in to the room and steal it, and how we used to hide it under the mattress every night and take it out again when we got up?

Virginia: Yes, I remember.

Fanny: And the morning we were in a hurry and forgot it until we were in the car. I can see you now reaching for the bell and then getting off the wrong way. And how you did run. If you had gone in the ladies race at the Shipping Clerk's Annual Picnic and had run as fast as that you'd have won the genuine tortoise shell side-combs, sure.

Virginia: I suppose I was excited. It was the first piece of real jewellery I had ever owned.

Fanny: And now see what you've got.

Virginia: Yes.

Fanny: *(Takes necklace of pearls from case)* This was his wedding present. I remember you tried it on at least fifty times the first night you had it. I did the same with Jimmy's. It was a horse shoe – that big – of near-diamonds. I never wear it now, but I wouldn't part with it for the world.

Virginia: Jimmy's a pretty good husband, isn't he?

Fanny: Yes, indeed. He's stubborn at times and cranky – and selfish and wants everything his own way, but he's pretty good as husbands go. And, then, we've got the baby.

Francois *(Enters with coat and hat and places them on chair up-stage)* Anything else, Madame?

Virginia: No, Francois, you needn't wait.

Francois *Oui, Madame. (Exits R.)*

Stafford: *(Enters L. is very cool and should be played as if he were ashamed of his condition in Act II)* Has Jimmy gone?

Fanny: Yes, he was a little bit worried because –

Stafford: Worried – why?

Fanny: Oh, nothing.

Stafford: Why was he worried, tell me.

Fanny: Well, he was afraid you might forget your promises.

Stafford: Promises?

- Fanny: Those you made last night.
- Stafford: Promises – oh, yes, of course.
- Fanny: If you didn't really mean them – why —
- Stafford: I did, I meant everything I said, but I don't quite remember what it was.
- Virginia: Part of it was a car which you promised to send to-day as a present to my little niece.
- Stafford: *(X L.)* Oh, of course. She's been looking rather pale and I wanted her to get more air. I'll arrange about it before I leave.
- Fanny: And you raised Jimmy's salary fifty dollars a week.
- Stafford: Naturally. To pay for the chauffeur and so forth. If I increase Jimmy's expenses, it's no more than fair that I should increase his salary so that he can meet them.
- Fanny: Then you did mean it, really? It wasn't only – I mean you didn't do it, just because you were a – we – you did – *(rise)*
- Stafford: I made up my mind about it early in the week, but I told you a little sooner than I expected, that's all.
- Fanny: Oh, Robert, it's just lovely of you. You don't know how much we shall enjoy it.
- Stafford: Is that all I promised? I didn't agree to make Jimmy Superintendent or anything? *(X L.)*
- Fanny: No, that was all, and it was enough, too. Now, I must go. *(X R.)*
- Stafford: Don't desert a comrade in distress.
- Fanny: But, the baby might need me, really she might – you'll have to excuse me. *(Exits R.)*
- Stafford: *(Pause)* *(X sit L of table; Virginia: X R.)* Dearie, before you say a word, I want to tell you that I am sorry for the condition I was in when I came home last night. I'm sorry and ashamed.
- Virginia: *(Pause)* Do you know what you said to me?
- Stafford: Sweetheart, I was drunk last night and I'm sorry. I'm ashamed and I

apologize.

Virginia: Last night, you said you bought and paid for me.

Stafford: But —

Virginia: It isn't the first time you've said it either, and the dreadful thing about it is that it's true.

Stafford: It isn't true.

Virginia: If you hadn't been rich, I should not have married you.

Stafford: Virginia —

Virginia: You know it and, last night, you told me of it.

Stafford: But, last night —

Virginia: You bought me but you didn't buy my self-respect and, no matter what happens, I'm going to keep that.

Stafford: It's the last thing in the world I'd have you lose.

Virginia: Then why did you try to rob me of it? Why did you come to me – as you did last night – and insult and degrade me?

Stafford: I'm sorry, dear.

Virginia: So you have told me before and I've cried and suffered and forgiven you and prayed that it would never happen again and now, I'm not going to cry any more and it won't happen again.

Stafford: You mean – (*rise*)

Virginia: I mean that we have got to have a definite and explicit understanding. I refuse to remain in a position where you can humiliate me as you have done. What must I think of myself if I did? A good woman must retain her respect for herself – she must know it in her heart. There are just two ways in which I can keep my self-respect and I'm going to keep it. One is this: you must promise me now that you will never touch drink again.

Stafford: I'm not sure that I could keep such a promise. I'll agree, though, to try.

Virginia: No, dear. That won't do. How many times already have you agreed to try and how many times have you failed? You can stop if you wish. You're not a

weakling – you’re a big man – a strong man. You can stop if you wish, and you must promise me that you will, or I —

Stafford: Or what?

Virginia: Or I shall take the only other course open to me and – leave you. (*X up*)

Stafford: Leave me?

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: Let me get this straight. You say I must promise not to take another drink or you’ll leave me, is that it?

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: Your mind is made up?

Virginia: Yes, it is.

Stafford: And you want an answer here and now?

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: Very well then, you shall have it. I won’t promise. (*X R.*)

Virginia: Robert —

Stafford: I can’t be driven and I won’t be bullied. (*Rise*) No man, by holding a revolver to my head, can force me to do anything I don’t want to, nor any woman either, not even you.

Virginia: Very well.

Stafford: Besides, there has to be a head of every family, and so long as I have any family, I’m going to be the head of it. If I had a partner and he came to me and said “Do this thing or I quit you”, whether the thing was right or wrong, I’d say “Go ahead and quit”, because if I did, from that moment, he, not I, would be the boss. So it is with us.

Virginia: Then I – aim – to go.

Stafford: That is for you to say, but if you do go, remember that it is of your own will. I want you to stay. One thing is certain. You can’t think very much of me, or you wouldn’t think of leaving me like this.



Virginia: It is because I do love you that I must leave you. You don't understand that now, but I hope that some day, you will. Good-bye. *(Starts UP)*

Stafford: Just a minute. *(X to her)*

Virginia: Well –

Stafford: You are doing a very foolish thing.

Virginia: I'm doing the right thing.

Stafford: I don't think so. Serious steps should be given great consideration.

Virginia: But, I have considered this.

Stafford: But not enough.

Virginia: Do you think this is the first time I have considered it?

Stafford: Since you have come into my life, I haven't given any other woman even a thought. You know that, don't you?

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: You said you love me. My home is still open to you and I want you for my wife.

Virginia: All it will take is a promise.

Stafford: I won't. I can't.

Virginia: Then I shall go.

Stafford: Of course, under the circumstances, I shall see that you are well provided for.

Virginia: No.

Stafford: You mean that you wouldn't take any allowance?

Virginia: I came to you with nothing. That is what I will take away.

Stafford: If you don't take anything from me, where are you to go? What are you to do?

Virginia: You seem to forget that I managed to live before I met you.

- Stafford: You would try to do as you did then?
- Stafford: You'll fail and I'll tell you why. When we met, you were earning ten or \$12 a week.
- Virginia: Ten.
- Stafford: And, now you've had the touring car in the summer and the limousine in the winter. When the weather was cold, you've had your furs and when it was warm, your yacht. Luxury gets into the blood, my dear. It's got into mine. Could I go back and live as I used to live and be satisfied? Certainly not! No more can you.
- Virginia: Just the same, I am going to try it.
- Stafford: Then mark my words: you'll either send for me, or you'll come back to me.
- Virginia: Send for you, after last night? Come back to you and these same conditions, never *(Puts on hat and coat)*
- Stafford: Don't go, Virgie, remember, if you leave me like this, you will have to come for me or it will be forever.
- Virginia: Then it will be forever. I won't be degraded and humiliated. I won't be told that I was bought and paid for. There are the things you bought me with. I give them all back to you. *(Notices rings on fingers)* I had almost forgotten these. *(Takes them off and places them on table; comes to take off wedding ring, looks at him)*
- Stafford: Don't do that.
- Virginia: Why not – since it's to be forever, why not? *(Takes it off and lays it on table. Exit R.)*

CURTAIN

**Bought And Paid For**  
**A Drama by George Broadhurst**  
**ACT IV**

*(SCENE: Jimmy's home. Dining and sitting room in their flat. Plain chamber in 3. Doors R and LU and in flat. Flat and chairs RC. Couch L. Fanny discovered walking up and down stage with baby in carriage. Door bell rings at rise)*

Fanny: Is that you Jim?

Jimmy: *(Off stage)* Yes.

Fanny *(Exits R)* Well, I like your nerve. Couldn't you make less noise? You'll wake the baby. *(Enter both. He wears overcoat, carries lunch box)*

Jimmy: Gee, but it's tough weather, all right. *(Puts coat and lunch box on chair up stage)*

Fanny: Is that why you must ring the bell and wake the baby, when you have a key? Don't you think I've got enough to do running this flat and cooking for 3 people and looking after the baby without going and opening the door for you? Why didn't you open it yourself?

Jimmy: Well, if you must know, I've lost the key.

Fanny: Lost your key?

Jimmy: Yep!

Fanny: Don't you know that keys cost 25 cents a piece?

Jimmy: Sure I do.

Fanny: Well, you want to remember that every quarter – yes and every nickel – counts these days. You're not working for Mr. Stafford at a hundred a week now. You're a shipping clerk getting \$13 per. Not even fourteen – thirteen.

Jimmy: You needn't rub it in.

Fanny: *(Extends hand)* Hand it over.

Jimmy: What?

Fanny: The thirteen. This is pay day. Come on, come on.

- Jimmy: *(Hands it over; she puts it in her dress after counting it)* Don't I get any?
- Fanny: Yes. You get your car fare and cigar money, 20 cents a day, and you get it each day. *(Turns and starts R for kitchen, Jimmy throws lunch box on table, sits in chair)*
- Jimmy: Can't I even have lunch money?
- Fanny: Won't you ever get it into your head that I'm running this flat on eighteen dollars a week, 13 from you and 5 from Virginia. Lunch money? You're lucky to get even lunch.
- Jimmy: I'm getting tired of nothing but dry sandwiches and dill pickles.
- Fanny: What do you expect for 13 per? Champagne and lobster suppers? *(Sees lunch box)* What's that?
- Jimmy: *(Picks it up and looks it over)* I think it's a bunch of lilies of the valley.
- Fanny: Oh, don't get funny. I know it's your lunch box, all right, but what's it doing on the table? Put it in the drawer where it belongs. Go on now. I've got enough to do without putting things away after you. *(He takes it and puts it in a drawer; she points to his hat and coat)* Now hang them up in the hall. *(He takes them and exits R. She takes key from under a vase, opens drawer and puts money in it, locks it and places key under vase.)*
- Jimmy: *(Enters smoking; throws it away after a few puffs)* It's no good. I can't get used to these damned cheap things. I suppose I'd be satisfied with 'em if I never smoked real cigars, but to be educated up to Valla De Vila's and then drop to them punkerines —
- Fanny: *(Sees cigar)* Jimmy, pick that up and let it die outside.
- Jimmy: *(Throws it out CD)* The idea. To parachute in 3 months from first class *cafés* to carrying home-made lunches. To go from 3 for a half to 2 for a nickel — instead of having plenty of money to be without a nickel. I tell you, Fanny, the way we are living now is hell.
- Fanny: *(Pacing up and down)* Don't you think I know it better than you do? I used to be able to pay twenty five or thirty dollars for a hat, now when I get one, I have to trim it myself. I used to have a taxi once in a while, now I'm lucky if I take a car; a seat in the orchestra was none too good for me, now I think it's great to go to the pictures. I used to have a servant to do my work; a woman came in to do my washing. Now I have to do the work, and the cooking, and the washing in the bargain. Don't talk to me about your cigars and your luncheon and your pocket money. Only a woman can know what it means to

come down in the world.

Jimmy: *(Move in)* I guess you're right, Fanny, I'm sorry I spoke. The woman gets the worst of it, every time.

Fanny: Yes, every time, Jimmy, whether she's right or wrong.

Jimmy: If Virginia hadn't quit Stafford, it would have been different.

Fanny: There's no use talking of that, she *did* leave him.

Jimmy: Yes, and what day did she pick out? The very day Stafford raised me to a hundred and fifty. Great Scott – just think of it. I used to get a hundred and fifty. Of course, I only got it for a day and a quarter, but I got it.

Fanny: And whose fault was it that you only got it for a day and a quarter?

Jimmy: Mine, I suppose.

Fanny: You had no right to interfere between Mr. Stafford and Virginia. That was *their* business.

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Jimmy: So he told me. And when I said that anything that concerned my wife's sister was my business and wouldn't be associated with a man who didn't treat her right, and walked out, I thought he would send a messenger after me before I had reached the corner. In fact, I waited on the corner.

Fanny: But the messenger didn't come.

Jimmy: No, but that didn't bother me much – then. I thought I'd get another job just as good.

Fanny: I wonder if you'll ever have one just as good.

Jimmy: Of course I will.

Fanny: When?

Jimmy: I'm likely to get a good job most any time.

Fanny: Well, until you do, hang onto the one you have. When rent day comes, thirteen dollars in real money is a heap sight better than fifteen hundred in hopes.

Jimmy: Yes, I suppose so.

Fanny: I know so.

Jimmy: Besides one of my ideas might turn out big.

Fanny: Right – yes.

Jimmy: Oh, I know you don't believe in them any more. *(Rise)* But, let me tell you this, I've got one idea right now that would make me five hundred dollars, just as easy as that. *(Snaps fingers)* Why don't you ask me about it?

Fanny: What is it?

Jimmy: That's a fine way to ask. "What is it?" You'd show more interest than that if I told you the Mrs. Brown's canary died of the croup.

Fanny: I didn't mean anything. Jimmy, what is the idea?

Jimmy: Oh, what's the use?

Fanny: Go on, tell me.

Jimmy: You wouldn't think it was any good.

Fanny: All right then, don't. I know there wasn't anything in it anyway.

Jimmy: Is that so? Well, just to prove that there is something in it, I will tell you. Of course, I shouldn't really expect to do it, but the idea's there, just the same.

Fanny: Well, what is it?

Jimmy: You know the fuss the papers made about Stafford marrying Virginia and how the Sunday editions had page after page about it with illustrations.

Fanny: Yes, what about it?

Jimmy: And you know how clever he's been in keeping this from them by sending out the news that she's gone to Europe for the winter.

Fanny: Yes.

Jimmy: Well, if I was to go to one of 'em and tip off the story, that instead of being in Europe, Virginia was working in a hotel for ten dollars a week, and I would agree not to tell any other paper about it, don't you think I could get five hundred dollars for it?

Fanny: Jimmy, if you ever did a thing like that, I'd never speak to you again – never.

Jimmy: I told you I didn't expect to do it.

Fanny: Whether Virginia's a fool or not, she's my sister. Right or wrong, she's my sister and nobody, not even you, is going to do anything to hurt her feelings and get away with it, without even a fight from me.

Jimmy: I ain't going to do anything to hurt her feelings. But, I must say it's pretty tough on a fellow to have all his good ideas spoiled. Take the one I had about the auto. I could have sold it for fifteen hundred dollars. (*XL.*) But Virginia wouldn't let me, and made me send it back. There was a great idea gone wrong – and I've got another one.

Fanny: What, another idea?

Jimmy: Yes, and even you will think this one is all right.

Fanny: What is it?

Jimmy: We must bring Virginia and Stafford together again.

Fanny: Jimmy. (*Fright*)

Jimmy: You know she's still in love with him, don't you?

Fanny: Yes.

Jimmy: And he's just crazy over her. He phoned again today, asking about her.

Fanny: Well, what of that?

Jimmy: To make two people who are in love forget and forgive, all you have to do is to get them in each other's arms. That's the way it would be with them. Only stubbornness keeps them apart.

Fanny: Only stubbornness?

Jimmy: Well, on his part maybe. We must get them into each other's arms.

Fanny: How?

Jimmy: Ah, that's where my idea come in.

Fanny: Go on. Tell me.

Jimmy: If she sent for him, he would break all speed records getting up here, and if he came for her of his own accord – if she thought he did – she'd be in his arms

so quick that she'd make a bounding antelope look like a plumber's assistant going back after his tools.

Fanny: What do you mean?

Jimmy: Suppose I phoned him right now and said that she had sent for him.

Fanny: Phone him – and say that Virginia –

Jimmy: Sure. He'd think she had given in and she would think the same of him. It would be a case of a pair of open arms, the rustle of a skirt, a little head on a manly chest and then "goodbye John, farewell, everything" and the lid is off. I imagine that is some idea. (*Strut*)

Fanny: I – I'm scared.

Jimmy: I'm not. I am never afraid of any game where I can't lose. And, if it came through, you know what it would mean for us – good clothes, good food, money to spend, and nothing to worry about, except moving down to 125<sup>th</sup> St. What do you say?

Fanny: I don't know –

Jimmy: And, then you must think of little Virgie. A baby makes a lot of difference.

Fanny: Indeed, it does. I'll bet Virginia would never have left Robert if they had had a baby.

Jimmy: Shall I do it?

Fanny: I'm scared. Honest, I am.

Jimmy: Oh, go on. Be game. Besides, we have everything to win and nothing to lose and for a gamble, you can't beat that.

Fanny: But, Jimmy –

Jimmy: There's no time to lose. Virginia's likely to be back any moment now, and if we're going to put it through, we must do it quick. Shall I?

Fanny: Why do you put the responsibility on me? You're the one to decide. You're the head of the house. (*XL*)

Jimmy: I am? Sure, I am. I'll do it.

Fanny: Jimmy, I don't think you'd better.



Jimmy: Who's the head of this house?

Fanny: I don't think you'd better.

Jimmy: I'm going to just the same. *(Exits L. U.)* I'm the head of the house. *(OFF)* Hello. Give me River 2540. Is Mr. Stafford there? Please tell him Mr. James Gillie wants to speak to him. Right – Jimmy. Hello, Mr. Stafford: This is Jam – Jimmy. No, not James, just Jimmy. Virgie told me to phone and . . . ask you to come for her. Yes, that's right. I guess she can't stand being separated from you any longer. All right, I'll tell her. Good bye. *(Enters)* It's done.

Fanny: I'm scared to death. *(L.)*

Jimmy: I ain't.

Fanny: But, if it should turn out wrong . . .

Jimmy: It's done now and that's all there is to it. I'll bet that by this time Stafford and his car are chasing up here like mad. I suppose he should be here before dinner.

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Fanny: That could wreck everything.

Jimmy: Not necessarily. He'll probably be humble and oh, so sorry, and, if so, why wouldn't she go back with him? She loves him, doesn't she? Everything will be fine. I wish she would come. She ought to be here now. I thought I heard a key in the lock.

Fanny: I'm so worried.

Jimmy: What about? If there's any explaining to be done, let Jimmy do it. I did the phoning.

Fanny: I wish you hadn't.

Jimmy: But, I did. Great Scott, ain't that just like a woman? Now, look here, Fanny, you leave this to me. When Virginia comes, you make yourself scarce, get busy in the kitchen and let me talk to her. Here she is. *(Virginia enters)* Hello, Virgie.

Virginia: *(Has wet umbrella)* Hello, folks. How's this for weather? Here, Jim, please take this. *(Jimmy takes umbrella and exits L.)*

Fanny: Poor dear, you're wet through. You'd better change everything!

Virginia: I'm too tired to do anything but sit down.

Fanny: Was it a hard day? *(Gets slippers)*

Virginia: People were cranky and exacting, in a terrible rush. I scarcely had time to lunch and to-night, the cars were so crowded I had to stand up all the way home.

Jimmy: *(Enter)* That's tough. Was the same fellow on the car?

Virginia: Yes.

Jimmy: Did he speak to you?

Virginia: Of course not.

Jimmy: Well, if he gets fresh, you just tell me and I'll punch his head.

Virginia: He won't.

Jimmy: He'd better not.

Fanny: Dinner's ready to put on, but I'll get you a cup of tea first. Jimmy! *(Points to rubbers on the floor. Jimmy picks up rubbers and exits R.)*

Virginia: You're the best sister in the world.

Fanny: No, I'm not. You are. *(Jimmy enters)* Now, you sit still and talk to Jimmy while I get the tea ready. *(Exits R.)*

Jimmy: You're not looking well, Virgie. These last few months have told on you.

Virginia: I know it.

Jimmy: I guess you don't like it any better than we do.

Virginia: Like it? Like working from morning till night in a hotel corridor at the beck and call of the first comer, exposed to all kinds of insults and indignity? Like to have two dollars a week pocket money out of which I must pay my car fare and buy whatever I need? Like to come home every night so tired I can scarcely walk and with my head aching till I can hardly see? Like it?

Jimmy: Then why don't you quit it? Why don't you go back to your husband?

Virginia: I've asked you not to —

Jimmy: I know you have, but tonight, I'm going to talk sense to you if I never do it again.

Virginia: Jimmy, I —

Jimmy: I hate to see you going on like this. You've been away from Stafford three months and, on the level, you look five years older. Why don't you go back?

Virginia: I've told you why. It's a matter of principles. You wouldn't have me give up my principles, would you?

Jimmy: I don't know about your principles, but I can tell you this about mine. If hanging on to them meant hard work and an empty pocket while giving up them meant a fine house, a bully time and all the money I could spend, then I'd kiss my principles goodbye and pass them up without a quiver. That's common sense.

Virginia: We don't see things the same way.

Jimmy: I never understood why you quit him, anyway. Tell me; did he punch you?

Virginia: Certainly not.

Jimmy: Was he mixed up with another woman?

Virginia: Another woman? Robert? The idea.

Jimmy: Well, if it isn't one of them, in Heaven's name, what was it?

Virginia: You wouldn't understand.

Jimmy: Perhaps not, but there's something I can understand. Why did I quit my job? Because of you, who has brought us down to this. You, who makes Fanny work harder than any hired girl in the city. You, who has ruined my career. You, you and your selfishness.

Virginia: My selfishness?

Jimmy: Just that. And the things you were going to do for little Virgie. She was going to have a governess. She was going to learn music and painting when she grew up. She was going to have a horse — a horse. The only horse she will ever have will be the clothes horse.

Virginia: Please, Jimmy, please.

Jimmy: Yes, and she will have to break her back just the same as Fanny does,

washing and all the other work. And why? Because you think only of yourself, that's why.

Virginia: Stop, please. Don't you see how nervous I am? *(Virginia is crying at table; Enter Fanny R.)*

Fanny: *(To Jimmy)* Behave yourself. What have you been saying to her, anyway?

Jimmy: Telling her things for her own good. And, I'm going to keep on telling her.

Virginia: *(Rises)* No, you're not.

Jimmy: Who's going to stop me?

Virginia: I am. I'm doing what I think is right, and you're not going to bully me into doing what is wrong. If you ever mention my going back to my husband again, I'll —

Jimmy: I suppose you'll leave us as well.

Fanny: Jimmy, will you stop?

Virginia: No, let him talk. I couldn't leave you. I've got to have someone to love.

Fanny: I should say so.

Virginia: And I love the baby, and you, too, Jimmy. You don't know how hard this has been for me. I've not only had my own sorrows and trouble, but yours as well. To know Jimmy lost his position because of me. To have come down in the world like this, because of me.

Fanny: Don't you worry about me. I'm all right.

Virginia: It's been dreadfully hard at times. I've felt that I just couldn't bear it — that I'd have to go back — but I won't. I won't. *(Jimmy opens his mouth to say something)*

Fanny: Shutup.

Jimmy: I didn't say a thing.

Fanny: No, but you were going to.

Jimmy: I was only going to say, suppose he was to send for her or come for her?

Virginia: Robert come for me? There isn't the slightest chance in the world.

Fanny: But perhaps – just perhaps he might.

Virginia: No. You don't know him as well as I do. Once he makes up his mind, no one can induce him to change it.

Jimmy: But, if he should?

Virginia: He won't. We'll have to go along just as we are, and we might be much worse off, don't forget that. When, as it is, we are getting twenty dollars a week, between us. I'm getting seven and Jimmy's getting thirteen —

Jimmy: I was getting thirteen –

Virginia: They raised you?

Jimmy: No. They fired me.

Virginia: Discharged?

Fanny: Fired! PERUSAL COPY ONLY

Jimmy: PLEASE CONTACT THE AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS  
Yes.

Virginia: Do you mean to say you've lost your job?

Jimmy: (R.) Of course I have. Did you expect me to keep it? Do you think I want to work for a man getting thirty dollars a week? Me, who used to get a hundred and fifty?

Fanny: (X. R. C.) Fired. What's the matter?

Jimmy: Oh, I could see that lots of things were wrong with the system. When I went to give the manager of the department the benefit of my advice and my wide experience, instead of taking it and being thankful for it, he fired me – fired me cold. The bone head.

Virginia: But, what are we going to do now?

Fanny: Yes, what are we going to do now?

Jimmy: Don't worry. Everything's going to be all right.

Fanny: But, if it shouldn't?

Jimmy: It will. You know about my new idea.

- Fanny: Oh, you and your ideas.
- Jimmy: I know what you think about them. (*X Up*) Gee, but ain't you women the comforting lot? (*Exits R.*)
- Virginia: I'm sorry. Don't blame him too much, though. Things are rather hard for him.
- Fanny: For him? What about you?
- Fanny: Oh, I'll manage.
- Fanny: He had no right to lose that job.
- Virginia: He will soon find another. Till he does, we will get along some way. We've shared the good times together and we will share the hard ones the same way. (*Stafford rings bell; Fanny starts to go; stops*)
- Fanny: It's only the post man. Jimmy will go. Things ought to turn for you pretty soon, dear. I hope they will. (*Bell again*) I thought Jimmy was there. He must have gone out. (*X's to D.F.*)
- Virginia: I wonder who it is.
- Fanny: I'll go and see. I hope it isn't company. Our next door neighbours have been threatening to call for some time.
- Virginia: I don't want to see anyone. I'll go and lie down. (*Fanny exits Right Up; Virginia exits R. D.; Fanny re-enters with Stafford*)
- Stafford: Hello, Fanny — where is she? (*X to L.*)
- Fanny: Gone to her room, probably.
- Stafford: You're sure she's not ill?
- Fanny: Quite sure.
- Stafford: That's the truth, is it?
- Fanny: Of course, it is. She is a little tired, that's all.
- Stafford: Thank God, it's only that. Jimmy said there was nothing the matter with her, but coming up here, I was thinking that perhaps, suddenly, she — tell her, please.

Fanny: *(X's to D.R.)* There's someone to see you, Virgie.

Virginia: To see me?

Fanny: Yes.

Virginia: I'll be there in a minute.

Fanny: *(To Stafford)* Be kind to her.

Stafford: Always.

Fanny: Always?

Stafford: I mean . . .

*(Virginia enter R., sees him, pauses a moment, then goes to his arms; Fanny exits L.)*

Virginia: Robert, you did come.

Stafford: Of course I did.

Virginia: I'm so happy.

Stafford: There are others.

Virginia: And, you came for me.

*(Ed. a pencilled notation at this point, possibly in Broadhurst's own hand[?], reads: "This can be cut" and an arrow indicates the beginning and end)*

Stafford: Did you think I wouldn't?

Virginia: Yes, because I thought I knew and understood you. But, I didn't.

Stafford: Come, dear. The machine is outside. We will go home at once.

Stafford: Not yet, please. I'm too happy. It's really you.

Stafford: It really is.

Virginia: I've hoped and prayed that you would come for me, but I didn't think you would. I imagined that your pride wouldn't let you.

Stafford: My pride.

Virginia: Yes, you said you wouldn't come unless I sent for you.

Stafford: But, Virginia . . .

Virginia: I'm not reproaching you, dear. It makes your coming at all the finer. I'm the happiest girl in the all the world. You came for me, nothing else matters. If you hadn't come, I should probably have had to come to you. And that would have robbed me of everything I have been fighting for. But, now I shall know that I didn't have to do what I knew to be wrong, and it makes me so happy.

*(Ed. End of indicated cut)*

Stafford: Of course I came for you. I should have come long ago.

Virginia: Then you did miss me?

Stafford: I thought only of you and now I can make you any promise you ask.

Virginia: But – I don't ask any.

Stafford: Ask for anything you please, and you shall have it. Tomorrow, we will go to Tiffany's and —

Virginia: Don't, dear. I don't want you to buy things for me. I just want you to love me.

*(They embrace and kiss; Jimmy enter L.)*

Jimmy: May I come in?

Stafford: Yes, and go out again. Tell Francois to bring the things in.

Jimmy: You're on. There's just one more thing. When do I go back to work?

Stafford: Tomorrow.

Jimmy: What salary?

Stafford: What salary were you getting?

Jimmy: Well – 150 a week.

Stafford: That's right, you were, for about fifteen minutes. 150 goes.

Jimmy: *(Starts for door)* Say, do we get the auto?



Stafford: You do.

Jimmy: Fine. *(Exits D.F.)*

Stafford: Still the same old Jimmy.

Virginia: And you're the same generous Robert.

Stafford: I shall never miss what Jimmy gets. *(Re-enter Jimmy)*

Jimmy: Francois's coming.

Virginia: You didn't get wet?

Jimmy: Not while I've got my voice. I stood at the door and shouted to him. Here he is now. *(Francois enters with fur coat on arm)*

Stafford: Francois, Mrs. Stafford has finished her visit to her sister and is coming home.

Virginia: How are you, Francois?

Francois: Very well, *Madame*. Thank you for asking.

Stafford: Tell the chauffeur we are coming right out.

Francois: *Bien sur, Monsieur*.

Stafford: That's all.

Francois: *Oui, Monsieur. Bienvenue au retour, Madame. (Exits D. F.)*

Stafford: *(Holds coat for Virginia)* Here. *(She puts coat on; Fanny looks in D. L.)*

Fanny: May I come in?

Jimmy: Come in. It's all right.

Fanny: *(Enters)* Is it?

Virginia: Yes, and I'm so happy.

Fanny: So am I. One of Jimmy's ideas has turned out right at last.

Virginia: One of his ideas? *(X C.)*

Fanny: Yes, about you and Robert.

Jimmy: *(Aside)* Shut up.

Fanny: Didn't she know?

Virginia: Know what?

Fanny: Why – why —

Virginia: What didn't I know? Robert, tell me.

Stafford: I will. It will have to come up some time. Listen, dear.

Virginia: Yes.

Stafford: Don't you think it would be best for us to start afresh, without there being even a chance of a misunderstanding between us? Start on a basis of absolute truth.

Virginia: Certainly. Aren't we starting that way?

Stafford: No, dear. When I came to you, I thought you had sent for me.

Virginia: You thought I – then everything is wrong —

Stafford: No, dear, everything is right. You were fighting for a principle. Have you surrendered it?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: You said you wouldn't send for me, and you haven't, have you?

Virginia: No.

Stafford: Then, don't you see that all along the line, you have won the victory?

Jimmy: It's more than a victory. It's a landslide.

Virginia: You thought the victory was yours. But when you found me claiming it, and realized what it meant to me, you handed it to me without a word.

Stafford: What does anything matter? We love each other and we are together again. That's all there is to it.

Virginia: Yes, dear. That's all. We can go.

Fanny: Quick, Jimmy. Get Virgie's rubbers.

Jimmy: *(Gets rubbers; puts them on her)* Sure.

Stafford: *(Hands Fanny auto veil)* Here, you can fix this better than I can. *(Fan puts veil on her)* By the way, I've something else for you. It's from Tiffany's.

Virginia: Didn't I tell you . . .

Stafford: Wait. You don't know what it is. *(Takes ring from pocket; places it on her finger)* "With eternal love."

**C U R T A I N**

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