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"H O O K E D A N D C O O K E D"

BY

Junie McCree.

Columbia Theatre Bldg.,
701 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

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MAY 12 1915

"HOOKED AND COOKED"

A smart bit of satire on fishing, with a string of specialties,

By, Junie McCree.

SCENE: Wood in (1).

C A S T.

Edward Pike ..... Hooked
Jessie Pike ..... Cooked.

(Orchestra plays lively introduction at opening and vamps untill cue)

(Enter JESSIE and ED from L.I.E. Ed has a string of fish, pole, basket etc, he is attired in fisherman's garb.)

(Jessie carries sun shade and is neatly dressed in summer outing frock. They argue as they enter)

Jessie

(Disgusted)
A whole day wasted; and for what?

Ed

"Wasted"?
(Holds up string of fish)
Look at the string of fish I caught.

Jessie

A fine string of fish, I must say; if I bought them in a fish market, I'd have change coming out of a dime.

Ed

Oh Jessie, you be<u>little</u> my FISH.

Jessie
Well Eddie, they're all LITTLE FISH.

Ed
Yes, but the BIG ONE got away.

Jessie
The same thing happened when I was fishing for a husband.

Ed
No it didn't; for I didn't get away.

Jessie
I KNOW you didn't; but the BIG one did.
(Looks at him sideways)

Ed
Then you classify husbands with fish?

Jessie
(Significantly)
SOME - HUSBANDS !

Ed
SOME - FISH !
(Cue for duett)

Jessie
I often wish I were a fish
So I could swim the deep blue sea,

Ed
You may have been, a young sardine
Four thousand years B. C.

Jessie
Perhaps we all were little fish before the rain
and flood,

Ed
I must have been a flounder then and floundered in
the mud,

Jessie
I feel that I in years gone by
Were just a flying fish,

Ed
Your wings were clipped before you slipped
Into my wedding dish.

Jessie
We're all reincarnated from a fish we didn't choose,

Ed
"Reincarnated"? I'm just a skate
Because I love my booze.

CHORUS
Jessie
As a fish you're very sad

Ed
Oh I know know know

Jessie
You remind me of a shad

Ed
Because I row row row,
(Bus. rowing)

Jessie
"Not at all kind sir" she said
You're like a shad in one way Ed

Ed
How?

Jessie
You've got so many big bones
In your very small head.

Ed
Oh oh - Oh - Oh

(Orchestra repeats chorus softly, Ed and Jessie execute walk dance)

Ed
(While dancing)
So I've got some very big bones in my very small head?

Jessie
Yes, if you'd trade the bones for brains, you'd be a mental giant.

Ed
Ow, wow! But if I were a mental giant, I wouldn't be married, (pause) not bad for a mental midget.

Jessie
Shucks ! If you weren't married you'd be a mental BANKRUPT.

Ed
I only married you because I owned a farm.

Jessie
What did I have to do with the farm?

Ed
I needed a GARDNER,
(Smiles)

Jessie
(Smiles)
And now you need a KEEPER.

Ed
(Stops dancing but music continues)
Wait a minute I see a school of fish.

(Looks into orchestra pit as into a stream. Takes imaginary pole and baits hook in pantomime, Spits on bait and casts far out into stream, unwinds reel and then plays with pole as in fishing, gets bite and leans away over footlights, tugs at pole as though it is bending with weight of fish, starts to wind reel)

Jessie
(Watches every movement and gets excited when she sees he's got a bite)
Pull him in ! YOU'VE GOT HIM.

Ed
(Unwinding reel)
SH ! Sh ! I've got to play with him, this is a big one.

Jessie
How big?

Ed
(Winding and unwinding alternately)
Must be thirty pounds if he's one ounce.
(Big eyes)

Jessie
But he isn't one ounce.

Ed
(Looks at her sideways)
Is that so?

Jessie
Why don't you pull him in?

Ed
I've got to jockey him or he'll break the line.

Jessie
(Interested)
Gee! How much do you think he weighs?

Ed
(Without looking at her)
Forty pounds.

Jessie
I heard you the first time. I mean how long is he?

Ed
About ten feet.

Jessie
What is it, a smelt?

Ed
(Looks at her disgusted)
A TEN FOOT SMELT? Woman you know as much about fish as I do about the truth.
(Still working reel back and forth)

Jessie
Is itgoing to take a WEEK to pull him in?

Ed
Yes; just about a WEEK.

Jessie
Why?

Ed
He's a WEAK fish.

Jessie
That's a WEAK joke.

Ed
Yes; so WEAK it SMELT.
(Winds up reel, takes fish from hook, place it in imaginary basket, at your side. They

both execute another short step in dance as music swells to forte, they sing last few lines of chorus and finish in pose)

Jessie
I never saw a person so very enthusiastic about fishing as you.

Ed
Oh I love it.

Jessie
And with such LITTLE success.

Ed
I've caught quite a lot.

Jessie
Yes, a lot of little ones.

Ed
And I'va caught some GREAT BIG -

Jessie
(Half smiling)
Not without lying.

Ed
Well of course.

Jessie
How is it that a fisherman lies so much?

Ed
Because he knows that no matter what story he tells it isn't believed.

Jessie
Yes, but he generally tells such whoppers.

Ed
Might as well tell a GOOD one while you're at it,

Jessie
What is the biggest fish you ever caught?

Ed
Well one morning about five o'clock,

Jessie
I mean without lying -

Ed

Well one morning about EIGHT o'clock,

Jessie

Is this the truth?

Ed

Yes,

Jessie

The absolute truth?

Ed

Well HALF past EIGHT. I was out about three miles from Manhattan Beach, fishing for sea bass, I dropped my line over the side of the boat and settled back waiting for a bite, finally I got a nibble, I held steadily without moving a muscle until I got a good bite and hooked him,
(Indicates hooking fish)
I started to pull in, but he shot away with the force of a torpedo,

Jessie

He got away?

Ed

No, I hung on to the line and he pulled the boat with him, we were going along at a forty five knot gait and had passed Sandy Hook, I was afraid he might pull me into the war zone, so I pulled up the anchor, cut off the rope and passed my line through the loop of the anchor, I then let the anchor slide down the line to the fish, figuring it would stun him,

Jessie

And did it?

Ed

No, it just made him dizzy, he started going 'round in a circle, he travelled at such a terrific rate of speed that he made the boat spin like a top, well I was spinning so fast that I WORE A HOLE in the ocean,

Jessie

"A hole in the ocean"?

Ed

So much that I could almost see the bottom.

Jessie

See what bottom?

Ed
The bottom of the sea; finally he pointed for the beach, and we cut through the water so fast that I kept throwing TALCUM POWDER OVER BOARD,

Jessie
What for?

Ed
To keep the ocean from getting chaffed; finally he landed himself and the boat high and dry about a hundred yards up on the beach, I jumped out of the boat and ran up to the fish who lay there panting in the sand. I raised my foot and was about to kick him into insensibility, when my foot was arrested and my gaze riveted on the most wonderful sight I have ever witnessed,

Jessie
(Seriously)
What was it?

Ed
There lay this beautiful fish with six little kittens clinging to it's breast inhaling the mother's milk,

Jessie
"SIX LITTLE KITTENS"?

Ed
Yes,

Jessie
What kind of a fish was it?

Ed
A CAT FISH!

Jessie
(Looks at him disgusted)
You know Eddie if you would give as much thought to your <u>act</u>, as you do to such fish stories, you'd be much better off.

Ed
Some people like me MUCH BETTER OFF.

Jessie
That's because you've been doing that same old policeman in every act you do,

Ed
But I've got a new policeman, I'm going to introduce tonight.

Jessie
There's no such a thing as a new policeman.

Ed
Wait till you see this one.

Jessie
Am I in it?

Ed
Yes, you do a typical Broadway Chorus girl,

Jessie
But we're never rehearsed it,

Ed
Doesn't need a rehearsal, just natural conversation.
IT GOES ON TONIGHT,
(Looks at watch)
So dig up a suitable costume, I'm going over to the theatre now and try on my new uniform,
(Gathers up pole, basket, etc and starts R)

Jessie
What do you call this new policeman?

Ed
"THE MODEL COP".

Jessie
I hope you don't find any KITTENS on his breast,
(Smiles)

Ed
I said COP not COD.

Jessie
(Laughs)
Well, we'll try out the new cop tonight. But if he doesn't go over, I'll be fishing for a new husband,
(Orchestra vamps for Jessie's ballad)

Ed
If you do, use a little different bait than you did on me.

Jessie
You BIT all right,

Ed
I know I did, but I was a YOUNG FOOLISH FISH at the time.

Jessie
I took you out of VERY COLD water.

Ed
Yes and I've been in VERY HOT water ever since.

Jessie
Fishing, wasn't very good, the day I caught you.

Ed
I know it wasn't, the water was muddy and I couldn't see otherwise I might still be a RAMBLER in the SEA OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS,
(Smiles and exits)

SONG BY JESSIE

"FISHING FOR A HUSBAND".

Verse
Fishing and marriage are somewhat alike,
You're never quite sure what you'll get
Your husband maybe a perch, cod or pike
When you drag in your marital net
There are many good fish in the old marriage sea,
if you know how to drop them a line,
When you understand them you'll land them and brand them,
As fish husbands fresh from the brine.

Chorus

When you're fishing for a husband use your sweetest
smile for bait,
Every smile, wins by a mile
Let your eyes be like the reel that pulls him in and
seals his fate,
Walk down the aisle in marriage style
Your two lips are the rod and line, your pearly teeth
the fly,
A saucy wink and you have surely got him hooked.
When to get away he's trying
Matrimony is the frying
Pan in which the poor old sucker he is cooked,
(Exits)

(Orchestra plays introduction to "Model Policeman", Scene changes from wood to street in (1). Card boy places card on easel reading "THE MODEL POLICEMAN")

"THE MODEL POLICEMAN"

A Satire on The Traffic Cop,

C A S T.

Officer Chesterfield ——
Cora S. Laydee ————

(Officer Chesterfield enters at rise, to C. and sings)

1st verse

Model policeman protecting the citizens may seem odd,
But we have a company now in the force, called the polite squad.
Neat in appearance and eugenic mind,
Strictest adherence to words that are kind,
Gentle and firm always work hand in hand,
A request takes the place of demand.

Chorus

I'm the Cop Beau Brummell,
Not a fop nor a swell,
Just a diplomat;
Affable manner and gracious style,
Frowns are replaced by a pleasant smile.
To keep order with ease,
I employ the word "Please"
A policeman of gentility.
I may not be the cop that is,
But I'm just as the cop should be.

(Orchestra repeats chorus very softly. Officer Chesterfield looks off R. holding his hand up warningly as a signal for traffic to stop. He indicates the position of the people he is talking to by raising or lowering his hand)

I beg your pardon Mr. Chauffeur, but may I request that you kindly conform with the traffic laws and keep your vehicle to the right. You see my dear sir, you have unconsciously caused this congestion.
(Smilingly)

I fully appreciate the fact that it was wholly unintentional, on your part, but if you will permit your profanity to subside, and compose yourself, I will endeavor to disentangle this blockade.
(To a truck driver)

Now sir, if YOU will kindly back up a little;
(Bows)
I thank you sir,
(To another driver)
And YOU sir, may I respectfully ask that you pull forward a few feet, I am (bows) obliged sir,
(To chauffeur)
Now bring your machine in there,
(pointing)
Many thanks.
(Bows)

There we are, isn't it lovely? The congestion dispelled and absolutely no casualties.
(Blows whistle and turns to L. beckoning lady to cross street)

(Enter Cora S. Laydee from L.I.E.)

Cora
I been waitin' five minutes to cross the stem right here, I know I'll be late for rehearsal.

Officer
(Bowing)
I extend to you my sincere regret,

Cora
What's the idea of the front bend,
(Mocking his bow)
are you tryin' to kid me, or was you lampin' my O'Sullivans'?

Officer
My expression of regret was an abject apology for unavoidingly interrupting the continuity of your stroll, and my obeisance,
(Bowing again)
was a simple manifestation of the toll of homage, always collectible at the shrine of beauty.
(Bows again)

Cora
Corral your bull, Mexico's in trouble enough.

Officer
With due deference my dear Miss, I must take respectful issue with you on the random remark, anent, "HURLING THE VICTIM OF THE MATADOR".

Cora
Say, when you got on the force, who examined you, a school teacher?

Officer
My application for the franchise of a PEACE PROMOTER was duly passed upon by the City fathers, and successfully stood the searching test of a myriad of interrogations.

Cora
Am I in Boston, or is your name Noah Webster?

Officer
You are not in the City of Culture, neither does your humble servant covet a Websterian Cognomen.

Cora
Say are you goin' to take me across the street or are you goin' to keep on hitting me with that dictionary?

Officer
When this next vehicle passes, I shall honor the opportunity of escorting you safely to the opposite side of this thoroughfare, and I shall also make a mental note of THAT moment as an epoch in the pleasureable periods of my life.

Cora
You'll excuse me Mister, but I thought you was a cop.

Officer
Your mentality has served you accurately, I AM a cop.

Cora
Well YOUR beat is in Heaven, you'll get your shoes all dirty in this man's town.

Officer
(Blows whistle holding hand up to stop traffic R.I.E.)

Now Miss if you will kindly accept the hospitality of my proffered arm,
(Offering left arm)
I will conduct you to the pedestrian's path on the other side.

Cora
(Speaking to audience as she takes his arm and they stroll slowly to R. I. E.)
If this guy is a real cop then I'm off my nut.

Officer
(As they rush R. I. E.)
There you are Miss,
(Taking off his hat)
Now you may resume your journey with perfect abandon.

Cora
Say, I never thanked a cop in my life, but I'm goin' to thank you,
(Shakes his hand)

Officer
I deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Cora
If I'm pulling a bone, call me, but I'll bet you never slept on your beat, never took any graft, and don't know there's a system on the force.

Officer
I will answer the three subjects of your wager separately. First, DUTY and MORPHEUS are not synonymous, Second, accepting illegal gratuities is criminal. Third, the only system in vogue on the force of which I am a member is composed of honor, firmness and gentleness.

Cora
(Smiling)
I'm going to cross the street at this corner every day.

Officer
(Bowing)
Fortune smiles on me.

Cora
Oh I'm not goin' to give you any money.

Officer
(Holds hand up)
You couldn't my —

Cora
Oh yes I could, I get eighteen in the chorus,

Officer
I mean, I wouldn't accept it,

Cora
I didn't want to, but it's better'n slingin' hash,
(Smiles)
You know, I kinda wish you'd arrest me,

Officer
(Laughs)
I'm looking forward to the day when we policeman will arrest no one,

Cora
What about the criminals?

Officer
There will be no criminals.

Cora
How you goin' to stop 'em?

Officer
Education.

Cora
But we haveeducated criminals.

Officer
By education I mean a full understanding in the value of the Ten Commandements.

Cora
"Amen".

Officer
When that day arrives we can all say "Amen".

Cora
Say Mister, you're a REAL cop.

Officer
(Sings)

I'm the cop Beau Brummell
Not a fop nor a swell
Just a diplomat,

Cora
Affable manner and gracious style
Frowns are replaced by a pleasant smile,

Officer
To keep order with ease
I employ the word please

Cora
A policeman of gentility

Officer
I may not be the cop that is,

Both
Officer - But I'm just as the cop should be
Cora - But you're just as the cop should be.

(Heavy introduction by orchestra into cake walk, they execute cake walk and exit)

F I N I S.