

**ROLLING STONES.
A COMEDY IN
FOUR ACTS**

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Rolling Stones. A Comedy in Four Acts by Edgar Selwyn

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EDGAR SELWYN

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FOUR ACTS**

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A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

EDGAR SELWYN

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ROLLING STONES

ORIGINAL CAST

AS PRODUCED AND PLAYED AT THE HARRIS THEATER,
NEW YORK

(In the order in which they first appear.)

JERICO W. BRADEN, *known as Mr. Walter, Arthur
Aylesworth*
BUCK RYDER.....*Harrison Ford*
CHARLES BRANNIGAN.....*Harry Bradley*
MRS. BRANNIGAN.....*Beatrice Ingram*
ANNA ANDERSON.....*Marguerite Skirvin*
EMMA BRADEN.....*Rae Selwyn*
FULSON RICE.....*Frank Kingdon*
NORMA NOGGS.....*Marie Carroll*
NETTIE.....*Elisabeth Lee*
POLICEMAN.....*George Smithfield*
DAVE FULTON.....*Charles Ruggles*
POSTMAN.....*Fred Malcolm*
STRAWBRIDGE.....*Dan Jarrett*
DENISON.....*James Kearney*
BURGLAR.....*Geo. F. Smithfield*
WATCHMAN.....*Fred Malcolm*
A CLERK, at the Hewitt Offices, *Edwin R. Wolf*

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(RECAP)

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ROLLING STONES

ACT I

SCENE: *The parlor at the BRANNIGAN'S. The room is papered with large figures and furnished ornately. There is a large opening at center through which can be seen the hallway and stairs leading to floor above. Up R. is a bay window which overlooks the street and the house stoop. Down R. is a door which leads to MRS. BRANNIGAN'S private sitting room. Down left is a fireplace with gas logs. A piano up L. with some potted artificial plants. There is an old-fashioned couch at R. C. and a round table with two chairs center; also an easy-chair off fireplace. There are some typical boarding-house pictures on the walls.*

DISCOVERED: JAP WALTERS, seated to right of center table. The hall door is heard to close, and BUCK RYDER enters.

BUCK. (*In door up c.*) Hello, Walter!

JAP. (*Reading paper*) Oh, hello, old man; where have you been?

BUCK. All over town. Looking for a job. (*Puts coat on chair L. of table, hat on table*)

JAP. Strike anything?

BUCK. (*Crosses to fire*) Not even a promise.

JAP. Too bad. Better go down and get your dinner.

BUCK. (*Warming hands*) Is Mrs. Brannigan down there?

JAP. Yes, and Mr. Brannigan, too.

BUCK. (*With a laugh*) I'd stand a fine chance of getting anything, wouldn't I?

JAP. Oh, I don't know. Brannigan is a little touchy, but I think the old lady is all right.

BUCK. It was the old lady who told me this morning not to come back.

JAP. Why?

BUCK. Oh, I'm about three weeks behind.

JAP. Why not find a cheaper boarding house?

BUCK. What good would that do me? It's easier to stall Mrs. Brannigan than to go up against a stranger. Besides, I've got a reason for wanting to be here.

JAP. Haven't you any money at all?

BUCK. Not a dollar, nor a friend who would loan me one. The only way I could raise any money would be to hold up somebody with a gun.

JAP. Seems queer you can't get something to do. You're young, intelligent—good education—

BUCK. Education! Ha! That's the trouble. If I'd only learned a trade instead of filling my head with history and dead languages, I'd have been eligible for some union and I'd probably be rolling in luxury by now, instead of begging for a place to sleep.

(JAP laughs.)

BRANNIGAN. (*Enters center. Crosses down L. of table—BUCK turns to fire*) I'm afraid our dinner was not to your liking, Mr. Walter. You hurried through it so quickly.

JAP. Oh, the dinner was all right, but I've acquired that eastern habit of eating fast. I've noticed if you don't, you lose out.

BUCK. You certainly do in this place.

BRANNIGAN. (*Turning suddenly*) Oh, I thought you'd gone.

BUCK. I didn't think your wife would mind me coming back to sleep.

BRANNIGAN. But we *can't have* you staying on here. We need your room for Mr. Braden.

(JAP rises and crosses in front of sofa, and rolls cigarette.)

BUCK. Who's Mr. Braden?

BRANNIGAN. He's one of the heirs to the Hewitt estate and we expect him from the West to-night.

BUCK. Well, that's all right. I'll move into the attic. I'm not particular where I sleep.

BRANNIGAN. I'm very sorry, but we don't want you here at all.

BUCK. I'll speak to Mrs. Brannigan about that. (Turns to fire as if dismissing BRANNIGAN)

BRANNIGAN. My wife always does as I wish.

BUCK. Ha!

BRANNIGAN. And I shall tell her about you at once. (Going out calling "Petty, Petty dear")

JAP. I'm afraid you're in for it now, old man.

BUCK. Who is this fellow they're putting me out for?

JAP. (Crosses to back of table—lights cigarette) Who—Braden? Oh, he's from the West—Walla-Walla, out in Washington.

BUCK. (Sits on arm of chair by fire) What has a man with money got to do with the Brannigans?

JAP. Oh, he's the bright particular hope of the Brannigan family just now. Old man Hewitt left Braden his entire candy business, providing he marries Mrs. Brannigan's niece.

BUCK. Not that little fluff, Norma Noggs?

JAP. That's the girl. You've seen her floating around here. It seems she's the daughter of old Hewitt's first sweetheart. That's why he wanted Braden to marry her, I suppose.

BUCK. Sounds like a story book, doesn't it?

JAP. (Crossing down front of table) Yes, but it sometimes happens in real life.

BUCK. Just think of a mutt falling into a pile like that.

JAP. What makes you think he's a mutt?

BUCK. Nobody but a mutt would have that luck. It wouldn't happen to me.