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## Dialogue part: Doc Snifkins. [189-?]

Kerker, Gustave, 1857-1923; Morton, Hugh, 1865-1916  
[s.l.]: [s.n.], [189-?]

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Part No. 10

Set No.

DIALOGUE PART  
OF

*Doc Snifkins*

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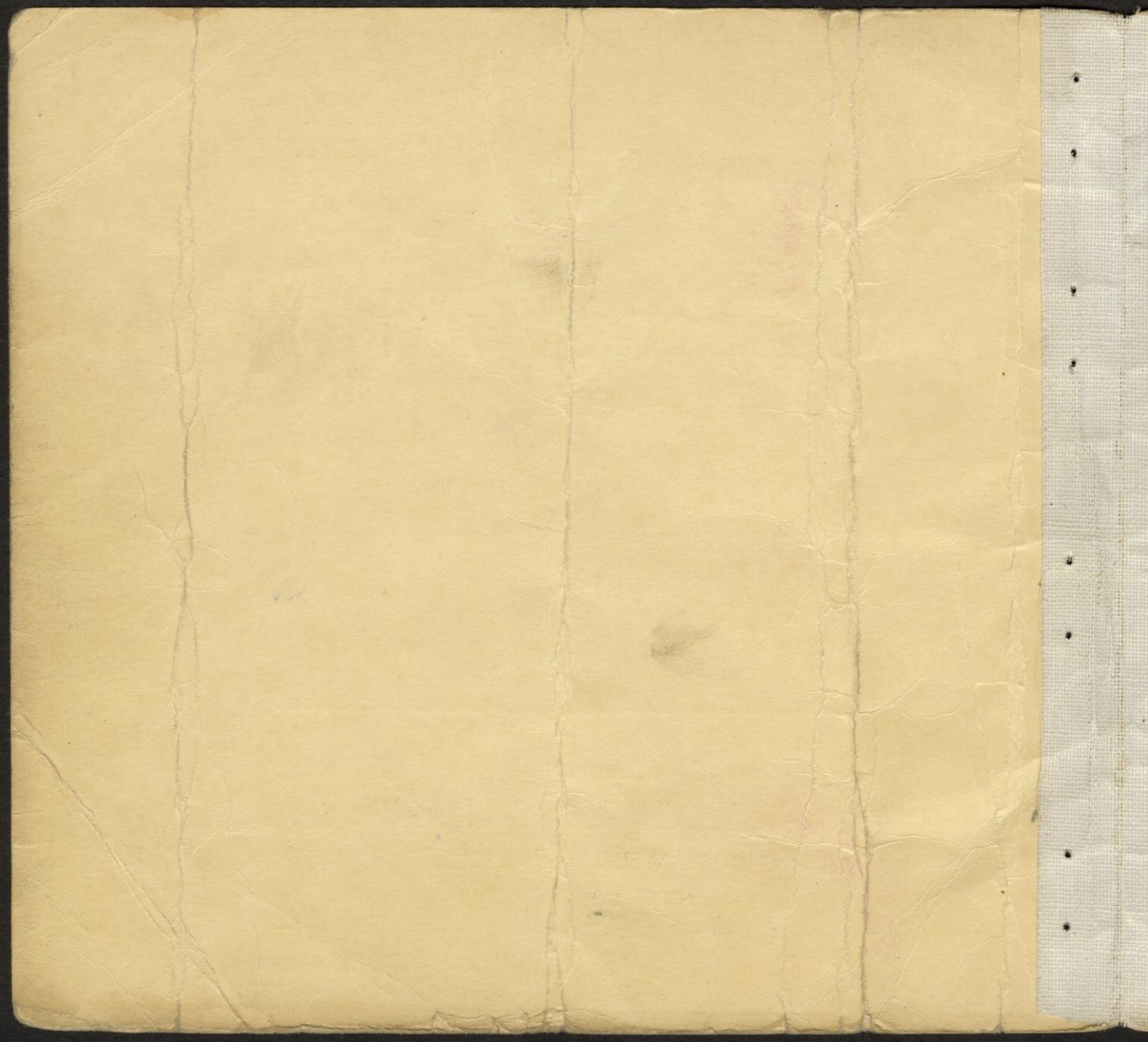
IN

**BELLE OF NEW YORK**

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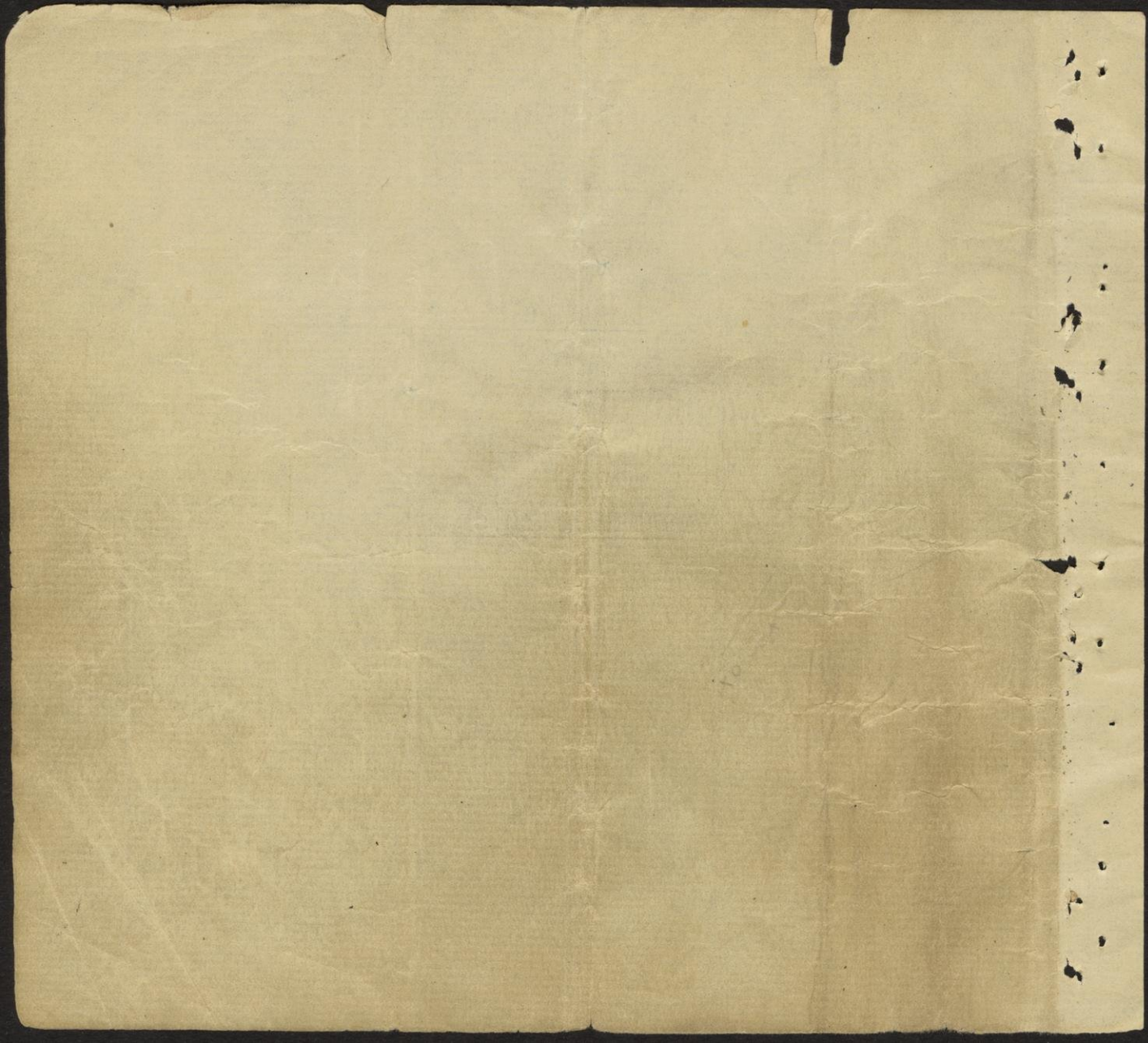
318-320 WEST 46th STREET  
**TAMS-WITMARK, Inc.**  
NEW YORK CITY  
115 W. 45th ST., N. Y. C.



DOC SNIFKINS

IN

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"



DOC SNIFKINS

IN

"THE BELLE"

.....her father, I'm off.

(Enter)

.....I marry twins.

(L.C) ~~You could my dear, if you had time, but this is your busy day. Come around Counts, six months from now and we'll look you over.~~ X

.....and me.

(L.C) Well, I admire your style, but your garments are not above criticism.

.....to pay.

I didn't say a word.

.....love your daughter.

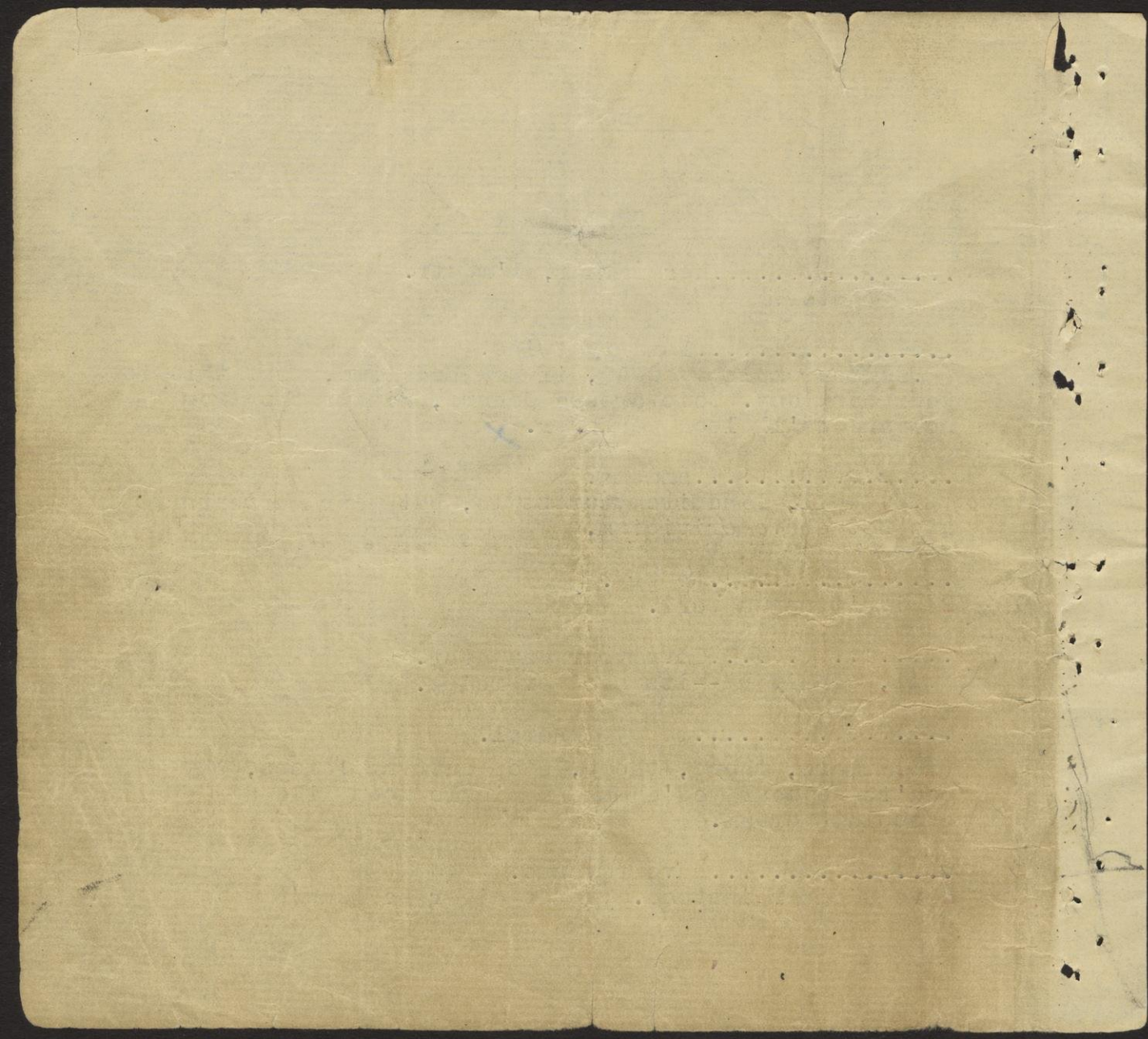
Well, keep it up--its good exercise.

.....be my funeral.

(LC) There, there, there, stop cutting lemons, why you're so sour you'd make a pickle seem like a chocolate cream.

.....have revenge.

Have a cigar instead. (Hands cigar to Mugg)



*Have a cigar instead!*

And keep cool Mr. Mugg go down to the kitchen, and get your-hat filled with ice cream. (Bus)  
(Hits Mugg on hat with cane)

.....devil ter pay.  
(Exit with others)

(After Kissy's dance enter)

.....with the minister.  
(LC) Let us go in all-haste to the drawing room.

*mugg*.....up Riverside Drive.  
(Up C. and L with Cora) Well I don't care if Dr. Farkhurst and Antony Comstock are coming on a tandem bicycle.

*Patty Graham and father decide*

.....take the consequences.  
(RC Bus with arm) My child, let me lead you to the slaughter--I mean the altar. come. (off L.I.E)

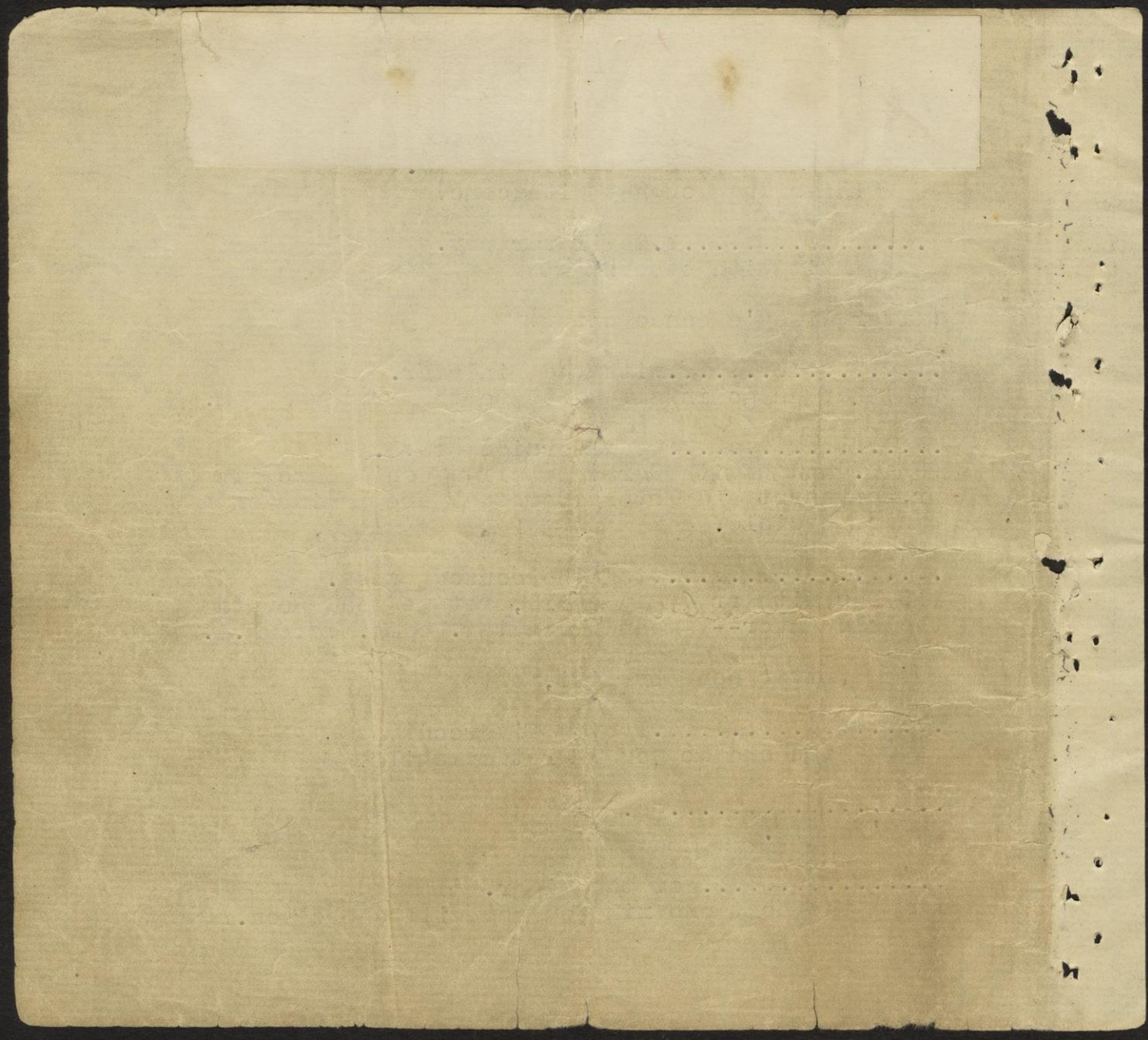
(After song by Fifi, enter)

*Cora*.....I ever divorced?  
(LC) Which one do you regret my child?

*CORA*.....so.  
They're off!

*Mugg*.....you get the ciagr?  
I hope the next one ~~with~~ you get will choke you. *EX L*





*Mr. Bronson*

.....with second sight?  
(Going to Ica) Mr. Bronson, I'm delighted to know you.  
Let me introduce you, to your future daughter in law.

*Mr. Bronson*

.....daughter in law.  
(Presents Cora ) Why this one, Cora Angelique---the  
Queen of comic opera. (Goes to Cora)

*CORA*

.....one o'clock, come.  
(Exit with Cora)

ENTER FOR FINALE

ACT II

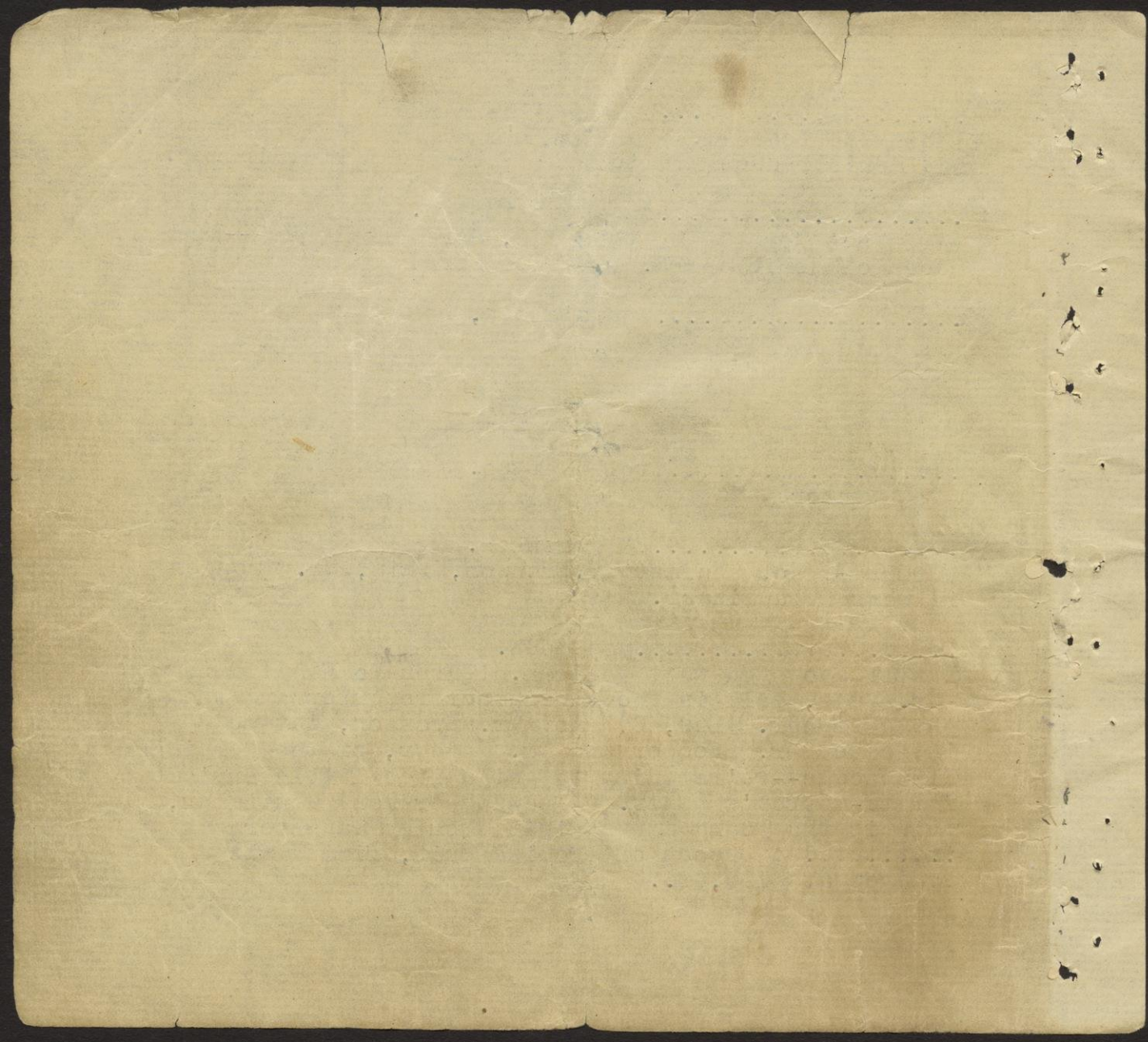
.....tell her so.  
(Enter)

*CORA*

.....Mr Bronson.  
(Comes C) Not so fast Mr. Bronson, this, Mr. Bronson  
is where you linger.

*Mr. Bronson*  
*EX*

.....you mean.  
I will show you what we mean. (Turns to Mugg)  
Mr. Mugg, call in the paws paper reporter and the  
photographer. (Bus, C) Now Mr. Bronson, let me  
introduce Mr. Snooper and Mr. Peeper, of the morning  
Flapdoodle--we're going to get a nice little article  
for to-morrow's paper. (To newspaper men) Gentlemen,  
this is the young man against whom my daughter  
instituted a breach of promise suit, fixing the  
damages at \$100,000.



.....about it.  
 (Comes down C) Hold on Mr. Snooper. (Touching him)  
 Have you got it down that Cora Angelique's Opera Company  
 opens in Harlem on Monday night. (Goes C)

.....that's down.  
 Now Cora, get your finest work in. (Turns up C to Mugg)

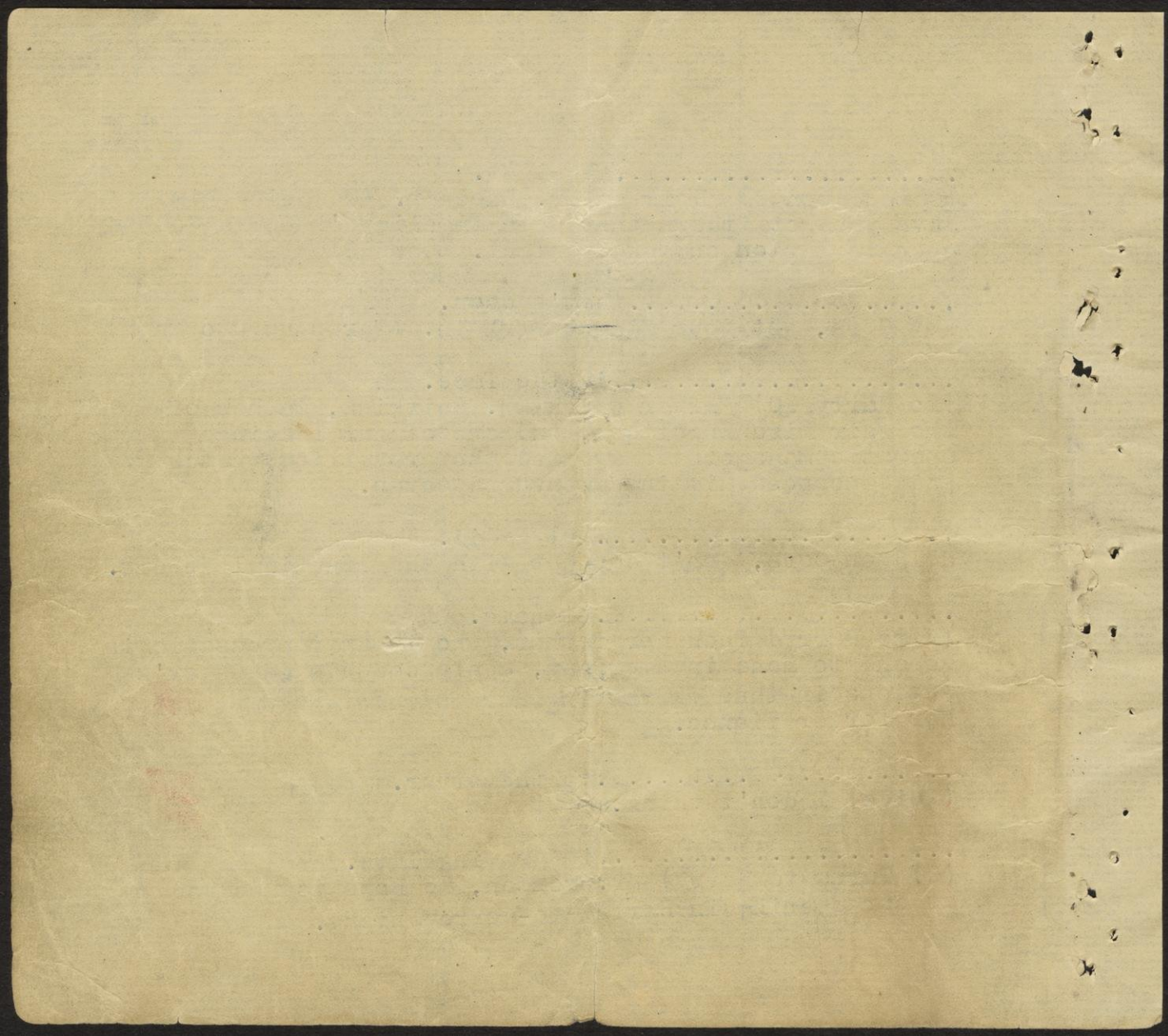
.....in the face.  
 (To Harry RC) After which Mr. Snifkins, father of  
 the fair Miss Angelique, and one of our leading  
 Operatic managers confronted the grovelling wretch  
 and denounced him in unmeasured terms.

.....but I did.  
 Hold on Cora, don't do that with the beautiful jewels.

.....at home.  
 (R to Harry) Then her father, who ~~is~~<sup>as</sup> an impressario is  
 second to none in America, applauded his daughter's  
 actions in thus expressing her supreme contempt for  
 her former fiance.

.....to the altar.  
 (Aside) I don't think.

.....is growing late.  
 (C) Turns to Harry) Mr. Bronson, we hope to see you  
 at our opening in Harlem to-morrow night.



.....Mr. Bronson.  
Good morning, Mr. Bronson. (Exit C)

.....(Going)  
I say Mugg. (Exit C)

.....something behind.  
Oh, that will take care of itself. (Going)

SCENE II.

.....reach Narragansett.  
(Enter C.)

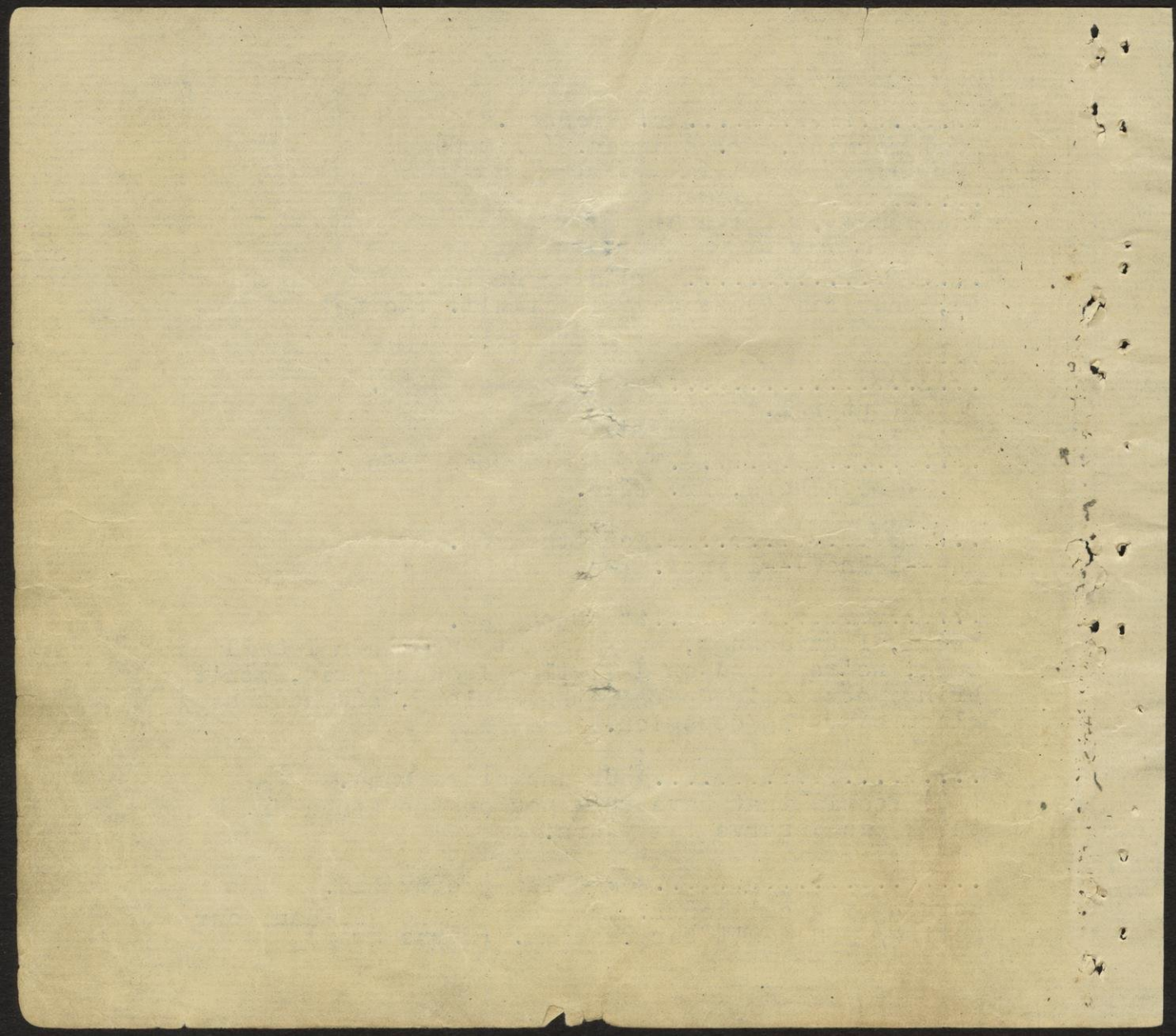
.....The Portuguese <sup>COUNTS.</sup> Twins.  
(L.C) Look here, Mr. Bugg.

.....Kenneth Mugg.  
Oh---I know---I know. (Goes R)

.....it annoys me.  
Well, I said Bugg, but I meant Mugg when I said  
Bugg, we're bound on a little pleasure trip, don't  
bring your comic Opera methods along, and cast a  
gloom over the occasion.

.....your daughters hand.  
(LC) People that have seen you on the stage Mr. Mugg  
think you deserve ten years.

.....something pretty bad.  
Nothing you can do Mr. Mugg can be worse than your  
acting/ you can't surprise me. (Turns away)



.....Mr. Snifkins.  
 Bifkins--Bifkins, what do you mean by calling me  
 Bifkins-my name is Snifkins not Bifkins.

.....way to Europe.  
 (C) Now talking of floating Mr. Bronson, I've got a  
 little dramatic enterprise on hand, that you might  
 float if you so desired. We open in Harlem on  
 Monday night.

.....close Tuesday.  
 (P) If you care to invest sir, you shall have all the  
 privileges of the Theatrical Angel. *stay back*

.....they consist of?  
 (C) Going behind the screen whenever you like,  
 but diamonds for the Prima Donna, and call the  
 Manager by his first name. (Business)

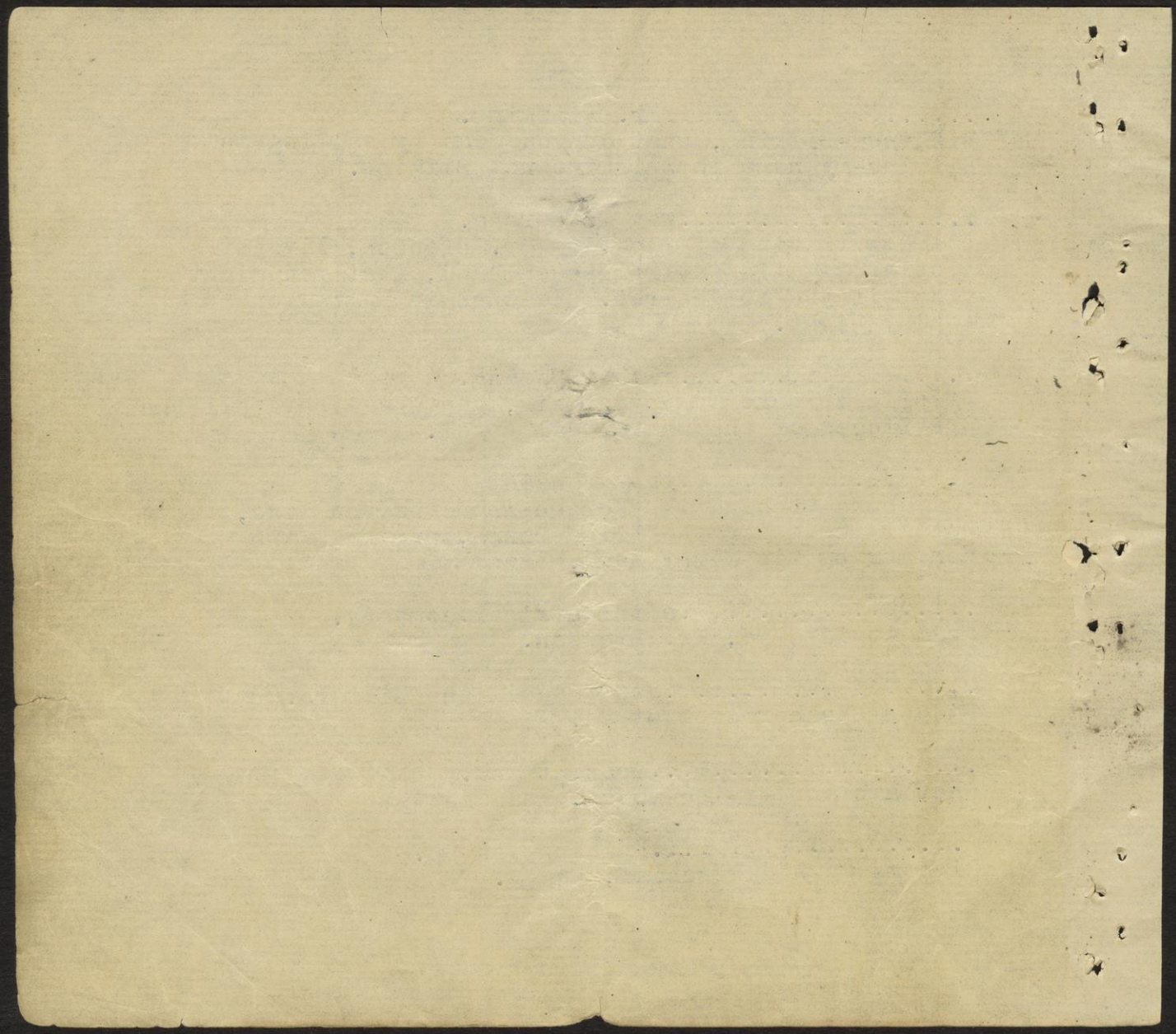
.....a theatrical company.  
 Well it is a go, Mr. Bronson? *STAY WITH ME*

.....don't spoil the picture.  
 Did you see her look at me.

.....Look at you. *Look at you*  
 What are you trying to do, hold me up?

*over*.....holding you up.  
 Give me my handkerchief, Buggy.





.....in my time.  
 (Bus. with girls) I ain't saying a word. X(Go R)

END SCENE II

SCENE III ~~IV~~

*FIFI*  
 .....I am sorry.  
 (Enter with others)

.....~~she is nossing.~~  
 (C) She isn't eh? She's the wickedest woman in the world.

.....you all dead?  
 (All) Daed? no.

FINALE

