

PUPPET
PLAYS

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PAUL McPHARLIN

P. McP.

5

1931

Printed in Detroit

JAMES JUVENAL HAYES

Punch and Judy

1 Scene, 11 Characters, Plays 25 Minutes

Suited to Puppets

As played by The Morningside Marionettes

Woodcuts by PABLO PARLANDO



PUNCH

Characters:

PUNCH
 JUDY
 THE BABY
 OSWALD, the Alligator
 DOCTOR
 JOEY, the Clown
 RASTUS
 BRYAN, the Monkey
 POLICEMAN
 DEVIL
 PRETTY POLLY

Scene: Any sort of a street
 or vista.



JUDY

* * PUNCH AND JUDY *

A VERSION

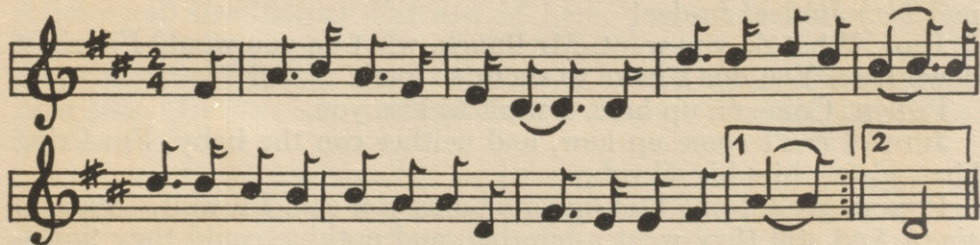
1 puppeteer

by JAMES JUVENAL HAYES

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(MR PUNCH *suddenly sticks his head up and shouts:*)

Hullo, everybody, how do you do?
If you're all happy, I'm happy too.
In fact, I'm so happy I'll sing you a song.
And the rest of the actors will soon be along.



* NOTE. This play may not be produced by any amateur or professional without written permission from the author, Professor James Juvenal Hayes, Morningside College, Sioux City, Ia. From *Puppet Plays*, 155 Wimbleton Drive, Birmingham, Michigan, may be rented a Producer's Manuscript, giving complete directions for constructing and staging this piece.

4 Three men they went a-hunting, and nothing could they find,
They came across a porcupine and him they left behind,
Said the Englishman, "That's a hedge-hog," the Scotchman he said
nay,
Said Paddy, "That's a pincushion, with the pins the other way."

Sing hi-filoo, filaddie, sing hi-filaddie-yea,
The Lord be with you, Paddy, on your merry hunting day!

How did you like that song, eh? Punch is some singer, you'll have to admit; and some shouter, too. I'll show you: (*Calling as loudly as possible.*) Ju-dee! Ju-dee!

JUDY. What do you want, Mr Punch, what do you want? I'm right down here. You don't have to shout so loud.

PUNCH. Come on up here. I want to kiss you.

JUDY. I can't come up now, and neither can the baby. I'm fixing him—giving him his oil rub.

PUNCH. Well, bring him up as soon as you can. I'll wait. (*Starts to sing.*) And still they went a-hunting, and nothing could they find—(*The ALLIGATOR appears. PUNCH suddenly turns and sees him.*) Good gracious, Oswald, you mustn't sneak up on a man like that! You frightened me out of a year's growth! How are you today, Oswald?

and how is your master, Joey, the Clown?

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OSWALD. Aahrrrrrrrrrr.

PUNCH. What, not feeling sociable, today, Oswald? There, there, be a good little crocodile. (*Attempts to pat OSWALD on the head.*)

OSWALD. Aahrrrrourrrrahrtr. (*PUNCH jumps back but tries it again.*)

PUNCH. There, there, Oswald, let your old friend Punch pat you on the head. (*As he bends over to do so, the ALLIGATOR opens his jaws and takes in PUNCH's whole head. PUNCH struggles and the two fight back and forth across the stage-opening, PUNCH yowling at the top of his voice ad lib. and the ALLIGATOR growling. Finally PUNCH gets loose and the ALLIGATOR disappears.*) Get out of here, you nasty old crocodile! You'd better be scared! Oh, my nose, my nose, I think I'll just lie down and howl for the doctor and see if he can do anything for my poor nose. (*He lies on his back and howls.*) Doc-tor! Doc-tor! My no-ze! My no-oze!

DOCTOR. I just happened to be passing the house, Mr Punch, and I heard you call. What is it I can do for you? (*PUNCH wails.*) Where does it hurt you? Here? (*Pointing to PUNCH's chin.*)

PUNCH. No, lower down.

DOCTOR. Here? (*Pointing to his chest.*)

PUNCH. No, lower down. (*Same question and answer at thighs, and knees; then:*)

6 DOCTOR. Here? (PUNCH *kicks the DOCTOR in the nose: the animator, removing his fingers from PUNCH's arms, snaps his forefinger suddenly under PUNCH's skirt, the DOCTOR's nose being very near.*)

DOCTOR. OWOWOW, Misdér Pudge, you've kiggèd be id de doze!

PUNCH. Good. I'm glad you've learned where the nose is. I told you it was my nose that hurt and you couldn't seem to find it. I've taught you something about medicine.

DOCTOR. You tawd be? I'll teach you! You just wait. (*He disappears.*)

PUNCH. He seems mad about something, I wonder what? It really makes me feel quite elated to think I've done something to advance the madical profession. (*The DOCTOR reappears with a big stick.*) Oh, hello, Doctor, back again? What's that you have with you?

DOCTOR. A little physíc for you, Mr Punch. You need it badly. (*Hits him.*)

PUNCH. Oh, no, no, Doctor, I don't think I like your physíc!

DOCTOR. You haven't really had a dose yet. You'll like it better when you get used to it. (*Hits him again and again as PUNCH dodges.*)

PUNCH. Oh, no, no, Doctor, I'm sure I don't like it. (*He grapples with the DOCTOR, and after a wrestling match, gets the stick from him.*) Now, Doctor, let's see how you like a dose of your own medicine. (*Hits him.*)

DOCTOR. Oh, no, no, Mr Punch, don't hit me on the head! I can't 7
stand it. I'm an educated man. My head is soft.

PUNCH. I'll finish your education for you. (*Hits him till he falls.*)
There, now will you be quiet with your nasty physic? (*Throws the
DOCTOR'S body down inside the booth with his stick. Sings:*)

And still they went out hunting, and nothing could they find;
They came across a pig-pen, and that they left behind,
Said the Englishman, "That's a pig-sty," the Scotchman he said nay,
Said Paddy, "That's a boarding-house with the boarders run away."

Sing hi-filoo, filaddie, sing hi-filaddie-yea,
The Lord be with you, Paddy, on your merry hunting day!

And still they went out hunting, and—

(*Enter JOEY, the clown, with a stick.*) Oh, hello, Joey, I didn't hear you
come in.

JOEY (*in squeaky voice*). I hoped to find you alone, Mr Punch. I've
a reckoning to settle with you. My pet crocodile—he came home weep-
ing, and wept till the floor was a puddle.

PUNCH. Oh, merely crocodile tears! But I suppose I did loosen one
of his teeth. He bit me on the nose.

8 JOEY. Poor Oswald! I'm going to pay you back for it! (*Hits at PUNCH with his club.*)

PUNCH. Well, I'm glad I happened to have *my* stick with me when you called, Joey. We'll see who's the better with his quarter-staff. (*They fight, with much clashing together of sticks, occasionally landing a rap on each other's heads. At length JOEY weakens, PUNCH knocks him over limp and throws him down inside the booth.*) There, you see now, Joey, who's the better man? You see? He won't answer! Some fellows never will admit they're wrong. (*Calling.*) Ju-deee! Juu-deee! Haven't you got that baby fixed yet?

JUDY (*off stage*). Yes, he's just ready. I'll bring him right up.

PUNCH. There, she's going to bring the baby right up. Want you to see my baby. Has his father's brains and his mother's beauty. Really, very remarkable child. (*JUDY comes up with the BABY in her arms.*) There he is now! Isn't he a wonder? Let me take the baby, Judy.

JUDY. No, Punch, I'm afraid you'd be rough with him; you're so rough sometimes.

PUNCH. Who? Me? Why, I'm the mildest, peaceablest, lovinest little man in all the world! How can you say I'm—(*Advances on JUDY and gives her a resounding smack on the lips. Aside.*) Why, if a man hits me on one cheek, I turn and hit him on the other! Hold the

baby up so he can see his daddy. (*Running at the baby, clapping his 9 hands together.*) Kootchee, kootchee, kootchee, kootchee, kootchee.

BABY. Yeeeeaaauuw!

JUDY. There, there, you've scared the poor little darling. (*Sings.*)

Rock-a-bye, baby, do not take fright;
Daddy's a fool, but you mamma's all right.

There now, I've got him quiet again, and don't you pull any more monkeyshines.

PUNCH. Oh, I won't, Judy; let me take him and I'll show you. I'll just rock him the way you do and sing to him.

JUDY. Well, I *would* like to get the bed made, if you'll hold him till I get back. (*She hands over the BABY and disappears. PUNCH walks the stage with the BABY, jiggling it up and down till it begins to wail.*)

PUNCH. There, there, don't cry, baby, don't cry. (*Sings.*)

Rock-a-bye baby, mamma's a fright,
But daddy's a wonder, so you'll be all right.

BABY. Yeauwuwuwuwuw! (*Breaks in on the song, more and more loudly, till PUNCH shakes it violently.*)

10 PUNCH. Shut up, you nasty brat. I can't stand your squalling in my ear. Shut up or I'll throw you out the window!

BABY (*bigger and better*). Yeeeeaaauuuwww! (PUNCH *holds him up, poises him a minute and then throws him over the front of the booth toward the audience.*)

PUNCH. I'll show you I'm a man of my word. I'll teach you! (*Dusts his hands together.*) Well, I quieted him, anyway.

JUDY (*enters suddenly*). Where's the baby, Punch?

PUNCH. The baby? Oh, I put him down.

JUDY. Where? I heard him crying just now.

PUNCH. Oh, I quieted him.

JUDY. Where is he? I don't see him.

PUNCH (*leaning over the edge of the stage*). Look down there.

JUDY (*does the same*). What? Down there? You've thrown my baby out the window! Oh, you cruel, mean, hard-hearted, nasty man! I'll get even with you! You just wait! (*She goes out.*)

PUNCH. Now I wonder what the dear woman is getting for me? Maybe she's got another—

JUDY (*enters hastily and hits PUNCH before he sees her at all*). There, I'll show you what I got for you! How do you like it? And there, and there, and there! (*Hits him again and again; he dodges about.*)

PUNCH. Oh, no, Judy. Be careful, Judy. I don't like it, Judy. (*Ad lib.* 11
He finally turns on her and wrestles with her till he gets the stick.) Oh, I
can't stand it any more, Judy! Give me the stick. Now, how do you
like it? Try that, and that, and that! (*Hits her till she falls.*) There.
You didn't like it any better than I did, did you? Had enough?

JUDY (*raises her head slightly*). Yes.

PUNCH. No, you haven't. (*Knocking her head down.*) Had enough?

JUDY (*as before*). Yes.

PUNCH. No, you haven't. (*As before.*) Had enough? (*JUDY doesn't
raise her head.*) So, you've *had* enough, eh? Come on Judy, raise up
your head. I know you're just fooling. No? Well, keep it down then.
(*He puts his stick under her head and throws her down inside the booth.*)

Oh, who in the world would put up with a wife,

When he sees a mere stick put an end to the strife?

(*Sings.*)

And still they went out hunting, and nothing could they find;

They came across a wheelbarrow and that they left behind,

Said the Englishman, "That's a barrow," the Scotchman he said

nay,

Said Paddy, "That's a T model, turned round the other way."

Sing high-filoo, filaddie; sing hi-filaddie-yea,

The Lord be with you, Paddy, on your merry hunting day.

And still they—

RASTUS (*enters and speaks softly*). Mistah Punch, oh, Mistah Punch. Mah mastah he say, ef yo all don't stop yo singin' he gwine hab yo all arrested.

PUNCH. Singing? Why, I wasn't singing.

RASTUS. Well, whatevah dat noise was dat yo was a-makin'.

PUNCH. I was playing on the fiddle.

RASTUS. De fiddle. Ah didn' heah no fiddle music. I sho do love fiddle-music. If yo all got a fiddle, let's heah yo play it.

PUNCH. This is my fiddle. (*Holds up his stick.*) And this is the way I play it. (*Hits RASTUS on the head. RASTUS never moves.*)

RASTUS. Ha, ha, dat tickles, Mistah Punch. Do dat agin ef yo don't mind.

PUNCH. All right, I'll do it again and again. (*Hits RASTUS as hard as he can, resounding whacks, RASTUS continuing to smile.*)

RASTUS. Yo bettah look out, Mistah Punch. If yo all continues to hit me lak dat, you all break yo stick. (*PUNCH beats him more.*) Ha, ha, ha. Ah sho do lak you fiddle-playin' Mistah Punch, it just tickle me all ovah. Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha. (*He goes off convulsed with laughter.*)

PUNCH (*looks after him, looks at his stick, beats it against the side of the proscenium, and finally hits himself in the face with it.*) Ow! It seems to work on me all right. Why, look, I dented my club hitting him. His head must be solid ivory—or ebony. 13

(*Directly behind PUNCH there rises slowly and silently, the GHOST.*) I'm afraid the old stick isn't much good any more now—it might break. (*He tries it again on the side of the proscenium. Wherever he goes, the GHOST follows behind him. Turning toward center stage again, he catches sight of it, but it gets behind him. He turns half way to the right and it keeps behind him, half way to the left and it keeps behind him. He begins to turn back and forth with great rapidity, and the GHOST suddenly vanishes downward. But when PUNCH comes to rest, it immediately rises behind him. Finally PUNCH gets it in front of him, jumps back in surprise, then jumps forward to wrestle with it, but it disappears. PUNCH gropes for it a few times, looks for it front and back and finally shakes his head sadly and gives it up. Sings:*)

And still they went out hunting, and nothing could they find;

They came across a monkey, and him they left behind,

Said the Englishman, "That's a Simian," the Scotchman he said

nay,

Said Paddy, "That's your grandfather with his whiskers blown

away.”

Sing hi-filoo, filaddie; sing hi-filaddie-yea,

The Lord be with you, Paddy, on your merry hunting day.

MONKEY (*jumps up on the side of the proscenium and scratches his head*). Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

PUNCH. Well, hello, where did you come from? And what's your name?

MONKEY. My name's Bryan. I'm a reporter from the *Jungle Jubilee*. I've come to find out your opinion on the claim of men to be descended from us monkeys.

PUNCH. Men descended from monkeys? That's an insult! If I catch you I'll make you take that back, you . . . monkey! (*Hits at MONKEY with his stick, but the MONKEY dodges. Ad lib.*)

MONKEY. Yes, we monkeys consider it an insult. I just wondered how you felt about it. Thanks very much for the interview. Good day! (*Jumps down out of sight just as PUNCH's blow passes over his head.*)

PUNCH. My goodness, this is getting on my nerves. I hope I don't see any more strange animals; those last two were pretty near enough for me.

(*Policeman comes suddenly behind him and grabs him around the neck. They struggle terrifically, PUNCH trying to free himself.*)

POLICEMAN. Now I've got you, you old rascal. I've been looking 15
for you for quite a while.

PUNCH. Who are you? And what do you want with me?

POLICEMAN. Who am I, is it? I'm an officer of the Law. Now do you know? I want you for the murder of the Doctor, and Judy, and the baby and Joey. You've been ordered to be hanged and I've come to get you to hang you. Now do you know? (*Keeps his grip and marches PUNCH off.*) Come along to the station, quietly, now, while I get ready to hang you. Off you go! Quietly now. (*Exeunt. Presently the POLICEMAN comes back with the gallows, which he sets up in centre stage, and adjusts the rope.*) Don't worry, Mr Punch. I'll come after you when I'm ready for you. Now it's all fixed. (*He goes off and returns immediately with PUNCH.*) You must help me to do my duty, Mr Punch. Step up and put your head through the loop there in the centre. (*PUNCH puts his head to the right of the loop.*)

PUNCH. Here?

POLICEMAN. No, no, through the loop in the centre.

PUNCH. Here? (*Putting his head to the left of the loop.*)

POLICEMAN. No, no, not there, Mr Punch. Through the loop.

PUNCH. I can't seem to get the idea. Show me where you mean.

POLICEMAN (*puts his head through the loop*). Right here. Like this.

16 See? (PUNCH pulls the rope and hangs the POLICEMAN.)

PUNCH. Oh, yes, I see now. I see very well. That's a good day's work to get rid of him. Good-bye, officer. You're pinched yourself now. (*Lifts up gallows, POLICEMAN and all, and throws them down. Sings:*)

And still they went out hunting, and nothing could they find;
They came across a canal-boat, and that they left behind,
Said the Englishman, "That's a canal-berge," the Scotchman he
said nay,

Said Paddy, "That's the Free State and she's sailin' down the bay."
Sing hi-filoo, filaddie, sing hi-filaddie-yea,

The Lord be with you, Paddy, on your merry hunting day.

(*During the singing of the last line, the DEVIL appears. PUNCH turns and sees him.*)

PUNCH. Why, I know you. You're the Devil.

DEVIL. Yes, we know each other very well, Punch. But lots of people know me. (*Looking out into the crowd.*) Hello, Charlie. Hello, Grace. (*Ad lib.*)

PUNCH. But what brings you here now, Mr Devil?

DEVIL. Well, I've come after a man who's leading a very wicked life, and it's about time he stopped it and came with me.

PUNCH. Is that so? I'd like to see you get him. Who is he?

DEVIL. Why, his name is Mr Punch.

PUNCH. Mr who?

DEVIL. Mr Punch.

PUNCH. You don't mean me?

DEVIL. Yes, I mean you.

PUNCH. Oh, no you don't, Mr Devil. You don't mean me. I won't go with you. I'll go get my club. (*Exit.*)

DEVIL. All right then, I'll go get mine. (*Exit. PUNCH's head appears slowly. He looks all around and slowly retires. The DEVIL's head appears with similar pantomime, but instead of retiring he lies in wait for PUNCH with club raised. PUNCH's stick appears. Then his head, and the DEVIL hits him a good lick. The DEVIL then turns and with a swagger, struts to the other end of the stage. PUNCH pursues him and hits him a lick on the head. Then the battle begins in earnest, the battle-royal of the show, prolonged ad lib. At first the DEVIL seems to have a decided advantage, driving PUNCH before him, but after a long fight PUNCH gets in one or two heavy blows, the DEVIL reels, and finally falls. PUNCH gives him a few extra blows for good measure, and after making sure he is really limp, by giving him soft prods with the end of his stick, he puts his stick up the DEVIL's skirt-body and swings him round and round as he shouts.*)

18 PUNCH. The Devil is dead! The Devil is dead! Hurrah! Hurrah! The Devil is dead! (*He throws down the DEVIL's body inside the booth, and his stick with it.*) Now I can do anything I like, and the Devil will never get me.

(PRETTY POLLY *appears.*) Oh, Polly, my dear, come here, come here. (*Runs to her and kisses her two or three times.*)

POLLY. Why Mr Punch, what do you mean?

PUNCH. I mean I haven't any wife and there isn't any Devil, and I'm going to take you to a dance right now. (*Puts his arm around her and dances off stage, humming a dance tune. Offstage he shouts:*) Excuse me just a minute, Polly, I'll be right back. (*Comes on stage.*) That's all there is to my comedy, gentlemen and ladies. If you liked it, clap your hands. (*He claps his and continues to do so as long as the applause lasts, bowing to the right, to the middle, to the left, to the middle, to the right, etc. as long as anybody claps, then makes a final big bow and disappears.*)

Curtain (if there is one).

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PUPPET PLAYS *Edited by* PAUL McPHARLIN — a List

- 1 ● **THE WOLF AT THE DOOR**, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg, author of the *Gooseberry Mandarin*, *Linocut illus. by Paul McPharlin*. How a poet worsts a wolf and pens an ode to the moon. 2 characters; 10 minutes; for puppets, marionettes or shadows. ● 25c
- 2 ● **LINCOLN AND THE PIG**, by Edgar Caper. Woodcut mask of Lincoln by Pablo Parlando. Wherein Abe Lincoln is altruistic and his horse Ned isn't; from the well-known legend. 3 characters; 10 minutes; for marionettes or shadows. ● 25c
- 3 ● **WEATHER**, by Forman Brown. *Illus. by Bewick Cutter*. Often played by *The Yale Puppeteers*. Mr. Rainy and Mr. Sunny effect a merger in making umbrellas and bricks. 2 characters; 15 minutes; for puppets or marionettes. ● 30c
- 4 ● **DE COURTIN' COUPLE**, by Weaver Dallas. Photo of scene as played by *The Rag-Bag Alley Puppets*. Southern Negro lore; Sis Goose is rescued from Brer Fox by "plain ole one and sixpence" Brer Dog. 4 characters; 25 minutes; for puppets or marionettes. ● 50c
- 5 ● **PUNCH AND JUDY**, a new version by James Juvenal Hayes. Woodcut illus. by Pablo Parlando. The old favorite in up-to-date dress; everyone should know this version. 11 characters; 25 minutes; for puppets. ● 50c
- 6 ● **COLUMBINE'S BIRTHDAY**, by Grace Stearns. Woodcut puppet portraits by Perry Dilley. Pierrot, Polichinelle, the Apothecary and others in merry fracas about a birthday present. 10 characters; 35 minutes; for puppets. ● 75c

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