COX AND BOX

OR,

The Long-Lost Brothers

TRIUMVIRETTA IN ONE ACT

ADAPTED TO THE LYRIC STAGE FROM J. MADDISON MORTON'S FARCE OF

"Box and Cox"

BY

F. C. BURNAND.

THE MUSIC BY

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JAMES JOHN COX	A Journeyman Hatter
JOHN JAMES BOX	A Journeyman Printer
SERGEANT BOUNCER	Late of the Dampshire Yeomanry,
	with Military Reminiscences

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	(Original 6/8 version)		

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COX AND BOX

F. C. BURNAND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

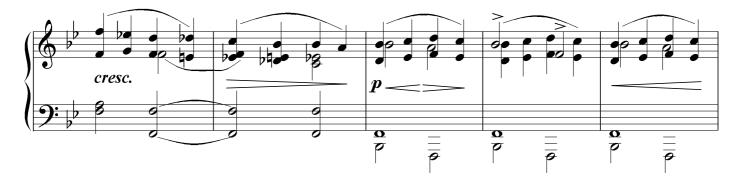
No. 1. Overture

















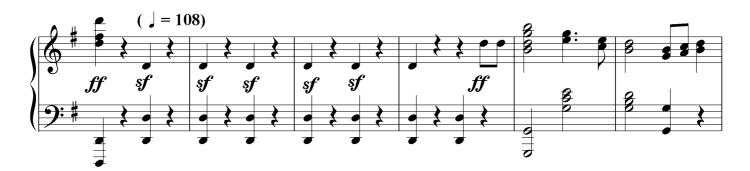


























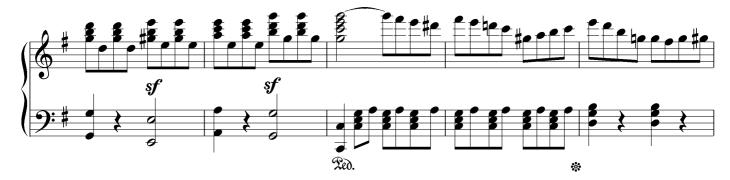
















SCENE. — A Room, decently furnished; at C. a bed, with curtains closed; at L. C. a door at 3 E. L. a chest of drawers; at back, R. a window; at 3 E. R. a door; at 2 E. R. a fireplace, with mantelpiece; table and chairs, a few common ornaments on chimney piece.

COX, dressed, with the exception of his coat is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which he holds in his hand.

COX. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair cut again! (*his hair is very short.*) And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair dresser only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the other ends! Never mind, I shan't meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular, and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfil my destiny. (*knock at* L. C. D.) Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter SERJEANT BOUNCER

BOUN. Good morning, Colonel Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Colonel.

COX. I can't say I did, B. I should feel obliged to you, if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

BOUN. Anything to accommodate you, Captain Cox.

COX. Thank you. Then perhaps you'll be good enough to hold this glass, while I finish my toilet.

BOUN. Certainly. (*holding glass before* **COX**, *who ties on his cravat.*) Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut!

COX. Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I'm sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. I look as if I'd been cropped for the Militia —

BOUN. The Militia! — I recollect when I was in the Militia.

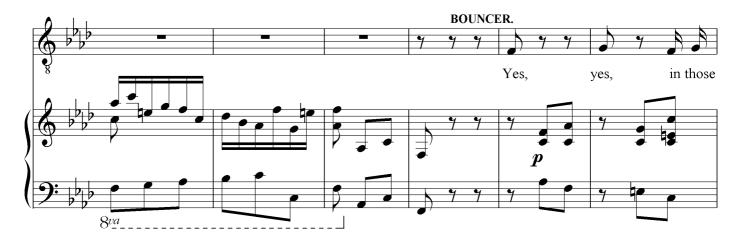
COX. Ah! now he's off on his hobby.

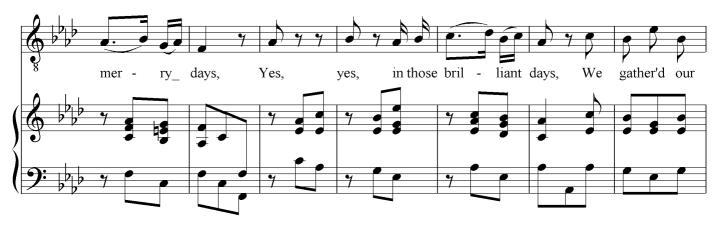
BOUN. Yes, we were mounted on chargers. I recollect upon one occasion, being seated firmly in my saddle for eight hours, and I don't recollect being able to sit down again *firmly* for a considerable period afterwards.

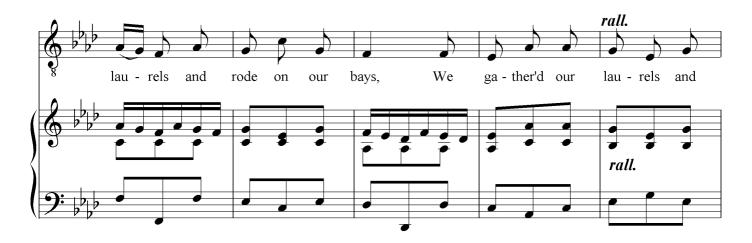
No. 2. Rataplan (BOUNCER'S SONG)



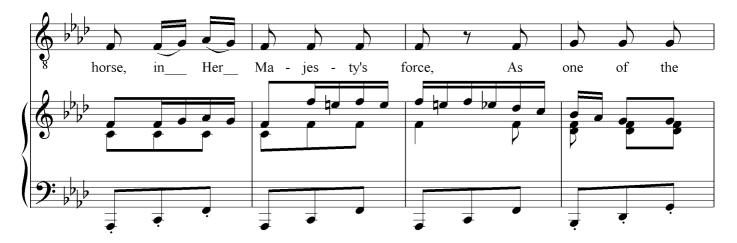


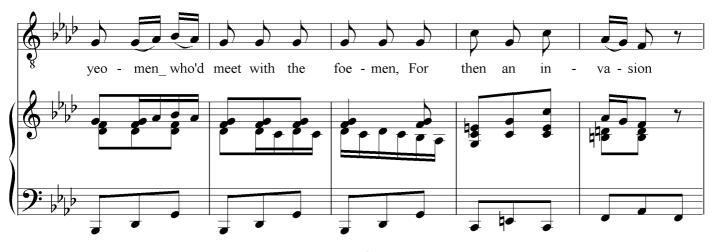


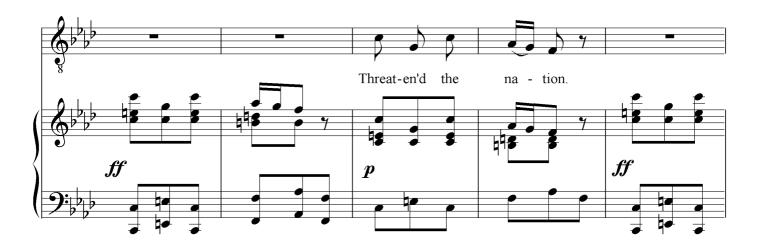






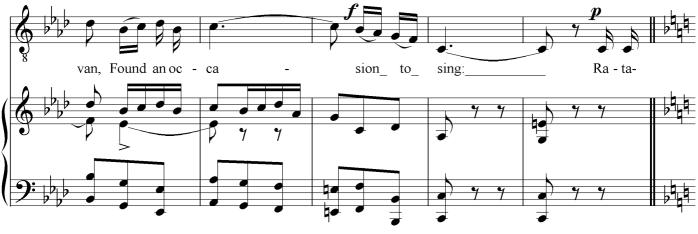




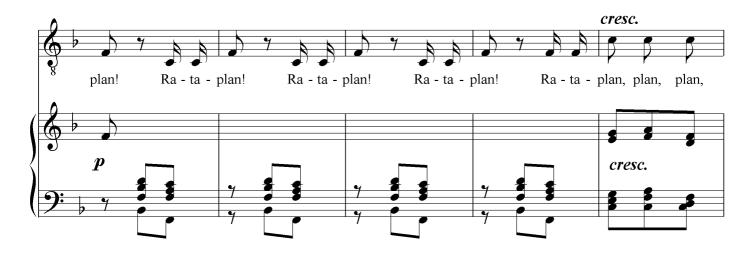






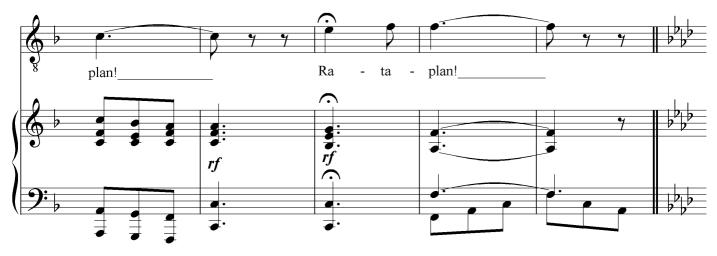


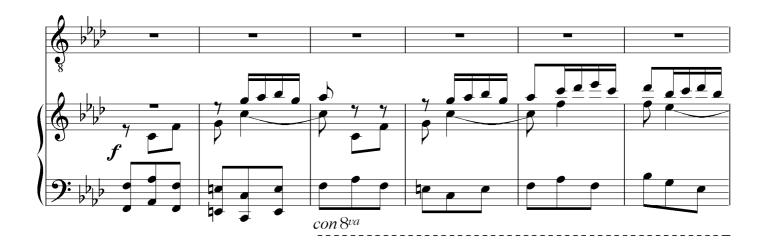
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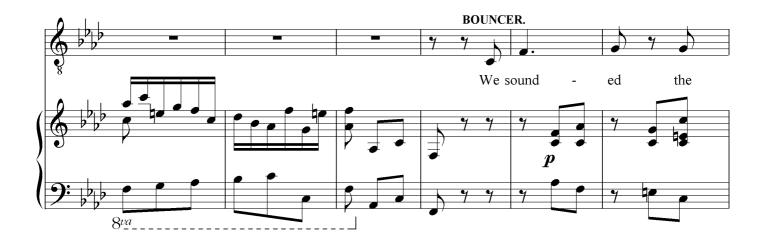


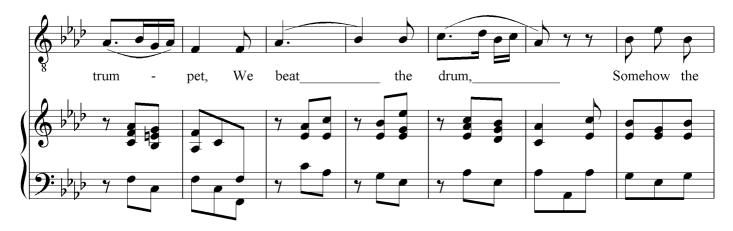


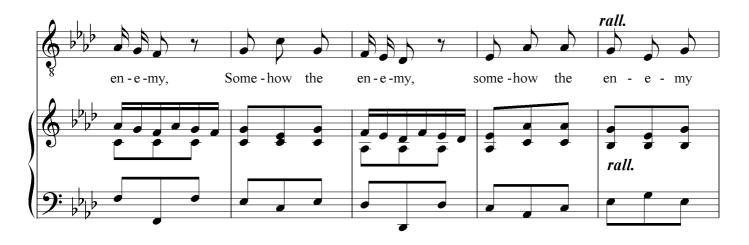








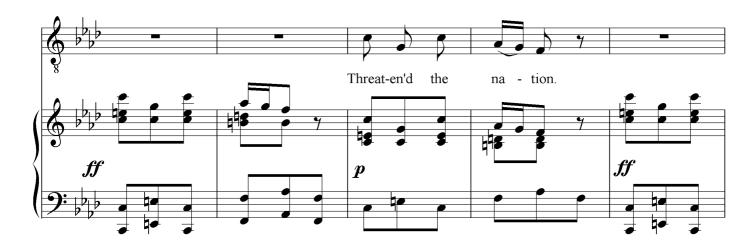


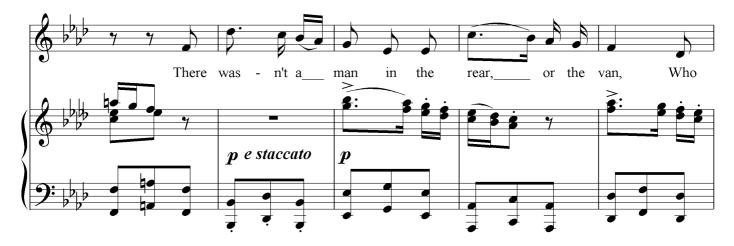




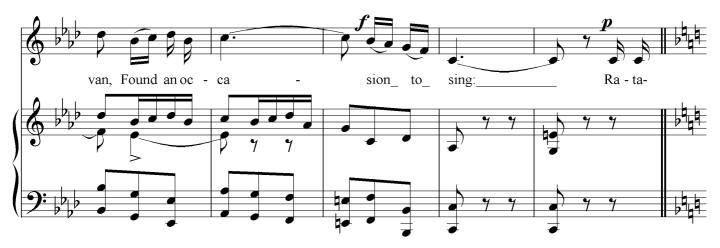




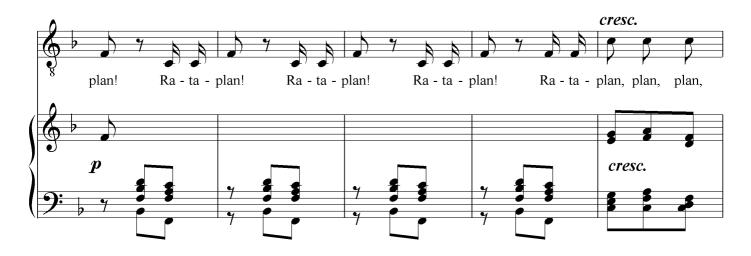


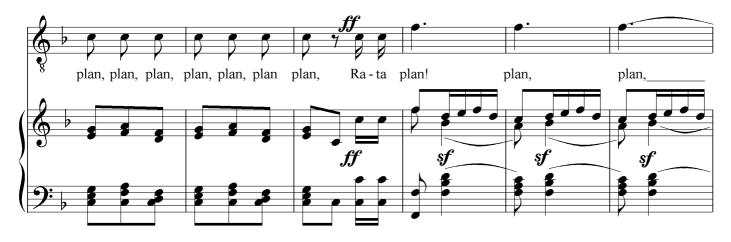


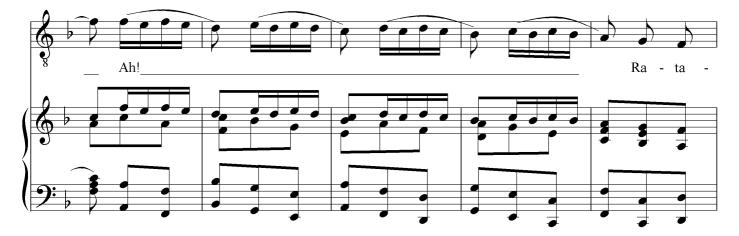


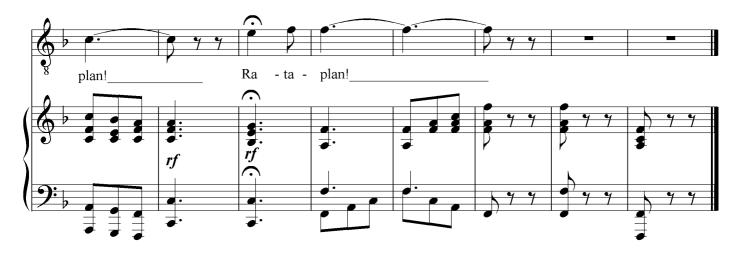


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Enter COX.

COX. Well, this is pleasant. This comes of having one's hair cut. None of my hats will fit me. Never mind, this one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others (*puts on hat*), and now I'm off! By the by, Bouncer, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

BOUN. Why — I suppose the chimney —

COX. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke, how is that?

BOUN. (confused) Why — I suppose — yes — that must be it —

COX. At present, I am entirely of your opinion — because I haven't the most distant particle of an idea what you mean.

BOUN. Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth — and there he sits for hours, and puffs away into the fire-place.

COX. Ah, then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction.

BOUN. Why —

COX. Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of, is the same individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down when I'm coming up?

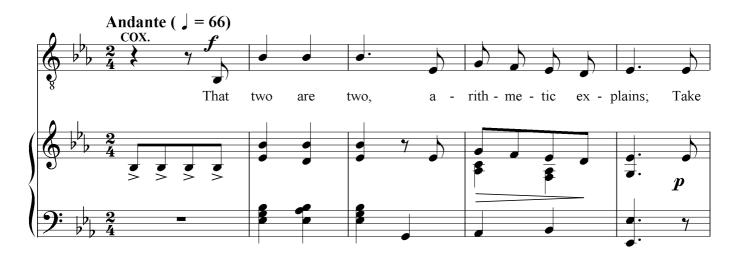
BOUN. Why — yes — I

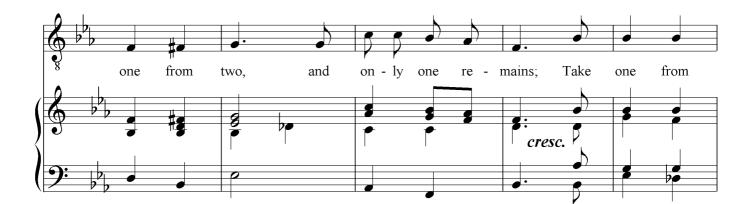
COX. From the appearance of his outward man, I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

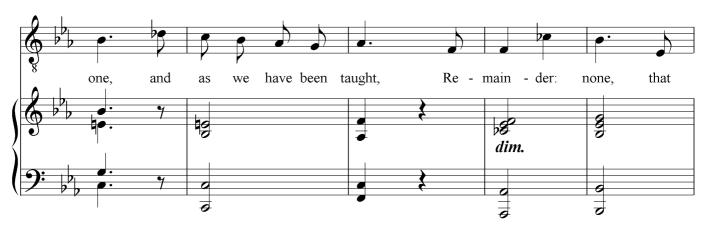
BOUN. Yes, sir, and a very respectable young gentleman he is. Good morning, Colonel. (*going.*)





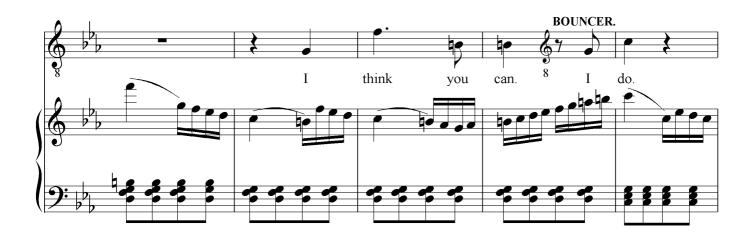


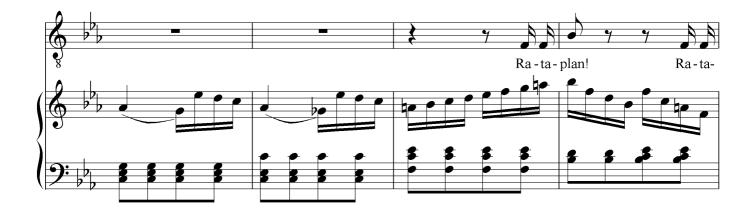


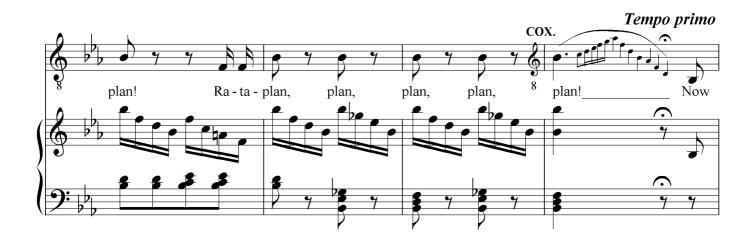


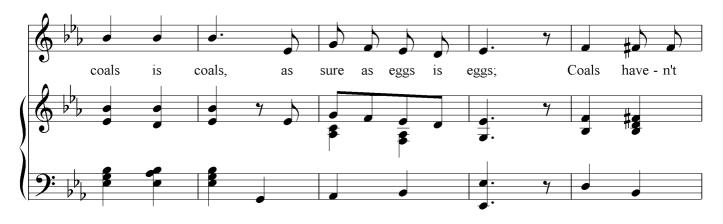


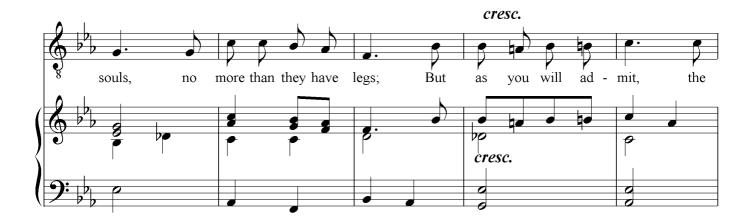
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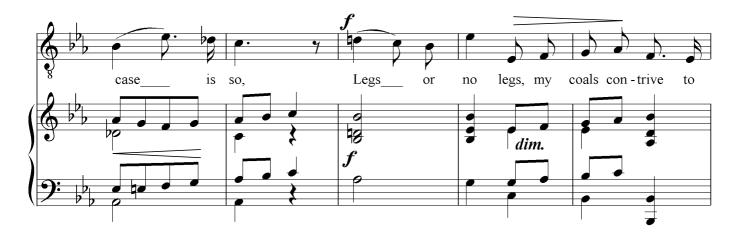


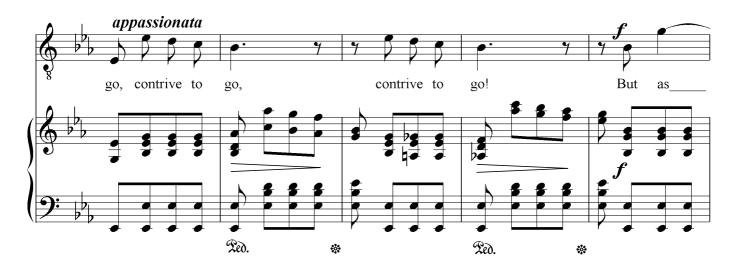


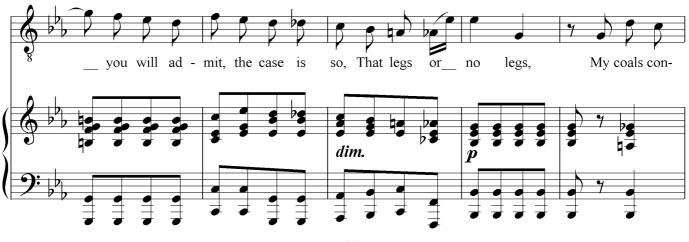


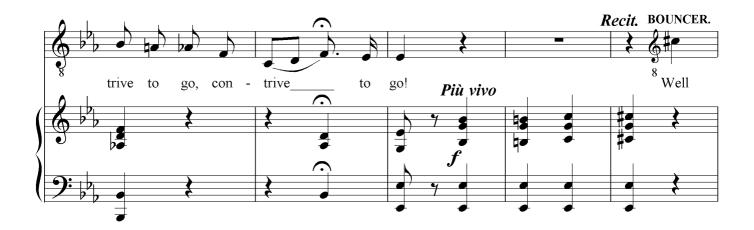


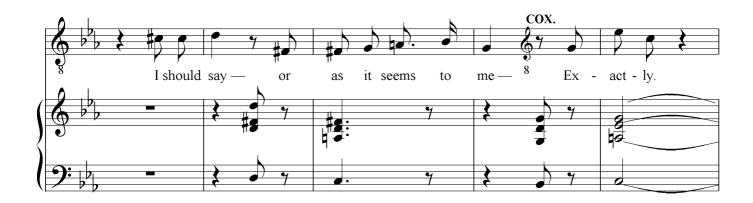


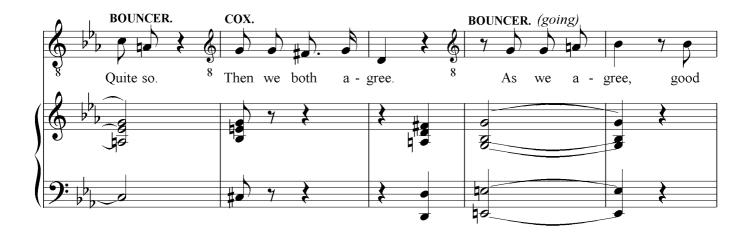




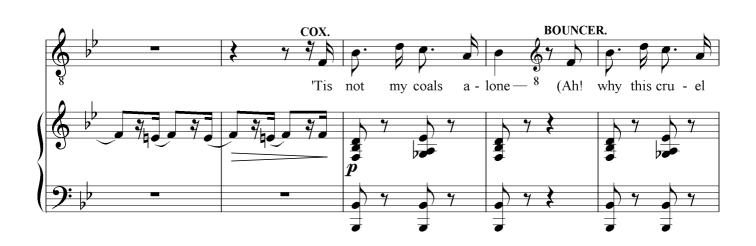


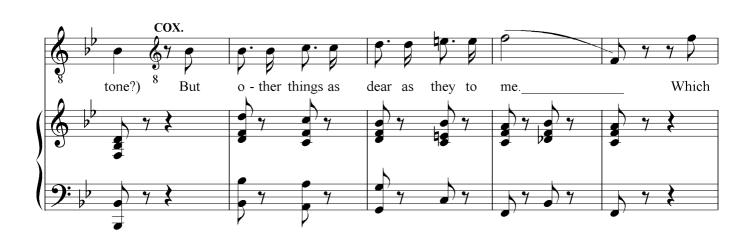


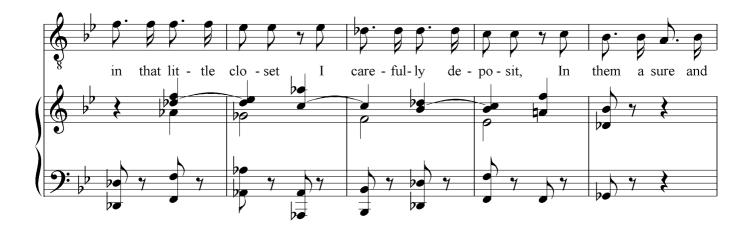


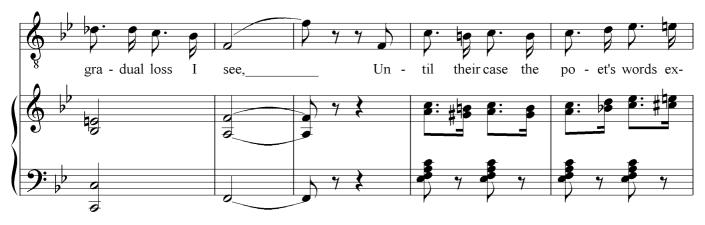


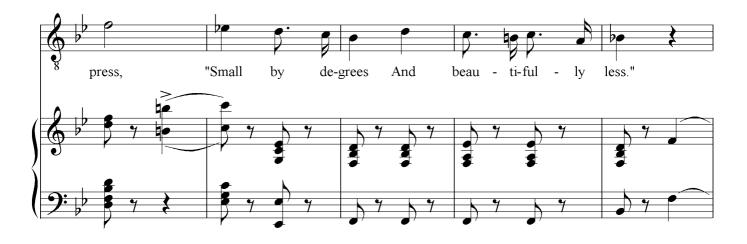


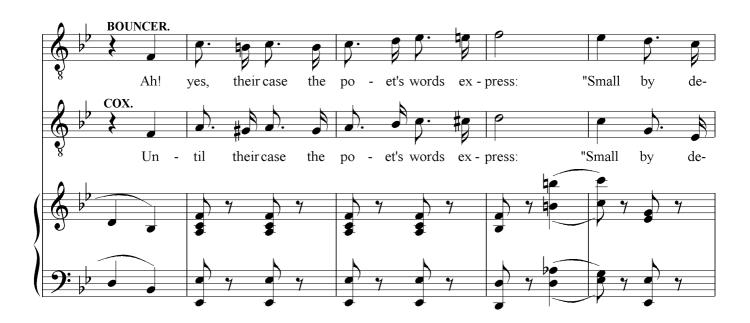


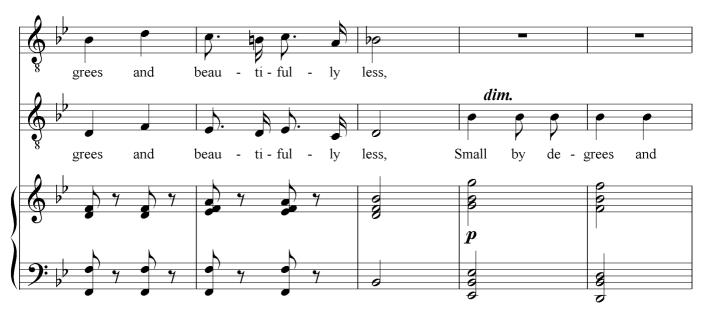


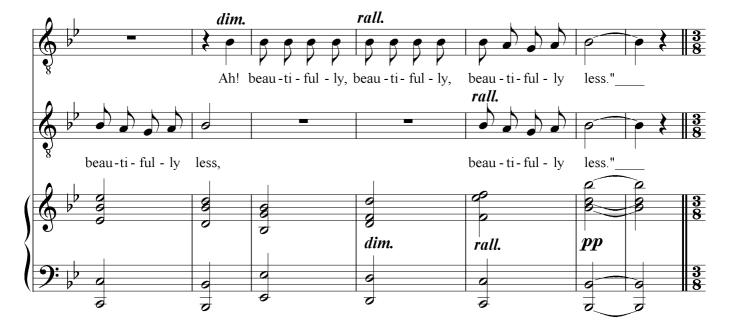


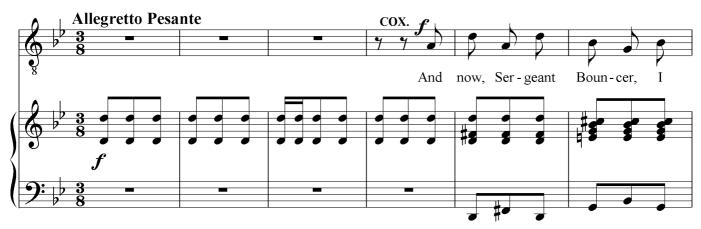








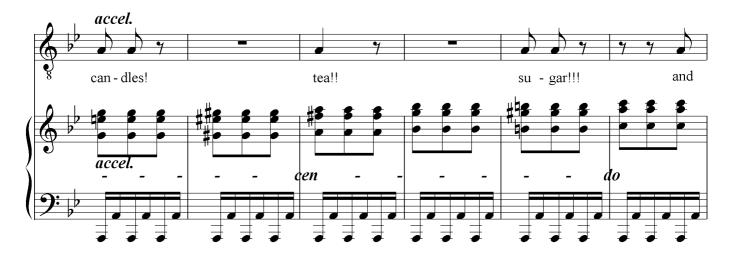


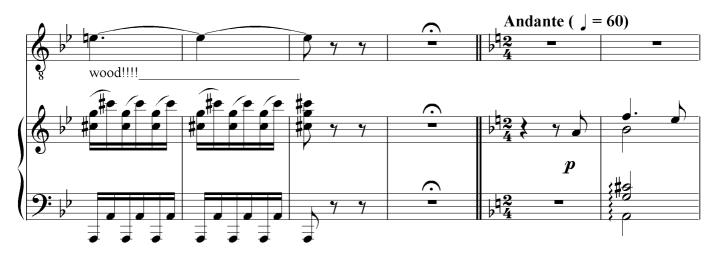


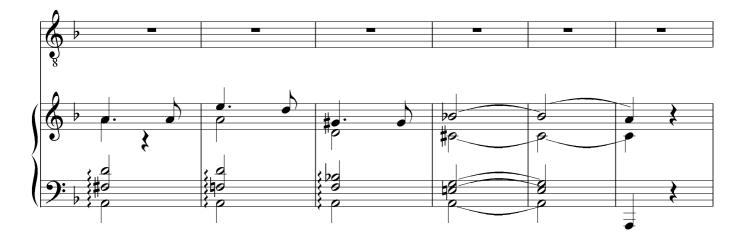




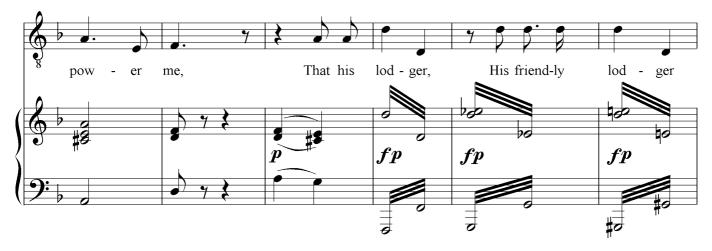
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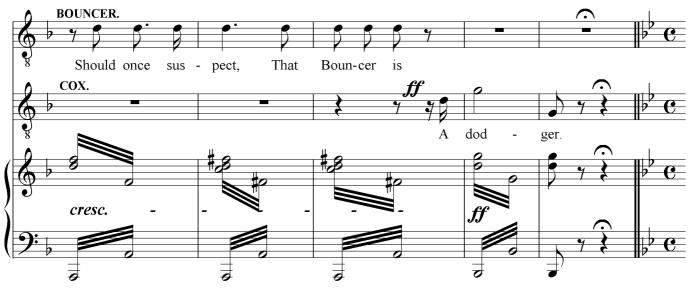


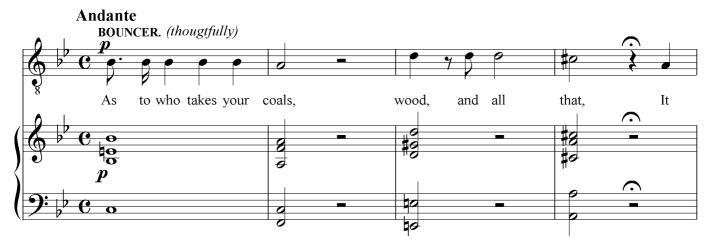


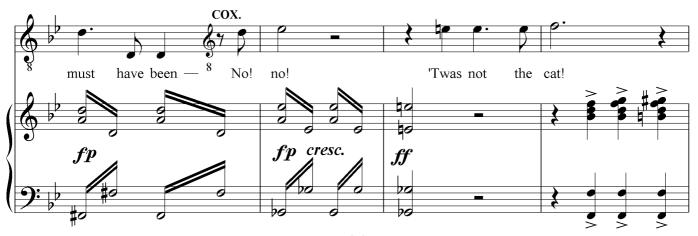


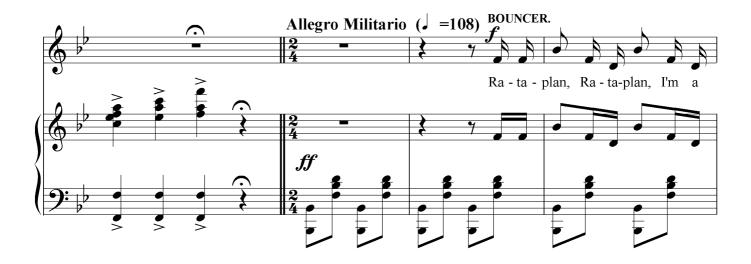




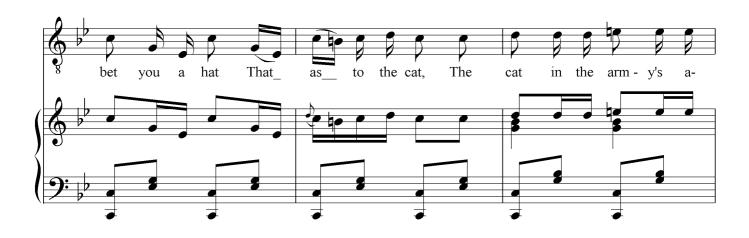


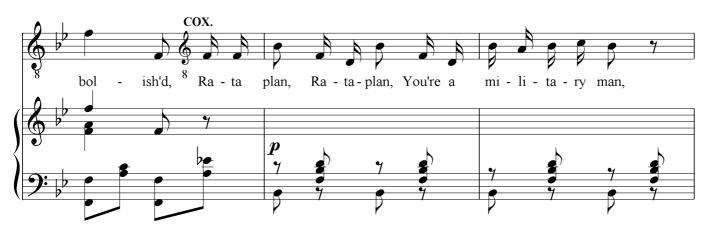




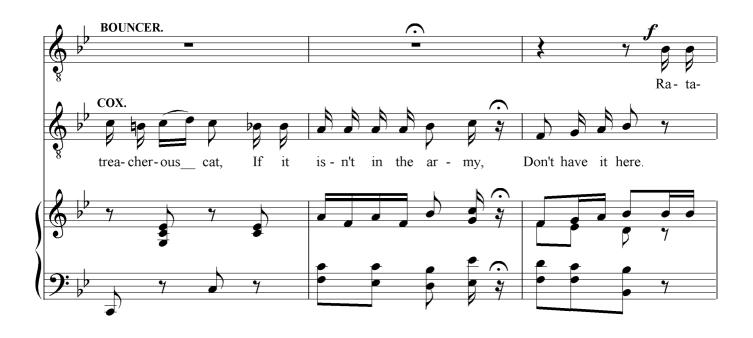


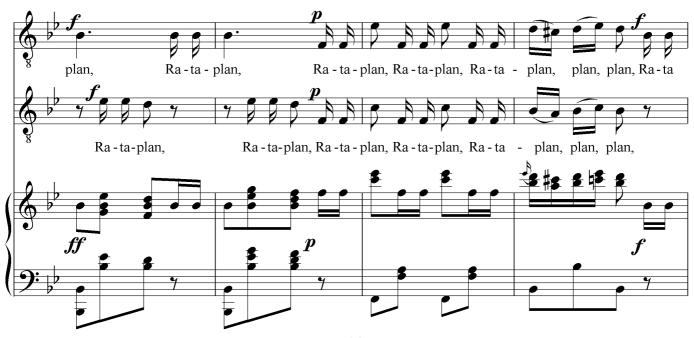


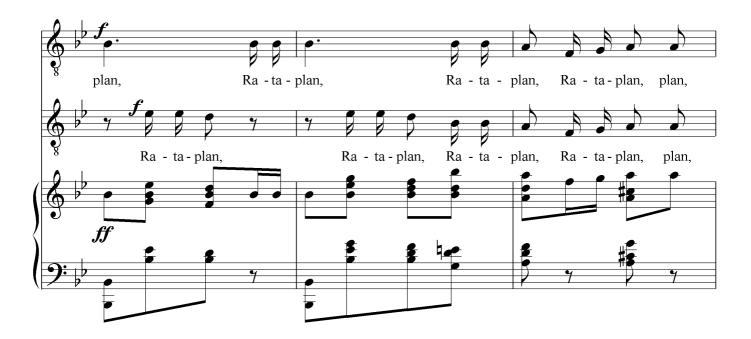


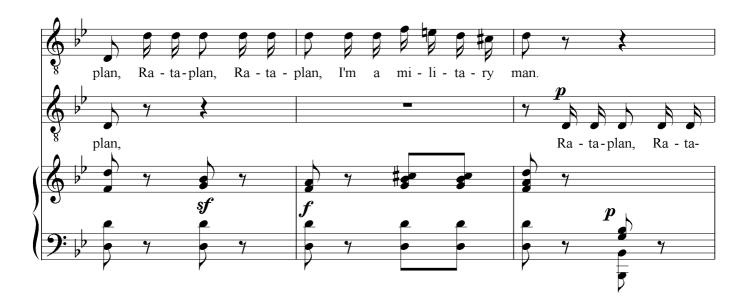


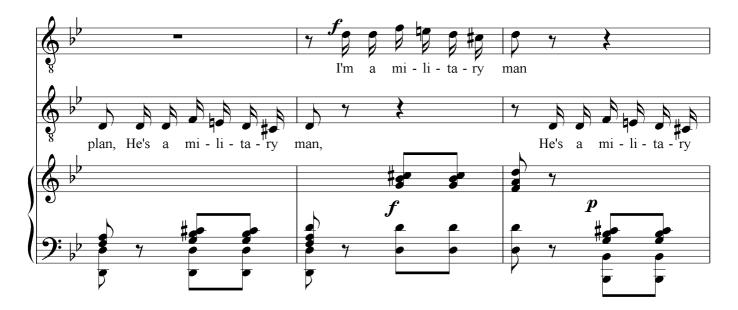








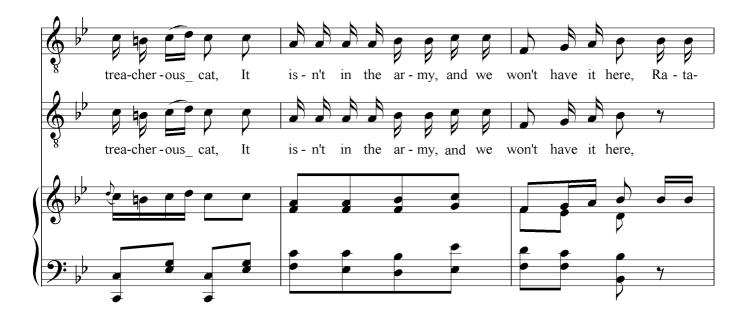


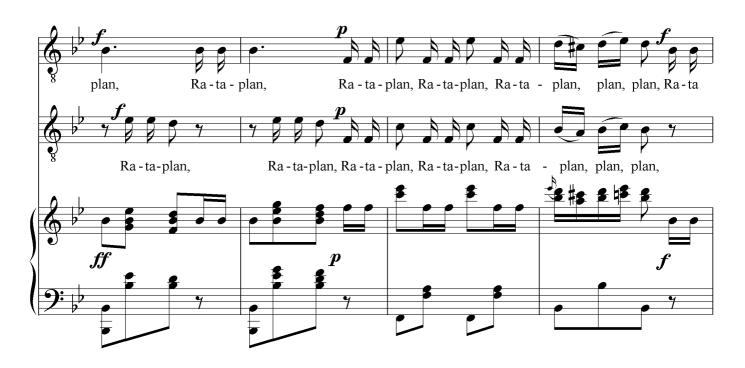


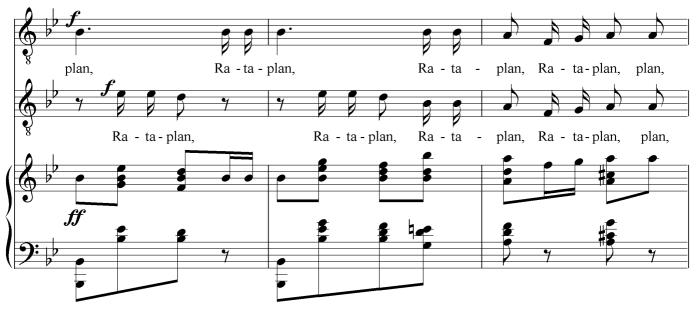


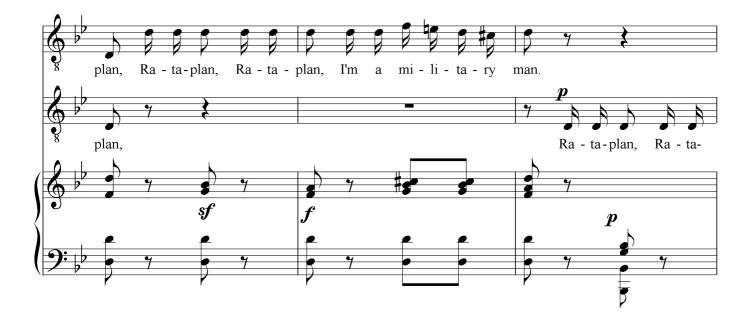
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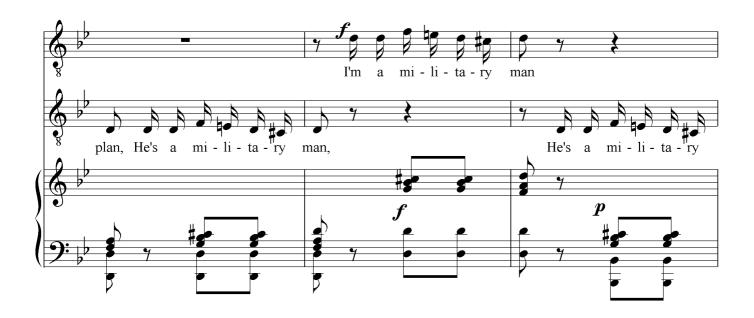
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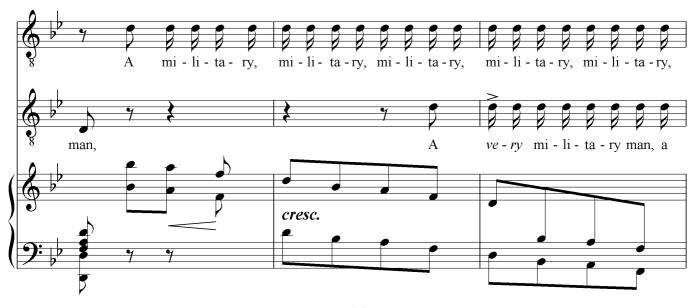


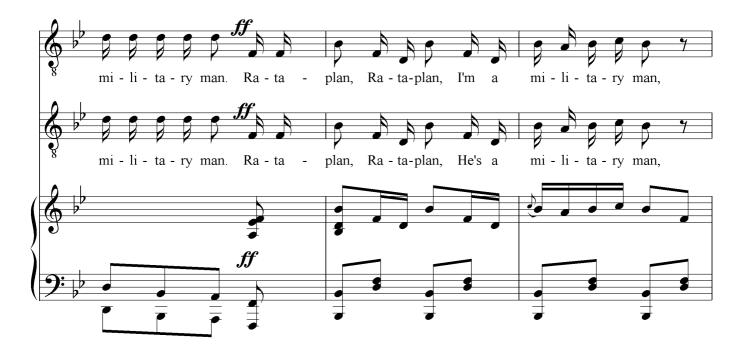




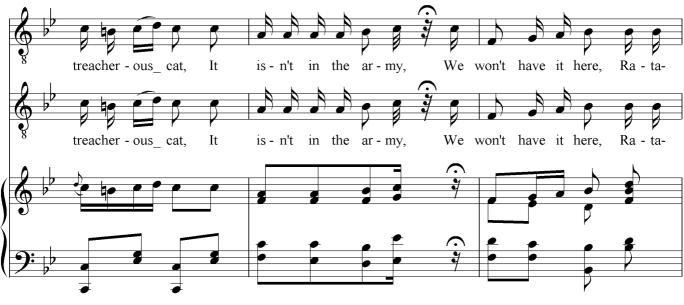


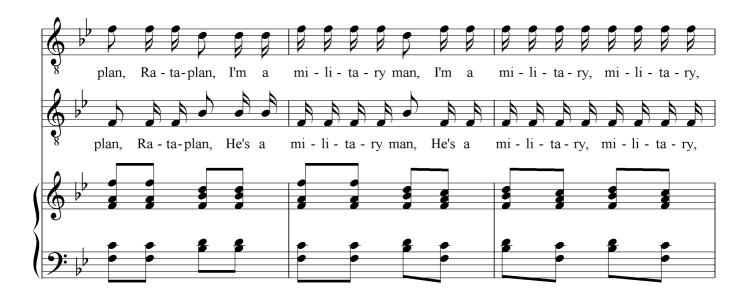


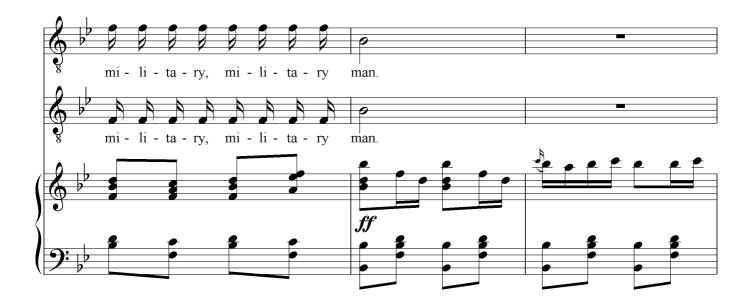














BOUN. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box should come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily they've never met yet — and what's more, they're not very likely to do so: for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a happy thought of mine that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. (*He takes the three hats,* **COX'S** *dressing gown and slippers, opens door at* L. *and puts them in, then shuts door and locks it.*) Now then, to put the key where Mr. Cox always finds it (*Puts the key on the ledge of the door,* L.) Now then, to make the bed — and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Colonel Cox, becomes the foot of the bed for Private Box — people's tastes do differ so. (Goes behind the curtains of the bed and seems to be making it — then, appears with a very thin bolster in his hand.) The idea of Colonel Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this! (*He disappears again behind curtains.*)

BOX. (*without*) Pooh — pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters at back dressed as a printer* — *puts his head out of door again, shouting.*) It was as much your fault as mine, sir? I say, sir — it was as much your fault as mine, sir?

BOUN. (*emerging from behind the curtains of bed*) Lor, Mr. Box! what is the matter?

BOX. Mind your own business, Bouncer!

BOUN. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare you are quite *pale* in the face!

BOX. What colour would you have a man to be, who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

BOUN. But then you've all day to yourself.

BOX. (*looking significantly at* **BOUNCER**) So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments and going to bed.

BOUN. Oh, certainly, Mr. Box! (going).

BOX. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coining up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

BOUN. (confused) Oh — yes — the gentleman in the attic, sir.

BOX. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats — white hats and black hats — hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims, hats with naps, and hats without naps — in short, I have come to the conclusion, that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

BOUN. Yes sir. And they tell me that's why he took the *hattics*! And, by-the-bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favour, that you would not smoke quite so much.

BOX. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining parish.

BOUN. You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger? (*pathetically*.)

BOX. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning — that I shall give you warning at once.

BOUN. Well, Mr. Box — do you want anything more of me?

BOX. On the contrary — I've had quite enough of you?

BOUN. Well, if ever!

BOX. But there's one evolution I should much like to see you perform.

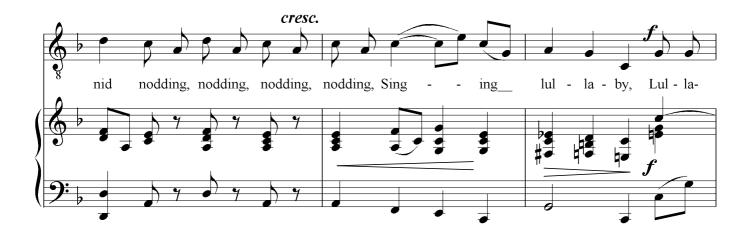
BOUN. What's that?

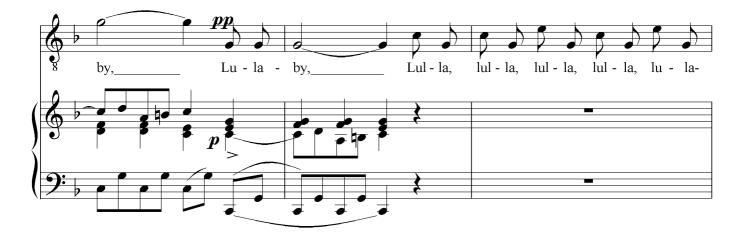
BOX. Right about face, quick march. (*Exit* **BOUN**., L. C. D., *slamming door after him*.)

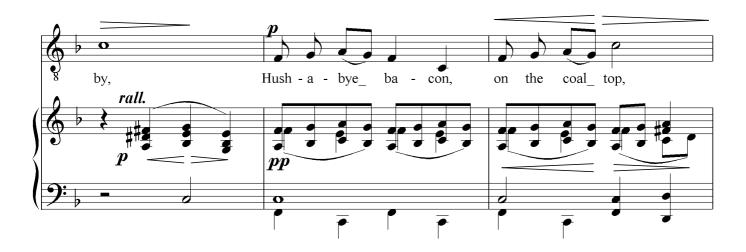
BOX. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable warrior. He knows I'm up all night, and yet he seems to set his face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see — shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap - I mean shall I swallow my nap before — no — never mind! I've. got a rasher of bacon somewhere — (feeling in his pockets) I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased a rasher of bacon — Oh, here it is — (produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on the table) — and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire. Where are my lucifers? (looking on mantel-piece R. and taking box, opens it.) Now 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer - this is by several degrees too bad! I had a whole box full, three days ago, and there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that he purloins my coals and my candles, and my sugar — but I did think — Oh yes, I did think that my lucifers would be sacred (lights the fire — then takes down the gridiron, which is hanging over fireplace, R.). Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! (places gridiron on fire, and then, with a fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron). How sleepy I am to be sure! I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the turning of my bacon (yawning again). Perhaps it will turn itself.

No. 4. A Lullaby (BOX'S SONG)



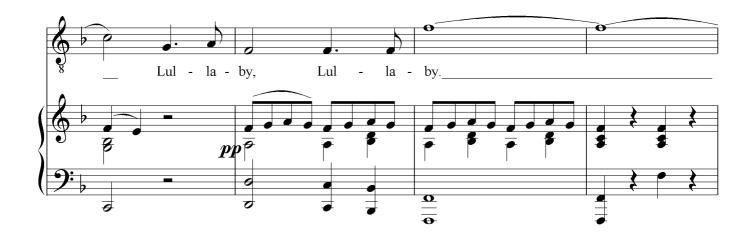




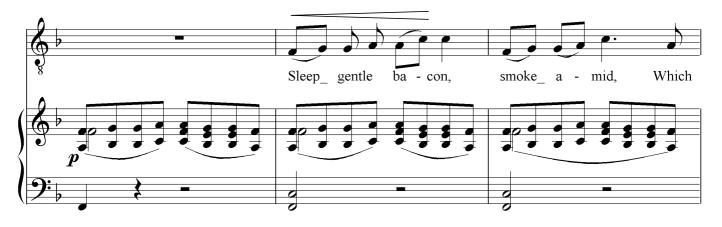


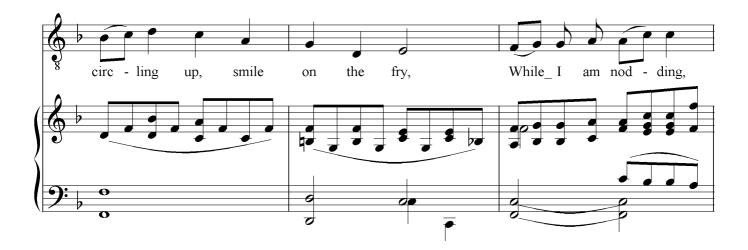


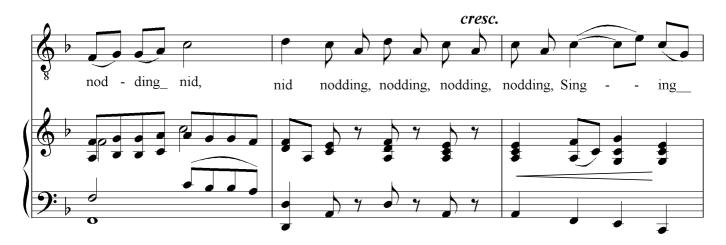


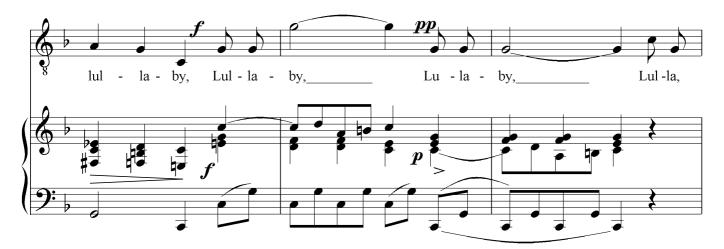


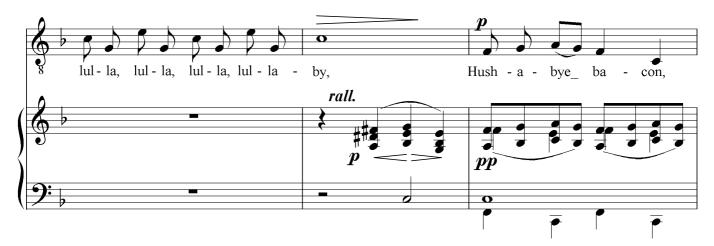




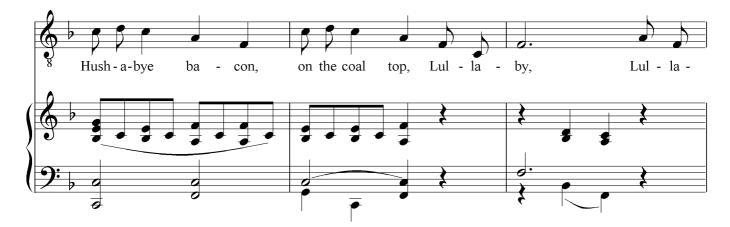


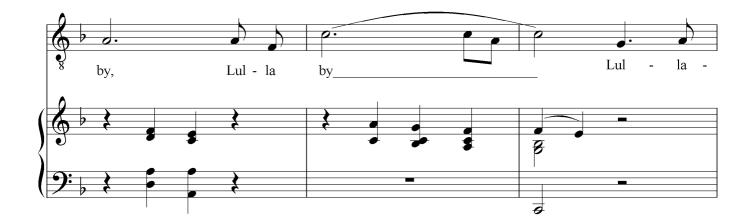


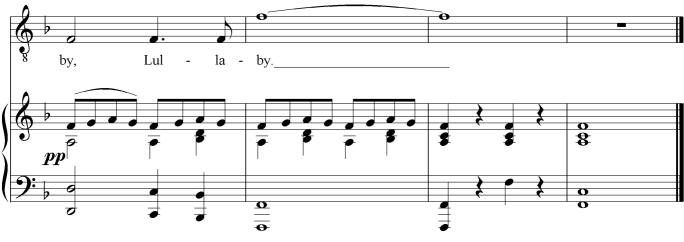


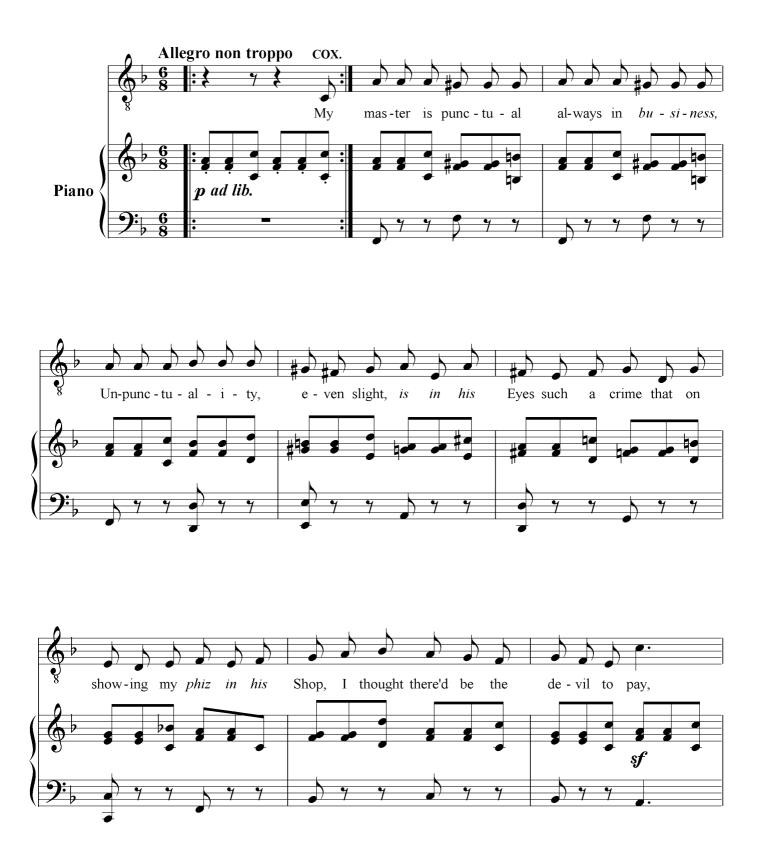




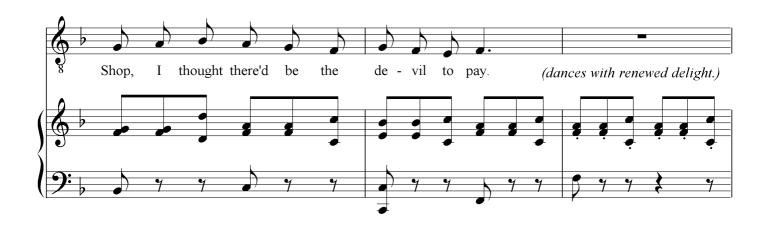


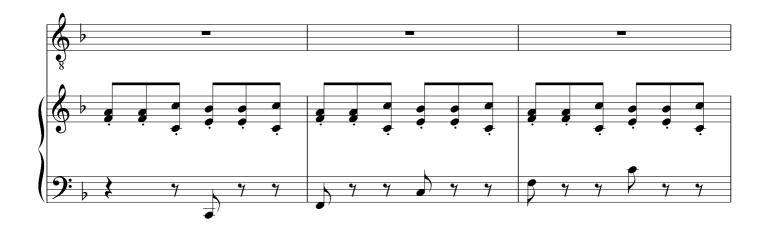




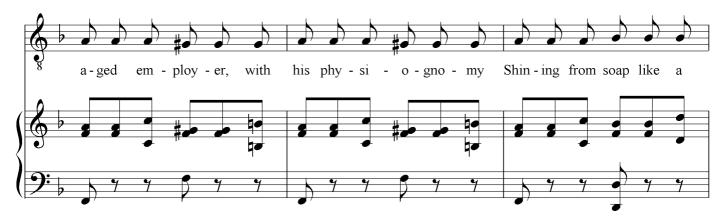


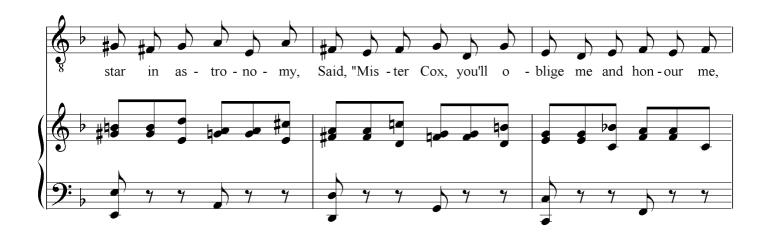
No. 5. My Master is Punctual (SONG AND DANCE)

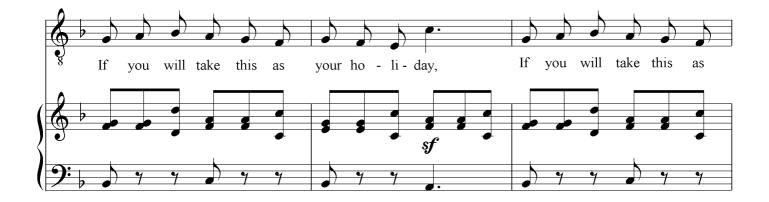








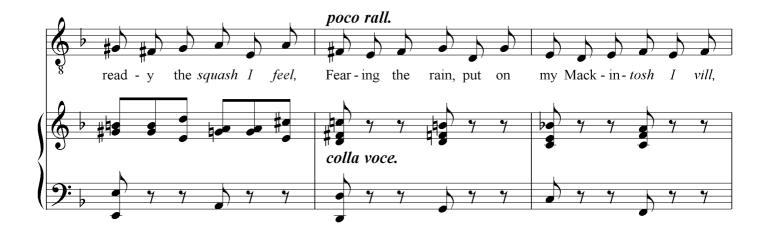


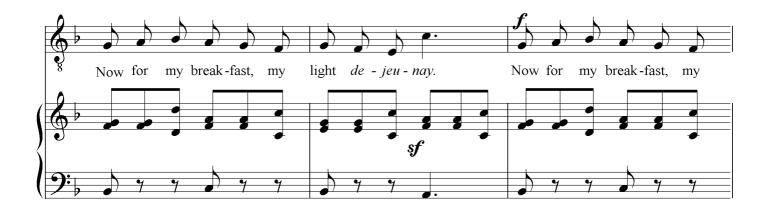


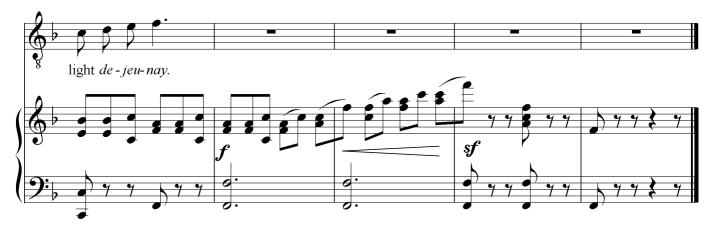










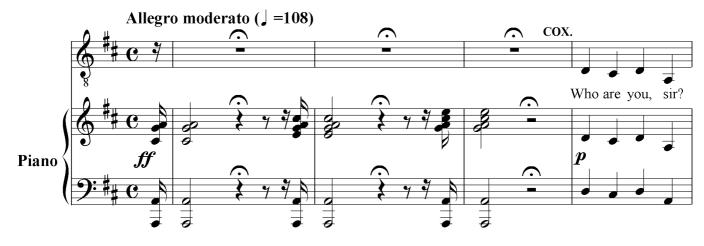


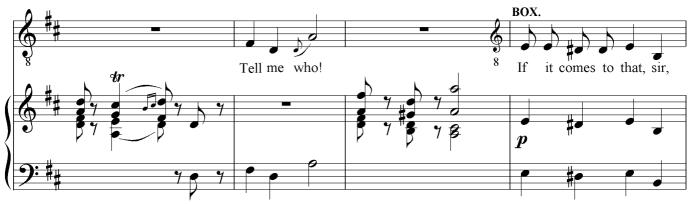
COX. I bought a mutton chop, so I shan't want any dinner. (*Puts chop on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Hallo! what's this? a roll, I declare. Come, that's lucky! Now then to light the fire. Holloa — (seeing the lucifer box on table) who presumes to touch my box of lucifers? Why it's empty! I left one in it — I'll take my oath I did. Heyday! why the fire *is* lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare. And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. He takes my last lucifer — my coals — and my gridiron, to cook his breakfast by! No, no — I can't stand this! Come out of that! (pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron, which he puts on the fire). Now then for my breakfast things. (Taking key hung up L., opens door L., and goes out slamming the door after him, with a loud noise.)

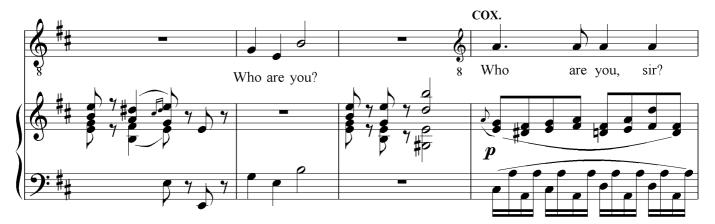
BOX. (suddenly showing his head from behind curtains). Come in! if it's you, Bouncer — you needn't be afraid. I wonder how long I've been asleep! (Suddenly recollecting.) Goodness gracious! — my bacon (leaps off bed and runs to the fireplace.) Halloa, what's this? A chop? Whose chop? Bouncer's, I'll be bound. He thought to cook his breakfast while I was asleep — with my coals, too — and my gridiron. Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? (Seeing it on table.) Here it is! Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (digs the fork into the chop, opens window, and throws chop out shuts window again.) So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! (with fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again.) I may as well lay my breakfast things (Goes to mantel-piece at R., takes key out of one of the ornaments opens door at R. and exit, slamming door after him.)

COX. (putting his head in quickly at L. D.) Come in, — come in. (Opens door and enters with a small tray, on which are tea things, &c., which he places on drawers, L., and suddenly recollects.), Oh! goodness! my chop! (running to fireplace.) Holloa — what's this! The bacon again! Oh, pooh! Zounds — confound it dash it — damn it— I can't stand this! (pokes fork into bacon, opens window, and flings it out, shuts, window again, and returns to drawers for tea things, and encounters **BOX** coming from his cupboard with his tea things — they come down C. of stage together.)

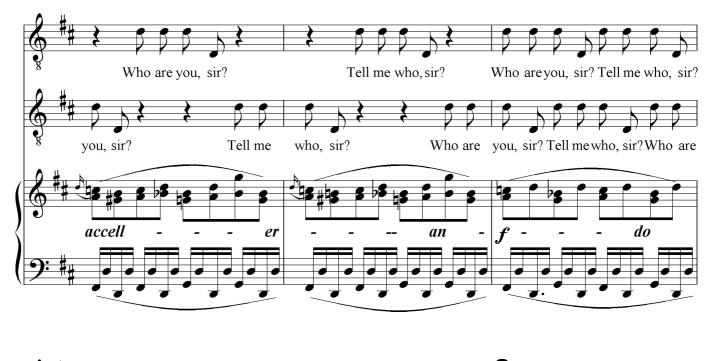
No. 6. Who Are You, Sir?

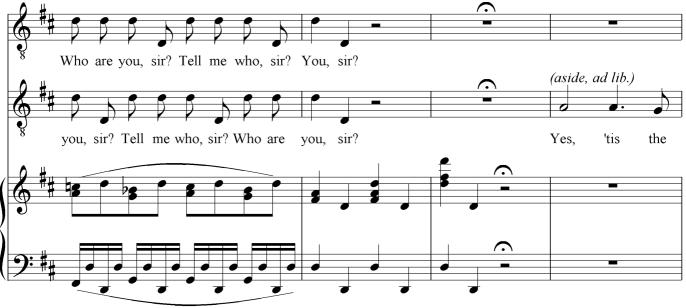




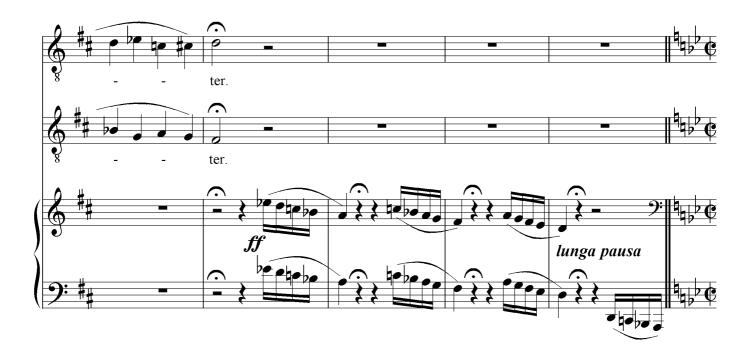


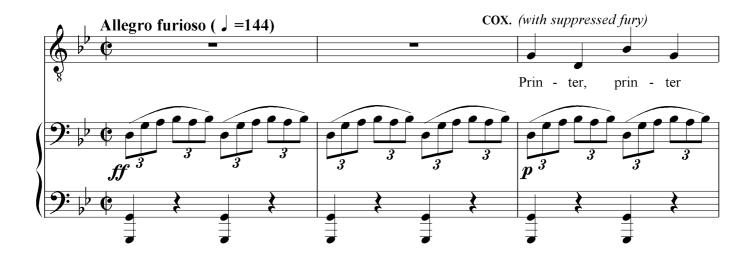


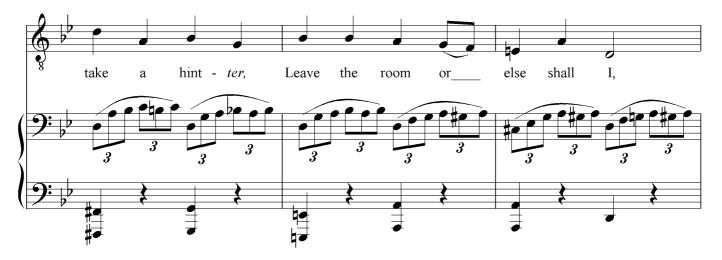


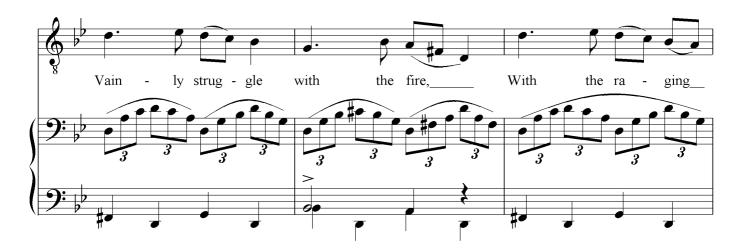




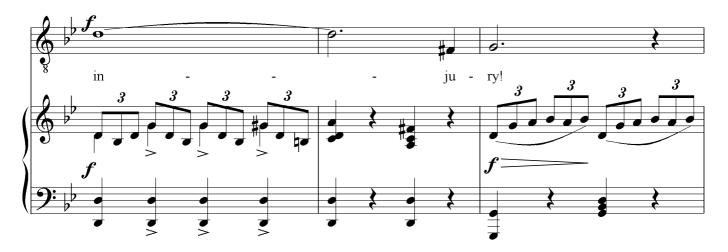


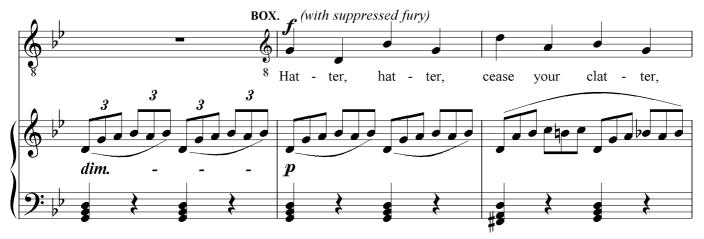


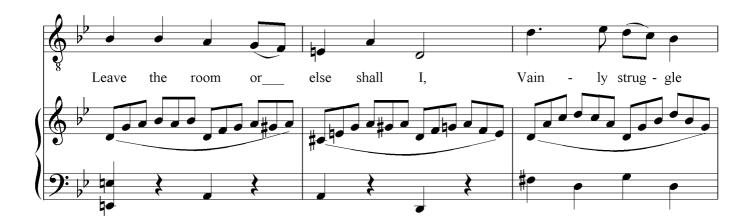


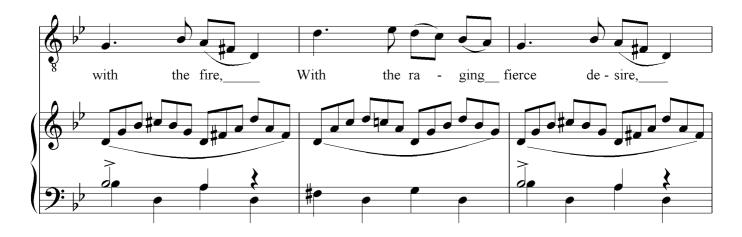


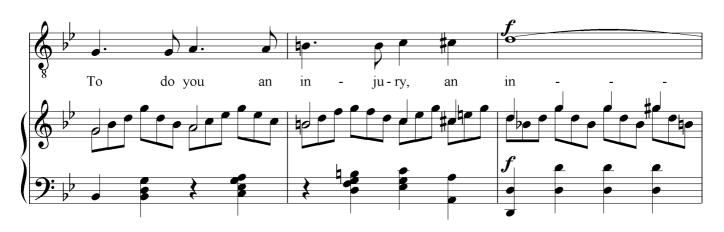


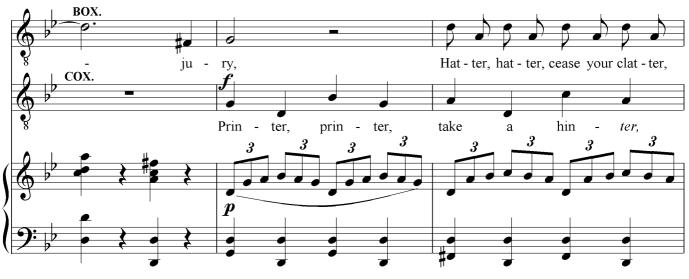








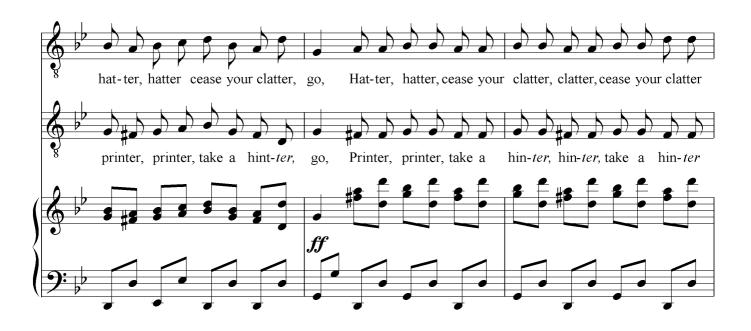




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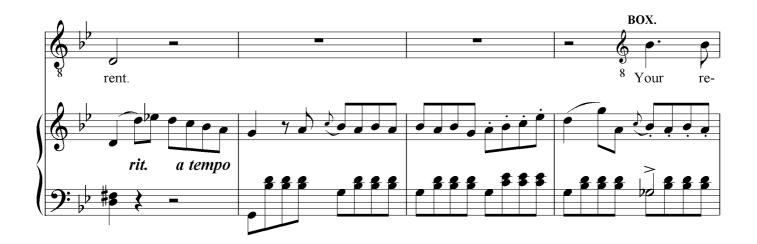
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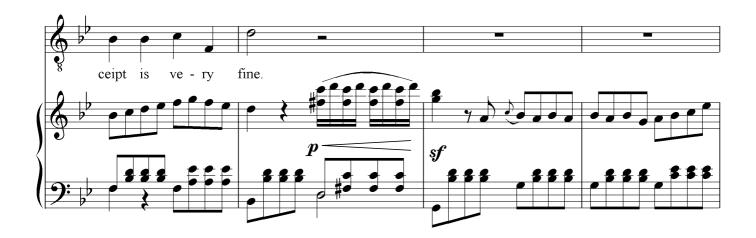


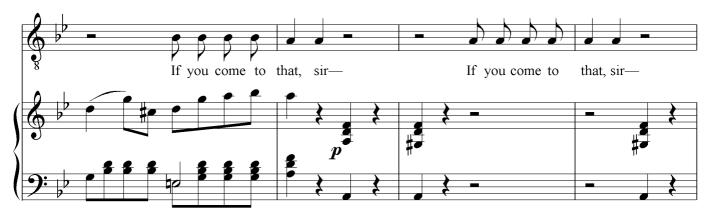














Boun-cer!

ff

Boun-cer!

BOUNCER.

Ra - ta - plan!

(Enter BOUNCER.)

turn out the man!

























