

TEDDY—(Looking around on ground.)—Where the divil did I hang up me hat? Oh, here it is.

(Picks up hat—sees ISAAC.)

Well, upon me word!

ISAAC—Vell, upon my vord!

TEDDY—(Looking off, R.)—Larry, come back! (Has a fit.)

Re-enter LARRY.

LARRY—(At entrance.)—Teddy, what is it?

TEDDY—Ask me something easy.

(ISAAC moves a step or two.)

LARRY—Teddy, it moved!

TEDDY—An' it's eyes can open an' shut!

ISAAC—Go away!

LARRY—Teddy, it can talk!

ISAAC—I'm going home to my vife.

TEDDY—His wife! How did she get him?

LARRY—She must have won him at a raffle.

TEDDY—No, Larry, she got him with a pound o' tay.

LARRY—Isn't he an ould money-lender, Teddy?

TEDDY—He's nothin' else.

ISAAC—No, no—so help me, Abraham!

Enter CHAUNCEY, L.

CHAUN.—Aw!

ISAAC—(To CHAUNCEY)—Oh, Mishtah, Mishtah, these men vas highvay robbers!

CHAUN.—Not at all, my deah fellow. They are personal friends of mine, ye know.

(ISAAC collapses.)

TEDDY—(Aside.)—Larry, we must have some fun. (Aloud.)—Misther Goodacre, in this illigant gintleman ye see a friend o' Shakespeare's.

CHAUN.—Aw—a friend of Shakespeare's!

TEDDY—Yes—Misther Shylock.

LARRY—Faith I think his name is Dinnis.

TEDDY—Misther Goodacre, he's a money-lendher.

ISAAC—No, no—so help me!

LARRY—An' he charges a millio per cint.

ISAAC—Holy Abraham!

TEDDY—(Nudging LARRY.)—Larry, what'll we do with him?

LARRY—Do you want to give him some terrible punishment?

TEDDY—Oh, yes!

LARRY—Worse than dhrownin'?

TEDDY—Oh, yes! (CHAUNCEY starts.)

LARRY—Worse than hangin'? (CHAUNCEY starts.)