

# ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

By EDWIN and LAURA ROSS

*Being a scene from the play "No Sunday For Friday," presented for the first time at the recent commencement exercises of the Henry George School of Social Science.*

- Scene: A doctor's office. The Doctor enters, speaking as he does
- Doctor: Bring the patient in, Nurse. (A nurse wheels in Uncle Sam. He doesn't look so good. Besides having an enormous bandage on one foot, his clothes are rather ragged.)
- Nurse: Right this way, Uncle Sam.
- Doctor: Hullo, Sam. Mind if we look you over?
- Sam: Look away, son. I've had so many doctors working on me in the past few decades I guess one more isn't going to hurt much.
- Doctor: I hope we aren't going to hurt at all, Sam. I'm a diagnostician, not a surgeon.
- Sam: Well, I guess you'll be a change from Dr. Franklin D. anyway. He's a chiropractor.
- Doctor: Let me feel your trade, Sam. (Sam extends his wrist.)
- Nurse: (to doctor) How is it?
- Doctor: (Sotto voce) It's so darn slow I don't see what's keeping him alive. (He inserts large thermometer.)
- Nurse: Look at that mercury rise! Look out, it's going to break!
- Doctor: (Snatches thermometer out) Man, look at that tariff! No wonder his trade is so slow.
- Sam: (Complacently) I got Doc Cordell workin' on that tariff now. He's bringing it down some.
- Doctor: Dr. Cordell, eh? and Dr. Franklin D.? How many doctors are tinkering with you?
- Sam: Why, I got about a thousand of 'em. Each one has his own treatment. I must say, Dr. Frank has the nicest bedside manner.
- Doctor: And what's Dr. Frank's treatment?
- Sam: Aw, you know Frank. He's just a sucker for all the patent medicines on the market. He'll try darn near anything once. You'd think his medicine ought to work at that. It sure costs a darn sight more than any of the others.
- Doctor: What kind of medicines?
- Sam: By gosh, you ought to know. You're the fellow that pays for them.
- Doctor: You don't mean taxes?
- Sam: Yep, that's right.
- Doctor: And how have you been responding to Dr. Franklin's treatment?
- Sam: It's mighty bitter tasin'. Bedside manner or no bedside manner. I couldn't see any sense to killing all those hogs, and ploughing under all that cotton, when all the time I'm one third starving and naked! And when he tried to pay for 'em by giving me another dose of taxes, I just up and recessed on him!
- Doctor: Sam, I'm surprised at you. I should have thought once bitten twice shy as far as taxes went.
- Sam: Should have thought so myself. If I recollect rightly I divorced my old woman for that very reason.
- Doctor: You mean England?
- Sam: Yes sir! She was a nice built girl, but she sure did tax me. I had the backache trying to keep up with her. I remember old Doc Washington and some of those earlier ones had a theory that I'd keep in pretty good health if I'd just keep away from those temptin' European wenches. Maybe they were right. I recollect that back in 1917, I forgot their advice and went on a spree with a few of those blonde hus-sies. It was supposed to be a Dutch treat, but those sirens haven't paid me their share yet.
- Doctor: Well, Sam, your chart shows that you weren't quite in your right mind when you went out with those girls. Doc Washington may have been right when he said that you ought to keep away from them. But we want to find out what it is that makes you have that crazy urge to go on sprees with them.
- Sam: I guess my girl friend would like to know that, too.
- Doctor: Who's your girl friend?
- Sam: Why, Libby.
- Doctor: Libby?
- Sam: Sure, Liberty. I call her Lib for short.
- Doctor: Liberty? Why she's dead! They've got a big monument to her right in New York Harbor.
- Sam: She's not dead. I've been engaged to her over 150 years. If I could get over this illness of mine, I'd marry her. But just now, I don't seem to have the constitution for it. Maybe I need a couple of new amendments.
- Doctor: Well, we'll see. What's the big bandage for?
- Sam: Doc Perkins put that there. I've got terrible labor pains. Some of the Docs say its a sort of a gout caused by over-consumption.
- Doctor: At any rate, you have a surplus of labor.
- Sam: Doesn't seem to be any doubt of that.
- Doctor: (Lowers his voice) And how's your—natural resources?
- Sam: Oh, first rate. Seem to have more than I can use.
- Doctor: Well, now, let's check up. Your trade is slow. Your tariff is high, you're swallowing a lot of taxes, you have a large supply of idle labor, and you have a lot of idle natural resources. Sam, do you know what your trouble is? It isn't a very nice disease. It's not mentioned in the best nations. In fact, it's—(He whispers in Sam's ear.)
- Sam: Landlorditis! What's that?
- Doctor: It's a sort of parasitical animal like a tape-worm. It absorbs most of your wealth so that one third of you is starving and naked.
- Sam: Landlorditis? Is that right? How do you spell it?
- Doctor: L-a-n-d, land, l-o-r-d lord, e-a-t eat, U. S. us. (He wheels Sam out rapidly, the nurse following.)

## Complete Script Available

Copies of the complete script of "No Sunday For Friday" are available at \$1 each. Send order and remittance to the Henry George School of Social Science, 30 East 29th Street, New York.

Permission to stage the playlet without payment of royalty will be granted to extension branches of the School upon request.