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*Dramatic Publishing*

# ***Rags to Riches***

***By  
Aurand Harris***



# *Rags to Riches*

Premier performances were given at the Harwich Junior Theatre and the North Shore Music Theatre in Massachusetts. Also produced at the Shanghai Children's Art Theatre in China.

*Musical. Book and lyrics by Aurand Harris. Music and lyrics by Eva Franklin. Additional music arrangements by Glenn Mack. Suggested by two stories, Ragged Dick and The Match Boy, by Horatio Alger. Cast: 6m., 3w., plus chorus.* In this two-act production, a dime-novel hero rises from rags to riches. Ragged Dick, an honest, upright lad who earns his meager living by shining shoes, is entrusted with a \$2 bill by a rich banker. When he delivers the change to the banker's home, he attracts the interest of the banker's daughter, who stirs his ambition. In a dramatic scene, Dick has the opportunity to rescue a poor little match boy from a tenement fire, and when the match boy proves to be the heir to a fortune, the banker recognizes Dick's sterling qualities and starts him on the road to riches. *Production notes. Simple, movable sets of painted screens. Costumes of the late 19th century in New York City. Approximate running time: 70 minutes. Code: R89.*

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Rags to Riches



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# Rags to Riches

A musical melodrama by

AURAND HARRIS



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

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To  
the members of  
**THE HARWICH JUNIOR THEATRE**

The premiere production of *Rags to Riches* was given 2 August, 1966, by the Harwich Junior Theatre, in West Harwich, Massachusetts. Following is a copy of the programme for this performance:

HARWICH JUNIOR THEATRE

Presents

RAGS TO RICHES

By AURAND HARRIS

*Music research and continuity by Eva Franklin*

POLICEMAN.....	Greg Nash
RAGGED DICK.....	Michael Schneider
MICKEY MAGUIRE.....	Clarke Maylone
MARK MENTON.....	Steven Ford
MR. GREYSON.....	David Slavitt
MRS. FLANAGAN.....	Jane Staab
MOTHER WATSON.....	Carol Davis
ROSWELL.....	Bill Tchakarides
IDA GREYSON.....	Dorothy French
RICH MAN.....	Bill Hall
RICH LADY.....	Kris Fletcher
RICH LITTLE GIRL.....	Karen O'Toole
BOY WITH BALL.....	Peter Holmes
BOY ON BIKE.....	Paul Donovan
LAMPLIGHTER.....	Robert Zapple
DANCERS.....	Jennifer Smith, Bob Blezard
CAROLERS.....	Susan Fletcher, Marilyn Nichols, John Ladd
FIREMEN.....	Robert Zapple, Bill Hall
POODLE.....	Fifi

Director: Aurand Harris

Assistant Director: Beverly Radway

Accompanists: Charlotte Sims, Dorothy Sheridan

Choreography: Sara Maxwell

Scenery: Peggy Zapple, Anthony Hancock

Costumes: Ellen Clark, Marcia Kirschner, Hope Brown

Properties: Nancy Alexander

Lights: Pat Nash, Robert Doane

Make-Up: Greg Nash

Stage Manager: Barbara Ford

Assistant Stage Manager: Ann Rogers

Producer: Susan Kosoff



Two weeks following the Harwich run, on 18 August, 1966, a second engagement of *Rags to Riches* opened at the North Shore Music Theatre in Beverly, Massachusetts, where it was announced as their Prize-Winning Play for 1966. Following is a copy of the programme for this second production:

## NORTH SHORE MUSIC THEATRE

*Presents*

1966 Prize-winning play

# RAGS TO RICHES

By AURAND HARRIS

*Lyrics*

Aurand Harris and Eva Franklin

*Music research and continuity*

Eva Franklin

POLICEMAN.....	Eric Johns
RAGGED DICK.....	Leland Maier
MICKEY MAGUIRE.....	Richard Britton
MARK.....	Sharon Fogarty
MR. GREYSON.....	John Maxwell
MRS. FLANAGAN.....	Kimberly Daniel
MOTHER WATSON.....	Willa Nemetz
ROSWELL.....	Eric Johns
IDA GREYSON.....	Andrea Levine
DANCERS.....	Heidi Thompson, Robert Heagney
ENSEMBLE.....	Ann Butman, Kathy Burkinshaw, Dorothy Chansky, Leslie Colucci, Saul Levy, Christine Mavragis, Christine O'Conner, Mike Picariello

Direction: Bernice Mendelsohn

Musical direction: Robert Bruyer

Sets and Properties: Eric Johns

Costumes: Willa Nemetz

Lighting: San Sherman

Stage Manager: Joanne Slotnik

Master Electrician: Ted Lieverman

Electricians: John Tedesco, Richard Lindo

Follow Spt: Anne Keefe, Fred Sherman

# RAGS TO RICHES

## CAST

### POLICEMAN

RAGGED DICK, a shoeshine boy

MICKEY MAGUIRE, a news boy

MARK MENTON, a match boy

MR. GREYSON, a rich banker

MRS. FLANAGAN, an apple seller

MOTHER WATSON, an evil old crone

ROSWELL, an English butler

IDA GREYSON, a charming young girl

Singers, dancers, lamp lighter, firemen, rich man, rich lady, children.

## SCENES

The action takes place in the City of New York in the late Eighteen Hundreds — on a street, in a Fifth Avenue mansion, and in a tenement room.

There are two acts.

# RAGS TO RICHES

## ACT ONE

(*MUSIC, Cue 1, "Sidewalks of New York". SCENE, a painted street scene of New York City in the late Eighteen hundreds. Unseen, Dick, a young boy of the street, is asleep in a barrel which is spot lighted. D. R. Policeman enters R., glances at barrel as he passes, stops, does a double take, steps back to barrel and raps on it with his stick.*)

POLICEMAN. Wake up there, youngster. Wake up!

(*Dick's head appears above the barrel.*)

You can't sleep in an alley all day.

DICK (*Yawning*). Huh?

POLICEMAN. Wake up!

DICK. I'm awake.

(*Stretches, eyes closed, then disappears into barrel.*)

POLICEMAN. You'd better he.

(*Sees Dick disappearing into barrel.*)

And you'd better be on your way!

DICK (*Rising*). Who . . . who are you?

POLICEMAN. A policeman!

DICK (*Opens his eyes and is looking straight at the law*). Oh! Yes, sir. Yes, sir! I'm getting right up.

(*Steps out of barrel.*)

What time is it?

POLICEMAN. Seven o'clock.

DICK. Seven o'clock! I've missed my early shines.

(*With funny business, he quickly fixes his ragged clothes.*)

Excuse me, while I fix my attire. My butler forgot to brush me vest. You could do with a shine yourself, sir. No charge for an officer of the law.

(*Gives Policeman's shoes a quick wipe with a cloth.*)

POLICEMAN. Thank you.

(*Aside.*)

I believe there must be some good in him . . . under those rags.

(*To Dick.*)

Have you got money to buy your breakfast?

DICK. No, sir. But I'll soon earn some.

*(Aside).*

If you've got some get-and-go, you can always get your breakfast.

*(Lights come up on full stage. MUSIC, Cue 2, "Sidewalks of New York." People on the street walk across. Dick exits L, soliciting shoeshines. Policeman removes barrel at R and exits. On Mickey's cue, people stop, holding walking postures as if a picture).*

MICKY *(Ragged newsboy, tough and a bully).*

Paper . . . morning paper . . .  
Boss Tweed speaks.  
Latest news! Read the news!  
Building Brooklyn Bridge.  
Horace Greeley states his views.  
Paper . . . Paper . . .

*(MUSIC, Cue 3, resumes and people start walking. They stop again on Mark's cue, in suspended action, making a picture).*

MARK *(Ragged, match boy, small and frail).*

Matches . . . matches . . .  
Light your fires.  
Try . . . try a box?  
Light your lamps.  
Buy . . . buy a box?  
Matches . . . matches . . .

*(No one buys. MUSIC, Cue 4, resumes and people continue walking. Again on Dick's cue, they stop and hold their positions).*

DICK. Shine your boots, sir.  
Nobody better, nobody faster.  
Once shined the boots of Mr. Astor.  
No waiting in line.  
Start the day off . . . with a shine!

*(Mr. Greyson, a kindly rich banker, puts his foot on Dick's shine box. MUSIC, Cue 5, builds to a climax and people exit, as Dick finishes the shine).*

GREYSON. How much for the shine?

DICK. Ten cents.

GREYSON. Isn't that a little steep?

DICK. Well, you know 'tain't all clear profit. There's the blacking and brushes.

GREYSON *(Laughs).* And you have a large rent to pay.

*(Takes out money).*

I see I have nothing less than a two dollar bill. Have you any change?

DICK. Not a cent. But I'll get it changed for you.

*(Calls).*

Hey, Mickey. Mickey Maguire.

*(Mickey enters L).*

GREYSON. All right. And I will pay you five cents for your trouble.

*(Starts off R).*

Meanwhile I will try to hail a carriage.

*(Exits R).*

DICK. Can you change a two dollar bill?

MICKEY. Two dollars? Where'd you steal it?

*(Takes bill).*

DICK. Stealing ain't my style.

MICKEY. It's a counterfeit one.

DICK. I didn't know it.

MICKEY. You'd better beat it, or I'll tell a policeman.

DICK. Give it back to me.

MICKEY. So you can go and cheat somebody else?

*(Plainly puts bill in left pocket).*

DICK. Give it back. I say, give it back!

MICKEY. Big thieves have big mouths!

*(Pushes him).*

DICK. I'm not a thief. You are! Give it back!

*(They start a fist fight, ad libbing. Policeman enters and separates them).*

POLICEMAN. All right! Break it up. Break it up!

*(Holds each by collar on either side of him).*

What's the row?

DICK. I asked him to change a two dollar bill and he kept it.

MICKEY. It was a counterfeit one.

POLICEMAN. Let me see the bill.

MICKEY. The bill?

*(Touches his left pocket, then smiles and takes out a bill from his right pocket and gives it to Policeman).*

Here.

**POLICEMAN.** It is a counterfeit one.

**GREYSON** (*Enters quickly from R*). Have you got the . . . What is all this?

**POLICEMAN.** Did you give the lad a two dollar bill?

**GREYSON.** Did he try to run off with it?

**DICK.** No, sir. I gave it to him.

**MICKEY.** It was a counterfeit one!

**POLICEMAN.** Do you remember what bank yours was on?

**GREYSON.** The Merchant's Bank of Boston.

**MICKEY.** Then he kept it . . . and gave me the bad one!

**GREYSON.** Or . . . you could have pocketed my bill and substituted the counterfeit one.

**DICK.** That's right! He put it in his *other* pocket.

**MICKEY.** That's a lie!

**DICK.** Search him!

**MICKEY.** I haven't got it!

**POLICEMAN.** Let's have a look in your other pocket.

**MICKEY.** I ain't got it! He's lying!

**POLICEMAN.** Put your hands up!

*(Pulls bill from Mickey's pocket).*

"Merchant's Bank of Boston."

**GREYSON.** That is mine.

**MICKEY** (*Threatens Dick*). I'll get you!

**POLICEMAN.** Move along.

**MICKEY.** I'll get even with you . . . wait and see! I'll pay you off!

*(Shows his fists then runs off L. Policeman follows him).*

**DICK** (*Calls after him, fists raised*). It'll be a pleasure to meet you any time, Mickey Maguire!

*(Aside).*

Stealing ain't my style.

**GREYSON** (*Interested in the plucky lad*). What is your name, lad?

**DICK.** The name is Dick, sir. Well known as Ragged Dick, Esquire!

**GREYSON.** Well, Dick, you get the bill changed and bring the money to my office, Greyson, number 12 Fulton Street.

DICK. Yes, sir, Mr. Greyson.

GREYSON. Keep the dime . . . and fifty cents for your trouble.

(Starts R).

DICK. Yes, sir. Yes, sir! A fifty cent tip!

GREYSON (Aside). We will soon see if Ragged Dick is as honest as he says.

(Exits R).

DICK. Ten cents and fifty cents . . . I've made sixty cents before breakfast! I can go to Barnum's tonight and hear 'em sing "O, Susannah," and see the bearded lady, and the eight foot giant, the two foot dwarf, and other curiosities too numerous to mention!

(SINGS, Cue 6. Tune, "O, Susannah").

I'VE GOT MONEY IN MY POCKET

WHERE THE HOLES ONCE USED TO BE.

NOW I'M RICH AS MR. VANDERBILT,

I'LL LIVE IN LUX-U-REE!

MONEY! MONEY!

IT'S MUSIC TO MY EAR.

OH, A JINGLE IN MY POCKET

IS THE SOUND I LOVE TO HEAR!

I CAN EAT BEEF STEW FOR BREAKFAST NOW,

FOR LUNCH AND DINNER, TOO.

THEN DROP IN TO DELMONICO'S

AND ORDER OYSTER STEW!

MONEY! MONEY!

IT'S MUSIC TO MY EAR.

OH, A JINGLE IN MY POCKET

IS THE SOUND I LOVE TO HEAR!

NO MORE SHIV'RIN' IN THE ICY RAIN

WHEN IT BEGINS TO POUR.

I CAN NOW BUNK IN A FIVE CENT BED

AND SNORE AND SNORE AND SNORE!

MONEY! MONEY!

IT'S MUSIC TO MY EAR

OH, A JINGLE IN MY POCKET  
IS THE SOUND I LOVE TO HEAR!

*(Mrs. Flanagan enters, a good natured Irish woman who sells apples. She speaks with a musical Irish brogue. Busy with her basket, she does not see Dick. He slips near her and speaks in a deep voice as he teases her).*

Ah, Mrs. Flanagan! Have you paid your taxes for the year?

Mrs. F. *(Surprised, but not turning around)*. Me taxes?

DICK. I've been sent by the mayor to collect your taxes. But I'll take it out in apples just to oblige. That big red one will be about the right size.

Mrs. F. *(Turns and laughs)*. I'm thinking it will be the size of a good breakfast for you, Mr. Ragged Dick.

DICK. Oh, I can pay . . . but the smallest change I got is two dollars.

Mrs. F. Two dollars!

DICK. Sixty cents of it is mine!

*(SINGS, Cue 7).*

I'VE GOT MONEY IN MY POCKET  
WHERE THE HOLES ONCE USED TO BE . . .

Mrs. F. *(Offers him apple. MUSIC continues as they speak)*. One . . . you say?

DICK. And one . . . to keep the Doc away.

*(Take two apples and puts them into his pockets).*

Mrs. F. *(SINGS. Makes change with money)*.

MONEY! MONEY!  
IT'S MUSIC TO MY EAR.  
OH, A JINGLE IN MY POCKET  
IS THE SOUND I LOVE TO HEAR!

DICK. I CAN GO TO SEE A BOW'RY SHOW.

Mrs. F. JUST LIKE A REG'LAR SWELL.

DICK. HISS THE VILLAIN . . .

Mrs. F. . . . CHEER THE HERO.

DICK. WHEN HE SAVES POOR LITTLE NELL!

DICK AND Mrs. F.

MONEY! MONEY!  
IT'S MUSIC TO MY EAR.



OH, A JINGLE IN MY POCKET  
IS A SOUND I LOVE TO HEAR!

*(They dance. Dick exits L. Mrs. F. Looks after him fondly.)*

MRS. F. Git along with ye, Dick. You're a scamp . . . and a good for-something boy.

*(Villain MUSIC, Cue 8. Tune, "Kings of Bal Masque." Mother Watson enters R. She is a ragged, evil old crone).*

MRS. F. *(Aside)*. It's Mother Watson . . . up before noon. And already she's been tipping the bottle.

MOTHER W. I'm looking for him, the lazy little imp. Have you seen him?

MRS. F. Are ye meaning Mark the match boy?

MOTHER W. He's a lazy scalawag. Don't earn his keep. And I'm out of my medicine.

*(Takes bottle from pocket).*

MRS. F. Medicine, is it?

MOTHER W. It's for my cough.

MRS. F. *(Aside)*. A cough never gave nobody that red nose.

MOTHER W. He'd better sell his matches . . . and have the money, or I'll . . .

MRS. F. What will ye be doing?

MOTHER W. I'll give him a taste of this!

*(Pulls out a small whip).*

MRS. F. May the Saints protect the little lamb!

*(Looks off L).*

And may they indeed . . .

*(Points).*

for bere he comes now.

*(Mark enters L).*

MOTHER W. So here you are!

*(Mark is surprised and frightened at seeing Mother W.).*

Where have you been hiding?

MARK. I've been trying to sell my matches.

MOTHER W. How many have you sold?

MARK. Only three boxes.

MOTHER W. Three! You don't earn your salt. Give me the money.

*(Fearfully he crosses and gives her a few pennies. She counts them).*

There's a penny short! Where is it?

MARK. I . . . I was so hungry I bought a bit of bread.

MOTHER W. You little thief!

MARK. I didn't have any breakfast . . . or supper last night.

MOTHER W. You didn't earn it! But I have something for your appetite!

*(Holds up whip).*

I'll give you a taste of this!

*(Starts after him).*

I'll beat the laziness out of you!

MRS. F. *(Mark runs behind her)*. Shame on you, Mother Watson! Leave the poor laddie alone.

MOTHER W. Buying himself a grand breakfast!

MRS. F. Sure and he was hungry.

MOTHER W. Beggar! Little beggar. That's what you are. Ah, and that's what you'll be! If you can't sell matches, you can beg for money.

MARK. Beg?

MOTHER W. Hold out your band and beg from the kind hearted people.

MARK. I don't want to beg.

MOTHER W. Don't want to beg! Do you mind that now, Mrs. Flanagan? He's too proud to beg.

MARK. My mother told me never to beg if I could help it.

MOTHER W. Well, you can't help it! Do you see this?

*(Raises whip).*

Do as I say or you'll feel it! Now . . . get on the corner! And don't come back until you have twenty-five cents!

*(Villain MUSIC, Cue 9, as she exits L).*

MARK. I don't want to be a beggar.

MRS. F. Tell me, Mark darling, why are you living with her anyway? She ain't your mother, is she?

MARK. No. My mother was a good woman . . . and kind . . . and beautiful.

*(Takes from pocket a small picture).*

MRS. F. Is that a picture of her?

MARK. Yes. It is all I have left.

MRS. F. *(Aside)*. Sure and he looks like her, he does. Anyone would know he was her son.

*(To Mark)*.

When did she die?

MARK. A year ago. Mother Watson told me to come and live with her and she'd take care of me.

MRS. F. Ha! She's making you take care of her.

MARK *(Walks away)*. Now I have to beg or she'll beat me.

MRS. F. Poor little laddie.

*(SINGS, Cue 10. Tune, "After the Ball". As she sings, Rich Woman and Little Girl cross. Mark tries to beg from them, but cannot).*

POOR LITTLE ORPHAN LADDIE

POOR LITTLE HUNGRY BOY.

POOR LITTLE HOMELESS PADDY

NO MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY.

NO FATHER'S LOVE TO GUIDE HIM,

NO ONE TO TAKE HIS PART,

FACING THE WORLD WHILE HE'S HIDING

HIS POOR, ACHING HEART.

*(Song ends. Rich Man enters. Mark with great effort approaches him. MUSIC stops).*

MARK. Sir, will you give me a few pennies, please?

MR. RICH. Pennies?

MARK. If you please, sir.

MR. RICH. I suppose your wife and your children are starving, eh?

MARK. No. I don't have a wife or any children.

MR. RICH *(Aside)*. He hasn't learned his trade, but he will.

*(To Mark)*.

Soon you'll have a sick mother starving at home.

MARK. My mother is dead.

MR. RICH. You'll get no money from me. Be off! Go home . . .  
go home.

*(Exits).*

MARK. Home . . . I haven't any home . . .

*(Takes out picture).*

or mother . . . nobody . . .

Mrs. F. *(SINGS, Cue 11).*

POOR LITTLE ORPHAN LADDIE,  
POOR LITTLE HUNGRY BOY.  
POOR LITTLE HOMELESS PADDY.  
NO MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY.

*(Mark exits slowly. Mrs. F. follows him, ending her solo on a dramatic note).*

NO FATHER'S LOVE TO GUIDE HIM.  
NO ONE TO TAKE HIS PART.  
FACING THE WORLD WHILE HE'S HIDING  
HIS POOR, ACHING HEART!

*(She exits).*

*(MUSIC, Cue 12, changes to Tune, "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." Roswell, a very English butler, enters L, turns the street flat at L around, showing a painted elegant room. On the second chorus he stands and sings).*

ROSWELL *(SINGS).*

THIS IS WHERE THE RICH RICH LIVE  
THE RICH RICH LIVE  
THE RICH RICH LIVE  
THIS IS WHERE THE RICH RICH LIVE  
IN ALL THEIR BEE-U-TEE-FUL HOUSES.

*(Music repeats as he brings on two small gold chairs, then a small Victorian table which he places between the chairs. He brings in a tea service which is handed to him. He stands behind the table, pours tea, and SINGS).*

THIS IS THE HOUR THE RICH HAVE TEA  
THE RICH HAVE TEA  
THE RICH HAVE TEA