"Edith's Burglar"

Property of
"Emma Goodrich"
Ah Editha! Editha my darling! can I ever reveal to her the history of her shamefounded parentage? Who in this great world of fashion that pet & cares for my darling Editha, would dream that she is the daughter of Bill Lewis, the notorious chief and burglar who was shot and killed while attempting to escape from prison. After his death I again met my first sweetheart Editha, & finding she loved me since childhood, Ah had I only known what a villain Lewis was, I should never have laughed at the love of any not the man who is your own noble-hearted husband. Yet poor Bill with all the villainy loved our dear little Editha. Thank heaven all that was left was misery of left behind and only the humiliation of some time telling my Editha that Herbert is not her own father, never.

Editha

Ed.

Yes, mama, well dear the night is cold & stormy. May angels keep thee from harm. I'll perhaps after all it will be best that the child should never know (but)
Winlow.

It is finished at last - the letter fraught with bitter memories of the past. Shall I tell Edith? or shall I leave it to strangers to reveal to her the history of her shameful forebears? - Why, in this world of fashion that never carouses my notorious thief and burglar, who was shot & killed while attempting to escape? Health was gone her spirits broken. Up to her stormy condition often embittered with rows & curses. But not too late to save the life that had been the same wretched fate. And this day the anniversary of Edith's death came back to me, the promise I made to her, to tell Edith all. Shall I do it? Yes - the promise was made to the dying one, I must be kept. Ed (candles Edith Edith)

(Outward) Yes, papa -

Cover yourself up well my dear, the night is cold & stormy. May angels guard thee from storms & keep thee from sin. (drops letter in desk & locks it. key in pocket. Stirs at fireplace.) Here I have done my duty to the dead, and if any thing should happen to me, on my journey tomorrow, that letter will be found among my papers. And yet I think it is best the child should never know. (Beating Ed.

(Enter X. X on lip for & throws arms around Winlow.) Pips!
(Drawing her to him.) What Edlin says is true, not in bed yet. I'm afraid these parties at late hours are too much for you. Come sit down here by the fire while I come up warm and cozy, then scold myself for neglect of duty. in us.

But I like to stay up with your Papa.

I know that, my darling, but I am afraid it is not good for your health. Early to bed & early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy & wise you know. These are the cardinal virtues of the nursery. But your governess will soon be with you and take the great responsibility off my hands.

Papa I am so glad governess is coming back for I love her very much.

I am really getting jealous of her, do you love her better than me?

Oh no, I love my Papa best in all the world.

But I love my governess very much indeed for she tell me such nice stories.

What kind of stories?

All of fairy's things or and - burles (is that so)?
Vell, "Wit"

Burglars! that is rather a strange subject to choose from to tell such little girls.

"Papa, are there any good burglars?"

Vell, "Wit"

Well my dear, my acquaintances with them is rather limited, but I don't think they are over burdened with any great amount of goodness.

"Papa, if you were to wake up at night to find a burglar in your room what would you do?"

Vell, "Wit"

I would remain very quiet & do nothing that would disturb them. But you need never fear for burglars never come where there are lights. So there are watch dogs, and old Pinto is a very faithful animal, but come let us dismiss this gloomy subject & you turn off to bed.

Vell, "Wit"

"Oh but I'm afraid"

Vell, "Wit"

"Afraid of what my dear?"

Vell, "Wit"

"Of burglars!"

Vell, "Wit"

Why my dear, burglars don't harm little girls. Besides no respectable burglar would be caught out a night like this, with the stables, barns, &c in such a long journey.
the lift, that must be over there (goes to stairs), It's safe enough, James and I'd said something good here. (goes to table) Oh here it is! (pours out 6 drink mix) the goon-er-luiss and no mistake, I wouldn't mind this sort of thing myself (picks up butter dish), a butter dish without any butter, puts dish on table takes my white table cloth, now as I may have to leave without suddenly I may as well be prepared (spreads table cloth on floor.) Ed. Eddda enters L. R. Bill drops cloth holds lantern over head and points revolver at Eddda. Who's there?

Ed: Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you.

Bill: Well I'm heard.

Ed: You see I couldn't hurt you if I wanted to, I'm too little.

Bill: Well I'm heard! (k. l.) Who's in the room there?

Ed: Nobody, that's my room, there is papas room (Bill starts for it) Oh but he won't hurt you if you don't wake him.

Bill: Well I'm heard this is the funniest go I ever had in all my experience.

Ed: Are you a real longear.

Bill: A longear, thus your heart no! I'm a particular friend of your father, can
To make him an evening call & not wishing to disturb him, I came through the window yonder.

Ed.

I see you are joking with me as Papa does sometimes.

Bill

Well I'm blessed

Ed.

Why don't you say I'll be blessed. I'm sure it's not correct to say I'm blessed.

Bill

Will that be the way I was educated.

Ed.

Are you educated?

Bill.

Of course I am, what made you think I was not?

Ed.

Because you pronounce your words so funny.

Bill

Will that, that's a matter of choice.

Ed.

Well, if you are a "sure enough" ignorant what do you think you had better forget about it?

Bill

Well I don't know, what would you advise?

Ed.

Will you mustn't take any of Mamie's things that Papa loves. And you.
mustn't take any of papa's things for you would have to go into hist room and that would awaken him & that's just what I don't want you to do, I'll tell you what you can do you can bungle my things.

Bill

Well, I'm damned! Your things! What are they?

Ed.

I have a nice locket & chain given me by my dear dead mama & a pair of bracelets.

Bill

Ah, there's the things

Ed.

And then I have some nice books.

Bill

I don't want any books, I know too much already, I tell you baby I'll just take everything in sight. But that's no reason that you should catch cold, come here little one, let me cover you up nice and cozy. You see I had a little girl like you once but but there (coughs he up with mugs) you sit there and see me work (opens desk with small iron rod) nothing but papers.

Ed.

It's awful strange that you should know just where to look for things & that your key should fit.

Bill

(X's table) It is kind of strange isn't it? (picks up castor) Now when we get a castor like this we unscrew the top like this thing & it makes it easier to
carry (put it in a cloth, put up knife & forks) & then we put the knives 
& forks in the napkins to keep us from making much noise.

Ed.

Wont you leave us a few knives & forks to eat with? we wont have any for 
breakfast in the morning.

Bill.

Ain't ye got any steel ones?

Ed.

Papa don't like to eat with steel ones, I'll tell you what you can do 
leave one for papa I can eat with the steel ones I don't mind it much.

Bill.

Well I'm blamed - here's a little pair, reckon so how them belong to you
I'll leave them for you.

Ed.

Ah thank you. Bill.

And as a reward of merit because you didn't squeel here one for 
your pain.

Ed.

Ah thank ye. Bill.

And just to show you there's nothing small about me, these are for your 
man.

Ed.

I havent any mama, my mama is dead.
Bill

(Sakes back knife & fork & puts them in bundle, leaves a try sigh) Poor little gal.

Ed.

Do you like to bundle better than anything else?

Bill

Well no, I can't say I do if I had my choice I'd rather be president of the U.S. or a police commissioner.

Ed.

Oh you couldn't be a police commissioner, now my papa is an editor.

How would you like it to be an editor?

Bill

Well now miss, I would like to be an editor, so you see I wouldn't mind changing with your father.

Ed.

Oh papa wouldn't be a baker, but I'm sure he would mention you to his friends.

Bill

And the slightest doubt of it, he would be sure to mention me to you.

Ed.

If you'd leave me your name & address I am sure I could remember it.

Bill.

Well I'm blamed how was I to know earlier it was for me to leave my card
case at home on the piano. But never mind my dear, you shall
know my name before I go, by the way what is your name?

Ed.

My name is Editha.

Bill.

(Stoodle) Editha!

Yes, have you any little girls?

Yes I once had a little girl & her name was Editha & were about
as she was (looks at her, then) were she lives now, she would be
just about your age, (turns up lamps.)

Ed.

Oh you mustn't take that.

Bill.

What the lamps?

Ed.

Yes it was a present from mama to papa & he thanks a great deal
of it. Let me run and get my things, they are a good deal more
valuable.
Bill.

Will run along and get your gun cracks (ex. Ed. 21). Bill this is make any noise (laugh). If she wants it tell me what to take (laugh) and she don't want me to take the lamp. I cannot tell Jack about this (looks up to Bill). Who's this? A name on the butter dish. That's good. It makes it hard for our business (reads) Herbert. Daniel. Can it be the same? Yes, the child said. Her father was an editor. I see picture as early start. Nellie, my wife. Yes. So the child said her mother was dead. Then Editha is my own child. But he is here. Herbert. Daniel. He who has less. One rock ahead all my life—20 at last I have been in my power. (draws pistol. Starts for Einstein's room—restrains himself). Why should I kill him? The child lives here in luxury & she no doubt, loves him. And if I take her to my home on the docks to live my life of degradation & crime—no, it would be horrible (falls in chair. Editha etc. with jewels.)

Bill.

Here are my things and they are all gold.

Ed.

(On knees) I'm doing all the gold I would take from you in one lock of your golden hair.

Bill.

Papa says my hair is pretty, but I am sure it is not worth as much on my jewels. Bill.
Oh my darling, one little curl from your head is worth to me, all
the jewels of earth, will you give it to me?

Ed: And will you leave all the things if I give you a lock of my hair?

Bill: Yes, darling, all.

Ed: Isn't that funny? Well here are my little scissors you can take
all you want. (Take scissors from jewel box.)

Bill: (Cuts hair.) So like or like my Nellie.

Ed: Was Nellie your little girl?

Bill: No, no darling. Nellie was yours. My God what am I saying?
I must not. I will not tell her. (Emotes, stands up)

Bill: Editha! (Bill springs up, points pistol. Editha runs to Bill. He holds out
her arms,pictures, pause.) Go to your room, Editha, go at once. (in slant,
looking at both.) You see sir, I am unarmed.

Bill: What, still living?

Bill: (throws pistol on table.) So am I. He is not dead yet.
Yes alive.

Well

My God what have I done to deserve this punishment?

Bill

Punishment? Well, what do you mean?

Well,

Is it no punishment to find all my hopes of happiness

lost and hereafter beloved, but God knows I would never

have married again had I not thought you were dead.

Married?

Well

You could never believe knowing me as you do that

I should be in this house, other than as the wife

of Herbert Winslow?

Bill

Herbert Winslow's wife!

Well

And was not content with the past name, you have
made me endure, you came here to roach me of my darling
Elsie and take her from all she loves.

Bill

No, sir. (picks up bundle.) This is what I came for (throws
down bundle, holds up lock of hair). But this is all I take.
I tell you it is the truth—Nellie we were friends once.
Nell,

Yes we were friend, once. I loved you once. I loved you with
all the depth of a woman's heart; I gave you all a woman
could give. Truth, love and honor, and what did you
give me in return? - deceit, abuse, and desertion.

Deserted me and our child. Left me to starve in the
street, penniless, alone and dying. It was this Herbert
Wilsby found me. Plead me with kind friends, who
nursed me back to life and hope. Do I any wonder
what I learned to love the true and noble hand that
had saved me, had saved my darling child from
a pauper grave? Is it any wonder that, when we all
believed you had been killed in trying to escape from prison. That I married him? — And how you came to
inflicting shame upon me by making me a criminal in the sight of men, though God knows I am innocent, but
truly trying to steal away, my darling baby!
Bill.

I tell you Bill, when I entered here I did not know that
this was Herbert's house, much less that you and
Ettie were here — Do you think I would take her to my
wretched home on the docks? Ah no, I am bad enough
but not so bad as that Bill —

Then you will not take her from me?

Bill.

No, Billie, no, But I never so much wanted to live
my life over again, as when I held her in my arms
you knew I could not say — I am your father.

Then you have not told her?
Tell her? No, I never want her to know that she owes her existence to such a man as me—tell her I will go away, for I can easily obtain a divorce, and afterwards you & Herbert can be married quietly and no one will be the wiser.

Well. We will forgive me for having doubted you. Had you always been as noble as your heart dictated, how different—all might have been, if you could only know.

Bill.

Yes, Billie, that is true, but it is too late to talk of reformation now. I shall die as I have lived, a thief.

Ah well, Bill.

Well, my dear, let us talk of that, but Editha, I should like to see her, feel her sweet warm breath upon my face, hold her in these arms, just for a moment. May I? Bill? May I see her?

Yes, you shall see her, but what proof have I against you?
Bill.

Treachery! (takes pistol and hands it to Bill, cocks it.)

Bill.

You shall see her (calls) Editha Editha.

Ed.

Yes, mama. Well.

Editha this gentleman wishes to speak to you. He is an old friend of mine.

Ed.

When you not a burglar after all?

Bill.

Only that his wish to steal a part of your heart Editha, which I am sure he is welcome to dearly.

Ed. Bill.

(On knees) Come to me my darling don't be afraid, I won't harm you (Editha runs to him.) My darling! My darling.

Ed. Why do you cry?

Bill. I am sad a little girl is you remind me of her so much.
Is your little girl dead?
Bill.
Yes yes, Read to me.
Ed.
I am so sorry.
Bill.

My darling, I wanted to see you. I have something to give you. It isn’t worth much, only a ring, a ring that belonged to me when I was about your age. When I knew nothing of all the sin and misery of this world. My mother held one close to her breast and pointed out to me a path in life that would lead me to peace. A path in life that I followed. But keep it. It always happened when you think of me. That some bourgeois have a kindly heart after all. — Von & Curt.
Bill.

yes alive.

Win.

Why are you here in my house, like a thief in the night?

Bill.

I am here because it is mighty because I am a thief.

Win.

When thief as you are, not satisfied with the plunder you have secured you would rob me of my brightest treasure my darling Editha.

Bill.

No! no!

Win.

It is false, you would take the child from all she loves.

Bill.

No no! (picks up bundle) This is what I came for (throws down bundle holds up lock of hair) But this is all I take. I tell you it is the truth! Do you think I would take her to my miserable home on the docks? Oh no, I am bad enough, but not as bad as that. Herbert Bobby, he were friends once.

Win.

Yes we were. Friends once, but you stole his love from me, & when you had won the coveted prize
and described her as a thief and outcast to society. We all believed you dead killed while trying to escape from prison. I married your wife only to smooth your path to the grave. And now you come to steal from me, all I hold dear in this life, her child.

Bill,

I tell you Herbert Miranda, when I entered this house I did not know it belonged to you. I knew less that my child my Editha was here. But I swear with my most honest heart I never wanted to take my life over again, as when I held her in my arms. I knew I could not say, I am your father.

Then, you have not told me.

Bill.

Told her, me! I never want her to know that she owes her existence to such a man as me. But I would like to see her fill her sweet warm breath upon my face. Hold her in those arms of Bill for a moment—May I—may I see her?

Bill.

Yes you shall see her, but stay, what proof have I against teaching?

Bill.

Teaching! Takes pistol cocked in hands at the window, slowly looking this in the face, You holds it as then returns it.
You shall see her (calls) Editha, Editha.

(Enter) Yes papa.

Bill.

(on knees C.) Come to me, my darling, don't be afraid I want harm you.

(Ed runs to him) My darling, my darling (embraces & weeps.)

Why do you cry?

Bill.

Nothing I once had a little girl & you remind me of her so much.

Ed.

Is your little girl dead?

Bill.

Yes yes she's dead to me.

Ed.

Ah I am so sorry.

Bill.

My darling, I wanted to see you, I have something to give you. It is a pocket & chain that belonged to the mother of my little girl. I want you to wear it always (puts it on neck) Will you? Will you give me a kiss? (She throws arms around neck & kisses Editha) He puts up grab that & backs toward window, with arms extended & Editha.

Editha follows threw kisses runs clean up bill.