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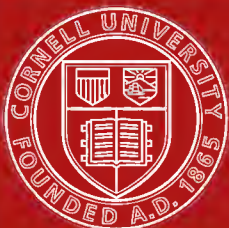
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The dancing girl; a drama in four acts, by



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THE PLAYS OF  
HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

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# THE DANCING GIRL

A Drama in Four Acts

BY  
HENRY ARTHUR JONES

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PRICE 50 CENTS



NEW YORK  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
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24 WEST 22D STREET

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SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON ST.,  
STRAND



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To H. BEERBOHM TREE

---

*My dear Tree:*

*In sending the sheets of "THE DANCING GIRL" through the press, I am forcibly reminded that the English drama has not remained stationary in the sixteen years that have passed since your production of this play.*

*I may perhaps be allowed to put your name on its first page, and to thank you for your most attractive impersonation of the Duke of Guisebury, and for your admirable stage management—especially for your striking arrangement of the end of the third act.*

*Faithfully yours,*

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

*April, 1907*



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY.  
THE HON. REGINALD SLINGSBY.  
DAVID IVES.  
JOHN CHRISTISON.  
MR. CRAKE, the Duke's land agent.  
GOLDSPINK, the Duke's valet.  
CAPTAIN STEPHEN LEDDRA.  
STEPHEN LEDDRA, his son, a child.  
MR. AUGUSTUS CHEEVERS.  
LORD MAITLAND.  
LORD BRISLINGTON.  
SIR HENRY DRYSDALE.  
SIR LIONEL BALDWIN.  
MR. AUGUSTUS ANSTRUTHER.  
MR. VANSTONE.  
SIGNOR PONIATOWSKI.  
CHARLES, a footman.  
JAMES, a footman.  
DRUSILLA IVES.  
FAITH IVES.  
SIBYL CRAKE.  
LADY BAWTRY, the Duke's aunt.  
MRS. CHRISTISON.  
MRS. LEDDRA.  
SISTER BEATRICE.  
LADY POPEROACH.  
ISABEL POPEROACH.  
LADY BRISLINGTON.  
LADY MAITLAND.  
LADY BALDWIN.  
MISS BALDWIN.  
MISS ANSTRUTHER.  
FISHERMEN, TENANTS, VILLAGERS, GUESTS, CHILDREN, ETC.

# THE DANCING GIRL

## ACT I.

THE BEAUTIFUL PAGAN. SCENE—The Isle of Endellion.

*(Two years pass between Acts 1 and 2.)*

## ACT II.

SCENE—Diana Valrose's Boudoir at Richmond.

*(Six months pass between Acts 2 and 3.)*

## ACT III.

THE LAST FEAST. SCENE—Reception-room at the Duke of Guisebury's town house, St. James' Park.

*(Two years pass between Acts 3 and 4.)*

## ACT IV.

Same scene as Act I.

*The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket Theatre, London.*

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15TH, 1891

At 8 o'Clock, a New and Original Play of Modern English Life, in Four Acts, entitled

## THE DANCING GIRL

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY.....	Mr. Tree.
HON. REGINALD SLINGSBY.....	Mr. F. Kerr.
AUGUSTUS CHEEVERS.....	Mr. Batson.
DAVID IVES.....	Mr. Fernandez.
JOHN CHRISTISON.....	Mr. Fred Terry.
MR. CRAKE.....	Mr. Allan.
MR. GOLDSPIK.....	Mr. Robb Harwood.
CAPTAIN LEDDRA.....	Mr. Charles Hudson.
CHARLES.....	Mr. Leith.
LADY BAWTRY.....	Miss Rose Leclercq.
LADY BRISLINGTON.....	Miss Adelaide Gunn.
SYBIL CRAKE.....	Miss Norreys.
DRUSILLA IVES.....	Miss Julia Neilson.
FAITH IVES.....	Miss Blanche Horlock.
MRS. CHRISTISON.....	Miss Ayrton.
MRS. LEDDRA.....	Mrs. E. H. Brooke.
SISTER BEATRICE.....	Miss Hethcote.

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I. THE BEAUTIFUL PAGAN.

SCENE. The Isle of St. Endellion.  
Fifteen months pass.

ACT II. THE BROKEN BOWL.

SCENE. Villa at Richmond.

ACT III. THE LAST FEAST.

SCENE. Guisebury House, Saint James's Park.  
Two years pass.

ACT IV. THE DESIRED HAVEN.

SCENE. The Isle of St. Endellion.

*The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "The Dancing Girl" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York*

New York Theatre Co..... Proprietors  
 Daniel Frohman..... Manager

**WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1891**  
**Evenings 8.15 Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2**

Fifth Annual Engagement (under the Management of DANIEL FROHMAN) of

**E. H. SOTHERN**

In the New and Original Play of Modern English Life, in Four Acts, entitled

**THE DANCING GIRL**

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES

THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY (VALENTINE DANECOURT) E. H. SOTHERN  
 HON. REGINALD SLINGSBY..... Morton Selten  
 DAVID IVES ..... Harry Eytine  
 JOHN CHRISTISON..... Wright Huntington  
 MR. CRAKE..... Rowland Buckstone  
 STEPHEN GRAUNT..... H. W. Montgomery  
 GOLDSPIK ..... Tully Marshall  
 AUGUSTUS CHEEVERS ..... L. Clarke  
 CHARLES..... Frank Leiden  
 CAPT. LEDDRA..... W. H. Pope  
 HERR PONIATOUSKI..... Mr. Montgomery  
 DRUSILLA IVES..... Virginia Harned  
 FAITH IVES ..... Bessie Tyree  
 SYBIL CRAKE (MIDGE)..... Jennie Dunbar  
 LADY BAWTRY ..... Mrs. Kate Pattison-Selten  
 LADY BRISLINGTON..... Mary Elliott  
 LADY POPEROACH .. Miss Hern  
 MRS. CHRISTISON..... Mrs. Josephine Laurens  
 MRS. LEDDRA ..... Mrs. Lauer  
 MRS. GRAUNT..... Clara Daymer  
 SISTER BEATRICE..... Blanche Weaver

ACT I. THE BEAUTIFUL PAGAN.  
 SCENE. The Isle of St. Endellion (Sicily Islands)  
 (Fifteen months pass)  
 ACT II. THE BROKEN BOWL  
 SCENE. Villa at Richmond  
 ACT III. THE LAST FEAST  
 SCENE. Guisebury House, St. James' Park, London  
 (Two years pass)  
 ACT IV. The Desired Haven  
 SCENE. The Isle of St. Endellion

## ACT I.

---

SCENE. *The Island of Saint Endellion, off the Cornish Coast. At the back is a line of low rocks, and beyond, the sea. A pathway leads through the rocks down to the sea. On the right side of the stage is the Quakers' meeting-house, a plain square granite building, showing a door and two windows. The meeting-house is built on a low insular rock that rises some three or four feet above the stage; it is approached by pathways, leading up from the stage. On the left side of the stage, down towards the audience, is David Ives's house; another plain granite building, with a door down stage, and above the door, a window. The house is built into a cliff that rises above it. Beyond the house, is a pathway that leads up the cliff and disappears amongst the rocks on the left side towards the centre of the stage, a little to the right is a piece of rock rising about two feet from the stage.*

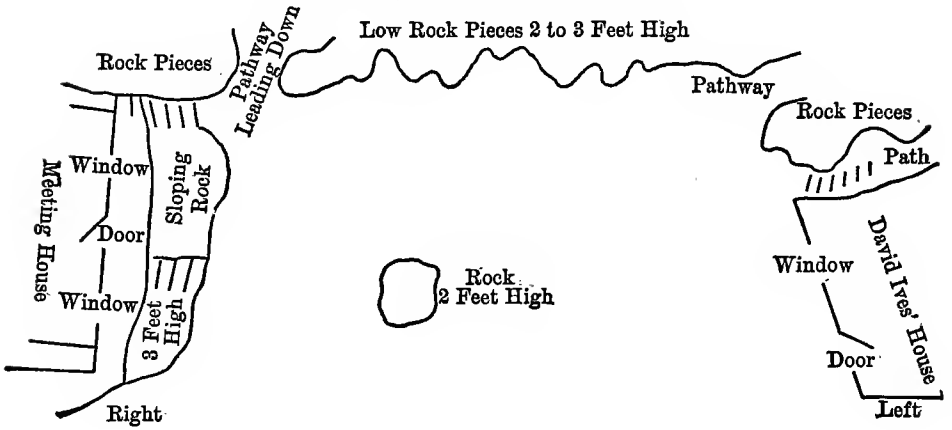
*Time, an Autumn evening.*

I. Call.  
John Christison.  
Faith Ives.  
David Ives.  
Drusilla Ives.

ACT I

Back Cloth Representing Sealine

---





ACT I.

THE BEAUTIFUL PAGAN.

SCENE:—*The Isle of Endellion.*

[JOHN CHRISTISON *discovered looking in at the window of DAVID'S house.*<sup>1</sup>

JOHN.<sup>2</sup>

Thou miracle of grace and beauty! Thou one desire of my heart! No!<sup>3</sup> Grant me this, that loving her so much I may ever love Thee more! Grant me that she may never come betwixt my soul and Thee!

[*Enter FAITH from house.*<sup>4</sup> *She is in Quaker dress; about twenty, very modest, pleased, timid.*]<sup>5</sup>

FAITH.<sup>6</sup>

You have left work early to-day, John?

JOHN.<sup>7</sup>

I can't work. These last few weeks my thoughts go astray, my hands rebel against me.<sup>8</sup> My body's down there at the breakwater, but my heart and spirit and soul are here—here in your house, Faith.

[*FAITH pleased, trembling, turns her head aside.*]<sup>9</sup>

John!

*Sunset Effect as Curtain Rises.*

*Music Andante till Curtain up.*

<sup>1</sup> L. back to audience.

<sup>2</sup> L.

<sup>3</sup> *Turns round to audience; speaks very fervently.*

<sup>4</sup> L.

<sup>5</sup> *Faith enters from house crossing C., she sees John L. and stops C.*

<sup>6</sup> C.

<sup>7</sup> L. turning R.

<sup>8</sup> *Coming towards her to L. C.*

<sup>9</sup> *Towards right.*

<sup>1</sup> *Coming towards her.*

JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

Is there any hope for me? Does she ever speak of me?

<sup>2</sup> *Glances at him with one keen look.*

She?<sup>2</sup>

FAITH.

JOHN.

Drusilla.

<sup>3</sup> *Down stage R.*

[FAITH turns quickly away from him,<sup>3</sup> hides her face from him; after an effort, speaks in a quiet, unmoved tone.]

<sup>4</sup> R.

FAITH.<sup>4</sup>

How long have you loved her?

<sup>5</sup> C.

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

Ever since she came back from London.

FAITH.

Three weeks.

JOHN.

It's seven years if you measure it by the love I've loved her with.

[DRUSILLA passes the window inside cottage. FAITH takes off a white silk scarf she has been wearing round neck, and after a struggle, kisses it; then hiding her feeling so far as she can, gives it to him.]

<sup>6</sup> R. C.

FAITH.<sup>6</sup>

John, I've been forgetting all this while—this handkerchief has been a sore temptation to me since you gave it to me—

<sup>7</sup> C.

JOHN.<sup>7</sup>

Nay, it's harmless.

FAITH.

Nay, I'm inclined to gauds and finery. Indeed my

heart is full of vain thoughts. Take it back, John. You would not have it lead me away from heavenly things.

JOHN.

What can I do with it? It's a woman's belongings.

FAITH.

Give it to Drusilla. She is more staid and thoughtful than I am. [*Very fervently.*] I hope she will love thee. Indeed she shall! It will be pleasant to have thee for a brother. Stay here! I'll bring her to thee.

[*FAITH runs into the house. DAVID IVES, a Quaker, about fifty, comes on.*<sup>1</sup> JOHN is looking into cottage, he puts handkerchief into his pocket.]

<sup>1</sup> L. U. E.

DAVID.<sup>2</sup>

You've come early to week-night meeting, John.

<sup>2</sup> Comes down L. C. behind John L.

JOHN.<sup>3</sup>

The spirit moved me, David.

<sup>3</sup> Turns round, embarrassed, L.

DAVID.<sup>4</sup>

Don't be ashamed, John. It is the spirit that moves young men towards maidens. Love doesn't come from the Devil. The spirit moved me to wed the best mother of the best two maidens.—I mustn't boast.<sup>5</sup> Which is it, John? Faith or Drusilla?

<sup>4</sup> Coming c.

JOHN.<sup>6</sup> [*after a shame-faced pause.*]

Drusilla.

<sup>5</sup> Comes nearer to John.

<sup>6</sup> L. C.

DAVID.<sup>7</sup> [*a little surprised.*]

<sup>7</sup> C.

Drusilla?! I thought it was likely to be Faith. Drusilla?! You've not seen her for seven years. She's never been home here in Endellion except for a week or two at a time.

<sup>1</sup> L. C.

JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

But she's grown so beautiful!

DAVID. [*Quickly.*]

Hold thy peace! Choose a wife for her beauty!

JOHN.

Thy wife, her mother, was beautiful!

<sup>2</sup> C.

DAVID.<sup>2</sup> [*After a pause, very impressively.*]  
Ay—and her goodness was of a piece with her beauty! I made an idol of her, and<sup>3</sup> sometimes I think I was punished.<sup>4</sup> She only lived three months after Faith's birth. [*A long deep sigh; then, having dismissed the subject, changes his tone.*] Drusilla! But she must go back to her situation in London——

<sup>3</sup> Dropping his voice to an impressive whisper.

<sup>4</sup> Stops, pauses.

<sup>5</sup> L. C.

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

Let me persuade her to stay in Endellion.

<sup>6</sup> C.

DAVID.<sup>6</sup>

And keep her near me? You know how my heart has ached for her all the seven years she has been away from me! But I've denied myself lest I should make an idol of her too, and she should be taken from me as her mother was. Besides, she's happy in London, and she's with godly people, though they're not of our persuasion. John, why do you tempt me?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> With an outburst.

<sup>8</sup> L. C.

JOHN.<sup>8</sup>

You said just now "Love doesn't come from the Devil."

<sup>9</sup> After a pause of reflection.

DAVID.<sup>9</sup>

Speak to her, John. Ask her to be your wife. Not one word, good or bad, will I say. [*JOHN grasps DAVID's hand very warmly.*] But hold—times are

bad, and Endellion is little better than a barren rock. There's your dear mother to keep, and you've set yourself a giant's task to build that breakwater. There's years of work before you, and you mustn't give it up, John.

JOHN.

Give it up!? Do you think I could ever forget that night, and my promise to my father?

DAVID.

That's right. A promise always binds—but a promise to a dying father binds seven times.

JOHN.

I'll never rest till the last stone is laid. But I could work with double the strength if Drusilla would wed me. I could keep her in comfort, David, and perhaps I could prevail with the Duke to give me some help.

[*Enter from house, FAITH and DRUSILLA. DRUSILLA is very beautiful, demure, dressed in Quaker fashion, but handsomely. They enter behind DAVID and JOHN, and come down unobserved.*]

DAVID. [*Very scornfully.*]

The Duke! Trust no Duke, lad! Trust to thine own right hand, and thy work shall stand sure and drive back the Atlantic. [*Scornfully.*] The Duke! Let him waste his substance in riotous living with his sinful companions! You'll get no help from him! Leave him to dance to destruction with his dancing baggages—this what d'ye call her? Some heathen name—Diana Valrose!—

[*Suddenly sees DRUSILLA, stops short, drops his voice.*]

I was speaking of matters, my dear, that you know

<sup>1</sup> *David goes up towards door of house L. Drusilla moves down R. Faith crosses to John.*

<sup>2</sup> *Into house L.*

<sup>3</sup> *Up L. c.*

<sup>4</sup> *R. c.*

<sup>5</sup> *c.*

<sup>6</sup> *R. c.*

nothing of. John wants to speak with you. Weigh well what he says.<sup>1</sup>

FAITH. [*Aside to JOHN.*]

I've said a good word for thee. She says she has no thought of marriage, but she will hear thee. [*Exit FAITH.*]<sup>2</sup>

DAVID.<sup>3</sup> [*Calling into house.*]

Faith, get me a cup of tea—and—[*glancing at himself.*] And I'll give myself a wash for the week-night meeting.

[*Goes to door of house, glances round with great pride at DRUSILLA.*]

My firstling!

[*Exit into house. JOHN goes to DRUSILLA, who stands very demurely, with eyes cast down on the ground; pause.*]

DRUS.<sup>4</sup>

Why dost thou not speak?

[*JOHN, very much embarrassed, awkward, trembling, jerky in his utterance, does not look at her.*]

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

Thou art quite happy in London, Drusilla?

DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

Alas, friend John, I am quite happy! And that is what makes me so sad.

JOHN.

Sad because you are happy?

DRUS.

Yes, John, for to tell you the honest truth, I am not quite good and therefore I ought not to be quite happy—but alas! *I am.*

JOHN.

I do not understand you.

DRUS.

That's not strange, for I do not understand myself.

JOHN. [*Very earnestly.*]

Drusilla—could you live all your life in Endellion?

DRUS.

I could, John, but I do not think I should live very long.

JOHN.

Why not?

DRUS.

I could not live in an island where they play harmoniums on Sunday afternoon.

JOHN. [*Embarrassed.*]

Then I may not ask you to—

DRUS. [*With cordial encouragement.*]

Ask me anything you please, friend John.

JOHN. [*Very hopeful.*]

Then, Drusilla—will you—?

DRUS. [*Unconcerned, demure.*]

Will I live in Endellion? [*Considering.*] It is very healthy—Sarah Bazeley has lived to a hundred and two—

JOHN. [*Dubiously.*]

Yes—

DRUS.

But I should like to die while I am well-favored, and have all my wits, and teeth, and hair, because I should be very sorrowful hereafter without them.

JOHN.

But wilt thou live in Endellion?

DRUS.

The air is soft and pleasant, and moreover all who live here must needs be very good.

JOHN.

Why?

DRUS.

Because they have no means of falling into evil.

JOHN.

It is indeed a favored spot.

DRUS.

Ah, friend John, but what merit is there in goodness when it is forced? Now as I told thee, there is little goodness in me——

JOHN.

Thou art all goodness! Oh, Drusilla, have pity on me!  
[Approaching her.]

DRUS. [Starts away from him.]

Nay, but John, have pity on me!

[Lifting up her foot.]

JOHN.

What ails thee?

DRUS.

There is a stone in my slipper.<sup>1</sup> It hurts me.<sup>2</sup>

[JOHN takes off her slipper.]

The shoemaker who made my slippers told me I had the prettiest foot in London. Is it not wicked of him to fill my heart with vanity?

JOHN. [Kneeling still.]

Have you found it?

DRUS. [Putting on slipper.]

There is nothing in it.

II. Call.  
Faith Ives.  
Reginald  
Slingsby, Duke  
of Guisebury.

<sup>1</sup> Sitting on  
rock R. hold-  
ing out her  
foot.

<sup>2</sup> John kneels,  
takes off slip-  
per and gives  
it to her.



JOHN. [*Suddenly.*] <sup>1</sup>

I love thee! Love me, or I shall die!

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

You are foolish!

[*Going away from him; looking at him.*]

JOHN. [*Rises, comes up to her with fierce passion.*]<sup>3</sup>

I love thee! Wilt thou wed me?

DRUS.<sup>4</sup>

I have not thought of it.

JOHN. [*Same tone as before.*]

I love thee! Wilt thou wed me?

[*Seizing her arm.*]

DRUS.

You should not woo me so—you are too rough!

[*Withdrawing her arm.*]

JOHN.

I know not how to woo—I love thee! Wilt thou wed me? Say me yea or nay.

DRUS.

I am sorry, friend John, but I must say thee “nay.”

[*He looks at her.*]

Indeed I mean it.

[*His hands drop with a despairing gesture; he stands quiet, hopeless, stricken for a few seconds.*]

JOHN. [*Very hopelessly.*]

If you ever want a man’s love, you know where to find it.

[*Goes off<sup>5</sup> very slowly, downcast, despairing.*]

<sup>1</sup> On his knees before her, gazes up at her with passion.

<sup>2</sup> Crossing above John to L. C.

<sup>3</sup> C.

<sup>4</sup> L. C.

<sup>5</sup> Goes off L. U. E. above house.

<sup>1</sup> *Moving c.*DRUS. [*Sighs.*] <sup>1</sup>

Poor fellow. [*Looking after him.*] He looked rather handsome! Should I——

<sup>2</sup> *L.*[FAITH *enters from house.*] <sup>2</sup>

FAITH.

What answer have you given him? You will marry him?

DRUS.

No, indeed. I do not love him—and yet he looked very comely with his red and tanned face. Tell me, Faith—don't you love him yourself?

FAITH.

<sup>3</sup> *Hiding her head.*No—at least six weeks ago——<sup>3</sup>

DRUS.

Tell me.

FAITH.

I had never thought about any man—but when he returned from Penzance, he brought me a handkerchief and he took my hand that night, and looked at me a long while——

DRUS.

Go on.

FAITH.

My heart beat very fast, and the next day when I saw him coming, I hid away from him—I was ashamed! Drusilla, have you never had thoughts of love? <sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Hiding her head on Drus.'s breast.*

DRUS.

Thoughts are like birds! They will come and roost!

FAITH.

But in London—has no man tried to persuade you to love him?

DRUS.

One or two men have tried.

FAITH.

You know *I* would tell *you everything*. Tell me everything about yourself. Do you love any man?

DRUS.

We are commended to love *all* men.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sitting on rock R. C.*

FAITH.

Yes, but with that *surpassing* love.

DRUS.

I do not think I could love any man with a *surpassing* love. And yet—[*Yawns, stretches out her arms above her head, sighs.*] I don't know—if I could have a man after my own heart——

FAITH.

A very good man——

DRUS.

A *perfect* man! I could love him—all a summer afternoon. [*Jumps up.*]  
Ah! We are talking foolishly. I wonder where John has gone.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Goes R.*

[*Looking after JOHN; meets REGY SLINGSBY who enters.*<sup>3</sup> REGY is a modern, old-young man, about thirty-three, nearly bald. He shows great surprise at seeing DRUSILLA, stops dead—takes off his hat and bows. DRUSILLA looks at him unmoved.]

<sup>3</sup> *L. U. E.*

Friend! Why dost thou look at me? I do not know thee.

[REGY *disconcerted, stands hat in hand,*<sup>4</sup> *looking at her.*]

<sup>4</sup> *R.*

Put on thy hat. Sunstrokes are frequent in Endel-

lion, and when one has a weak place, it is foolish to expose it to injury.

REGY. [*Puts on his hat.*]

I beg pardon—I mistook you—I——  
[*Laughs foolishly.*]

DRUS.

Do not make that mistake again, friend. Come, Faith!

[*Takes FAITH's arm, goes with her towards house; REGY is still staring.*]

FAITH.

A tourist! Why does he stare at you?

DRUS.

He thinks he knows me. It's strange! So many folks make that mistake.

[*Exeunt DRUSILLA and FAITH into house.*]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> L.

<sup>2</sup> Comes c.

REGY.<sup>2</sup>

Well, I—if it isn't her——

[*Goes up path;*<sup>3</sup> *meets DUKE OF GUISEBURY who enters;*<sup>4</sup> *both exclaim "Hillo!"*]

<sup>3</sup> Regy turns to go R. U. E.

<sup>4</sup> From behind meeting-house, R. U. E.

Guise! Well, I am—What the devil——

<sup>5</sup> Coming down R. C.

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Hush, Regy! You're in the Island of Endellion where bad language, scarlet fever, hydrophobia and immorality have never entered.

<sup>6</sup> c.

REGY.<sup>6</sup>

But you're here—and——<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Glancing from him to window.

GUISE.

<sup>8</sup> Pointing R. U. E.

My yacht's off that point.<sup>8</sup> I've only called in for a few hours, strictly incog.

REGY.

Incog.? I say, do you know who's down here?  
 [DRUSILLA *passes the window.*] <sup>1</sup>  
 There—it is Diana Valrose!

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

Nonsense, Regy!

REGY.<sup>3</sup>

I'll swear it is! And you down here too! It must be——

GUISE.

That young lady is Drusilla Ives—the eminently respectable Quaker daughter of one of my eminently respectable Quaker tenants. Now come—I'll show you my new yacht.

REGY.

No. If that *isn't* Diana Valrose, I shall try and get an introduction to her.

GUISE.

You'll oblige me, Regy, by not noticing that lady.

REGY.

Look here, Guise—own up. It is Diana—Miss Valrose—Why I met her at your table.<sup>4</sup>

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Hush! The fact is she's a native of this place.

REGY.

How did you get to know her, then?

GUISE.

I'll tell you.<sup>6</sup> Her father sent her up to a situation in London, and five years ago she called on me as her father's landlord for a subscription to some charity affair—I saw she was two-thirds de-

<sup>1</sup> *L. Waters flower on window ledge.*

<sup>2</sup> *Trying to take him away R.*

<sup>3</sup> *Hanging back.*

<sup>4</sup> *Going, towards cottage.*

<sup>5</sup> *Following and bringing him back.*

<sup>6</sup> *Duke sits on rock R. c. taking out cigarette case.*

lightful Quaker innocence, and one-third the devil's own wit and mischief, so—I gave her the subscription!

<sup>1</sup> *Foot on rock.*

REGY.<sup>1</sup>

And now?

GUISE.

Well, don't ask me any more, Regy. I've been a confounded fool all through, but somehow—I can't help it. It's a damned silly thing to say—I really love that woman!

REGY.

But where did she get her style and tone from? Anyone would think she was a lady.

<sup>2</sup> *Rises.*

GUISE. [*With meaning.*] <sup>2</sup>

I've never met, Regy, with anyone who has presumed to think otherwise in my presence. She had the best masters. She astonished me with the amount of things she learnt, and the way she dropped the Quaker, and became—well, she's a Pagan! Three years ago she took a fancy to dancing. Last season she began dancing for some charities, and her long skirts took the town by storm. She got asked to lots of places, and—that's the whole history of it, Regy.

REGY.

And her people?

GUISE.

Oh, they think she's in a situation in London. Most people believe what pleases them.<sup>3</sup> It's good for them. I never disturb a good, comfortable fiction—<sup>3</sup>it's against my conservative principles.

<sup>3</sup> *Sitting on rock.*

REGY.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *c.*

She's made you dance to a pretty tune, Guise. House in Mayfair, race-horses, carriages, diamonds

—what would it all tot up to, Guise? A hundred thousand pounds!

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Smoking.*

Perhaps. But she's never bored me.

REGY.

Can't you pull up?

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Puff.*

What for? She's never bored me.

REGY.

Do you mean to let her ruin you?

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Puff.*

Why not? She's never bored me.

REGY.

Not down in this hole?

GUISE.

Don't you go depreciating my property. I've only just got here. She, like a dutiful daughter, took a fancy to visit her people, and I, like a dutiful landlord, took a fancy to visit my tenants. I haven't been to Endellion for eighteen years.

REGY.

You're a model landlord.

GUISE.

I am. I take two thousand a year from Endellion in rents, and I spend three in repairs, and keeping the sea out. What brings you to—this hole?<sup>4</sup>

*III. Coll.  
David Ives.  
Drusilla Ives.*

<sup>4</sup> *Tinge of curiosity.*

REGY.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Uncomfortable.*

I wanted to get out of town, away from everybody—so I came here. The fact is, Guise—[*confidentially*—I've made a fool of myself!

<sup>1</sup> *Rising.*GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

What, again! The third time! After Bowler's cross-examination, and after those damages—as exemplary as your behavior.

[*Shaking his head.*]

Regy, Regy, you're a bad lot—bad lot, Regy!

REGY.

No, no, old fellow. Not that—I've been really going straight lately.

GUISE.

Ah, twice bit, once shy, I see! What silly mess have you got yourself into now?

REGY. [*calmly.*]

I'm engaged to be married.

[*The two men look at each other calmly for some seconds.*]

GUISE.

<sup>2</sup> *Puffing cigarette.*

*What, again!* [*Calmly.*]<sup>2</sup> Who's landed you?

REGY.

One of the Poperoach girls—Isabel.

GUISE.

Isabel? Oh, yes. Tall girl, with large features, high cheek-bones, and a lot of wispy, straw-colored hair—eh?

REGY. [*Dubiously.*]

Yes. It *may* turn out all right, you know?

GUISE.

Think so?

REGY.

Lady Poperoach has been trying to catch me all the season. I could see their game. Will you walk into my parlor? And in I walked. And the old woman slammed the door. And there it was staring at me in the Morning Post the next morning.

[*Looks very depressed; GUISE laughs.*]



REGY. [*Piteously.*]

Don't be hard on a fellow. Isabel's got some good points—eh?

[*Anxiously.*]

What do you think of her? Really now—not bad, take her altogether?

GUISE.

I'd rather take her in instalments!

REGY.<sup>1</sup>

It isn't Isabel so much as the old woman. Lady Poperoach does come the old soldier over everybody. It's awful!

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

How is it you're not on duty?

REGY.<sup>3</sup>

Well, as soon as it was all—you know—settled, I thought I should like to have a few days to myself and think it over. So I got away—just—well, just to get used to the idea.

GUISE. [*Benevolently.*]

Get used to it, Regy—don't hurry, but get used to it.

REGY. [*Valiantly.*]

Oh, I'm in for it, and I mean to go through it like a man.

[*DAVID enters*]<sup>4</sup>

GUISE. [*To REGY.*]

One of my Quaker tenants. They don't know me—don't know I'm in the island. Regy, here's a chance of hearing an honest opinion of myself.

REGY.

I say——[*GUISE puts him away.*]<sup>5</sup> Well I'm——  
[*Exit.*]<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Moody, walking to L., and back to Guise.*

<sup>2</sup> *R. C.*

<sup>3</sup> *L. coming back c.*

<sup>4</sup> *House, at door L.*

<sup>5</sup> *Up stage. Regy exit back of meeting-house.*

<sup>6</sup> *R. U. E.*

<sup>1</sup> *Goes towards David.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Very charming spot, this Isle of Endellion!

<sup>2</sup> *Coming to L. C.*

DAVID.<sup>2</sup>

We're highly favored in many respects, friend.

<sup>3</sup> *R. C.*

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

Who's the owner of this property?

[*DRUS. comes to door and listens.*

<sup>4</sup> *L. C.*

DAVID.<sup>4</sup>

Valentine Danecourt—His Grace the Duke of Guisebury and the Earl of St. Endellion, they call him.

<sup>5</sup> *R. C.*

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Of course. You are highly favored. A philanthropist, isn't he?

DAVID.

I've heard him called many names, but I've never heard that title given to him.

GUISE.

Perhaps you don't know him.

DAVID.

No, friend, but I have received a very evil report of him.

GUISE.

Ah! From the Radical papers!

DAVID.

No, from his own actions. He wants no other accusers.

GUISE.

What particular shape does his infamy take?

DAVID.

All shapes. A spendthrift, a libertine, a gambler with cards and horses.

GUISE.

The rascal! The damned rascal!

DAVID.

Yes, friend. That's a strong word to use, but it's the right one!

GUISE. [*Amused.*]

He hasn't killed anybody, I suppose?

DAVID.

Yes, he has.

GUISE. [*Highly amused.*]

A murderer as well! [*Aside.*] I'm getting on!

DAVID.

The law wouldn't call it murder, but his conscience would, if he had one.

GUISE.

What do you mean?

DAVID.

Two years ago, my friend Mark Christison was struck in the high tide, as he was trying to save his home from destruction. He died and his wife went out of her mind. What Valentine Danecourt wastes on his dancing creatures would have built a break-water, and saved Mark Christison's life.

GUISE. [*Aside.*]<sup>1</sup>

He's right. I am a blackguard! [*Stands thoughtful.*]

DRUS. [*To her father.*]<sup>2</sup>

Your tea's ready, father!

GUISE. [*Aside.*]<sup>3</sup>

Di's father!

<sup>1</sup> Going R.

<sup>2</sup> Coming down L.

<sup>3</sup> R.

<sup>1</sup> L.DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

What have you been saying to the stranger?

<sup>2</sup> C.DAVID.<sup>2</sup>I've been telling him my opinion of Valentine Danecourt.<sup>3</sup><sup>3</sup> David moves up a little towards cottage L.DRUS. [*Mischievously.*] <sup>4</sup><sup>4</sup> Crossing c.

I hope you have been pleasantly entertained, friend.

<sup>5</sup> R. C.GUISE. [*Ironically.*] <sup>5</sup>

Oh, most pleasantly.

<sup>6</sup> C.DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

In London where I live there is grievous talk of the Duke's misdeeds.

<sup>7</sup> R. C.GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

So there is in Endellion, it seems.

<sup>8</sup> L. near door.DAVID. [*To GUISE.*] <sup>8</sup>

Do you know this Duke?

<sup>9</sup> R. C.GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

I have met him, but if he's as bad as you say, I shall keep out of his way for the future.

DAVID.

<sup>10</sup> Turns to go into house.Aye, do, friend. Come, Drusilla.<sup>10</sup><sup>11</sup> R. V. E. Regy speaks as he runs on; stops short as David turns; remains up c.[*REGY runs on.*] <sup>11</sup>REGY.<sup>12</sup><sup>12</sup> C.

I say, Guisebury, old fellow——

<sup>13</sup> L. near door.DAVID. [*Turns sharply round.*] <sup>13</sup><sup>14</sup> L.

Guisebury! Guisebury! Go indoors, Drusilla!

<sup>15</sup> L. C.[*DRUS. exit into house.*<sup>14</sup> DAVID <sup>15</sup> turns to<sup>16</sup> R. C.GUISE.] <sup>16</sup>

Then you are Valentine Danecourt, yourself?

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

At your service.

DAVID. [*After a pause.*]<sup>2</sup>

I suppose I may take a year's notice to quit my house and land.

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

Not at all. I'm a very bad landlord, Mr. Ives, but you're a very good tenant. I'm glad to have heard your candid opinion of me.

DAVID.<sup>4</sup>

You're quite welcome.

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

I regret to say that all you have said of me is quite true. I am a thoroughly bad lot, and the worst of it is there's not the least chance of my reformation. However, if you want any repairs doing, my agent, Crake, is down here with me—let him know and they shall be done.

DAVID.

Thank you.<sup>6</sup>

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

And in the meantime, friend Ives, as I never knew Mr. Christison, have no precise knowledge of high tides, and was at Monte Carlo at the time of his death, I think you may stretch a point in my favor and call it manslaughter for the future—eh, friend?

DAVID. [*Seriously.*]<sup>8</sup>

Harkee, friend—Remember your promise—Keep out of the Duke of Guisebury's way for the future. You'll be wise.

[*Exit into house.*]<sup>9</sup>

REGY.<sup>10</sup>

I'm afraid I've put my foot in it again!

<sup>1</sup> Comes c.

<sup>2</sup> L. c.

*IV. Call.  
Mr. Crake.  
Sybil Crake.*

<sup>3</sup> c.

<sup>4</sup> L. c.

<sup>5</sup> c.

<sup>6</sup> Going L.

<sup>7</sup> c. moving L. c.

<sup>8</sup> L.

<sup>9</sup> L.

<sup>10</sup> Coming down c.

<sup>1</sup> *Crossing R.*GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

What made you blurt out my name when I told you I was here incog?

<sup>2</sup> *G.*REGY.<sup>2</sup>

I'm awfully sorry, old fellow. Hallo! Here's what's-his-name.

<sup>3</sup> *L. U. E. above house.*

[*Enter CRAKE, the DUKE'S steward and land agent, about 50.*] <sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *R. C.*GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

Here's Crake—you know Crake?

CRAKE. [*A little surprised on seeing REGY.*]

<sup>5</sup> *L. C. Duke sits R. C. lights another cigarette.*

Mr. Slingsby, how d'ye do? <sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *G.*REGY.<sup>6</sup>

I'm not very well.

<sup>7</sup> *L. C.*CRAKE.<sup>7</sup>

I saw the joyful news in the Morning Post.

REGY. [*Sheepishly.*]

Yes. It's the right sort of thing to do, eh, Crake?

[*CRAKE does not reply.*]

No, but candidly, Crake—after a fellow's knocked about for a great many years as I have, there comes a time when he thinks "I'm having a jolly good time of it now, but who's going to nurse me and take care of me when I get into the sere and yellow leaf?" A man must look at it a little in that light.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Sybil enters L. U. E., comes down R. C.*

[*CRAKE goes up a little. SYBIL CRAKE enters; an odd, elfin girl, about 20, lame, with crutches, very bright, sprightly, alert, she hops on,<sup>9</sup> comes up to GUISE. GUISE'S manner towards her is protecting, something like a master to a favorite dog.*]

<sup>9</sup> *L. from pathway.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Well, Midge, what have you been doing?

SYBIL.<sup>2</sup>

Wishing I was a millionaire, or a bricklayer, or a horsewhip.

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

Why?

SYBIL.<sup>4</sup>

If I were a millionaire, I could build that break-water; if I were a bricklayer, I could help poor young Christison build it; if I were a horsewhip, I might whip all the people who brought you up, and between them spoiled a good man in the making.

CRAKE. [*Very reprovngly.*] <sup>5</sup>

Sybil! Sybil!

GUISE.<sup>6</sup>

I've spoiled myself, Midge.

SYB. [*Hops across to REGY.*] <sup>7</sup>

Mr. Slingsby, how are you?

REGY.<sup>8</sup>

I'm not very well.

SYB.<sup>9</sup>

I've heard some good news about you.

REGY.<sup>10</sup>

Yes? She's rather a jolly girl, you know. Very good at repartee.

GUISE.<sup>11</sup>

That's an awkward talent in a wife, Regy.

REGY.<sup>12</sup>

Look here, Guise, you needn't choke me off; I'm in

<sup>1</sup> R. C. seated on rock.

<sup>2</sup> C.

<sup>3</sup> R. C.

<sup>4</sup> C.

V. Call.  
Mr. Leddra.  
Mrs. Leddra.  
Stephen Leddra.  
Mrs. Christison.  
David Ives.  
Drusilla Ives.  
John Christison.  
Faith Ives.  
Villagers and Children.

<sup>5</sup> Up R. C.

<sup>6</sup> R. C. rising.

<sup>7</sup> L. C.

<sup>8</sup> L.

<sup>9</sup> L. C.

<sup>10</sup> L.

<sup>11</sup> R.

<sup>12</sup> Crossing to him.

for it now, and I'm going to try it! It may not suit me, but I'm going to try it!

<sup>1</sup> R.

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Very well, Regy—try it! Come and dine with me on my yacht. We'll make it half-past eight to give you plenty of time.

<sup>2</sup> Crossing R.

REGY.<sup>2</sup>

All right. See you at dinner, Guise. [*Piteously.*] I knew I was putting my foot in it.

<sup>3</sup> R.

[*Exit very despondent.*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> R.

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

Well, Crake, what's to be done with this confounded island?

<sup>5</sup> Comes down C.

CRAKE.<sup>5</sup>

Take your rents while you can, and then let the island pitch headforemost into the sea.

<sup>6</sup> L.

SYB.<sup>6</sup>

And then let the people pitch headforemost into the sea after it.

<sup>7</sup> C.

CRAKE.<sup>7</sup>

The people must move off.

<sup>8</sup> L. C.

SYB.<sup>8</sup>

But they love their homes—isn't it senseless of them?

<sup>9</sup> C.

CRAKE.<sup>9</sup>

My dear Sybil, this is a practical question.

<sup>10</sup> L. C.

SYB.<sup>10</sup>

Yes, I've been talking with the fishermen's wives—they're horribly practical. What do you think? They want to keep a roof over their children.

<sup>11</sup> R.

GUISE.<sup>11</sup>

Can't something be done, Crake?



CRAKE.<sup>1</sup>

Your Grace! I would prefer not to speak of your affairs. *[Glancing at SYB.]*

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

Oh, Midge knows I'm a pauper. Go on.

CRAKE.<sup>3</sup>

This breakwater would cost fifty thousand pounds at least. Indeed you can't possibly raise the money.<sup>4</sup>

SYB.

Oh, that needn't stand in your way—it never has.

*[Enter CAPTAIN and MRS. LEDDRA, villagers tenants, and children.]*

Here are some of your tenants coming to meeting. That's Captain Leddra and his wife. I wish you knew your tenants.

GUISE.

Introduce me.<sup>5</sup>

SYB.

May I?<sup>6</sup> Captain Leddra, Mrs. Leddra—here is the Duke of Guisebury come to pay you a visit.

*[General surprise.]*<sup>7</sup>

LEDDRA. *[A bronzed seafarer.]*

The Duke! *[Comes to GUISE.]*<sup>8</sup> You're welcome, your Grace! We've been looking out for you for the last dozen years or so. We thought you'd forgotten there was such a place as Endellion.

GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

No, Captain Leddra—I've not forgotten Endellion, and if I can do anything for the island—

LEDD.<sup>10</sup>

If you've a mind to do anything for us, your Grace,

<sup>1</sup> c.

<sup>2</sup> R.

<sup>3</sup> c.

<sup>4</sup> *Crake goes up c. Sybil crosses to Duke.*

<sup>5</sup> *Several people enter R. and L.*

<sup>6</sup> *Sybil goes up R. c. facing crowd.*

<sup>7</sup> *The crowd of people who were moving towards church stops and form tableau of amazement, Crake down L.*

<sup>8</sup> c.

<sup>9</sup> R. c.

<sup>10</sup> c.

you must be quick about it. We're at our wits' ends! The sea's washing us away!

<sup>1</sup> L.

[DAVID IVES comes to door of house.] <sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> L. C.

CRAKE.<sup>2</sup>

But can't you find employment elsewhere?

<sup>3</sup> C.

LEDD.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Goes up R. C.  
Sybil comes  
down R.

Oh, yes, Mr. Crake, there's plenty of employment at the North Pole.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> L. C.

CRAKE.<sup>5</sup>

The North Pole?

<sup>6</sup> Advances C.

LEDD.<sup>6</sup>

We've been offered berths with this new Arctic Expedition that Captain Curvengen is fitting out at Plymouth. He sails next spring. It's a desperate venture, but we shall have to go.

<sup>7</sup> Down R.

SYB.<sup>7</sup>

Yes, you'll leave all your bones at the North Pole, but there'll be two hundred pounds apiece for your widows. And you'll have snow for a shroud, and an iceberg for a hearse and white bears for undertakers—so there'll be no funeral expenses.

<sup>8</sup> Mrs. Leddra  
comes down  
R. of Leddra.

[MRS. LEDDRA,<sup>8</sup> with a cry, clings to her husband.]

<sup>9</sup> Comes down  
L. C.

You shan't go, Steve—you shan't go!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>10</sup> L. C.

LEDDRA.<sup>10</sup>

Let be, Hester. What's the use of staying here? I will go, I tell you, woman, unless—unless I happen to get killed first as Mark Christison was!

<sup>11</sup> Looking L.

MRS. LEDD.<sup>11</sup>

Hush!

<sup>12</sup> L. U. E.

<sup>13</sup> R. C.

[MRS. CHRISTISON, a white-haired old peasant woman comes on,<sup>12</sup> very gentle, dreamy, absorbed.]

<sup>14</sup> Stephen and  
the rest of the  
Fisherfolk  
move up, re-  
garding Mrs.  
Christison  
compassion-  
ately.

GUISE.<sup>13</sup>

Who's this?<sup>14</sup>

SYB.<sup>1</sup>

Mark Christison's widow. She's mad! You needn't take any notice of her.

MRS. C.<sup>2</sup> [*To DAVID.*]<sup>3</sup>

Is there any news from Mark yet, David?

DAVID.<sup>4</sup>

No, Rachel, there's no news yet.

MRS. C.<sup>5</sup>

It's unkind of him not to write to me. [*Seeing GUISE.*] A stranger gentleman!<sup>6</sup> I beg your pardon, friend. Do you come from London?<sup>7</sup> [*GUISE nods.*] My husband Mark Christison has gone up there to ask the Duke to help him. Mark's left me for two years, and he never writes to me. I know he hasn't forgotten me, because when man and wife love as we loved, there's never any forgetting on either side of the grave.

SYB.<sup>8</sup> [*watching GUISE.*]

She's mad. You needn't take any notice of her.<sup>9</sup>

GUISE.<sup>10</sup>

I haven't met your husband, Mrs. Christison, but I believe he's well—quite well.

[*Takes her hand kindly with a soothing gesture.*]

MRS. C.<sup>11</sup>

Thank you, friend. The Duke may be keeping him in London. It's week-night meeting. I'm going to pray for him to come back.

[*GUISE gives her his<sup>12</sup> hand with great courtesy and leads her towards the meeting-house.*]

I pray, and I pray, and I pray, but he never comes.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R.<sup>2</sup> L. C.<sup>3</sup> *At door of house L.*<sup>4</sup> L.<sup>5</sup> L. C.<sup>6</sup> *Comes down to Guise c.*<sup>7</sup> *Guise nods.*<sup>8</sup> R.<sup>9</sup> *Sybil moves up R. to meeting-house.*<sup>10</sup> R. C.<sup>11</sup> C.<sup>12</sup> R.<sup>13</sup> *Going to meeting-house.*

<sup>1</sup> *At door of chapel meeting Mrs. C.*

SYB.<sup>1</sup>

You might say a good word for the Duke while you're about it, Mrs. Christison. They tell me he needs it more than your husband.

MRS. C.

Yes, I'll say a good word for the Duke.

<sup>2</sup> E.

[*Exit into meeting-house.*<sup>2</sup>]

GUISE. [*Sharply.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Coming down C.*

Crake!<sup>3</sup> [JOHN CHRISTISON *re-enters*; <sup>4</sup> FAITH and DRUS. *come to cottage door.*]<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> L. U E.

<sup>5</sup> L.

Send for an engineer from London, get him to prepare plans, and give me an estimate for a breakwater that will protect all the southwest coast of the island.

<sup>6</sup> L. C.

CRAKE. [*Deprecatingly.*]<sup>6</sup>

Your Grace—it's madness—it's impossible!

<sup>7</sup> C.

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

Yes, Crake, I know it's impossible, but it's going to be done. Captain Leddra, you and your friends may remain in the bosom of your families instead of trying to climb the legendary North Pole.<sup>8</sup> I'm glad you have such excellent lungs. But you'd better save your shouts till the breakwater is built.

<sup>8</sup> *General hurrah.*

<sup>9</sup> L. C.

JOHN. [*Comes eagerly forward.*]<sup>9</sup>

Your Grace, I want to thank you. My name's John Christison. I promised my father when he was dying that if you did nothing, I would build the breakwater with my own hands. Oh! it's weary work! For as fast as we lay one stone upon the other, the tide and storm dash them to pieces. My courage is well-nigh spent, but if you will lend me some men and money, I'll begin again with a new heart, and please God, the work shall prosper in our hands. You'll help me, Duke—you'll help me?

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Certainly, Mr. Christison. I shall be very glad of your advice and assistance. We will consider the building of this breakwater as our joint enterprise, and you shall be my overlooker at a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

JOHN.<sup>2</sup>

Thank you, Duke.<sup>3</sup> You do mean it! You'll go through with it?

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

I keep my word, Mr. Christison. It's a habit of mine, and I give you my word of honor I'll build that breakwater.

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

Forgive me, your Grace! I don't doubt you. I can't thank you. Ah!<sup>6</sup> But I'll ask a blessing for you from the place that used to be my father's.<sup>7</sup>

[Goes quickly up to the meeting-house door.

DRUS. [*Quiet, seductive.*]<sup>8</sup>

Shall I come with you, friend John?

JOHN. [*Eagerly.*]<sup>9</sup>

Will you? If you would help me, I could work like a giant!

DRUS.<sup>10</sup>

Perhaps I will. Come!

[*They go into meeting-house,*<sup>11</sup> FAITH watching them.]

FAITH. [*Aside.*]<sup>12</sup>

She does not love him, yet she makes him love her.

[*Looks after them in the meeting-house, and goes in.*]

MRS. LEDD.<sup>13</sup>

My blessings on you too, your Grace. [*To her*

<sup>1</sup> R. C.

<sup>2</sup> L. C.

<sup>3</sup> Looks at Guise.

<sup>4</sup> R. C.

<sup>5</sup> L. C.

<sup>6</sup> Looking up.

<sup>7</sup> As John turns to go towards meeting-house Drussilla overtakes him.

<sup>8</sup> L. of John.

<sup>9</sup> C.

<sup>10</sup> Takes his hand.

<sup>11</sup> R.

<sup>12</sup> L. C. following.

<sup>13</sup> Mrs. Leddra comes down c. bringing little boy with her. Sybil comes down R. of Duke.

<sup>1</sup> Putting him across to Duke.

child.] <sup>1</sup> There, Stephen, look at him, and remember him all your life! He saved your father from going to his grave up there in the ice and snow! Yes, that you have! [*Hysterically.*] You've saved my husband's life!

<sup>2</sup> turns to Syb. R.

GUISE. [*Very much amused.*] <sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Harmonium in meeting-house R. "Old Hundred."

Midge, I've saved a man's life! <sup>3</sup>

Music 3 in Chapel.

SYB. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> R.

Why don't you save your own?

<sup>5</sup> R. C.

GUISE. <sup>5</sup> [*Turns to MRS. LEDDRA, <sup>6</sup> who is sobbing.*]

<sup>6</sup> C.

Come, my dear lady, bear up! If your husband's life is saved, you needn't indulge in this violent sorrow about it. <sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Leddra comes down L. of Mrs. Leddra. Crowd gradually exeunt into chapel R.

MRS. LEDD. [*Unsuspectingly.*] <sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> C.

Sorrow! Your Grace, I'm beside myself with joy! Oh, your Grace, I've had no peace since Steve threatened to go! I've had such dreams—oh, your Grace! May you never have such dreams as I've had!

GUISE. <sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> R. C.

I trust not! I trust not!

LEDDRA. <sup>10</sup> [*She is sobbing on his shoulder.*]

<sup>10</sup> L. C.

There! There! Hold your peace, Hester! Don't take any notice of her, your Grace. She can't help it! She's only a woman, and she's fond of me and the children—that's what makes her so foolish—she's fond of me—that's what it is. Your Grace—our best hearty thanks.

[*The people have gradually gone into the meeting-house.*]

<sup>11</sup> Leddra lets his wife and child pass into meeting-house and turns to David, who is L. of him, coming towards R. Leddra on steps.

LEDDRA. [*going into the meeting-house* <sup>11</sup> with DAVID.]

Well, David, what do you think of his Grace's promise?

DAVID.

His promise! [*Looks at GUISE.*] Wait and see whether he keeps it!

[*All the people have gone into the meeting-house, leaving GUISE, CRAKE and SYB.*]

GUISE.<sup>1</sup> [*Watching the people going into the meeting-house.*]

<sup>1</sup> c.

Poor devils! They take life very seriously!

SYB.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> R.

Three-fourths of the world do, that the other fourth may see what a splendid jest it is!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Goes up c.

CRAKE.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> L. c.

Duke, will you follow me into figures?

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> c.

I'd rather not—anywhere but there, Crake. Arithmetic is so relentless.

CRAKE.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> L. c.

Your Grace, excuse my putting it plainly—if you build this breakwater, you'll beggar yourself.

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> c.

My good Crake, what is a landlord for, except to beggar himself for his tenants? I know my duty, Crake. I very rarely *do* it, but I yield to no man in *knowing* it!

CRAKE.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> L. c.

Will you tell me how the money is to be raised?

GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> c.

That's what I want you to do. You shall have a bottle of my grandfather's port at dinner to-night, and then *you* shall tell *me* how it is to be raised. Go

<sup>1</sup> *Crake goes up to L. U. E. speaking speech and exit. Sybil hops down c.*

and take another look at the place, and see what this young Christison has been doing.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Duke goes R.*

[SYB., *who has been up stage, hops down to GUISE.*]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> L. U. E.

CRAKE. [Going off.]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> L. U. E.

If I'd been wise I should have left him ten years ago, but I suppose I shall be fool enough to stay till the smash comes. [Exit.]<sup>4</sup>

SYB.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Comes down to Guise c.*

I want to ask you a question.

GUISE.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> R.

Well?

SYB.

<sup>7</sup> *Stop Harmonium.*

Why are you such a hypocrite?<sup>7</sup>

GUISE.

Am I a hypocrite?

SYB.

Yes. You pretend to be a great deal worse than you are.

<sup>8</sup> *Sitting on rock R. C.*

GUISE.<sup>8</sup>

Most people pretend to be a great deal better than they are, so somebody must restore the moral balance. But you don't know what a bad fellow I am, Midge.

<sup>9</sup> C.

SYB.<sup>9</sup>

Yes, I do. You *are* bad—but you aren't half so bad as you think you are. I've found you out in lots of good deeds, and you always do them and seem ashamed of them. You're kind; you're truthful; you don't slander anybody—except yourself—and you are brave.



GUISE.

Brave—am I?

SYB.

If you hadn't been brave you wouldn't have rushed in and picked me from under the horses' feet ten years ago—You would have let them trample me to death instead of only laming me for life, and curdling my wits.

GUISE.

They were my horses, and it was my infernal groom that put you behind them. I couldn't stop myself—it was mere impulse—and sometimes I've asked myself whether it was a kindness to save you.

*[Looking at her crutches.]*

SYB.

What does it matter? I don't mind it. At least, so long as people don't pity me. At first I used to lie all night and beat my fists against the wall in agony—But now——

GUISE.

Now?

SYB.

Now I've found out that the world was not constructed for the sole purpose of making me happy. And besides, perhaps some day I shall pull *you* out from under the horses' feet.

GUISE.

What horses?

SYB.

Don't you know? Can't you see where you are driving?

GUISE.

No.

SYB.

Why not pull up?

*VI. Call.  
Drusilla Ives.*

GUISE.

I can't, Midge. I've got my life into a horrible mess, and it's too much bother to get it straight now.

SYB.

Doesn't your conscience plague you sometimes?

GUISE.

No. I suppose I've got a conscience, but it's rusty—the works have stopped. What does it matter? The world wasn't constructed for the sole purpose of making me good.

SYB.

Suppose life should be serious after all!

GUISE.

My dear Midge, don't preach at me!

SYB.

I won't; preaching won't tame wild horses. [*Hops up the cliff.*] I'll wait till they're trampling you under their feet. [*Exit.*<sup>1</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> L. U. E.

GUISE. [*Looks after her, turns round, fills pipe.*]

Suppose life should be serious after all! What a jest it would be!

[*DRUSILLA creeps out of meeting-house.*]<sup>2</sup>

DRUS.

Guise!

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

What mischief now?

DRUS.

Catch me!

GUISE.

Come then!

[*She jumps into his arms.*]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Stands on rock in front of meeting-house.*

<sup>3</sup> *Jumps up, looks round.*

DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I've had three awful weeks! These people are so good, and so stupid! They'll kill me! I'm simply dying of goodness. Two more ounces of goodness, and I'm dead!

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

Don't be alarmed!

DRUS.<sup>3</sup>

You'll catch it! It's in the air. The long faces they pull, the dresses they wear, the way they talk, the books they read—oh, so good, oh, so stupid! And the things they think sinful! Living is sinful! Loving is sinful! Breathing is sinful! Eating and drinking are sinful! Flowers are sinful! Everything is sinful! Oh, so good! Oh, so stupid! And the time they give to their prayers, and their harmoniums! There's an epidemic of harmoniums! And the way they spend their Sundays! Oh, so good! Oh, so stupid!<sup>4</sup> How's everything and everybody in London? What have you been doing with yourself? Have you missed me? Have you brought my dear old Bully Boy?

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Yes, I've brought the dog. He's fond of me.

DRUS.

Guisse—what's the matter with you?

GUISE.

Nothing. Tell me what *you've* been doing *with yourself*.

DRUS.

Going to meeting; pulling a long face; chaffing my father and sister up my sleeve; wondering how on earth they came to be my father and sister; boring

<sup>1</sup> C.

<sup>2</sup> R.

<sup>3</sup> L. C.

<sup>4</sup> *Changing her tone suddenly.*

<sup>5</sup> *Foot on rock, looking at her, elbow on knee.*

myself; sighing a little for you—not much, and making that boy John Christison fall madly in love with me.

GUISE.

You shouldn't do that.

DRUS.

Shouldn't make people fall in love with me? Oh, I must.

GUISE.

You should remember——

DRUS.

What?

GUISE. [*with much quiet tenderness.*]

How deeply I'm attached to you.

DRUS.

So's John Christison! And he can make love—in his way. You can't make love as he does.

GUISE.

VII. Call.  
John Christison.

<sup>1</sup> Crossing L.

The devil take John Christison! <sup>1</sup>

DRUS.

Ah, you're jealous! You needn't be! But are you attached to me, Guise?

GUISE.

Am I attached to you? I met you, Di, when I was thirty. If you'd been another sort of woman, Di, I should have been another sort of man. I wonder what my life would have been without you?

<sup>2</sup> Running up c. pointing off R.

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

Very dull. You've bought me that yacht? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Going up to her, looking off R.

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

Yes. Have you ever had a wish, a caprice that I

haven't gratified? Haven't I done every mad thing that you asked me?<sup>1</sup>

DRUS. [*She is putting flower in his coat.*]

Suppose for once I asked you to do something sensible?

GUISE.

Well?

DRUS. [*After a pause, drops her eyes, then glances up at him furtively.*]<sup>2</sup>

I read in one of the weekly papers that I am to be the Duchess of Guisebury.

GUISE. [*Startled.*]<sup>3</sup>

My dear Di, don't be absurd!

DRUS.<sup>4</sup>

I read it in the paper, Guise. Why is it absurd? I've been thoroughly educated. I've been asked to several very good houses. And then my family—sound Quaker stock on both sides for two hundred years—you couldn't have better breeding than that! And no cosmetics but the sea and wind! Guise, I could play the part to perfection!<sup>5</sup>

GUISE.

My dear child, don't ask for the one thing I cannot give you.

DRUS.

You won't? Very well—[*Bites her lip.*] Heigho!<sup>6</sup>

[*GUISE. stands, looking glum and thoughtful.*]<sup>7</sup>

What's the matter with you? What makes you so serious?

GUISE.<sup>8</sup>

Suppose life should be serious after all!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Leading her down to rock R. C.*

<sup>2</sup> *Sitting on rock R. C.*

<sup>3</sup> *c.*

<sup>4</sup> *Sitting on rock R. C.*

<sup>5</sup> *Puts her hand on his.*

<sup>6</sup> *Rising.*

<sup>7</sup> *c.*

<sup>8</sup> *c.*

<sup>9</sup> *Moving L. C.*

DRUS.

Don't suppose anything so dreadful. They'll be coming out of meeting soon. [*Creeps up to meeting-house door, looks in.*] Oh, the Captain is preaching! That means forty minutes at least! And on such a lovely moonlight night too!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Comes down to him on his R.

[*JOHN creeps stealthily out of the meeting-house door and hides behind a shrub.*]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> R.

I've been practicing a new dance, a shadow dance. Shall I show you?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Music.

[*DRUS. carefully looks all round, takes up her skirts, gives one or two turns, and catches sight of John's face watching her through the shrubs, stops suddenly.*]

JOHN. [*Advancing.*]

JOHN.

Woman! What art thou?!

DRUS.

DUKE.

CURTAIN.

[*Two years between Act 1 and 2.*]

ACT II.

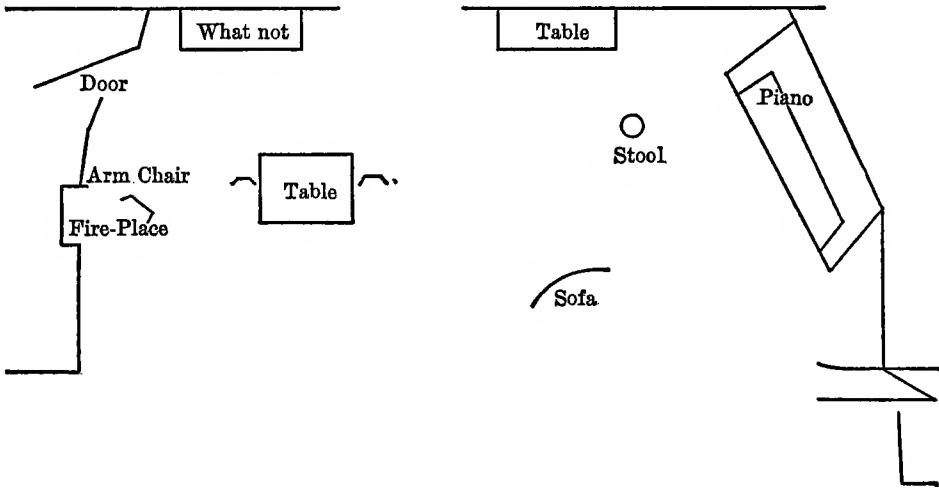
Garden Drop

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French Window

---

Arch



*I. Call.  
Goldspink.  
John Christison  
Drusilla Ives.*

*Music.*

<sup>1</sup> C.

<sup>2</sup> R.

<sup>3</sup> R.

<sup>4</sup> R. *taking  
John's hat.*

<sup>5</sup> Up c.

<sup>6</sup> R. c.

<sup>7</sup> Up c.

<sup>8</sup> R. c.

<sup>9</sup> *Distressfully  
turning to  
fireplace R.*

<sup>10</sup> *In amaze-  
ment.*

## ACT II.

[DIANA VALROSE'S boudoir at Richmond.  
*A very elegantly furnished room, with  
light, pretty furniture. Discover DRU-  
SILLA in handsome morning dress ar-  
ranging flowers in large china bowl.<sup>1</sup>  
Enter Footman,<sup>2</sup> announcing MR.  
CHRISTISON. Enter JOHN.<sup>3</sup> Exit Foot-  
man.<sup>4</sup>*

DRUS.<sup>5</sup>

Well, friend John!

JOHN.<sup>6</sup>

Your father and Faith are in London.

DRUS.<sup>7</sup>

I know—they've written to me.

JOHN.<sup>8</sup>

They're searching everywhere for you. I've been with them the last three days pretending to help them find you, throwing them off your track—deceiving them, lying, lying at every step.<sup>9</sup>

DRUS.

How kind and thoughtful of you!

JOHN.<sup>10</sup>

Kind and thoughtful!



DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

To me and to them. It would pain them to know the truth about me. My father and sister do not understand me.

<sup>1</sup> *Coming down c.*

JOHN.<sup>2</sup>

Who does understand you? I don't. What made you bring me up to London? Why have you kept me here for nearly two years—feeding me with false hopes and promises—making me eat the bread of idleness and deceit, till there isn't a sound place in me? Why have you done it? Why?—You do not love me!

<sup>2</sup> *R. c.*

DRUS. [*Very seductive.*]<sup>3</sup>

How do you know that I do not love you, friend John?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Going to sofa L.*

<sup>4</sup> *Looks languishingly at him, and turns away.*

JOHN.

Love me! Oh, it would be horrible! It would be past grace and mercy for you and me to love each other after—this. [*Looking round the room.*]<sup>5</sup> After all—after what I know of you. And yet—

<sup>5</sup> *Drusilla sits on lounge L.*

[*Coming up to her, fiercely seizing her hands.*

Do you love me?

DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

You've never gone the right way to make me love you. I like you—when you're not in one of these moral fits. When you're moral, you're dull and tiresome, friend John! You are really.<sup>7</sup> Why don't you take things more quietly? What harm has been done?

<sup>6</sup> *Rise, cross R., getting away from him.*

<sup>7</sup> *Looking-glass over mantel R. Goes up to looking-glass R. looks at herself in it.*

JOHN.<sup>8</sup>

What harm? How have I passed my time since I left Endellion?

<sup>8</sup> *c.*

<sup>1</sup> R. crossing back of table to piano L.

*II. Call.  
Duke of Guise-  
bury.  
Goldspink.  
Bully-boy.  
Reginald  
Slingsby.*

<sup>2</sup> C. going R.

<sup>3</sup> Drusilla goes to piano L.

<sup>4</sup> Playing piano softly.

<sup>5</sup> Crossing L. C.

<sup>6</sup> Sits on sofa, stares in front of him.

<sup>7</sup> Plays a brilliant passage, stops, turns on music stool.

<sup>8</sup> On sofa L. C.

<sup>9</sup> Plays sad strain softly. Plays "Old Hundred."

<sup>10</sup> Kneels R. of him.

DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

You came to London to superintend the plans for the breakwater, and the Duke appointed you over-looker at two hundred a year.

JOHN.<sup>2</sup>

I've taken the money, and I've not done one hour's work for it.<sup>3</sup> I've lied to my dead father! I've broken my promise to him!

DRUS.<sup>4</sup>

You mean you haven't kept it at present. There's plenty of time.

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

Yes—there's plenty of time to repent—hereafter!<sup>6</sup>

DRUS.

Friend John, you are very foolish—why should you trouble yourself?<sup>7</sup> Tell me about my father and Faith.

JOHN.<sup>8</sup>

They are terribly distressed because they cannot find you. Your father seems broken-hearted.

DRUS.

Why couldn't they stay at Endellion! The climate and the meeting-house suited them so well!<sup>9</sup>

[Comes up to him, puts her hand on his shoulder, caressingly.]

Friend John, I want you to do me a little favor.<sup>10</sup>

JOHN.

What?

DRUS.

Persuade them there has been some mistake, and get

them quietly back to Endellion. When they are at home I'll write and explain everything to my father. I'll find some good excuse.<sup>0</sup>—He'll believe me! For the sake of old times, John.<sup>1</sup> It will be kind to spare them anxiety about me. I'm really not so bad as you think me—I'm really not indeed—will you, John?

JOHN.

You know I shall do whatever you ask me!<sup>2</sup>

DRUS.<sup>3</sup>

Thank you, friend John.

[*GUISE passes the window.*<sup>4</sup>

Here's the Duke!

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

I want to see him.

DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

Very well, I'll leave you to him.<sup>7</sup> And, John, you'll tell them some pretty little fairy tale, and get them comfortably off home, eh?

JOHN.<sup>8</sup>

Yes. I'll keep up the lies now I've begun them. Oh, I'm lost anyhow.

DRUS.<sup>9</sup>

Yes, friend John, we are lost!<sup>10</sup> But never mind—we shall be in very good company! [*Exit.*<sup>11</sup>

JOHN.<sup>12</sup>

If I could break off your chains! If I could!

[*Enter GUISE.*]<sup>13</sup>

GUISE.<sup>14</sup>

'Ah, Mr. Christison!

<sup>0</sup> *At back of sofa.*

<sup>1</sup> *Behind sofa, her arms round him.*

<sup>2</sup> *Kneeling on sofa. Trying to return caress, Drus. moves away to R. C.*

<sup>3</sup> *Crossing R. C.*

<sup>4</sup> *Crossing from L. to R.*

<sup>5</sup> *Rising, moving up C. a little.*

<sup>6</sup> *Runs to door L.*

<sup>7</sup> *Coming back to John C.*

<sup>8</sup> *C. Bitterly.*

<sup>9</sup> *Dolefully imitating him.*

<sup>10</sup> *Laughing merrily.*

<sup>11</sup> *Exit humming "Old Hundred," L. door.*

<sup>12</sup> *L. C. looking after her.*

<sup>13</sup> *R.*

<sup>14</sup> *C. Giving hand.*

<sup>1</sup> *Not noticing hand.*

JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

Your Grace, I wish to speak about the salary you've allowed me.

GUISE.

The last quarter hasn't been paid.

JOHN.

I don't want your money. I'm sorry I took it.

GUISE.

Why?

JOHN.

I've not earned it.

GUISE.

That's a very absurd reason for not taking it, Mr. Christison. However, I'll respect your scruples. You needn't be under any further apprehension about being paid.<sup>2</sup> Is there anything else?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Crossing L. C.*

<sup>3</sup> *Sitting on sofa.*

<sup>4</sup> *R. C.*

JOHN.<sup>4</sup>

Yes! Two years ago you spoke of beginning the breakwater at Endellion, and I was to work under you and for you. There's not a stone been laid since. I don't understand your feelings—but I know what my own are every night as I lay my head upon my pillow and think, "Another day gone, and I've done nothing to redeem my promise." I thought perhaps your feelings might be something like mine.

GUISE. [*Touched.*]

You're right, Mr. Christison! I've allowed two years to go by, and I've done nothing to keep my word! You're right! And I've sacrificed those men's lives!

JOHN.

Are you sure they've perished?

GUISE.

They've given up all hope at the Admiralty. You've nothing more to say, Mr. Christison?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Rising.*

JOHN.

No, Duke. As soon as I am able, I shall go back to Endellion and get on with the work as well as I can. I shan't trouble your Grace any further about it.

GUISE.

Very well, Mr. Christison. [*Rings bell.*<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *On table n. c.*

JOHN.<sup>3</sup>

Your Grace, David Ives is in London.

<sup>3</sup> *Goes up to door n., then turns to Guise.*

GUISE.

Indeed! [*Exit JOHN.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *n.*

[*GUISE alone, takes several turns about the room, his walk, mien and gesture indicate supreme self-contempt, his eyes on floor, bites his thumb, kicks the footstool savagely, sits on sofa; finds the cushion uncomfortable, pitches it about, reclines again, finds it still more uncomfortable, pitches it the other end of the room and breaks an old China bowl<sup>5</sup> which drops in pieces and falls on floor.*]

<sup>5</sup> *China bowl is on pedestal up c.*

I suppose there is some poor devil somewhere that's in a worse all-round mess than I am! But if there is, I should like to shake hands with him, and ask him how he feels.

[*Gets up savagely, walks across the room, walks in to back room, looks out of window.*]

Hillo, Bully Boy—what is it, old chap?

[*Opens the French window; admits a ferocious looking, ugly bulldog.*]

<sup>1</sup> Brings him down.

<sup>2</sup> Gets him on sofa.

Come in, old boy!<sup>1</sup> Sit up there!<sup>2</sup> I like you, Bully Boy! There's a splendid absence of all moral squeamishness about that ugly old mug of yours! Birds of a feather, eh, old boy? I'm a bad lot, but you don't mind that, do you? [*Caressing the dog.*] You love me, don't you, as much as if I were a paragon pattern of all the virtues. I'm in a devilish scrape, Bully Boy! I've come nearly to the end of my tether! I broke my word to those poor beggars! I let them join that cursed Arctic Expedition, and there they they are, up there, making a cold supper for the Polar bears! How would you feel, Bully Boy, if you had sent a dozen poor beggars to Kingdom Come? You wouldn't mind, would you? And why should I? I've ruined myself for her, Bully Boy, and now she's growing tired of me! Strange, isn't it! A few shillings will buy a faithful dog, but all the money in the world won't buy a faithful woman!

<sup>3</sup> R.

[*Enter Servant*<sup>3</sup> announcing MR. SLINGSBY.

<sup>4</sup> R. Regy keeps hat on.

REGY enters.<sup>4</sup> *Servant then goes up and takes the dog.*]

GUISE.

<sup>5</sup> Crosses c.

Weil Regy, this is a surprise!<sup>5</sup>

REGY.

<sup>6</sup> Crosses to him and shakes hands c.

Yes.<sup>6</sup> They told me you called the other day, but I wasn't at home, so as I was driving by to-day I thought I'd give you a look up.

GUISE.

<sup>7</sup> Guise crosses to servant, R. c.

Thanks.<sup>7</sup> [*To servant, who is going off with dog.*]<sup>8</sup> Where are you taking that dog?

<sup>8</sup> R.

SERV.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> R.

I beg pardon, your Grace, Miss Valrose said he was to be sent up to town.

GUISE.

Oh, very well, I'll take him back to town with me to-night. Poor Bully Boy! She's getting tired of you too, is she?

[Exit SERV. with Dog.]<sup>1</sup>

REGY.<sup>2</sup>

Well, Guise, what have you been doing with yourself all the while?

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

Playing the fool, and scandalizing society.

REGY.

Did you see that article in yesterday's Trafalgar Square Gazette on "The decline of our Aristocracy?" They did give it you hot.

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

Ah!<sup>5</sup> I met the editor a few months ago, and he assured me that when he writes about the black-guard Duke our differences are—like Satan and Michael's—merely political! What did the article say of me? [Sits on sofa.<sup>2</sup>

REGY.<sup>6</sup>

That the spectacle of your career has hastened the downfall of the House of Lords by twenty years.<sup>7</sup>

GUISE.

Well.<sup>9</sup> What more do the Radicals want? And yet they've never given me a testimonial! What have you been doing with yourself, Regy?

[REGY rises solemnly with the air of making a most important communication, takes off hat, goes to him.]

<sup>1</sup> R.

<sup>2</sup> L. C.

<sup>3</sup> Standing c.

<sup>4</sup> c. crossing L. C.

<sup>5</sup> Sitting on sofa.

<sup>6</sup> c.

<sup>7</sup> Sits L. of table R. C.

<sup>9</sup> Taking cigarette from packet on table L. of sofa.

1 c.

REGY.<sup>1</sup> *Very solemnly.*

Guise—I tell you this—things are coming to a crisis.

2 L. C.

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

Yes, Regy. I've lived in one chronic crisis ever since I left Eton! Why don't you ask her to name the day, and get it all over?

REGY.

3 Sits on edge of table R. C.

Not if I know it.<sup>3</sup> While there's life there's hope—and Lady Poperoach—

[*With a mysterious, threatening manner.*]

had better not drive me to bay! That's my candid advice to Lady Poperoach—"Don't drive me to bay!"

4 Smoking quietly.

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

What should you do, Regy?

REGY.

Well, don't let Lady Poperoach drive me to bay, that's all!—Guise, if I ask you a plain, straightforward question, will you give me a plain straightforward answer?

GUISE.

Rely on me, Regy.

5 Brings chair to R. of sofa.

REGY.<sup>5</sup>

Will you tell me what the devil I wanted to go and tie myself up to Isabel Poperoach for? That's what I want to know. I'd everything I wanted—nicest little bachelor's quarters in London, nobody to bully-rag me, or order me about—What did I do it for?

GUISE.

Well, why did you?

REGY.

Because I was a silly fool—that's why! There's no other reason.



GUISE.

Well—that seems sufficient.

REGY. [*Continuing, taking no notice of GUISE.*]

Some people want to get married—very well, let them! Let them go in and get married forty times over! I don't interfere with them!<sup>1</sup> Why should I be dragged like a victim to the slaughter?

<sup>1</sup> *Rises.*

GUISE.

Just so, Regy—why should you?

REGY.

It's hard lines on a fellow,<sup>2</sup> isn't it, Guise? It's devilish hard lines! What would you advise me to do?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Crossing R. and back to c.*

<sup>3</sup> *Standing c.*

GUISE.

I should get married.

REGY. [*Disgusted.*]

Get married! Oh, hang it all, Guise—I didn't expect this from you! No, candidly, what would you advise me to do? Eh?

GUISE. [*Yawns.*]

I should not get married.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Lying on sofa head up stage.*

REGY. [*Shakes hands with him.*]

Thank you old fellow, thank you. I knew I might rely on you. But,<sup>5</sup> I say—how am I to get out of it, eh?

<sup>5</sup> *Comes and sits by Guise.*

GUISE.

That's it, Regy! How are we to get out of it?

REGY.

You! You haven't been and landed yourself!

GUISE.

Yes, in no end of a mess! Debts, difficulties, duns, unfulfilled engagements everywhere—all the Dane-court property under water with these floods—no rents—no money—no self-respect—no nothing!

REGY. [*Cheerfully.*]

Poor old Guise! I'm awfully sorry for you, I am indeed. But—I say, Guise, what am I to do?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Rises and replaces chair.*

GUISE.

Why not marry her?<sup>2</sup> It couldn't be worse than the life we've lived for the last fifteen years! The other Saturday night I sat in that big house of mine alone till I felt that if I stayed five minutes longer I should get out my pistols and blow my brains out. Well, I went out, and I got amongst some people marketing—I watched some little cad and his wife buying their Sunday's dinner with four squalling, snub-nosed brats hanging round them! He was happy—that little cad! I wonder what grudge Providence had against me to give me a title and thirty thousand a year, instead of making me a greasy little cad like that!

<sup>2</sup> *Regy crosses to R.*

*III. Call.  
Goldspink.  
Sybil Crake.  
Mrs. Crake.  
David Ives.  
Faith Ives.  
John Christison.*

[REGY<sup>3</sup> *supremely occupied with his own concerns.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Extreme R., strikes match—cigarette.*

What I ask myself is this—what's the object of my getting married? That's what I want to know! Where does the joke come in?<sup>4</sup> What shall I have to show for it?

<sup>4</sup> *Comes R. C., still self-occupied.*

GUISE.

What have we both got to show for it as it is? That little cad had his wife and children's love, and his shoulder of mutton and his onions. And he *was* happy!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Lies down on sofa L. C.*

REGY.

Happy be hanged! All women are alike!

GUISE.

That's the last cursed word of cynicism. All women are alike. And the devil of it is—it's true! That is, its true for such men as you and I. [*With a chuckle.*] My God, Regy, what a farce of a world it is!

REGY.

It is, old boy. But I stick to my Goschens—oh dear, yes! I've got a nice little fifteen thousand a year, dear old fellow—just keeps me going. But I say, old fellow, what's the matter with you?

GUISE.

Everything. Crake has left me. She's tired of me.<sup>1</sup> And those poor beggars who went with that fool Curgenven to find the North Pole—they're lost, Regy!<sup>2</sup>

REGY.<sup>3</sup>

Well, what the devil could they expect? Suppose they do find the North Pole—what the deuce is the good of it? It's no business of yours.

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

I never missed a night's sleep in my life till lately. Now, every night, just as I'm falling off, my heart gives a kind of a start. Perhaps I doze off again for a few minutes. Another start—and then I'm wide awake and going through every detail of the Arctic Expedition.<sup>5</sup> Up to 83 North, going all through the plans of the Endellion breakwater<sup>6</sup>—and there I lie, hour after hour, night after night, just the same! And when at last I drop off, they're at me again—thousands and thousands of poor lank, starved wretches with their faces gray and pinched like corpses; and their limbs dropping off with gran-grene and frostbite, hanging over me in my sleep.<sup>7</sup>

REGY.<sup>8</sup>

Put on you hat, dear old boy, and go to a doctor.

<sup>1</sup> Rises, crosses R.

<sup>2</sup> Looking into fire, sitting on armchair R.

<sup>3</sup> C.

<sup>4</sup> Staring into fire.

<sup>5</sup> Sits in chair R. of table, traces map on hearth rug with poker.

<sup>6</sup> Throws down poker, goes to table. Sits on table, elbow on knee.

<sup>7</sup> Goes to fire shivering, puts hands out to fire.

<sup>8</sup> Seated R. C. L. of table.

<sup>1</sup> *Crosses to L.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

I've been. Gave me sleeping draughts. Chloral, opium—I took them—tumbler fulls of them. No good. Ordered me abroad. I went. No good. I've tried drink.<sup>2</sup> I've tried everything.<sup>3</sup> It's no good, Regy my boy.<sup>4</sup> My heart, or my liver, or my conscience, or some damned thing inside of me is all wrong, and I don't know how the devil to get it right!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Regy rises goes R. C.*

<sup>3</sup> *Standing C.*

<sup>4</sup> *Coming back to C.*

<sup>5</sup> *Standing, looking straight before him C.*

<sup>6</sup> *R. C.*

<sup>6</sup> REGY. [*Looks at him half critically, half compassionately.*]

Let me tell you this, my dear old Guise—you'd better take care of yourself. You're in a bad way.

GUISE.

I know I am. I never bothered myself about duty and conscience and all that grandmother's stuff, but I'm damned, Regy, if I don't begin to think there's something in it after all!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Sitting L. of table.*

<sup>8</sup> *R. C.*

REGY. [*Cheerfully.*]<sup>8</sup>

Wish I could help you, dear old fellow—upon my word I do. If there's anything I can do for you—

GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

You know, Regy, there are really a great many natural resources in Endellion, and if any thorough good-hearted fellow would advance the money, and would take a small risk, I believe the thing would pay itself back in a few years.<sup>10</sup> I want to keep my word, Regy! It would make a new man of me.<sup>11</sup> I wouldn't take a shilling for myself. It's for those poor beggars.<sup>12</sup> You don't happen to know any thorough good fellow who would put his hand in his pocket, eh?

<sup>9</sup> *Looks at him one moment, rises from chair.*

<sup>10</sup> *Regy turns away.*

<sup>11</sup> *Slaps him on the back; Regy begins to look uneasy.*

<sup>12</sup> *Looking at Regy.*

REGY.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, I'd do it myself for you with pleasure, dear old fellow, but when I said just now fifteen thousand a year I didn't mean fifteen thousand clear. The fact is, when the charges on the estate are paid, it's not much over six, and I've got so many calls. In fact my life's nothing but one eternal monotonous fork out, fork out, fork out!

[*Enter Servant,*<sup>2</sup> *announcing Mr. and Miss CRAKE; enter CRAKE and SYBIL.*<sup>3</sup> *REGY takes out his watch suddenly.*]

REGY.

By Jove! I had to be back in Piccadilly at five!<sup>4</sup> Ta, ta, old fellow, ta, ta! If I can be of any use to you, you let me know. [*To CRAKE and SYB. as he passes them.*] How d'ye do? How d'ye do?  
[*Exit very hurriedly.*<sup>5</sup>

CRAKE.<sup>6</sup>

You received my note, your Grace?

GUISE.

Yes, Crake. [*Shakes hands.*]<sup>7</sup> Ah, Midge, you haven't forsaken me, then?

SYB.<sup>8</sup>

No, I always come to your funerals. I followed your character when it went to its early grave; and when you broke your word and buried your self-respect—[*GUISE winces.*]<sup>9</sup>—I was the chief mourner. To-day we are going to bid farewell to the remains of your fortune, and when the little that is left of you goes to its last home, I'm sure I shall be following.

GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

But don't shed one tear over me, Midge—I'm not worth it.

[*Taking her hand.*]

<sup>1</sup> Very uneasy.

<sup>2</sup> R.

<sup>3</sup> R. Sybil walks with crutches.

<sup>4</sup> Seizes Guise's hand.

<sup>5</sup> R.

<sup>6</sup> Coming to Duke C.

<sup>7</sup> Crake goes up c. Sybil comes to Duke.

<sup>8</sup> R. C.

<sup>9</sup> L. C.

SYB.

No. [*Looking at bowl.*] You've had a smash here!  
 [*Goes up to the broken china bowl, picks up the pieces and is all through the interview trying to put them together.*]

<sup>1</sup> Crossing R.GUISE. [*In a sharp quick tone.*] <sup>1</sup>

Now, Crake, let's get this over.

<sup>2</sup> Coming to R.  
C.CRAKE.<sup>2</sup>

Your Grace, I don't want to prolong it. It's a bitter day for me. [*Takes out bunch of keys.*] There's the strong room, that's the jewels, those are the deed boxes at the Bank. I've been through everything with the new steward. I hope your Grace doesn't blame me?

<sup>3</sup> Leaning on  
mantel R.GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

No, Crake.

CRAKE.

I advised your Grace for the best.

GUISE.

You did, Crake.

CRAKE.

There's nothing else, your Grace?

GUISE.

<sup>4</sup> Turning and  
giving hand.

Nothing. I've already thanked you for your faithful service.<sup>4</sup> I wish I had deserved it better. [*Giving hand.*]

CRAKE. [*Moved.*]

Don't say any more, your Grace.

[*The two men stand with hands clasped for some moments. CRAKE speaks with great feeling, very low tone of voice.*]

Good day, your Grace.

GUISE.

Good-bye, Crake. [*Shakes hands very cordially.*]

CRAKE.

Come, Sybil.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Music.

[*Leaves the room hurriedly,<sup>2</sup> much affected. GUISE stands despondent.*]

<sup>2</sup> R.

SYB. [*Occupied with the vase.*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> C.

Yes—it's smashed all to pieces; but you can put it together again.

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Coming R. C.

What?

SYB.

This bowl.

[*Leaves it, hops down to him.*]<sup>5</sup> And your life. [*GUISE shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head sadly.*]

<sup>5</sup> C.

Yes!<sup>6</sup> Look! Of course it will never be the same again, but it will hold together.<sup>7</sup> Oh, why don't you pick up the pieces?

<sup>6</sup> Going to bowl, holding it together.

<sup>7</sup> Letting it fall asunder.

GUISE.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Crossing L. C.

Too late!

SYB.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Coming down to him.

No! Try—try—Pick up the pieces!

GUISE.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Taking her hand.

You'll come and see me again, Midge?

SYB.

Yes, when you are right under the horses' hoofs.

[*Exit after CRAKE.*<sup>11</sup> GUISE goes up to the table where she had been playing with the pieces, puts the bowl together.]

<sup>11</sup> R.

GUISE.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> C.

Yes, the pieces will join, but the bowl is broken.

<sup>1</sup> R. *Stop Music.*[*Enter Servant.*] <sup>1</sup>

SERV.

Your Grace, there are two people in the hall asking to see you. The man says his name is David Ives.

GUISE. [*Showing slight surprise.*]

Show them in here and—[*with meaning to the Serv.*—When they are here, find Miss Valrose and tell her that Mr. David Ives is with me here. [*Exit Serv.*] <sup>2</sup> David Ives! What brings him here? Can he know?

<sup>2</sup> R.<sup>3</sup> R.

[*Re-enter Serv. announcing MR. IVES,*<sup>3</sup> DAVID enters followed by FAITH. They look round the room with great curiosity.]

<sup>4</sup> R. C.DAVID.<sup>4</sup>

You remember me?

<sup>5</sup> L. C.GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Perfectly, Mr. Ives. The last time I saw you, you reminded me that my neglect had lost a man's life.

<sup>6</sup> R. C.DAVID.<sup>6</sup><sup>7</sup> *Guise shows surprise.*

Now it has lost another.<sup>7</sup> More than two years ago you brought John Christison up to London. You've kept him idling here ever since. When shall you have done with him?

<sup>8</sup> *Extreme R.*

[*DRUS. very cautiously appears at back*<sup>8</sup> and stands behind the curtains, JOHN follows her, peeping over her shoulders.]

<sup>9</sup> L. C.GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

I've done with him now.

<sup>10</sup> R. C.DAVID.<sup>10</sup>

Then pay him his wages and let him go. I don't understand the lad. He seems lost and dazed. I



can't get him back to Endellion with me. What's the reason?

GUISE.

Am I his keeper? I believe Mr. Christison intends leaving London. He is free to do so. He is his own master.

DAVID.

No. There's somebody up here in London who's got the mastery over John Christison, and an evil mastery it is! Who is it?

GUISE.

It's not I, Mr. Ives.

DAVID.<sup>1</sup>

Who is it?

GUISE.

It must be one of the other five million Londoners. You had better ask him yourself.

DAVID.

I will!<sup>2</sup> You've changed the lad's nature. You've made him like yourself.

GUISE.

You flatter me! How?

DAVID.<sup>3</sup>

He's a promise-breaker.

[GUISE winces; JOHN'S face shows through the curtain, full of pain and shame.]

But when the sea rakes his dead father out of his resting place, as it will before long, perhaps John Christison will remember the promise he gave, and come back to Endellion and fulfill it.

[JOHN'S face withdraws.]

That's all I have to say to you. [Curtly, going.]  
Good morning. Come, Faith.

<sup>1</sup> More emphatically going to Guise.

<sup>2</sup> Going to door R. turns round.

<sup>3</sup> R.

FAITH.

Good morning, your Grace. My father is not quite himself to-day. We've been beside ourselves with grief the last few days. We cannot get any news of my sister Drusilla. She is not at the place where her letters are sent. We fear some mischief has happened to her.

GUISE.

I'm sorry—I hope your fears are groundless.

<sup>1</sup> Putting  
Faith R.

DAVID.<sup>1</sup> to GUISE.

What business is it of yours what has become of my child?

<sup>2</sup> C.

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

Wait here a few minutes. I may have some news that will surprise you——

<sup>3</sup> L.

[Exit GUISE,<sup>3</sup> the moment he has left JOHN comes forward from behind the curtains.]<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Down L. C.

<sup>5</sup> L. C.

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

David, I've heard all you said. There was someone in London who had a mastery over me, and an evil mastery it was. But I'll break it—I'll go back to Endellion this very night.

<sup>6</sup> R. C. up.

DAVID.<sup>6</sup>

You will? Ah, that's the John Christison I knew! That's the lad his father and I brought up after our own hearts. The lad I would have given my Drusilla to for wife!

JOHN.

Don't say any more. Wait till I've proved myself. We'll get away from this place. You've nothing more to do here?

FAITH.<sup>1</sup>

He asked us to wait till he returned.

JOHN.

You'll see him to-morrow. Don't stay here. Go! You and Faith—wait a little while along the road for me—I'll come to you soon. I entreat you, don't stay.<sup>2</sup>

FAITH.<sup>3</sup>

You won't fail us? You'll come to us?

JOHN.<sup>4</sup>

Yes. I have one thing to do here first—when that is done I shall be my own master. Don't ask me any more—go!

DAVID.

Come, Faith. [*Exit DAVID.*]<sup>5</sup>

FAITH.

Oh, you have made our hearts rejoice. Now if we could but find Drusilla, and take her home with us—then all would be well.

[*JOHN almost pushes FAITH off at door,<sup>6</sup> shuts it, turns round; DRUSILLA, enters from between the curtains from other room.*]

DRUS.<sup>7</sup>

That was splendidly done, friend John. Now you will get them home to-night, and I'll write a letter and explain. I think I have imagination enough for that!<sup>8</sup>

[*She goes up to window; looks out.*]<sup>9</sup>

They've gone! [*Shows relief.*] It's really a shame to fib to them, but what can one do?

[*JOHN has stood stern,<sup>10</sup> and fixed nerving himself.*]

<sup>1</sup> R. up.

<sup>2</sup> David goes up toward door, Faith comes to John.

<sup>3</sup> R. C.

<sup>4</sup> C.

<sup>5</sup> R.

<sup>6</sup> R.

<sup>7</sup> C. up.

<sup>8</sup> John moves down R. C.

<sup>9</sup> To R.

<sup>10</sup> R. C.

JOHN. [*Calm, stern, strong.*]

Listen to me! I depart from London to-night for Endellion, and as I live, I will never return to you. Perhaps I shall never see you again!

DRUS.

<sup>1</sup> To c.

Friend John! [*Approaching him.*]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Raising hand.

JOHN. [*Repulsing her.*]<sup>2</sup>

Whether your father and sister will come with me I cannot tell. But they will surely come back to Endellion before many days. You know what I have done, how I have lied to them and deceived them to keep them from knowing the truth about you. From this time forth I have done with lies! I will not betray you. If they ask me of you, I will keep silent. Not one word good or bad will I speak of you. From this day it shall be to me as though you were dead!

<sup>3</sup> Drawing him back c.

[*Going.* DRUS. *throws her arms around him.*]<sup>3</sup>

DRUS.

And you said you loved me! Who spoke a lie then?

JOHN.

I *did* love you.

<sup>4</sup> Clinging to him.

DRUS.<sup>4</sup>

And you love me still! You do! You do! You love me now!

JOHN.

I—no—I—I do not love you! I will not love you!

[*Trying to take her arms from him.*]

DRUS.

You do! You shall! Come, you will do as I wish, friend John. I cannot tell you what a strange sweet feeling has been growing in my heart. [*Drawing*

*him away from door.*] <sup>1</sup> I think I am beginning to love you at last, a little. I must have you near me—because I know you are true as steel—John, you won't go to Endellion—you'll get rid of them to-night and come back to me to-morrow? Yes, friend John——

JOHN. [*After a struggle.*]

I cannot! I dare not! Let me go!

[*Tearing himself away from her.*]

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

You shall not go! You shall not!<sup>3</sup> If you should leave me—I—don't know what will become of me! Perhaps I shall kill myself! I don't care what becomes of me! It will be your work! I love you, John, and you can do as you please with me! Who knows? You might make me a good woman! Won't you try? I could do anything for you! Ask me anything in the world—I'll do it!

JOHN.<sup>4</sup>

Do you mean that? Then leave this house now forever. Come back to your home with your father and sister and me.<sup>5</sup> Live the rest of your life so that I may forget what you have been. I will help you and be as your own brother. Will you do that?

DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

No—it's impossible! I hate Endellion—I must live in London! Oh, you are tiresome—you want to go—very well! Go! Go! Go! There is the door. I hate you! I hate you! And I had begun to love you—Go!

JOHN. [*Tortured.*]

Drusilla!<sup>7</sup>

DRUS.<sup>8</sup>

Leave me! You do not love me!

<sup>1</sup> Drawing him  
l. away from  
door l.

IV. Call.  
Duke of Guise-  
bury.

<sup>2</sup> Imperiously  
l. c.

<sup>3</sup> Changing to  
tone of en-  
treaty.

<sup>4</sup> Coming to her  
fiercely.

<sup>5</sup> Taking her  
hand tender-  
ly, his voice  
softening.

<sup>6</sup> Suddenly  
after pause.  
Drawing  
back with  
sudden  
anger.

<sup>7</sup> Turns to her.

<sup>8</sup> l. c. retreat-  
ing.

<sup>1</sup> *Approaching her.*

JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

I do not love you? Do I not? Ask me anything—see if I will not do it!

<sup>2</sup> *Seductively.*

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

Stay in London. I like you to be near me—and perhaps some day I will reward you as you never hoped for. Who knows? Perhaps some day I will give you myself!

JOHN. [*Fiercely.*]

Ah, do you think I would take you? Do you think it means nothing what we were taught! That you can give yourself first to him and then to me! Oh, when I knew of it, I thought I would kill him—and many times I've been near doing it! Very well—give yourself to me! I'll take you! But let me kill him first—and then come to me and let us kill ourselves together. Will you do that? Will you do that? Do you love me enough for that?

DRUS.

You're mad! Come, be sensible,—you won't go, John—I must have you for my friend. You'll stay with me?

JOHN. [*Has recovered his calmness.*]

No—I leave here to-night. I have said it and I'll keep my word.

<sup>3</sup> *Flings herself on sofa L.*

DRUS.<sup>3</sup>

You do not love me! You do not love me!

<sup>4</sup> *c.*

JOHN.<sup>4</sup>

I do not love you! Tear out this heart of mine and see! What do you want of the man that loves you? His life? You can have mine. I'd suffer anything—I'd dare anything—I'd be your bonds slave and pay

your penalty—I'd give myself for years beyond number to make you fit to be loved at the last! Take all my strength, my hopes, my worldly comfort, every drop of joy that my tongue shall ever taste—That's nothing—all is nothing! All is less than dust! Set any price upon yourself! I'll pay it! I'll give you all—all—save only my word, my faith, my duty, my soul! I will not pay them for you! Not them! Not them! No! No! No!

[*Rushes off wildly. DRUS. sits crying, looks up from her tears, flings her handkerchief on the ground, goes to door, calls "JOHN! rushes up to back, meets GUISE who enters.*] <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At back.

GUISE. [*Very calmly.*] <sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Up c.

What is it?

DRUS. [*Controls herself.*] <sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> R. c.

Nothing.

GUISE. <sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> L. c.

Where are you going in such a hurry?

DRUS.

Nowhere. <sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Coming down L. c. as if going off L.

GUISE. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> R. c. calling after her.

Di! Di! I have something to say to you. <sup>7</sup> I've been looking for you all over the grounds. Where are your father and sister?

<sup>7</sup> Drusilla stops L. c.

DRUS. <sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> L. c. doggedly.

Gone.

GUISE.

Perhaps it's better. I shall see your father to-morrow, and can speak to him then. <sup>9</sup> Di, will you give me a few moments? You'll be pleased to hear what I have to say.

<sup>9</sup> Drusilla moves to wards door L. again.

<sup>1</sup> *Turning.*DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

If it's short and sweet I shall.

GUISE.

I think it will be sweet. I'll make it short.

<sup>2</sup> *L. C.*[*Goes to her with great tenderness.*<sup>2</sup>]

I wish you to do me the honor of becoming my wife.

<sup>3</sup> *Astonished.*DRUS.<sup>3</sup>

What? What? Say it again!

GUISE.

I offer you my hand. Will you be my wife?

<sup>4</sup> *Eagerly.*DRUS.<sup>4</sup>

You don't mean it?

GUISE.

Indeed I do.<sup>2</sup> I don't profess to be a pattern, but I don't want to sink any lower than I am! I know my love isn't worth much, but such as it is you have it all. I'm fond of you, Di! You've always been able to twist me round your finger. You can't say that I haven't valued very highly the privilege of being ruined by you.

<sup>5</sup> *Cheerfully.*DRUS.<sup>5</sup>

It's been very pleasant, hasn't it?

GUISE.

Delightful while it lasted. Only——

DRUS.

Only——

GUISE.

I'm ruined!

<sup>6</sup> *Cheerfully.*DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

Yes, and when a man's ruined, it's time for him to turn over a new leaf.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Crosses R. C.*



GUISE.

Yes. My only reason for turning over a new leaf is that I feel wretched and contemptible as I am. Di—I'm in your hands. We've wasted our lives——

DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

Excuse me, Val—I'm not twenty-five. I've only wasted part of mine at present.

GUISE.

Don't waste the other part, and don't let me waste what is left of mine. I daresay everybody will cut us—most respectable people have cut me for the last five years—but we'll hold on to each other. We'll be married quietly, and go into some quiet little continental place—[*Approaching her very tenderly.*]

DRUS.

No—Val—we will not.

GUISE.

Well, we'll live where you please. I can't provide for you in the style you are used to. We must cut down everything. But you're welcome to all I have. Di, you'll stick to me now? Mine's a broken life, but I want to pick up the pieces. You'll help me? You'll be my wife?

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

My dear Val, don't ask me for the one thing I cannot give you.<sup>3</sup>

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

You don't mean it, Di! I know I've knocked about the old title and tarnished it, but I'll polish it up as well as I can now you are going to wear it.

DRUS.

No, Val. I'm really sensible of the honor you have done me, but I must decline. I must indeed.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Flippantly sitting L. of R. table.*

<sup>2</sup> *Imitation of his tone in Act I.*

<sup>3</sup> *Crosses L.*

<sup>4</sup> *Piteously.*

<sup>5</sup> *Lighting cigarette.*

<sup>1</sup> *Abject entreaty.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Don't throw me over, Di. If you do, I don't know what will become of me. I've been thoroughly shaken the last few months—I'm as weak as a child, and I want somebody to cling to. You're the only woman who has ever had what I've got in the way of a heart—you have it still—Di, we've thrown away our best chances of happiness—let's save what we can from the wreck.

DRUS.

No, my dear Val—no, no, no!

*Music p p p till Curtain.*

GUISE.

You refuse me?

<sup>2</sup> *With cutting coolness.*

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

I refuse you. To live cheaply in a little continental town, my dear Val, it would be purgatory! I must have my London, my Paris, my theatre, my dancing, my public to worship me.

GUISE. [*Greatly hurt and piqued.*]

You refuse me?

DRUS.

Yes. We've had our cake and eaten it—Now the feast is over, and there's nothing to do but to say good-bye and part friends. Good-bye.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Offers hand.*

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

No, Di. The feast is not over. We won't say good-bye.

DRUS.

You won't say good-bye?

GUISE.

Not now—we will say good-bye—but not now!

<sup>4</sup> *L.*

[DRUS. *shrugs shoulders and exit.*<sup>5</sup> GUISE. *bursts into a very bitter laugh; stands*

*silent for some moments, then bursts  
into a little mocking laugh.]*

This world has given me a few good kicks—I've had just enough of it.<sup>1</sup> I'll give this world one good kick back, and then I'll get out of it!

<sup>1</sup> Falls into  
armchair at  
fire, stirs the  
fire.

CURTAIN.

*[Six months pass between Acts 2 and 3.]*

ACT III.

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SCENE. *Hall and Staircase at the Duke of Guisebury's, Guisebury House, Saint-James's Square. The wide handsome staircase takes up the centre of stage and leads to a gallery which runs along the top, and ends in doors on the right and left.*

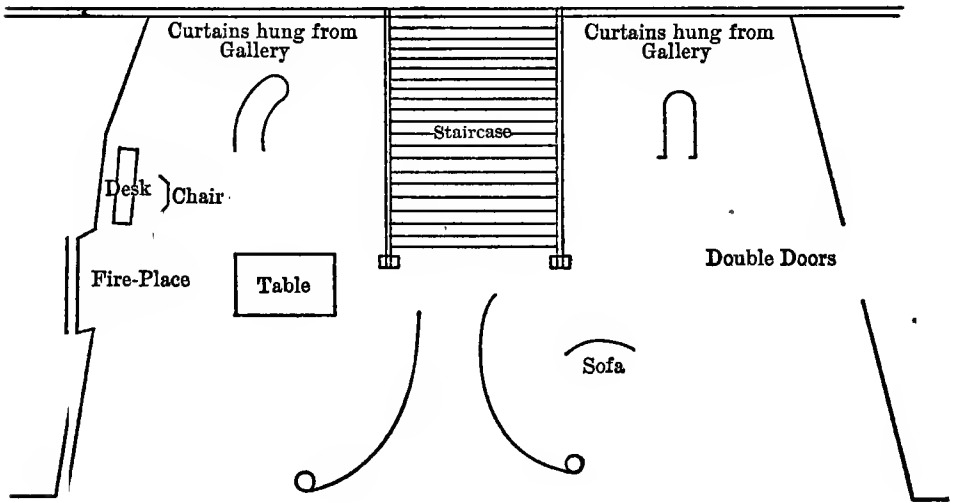


ACT III.

Door under Gallery

Door under Gallery

Gallery



ACT III.

THE LAST FEAST.

[*Discover Footman,*<sup>1</sup> *Enter GOLDSPINK.*] <sup>2</sup>

GOLDSPINK.<sup>3</sup>

Dinner over, Charles?

FOOTMAN.<sup>4</sup>

I've left them at dessert. They're going to have coffee here.

GOLD.<sup>5</sup>

This is a rummy go, Charles! He's had a few rummy goes in his time—in fact I should say his whole life has been a series of rummy goes—but this is the rummiest of all!

FOOT.

Where's he going?

GOLD.

He hasn't taken any passage for anywhere,<sup>6</sup> he hasn't made any enquiries about any vessels, or shown any interest in foreign countries. And yet he's on the hop somewhere—and shortly.

FOOT.

He's been in tremendous spirits all through dinner. Such raillery, Mr. Goldspink! Such delicate persiflage! It's been quite a feast of wit!

*I. Call.  
Duke of Guise-  
bury.  
Goldspink.  
Charles.  
Drusilla Ives.  
Footmen.*

*The table r.  
with coffee  
service is re-  
moved up  
stage by  
Charles.*

*The entertain-  
ment. Danc-  
ing, etc., sup-  
posed to take  
place off L.  
from Gallery.*

*Music.*

<sup>1</sup> R.

<sup>2</sup> L. C.

<sup>3</sup> C.

<sup>4</sup> R.

<sup>5</sup> C.

<sup>6</sup> *Goldspink  
crosses r. and  
stands with  
his back to  
fire. Charles  
moves round  
to L. of table.*

<sup>1</sup> Goes to *escritoire*, while speaking picks up two letters that lie there, lays them down again.

<sup>2</sup> Charles sits in chair L. of table, and assumes a confidential manner.

<sup>3</sup> Goldspink, with affectation, throws himself into armchair, before fire, back of chair turned up stage.

<sup>4</sup> L. C. from under staircase.

<sup>5</sup> Charles jumps from chair and crosses L. much confused. Goldspink rises very slowly coming down R.

<sup>6</sup> C.

<sup>7</sup> R. C.

GOLD.

I don't understand Guise lately.<sup>1</sup> He's never had any secrets from me! Never troubled to lock up his letters, or any meannesses of that sort. But this last week he's puzzled me, Charles!

FOOT.<sup>2</sup>

There's something curious about this little tête-à-tête dinner with her, and the big reception afterwards.

GOLD.

Just so! There's more in it, Charles, than meets the eye! I don't know what the dénouement will be—but you mark my words, Charles, there will be a dénouement of some kind or the other.

FOOT.

He's give Martin orders to have out all the 68 Château Lafitte and the 74 P—J— for the reception to-night. Fancy turning all them blessed old dowagers on to 68 Lafitte. It's disgusting!<sup>3</sup>

GOLD.

Guise always was a damned fool with his wine and his money! But I ain't the one to shy stones at him for that! He's chucked enough about for me to be the owner of six houses in Gladstone Terrace, Freetrade Road, Peckham.

*Enter GUISE.]*<sup>4</sup>

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

I'm glad to hear it, Goldspink!<sup>6</sup> You might perhaps have invested my money in something less extremely radical.<sup>7</sup>

GOLD.<sup>7</sup>

Your Grace—if you'll pardon my saying so—my political convictions are exactly the same as your



Grace's. And I'll try to get the name of the terrace altered.

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

I wouldn't, Goldspink. I've no doubt it's admirably descriptive. And I don't propose to take the least interest in English politics for the future.<sup>2</sup> Lady Bawtry has not come yet?

FOOT.<sup>3</sup>

No, your Grace. Her Ladyship said she should be here at five minutes to twelve. [*Exit.*]<sup>4</sup>

GUISE.

Did you get my sleeping draught made up?

GOLD.

Yes, your Grace. It's in your bed-room. [*Exit.*]<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup> [*Enter DRUSILLA.*]<sup>7</sup>

DRUS.<sup>8</sup>

Well?

GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

Well?

DRUS.<sup>10</sup>

This is really the end of it then?

GUISE.<sup>11</sup>

The very end.

DRUS.<sup>12</sup>

I should like to cry.

GUISE.<sup>13</sup>

Why?

DRUS.<sup>14</sup>

I don't want to give you up. That's the worst of life. Its taste is never half as sweet as its perfume! It is only the flowers that we don't gather that are worth gathering at all.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> C.

<sup>2</sup> *Turning to Charles L.*

<sup>3</sup> L.

<sup>4</sup> L. C. under gallery.

<sup>5</sup> R. C. under gallery.

<sup>6</sup> *Music soft.*

<sup>7</sup> L. C. from under staircase

<sup>8</sup> *Coming C.*

<sup>9</sup> R. back to fire.

<sup>10</sup> *Coming to foot of steps C.*

<sup>11</sup> R.

<sup>12</sup> *Coming to L. of table.*

<sup>13</sup> R.

<sup>14</sup> L. of table.

<sup>15</sup> *Sitting L. of table.*

<sup>1</sup> *Laughing.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

What! You're never going to take life seriously, Di? Just as I've discovered what a superb jest it is!

DRUS.

No, it isn't. It's something between jest and earnest—something between a laugh and a cry.<sup>2</sup> Only to-night, now we are parting, it seems a little nearer a cry! I shall miss you, Val! Shall you miss me?<sup>3</sup>

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

Not in the least. Two lumps.

DRUS.<sup>5</sup>

Oh, but you must. It will be unkind. It will be ungallant to forget me!<sup>6</sup>

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

When you and I have parted after the reception to-night, I shan't give you twenty thoughts for the rest of my life.

DRUS.

But that's monstrous! That's a challenge to me to win you again!

GUISE.<sup>8</sup>

You can't wring a wren's neck twice!

DRUS.<sup>9</sup>

Do you know, Val, you've been charming the last few days and to-night at dinner I felt if I had a heart I could lose it to you.

GUISE.

If you had a heart I should have won it years ago.

DRUS.

And broken it!

GUISE.

Most likely! You liked our dinner to-night?

<sup>2</sup> *Guise turns and leans on mantel-piece.*

<sup>3</sup> *Coquettish pose. Sugar tongs in hand.*

<sup>4</sup> *Turning to her gaily.*

<sup>5</sup> *Pouring coffee.*

<sup>6</sup> *Handing cup across table. N. B.—All through this scene the Duke is in feverish, high spirits. Drusilla is depressed.*

<sup>7</sup> *Taking cup.*

<sup>8</sup> *Sitting s. of table.*

<sup>9</sup> *Pouring cup for herself.*

DRUS.

It was exquisite. And you were the most delightful companion.<sup>1</sup> What is the matter with you? You seem so light-hearted to-night—so unlike yourself.

<sup>1</sup> *Laughs.*

GUISE. [*Gaily.*]

I've paid all my debts—except one, and that will give me no trouble. That's quite unlike myself.

DRUS.

And you've sold Danecourt?

GUISE.

Yes, my cousin and I put it in the pot. Samuelson the stockbroker made us a splendid bid—I found it would just clear me and leave me a few thousands to the good, and I thought I couldn't do better than give you the most *recherché* dinner possible and a big reception afterwards.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Drinks his coffee.*

DRUS.

In my honor?

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

In your honor and for your honor. You know, my dear Di, there have been rumors about you and me, rumors which might affect your future—so just to show there is absolutely no foundation—I have asked my aunt, Lady Bawtry, to do the honors for me, and I've invited all my set.

<sup>3</sup> *Stands with back to fire. Rising.*

DRUS.

Oh, but that's perfectly delightful of you!

GUISE.

Half of them were scandalized and declined. The other half were scandalized and accepted. You shall dance yourself out of my life, and I'll take leave of you all. To-night when I bid my last guest farewell, I shan't have a single care or anxiety in the world.<sup>4</sup> Tell me, Di, when I've left England, what are you going to do with yourself?

<sup>4</sup> *Lighting Cigarette.*

DRUS.

I have some dancing engagements at private houses. They pay me very well. I shall go on with that while I'm the fashion. That will be this season—and perhaps next——

GUISE.

Apres?

DRUS.

Then I shall go to America—or into a convent.

GUISE.

A convent?

DRUS.

Yes. The Catholic is such an artistic religion. No harmoniums. I think I should like to try it for three months.

GUISE.

And then?

DRUS.

And then? And then? Who knows? I don't! Lately I seem to be pursuing something that always escapes me. At first I thought it was love for that boy John Christison. Guise, do you know where I went the other week when the Richmond Place was broken up?

GUISE.

Where?

DRUS.

To Endellion.

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Endellion? You saw your father?

<sup>1</sup> *Amazed.*

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Moodily.*

No. He is still in London.

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Indifferent tone.*

In London? What's he doing up here?

DRUS.

Looking for me. Poor father!<sup>1</sup> I wish I could let him know I am quite safe—without telling him in what way.<sup>2</sup>

GUISE.

What did you do in Endellion?<sup>3</sup>

DRUS.

I only stayed there a few hours—and I saw no one but John Christison. He has begun the breakwater, and he looked grubby and good and happy in his dismal way. I was rather disgusted with him.

GUISE.

Why?

DRUS.

Because he is forgetting me. I have lost my power over him. As I have lost my power over you. I want you to worship me as you did, and I can't make you. I feel that everything is slipping away from me; I feel that I'm going to be cheated out of my youth and beauty and the homage that men owe me! Just when I long for more life, more pleasure, more empire! Oh! I hope I shall never live to grow old!<sup>4</sup>

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

It would be a pity!

DRUS.<sup>6</sup>

What makes you such a stone towards me? Am I losing my power over everybody, as I have lost it over you!

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

Try! There will be a crowd here to-night. Practice on them. You'll give us a dance?

DRUS.

Yes. Isn't my dress maddening? If you knew what trouble I've taken over it for you——

<sup>1</sup> C.

<sup>2</sup> Enter Charles L. C. Duke nods head as if telling him to remove coffee tray. Charles clears table R. C. and exits L. C.

<sup>3</sup> Resuming chair R.

II. Call. Goldspink. Charles. Footmen. Lady Bawtry.

<sup>4</sup> Rises and goes L.

<sup>5</sup> With shrug of shoulders.

<sup>6</sup> Coming back R. C.

<sup>7</sup> Rising.

<sup>1</sup> *Back to fire.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

For me? You are kind. I wished to make your dance a great success. My aunt, Lady Bawtry, will be here soon.

<sup>2</sup> *Rising hurriedly.*

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Running up stairs towards L.*

And I've got to put the finishing touch to my dress.<sup>3</sup> But I must have another word with you before we part forever.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Stopping top of stairs and turning.*

GUISE.

Yes, one word more—but only one—Adieu!

<sup>5</sup> *On gallery to L.*

DRUS.

Oh, don't say it yet. [*Exit.*]<sup>5</sup>

<sup>6</sup> R.

GUISE.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Turning to mantel, sees clock.*

One word more, old love—Adieu—One word more, old world—Adieu.<sup>7</sup> Ten minutes to twelve.<sup>8</sup> About another two hours' consciousness, and perhaps another hour more—without consciousness! Strange! I shan't drop off to sleep to-night—I shall drop off to death. But really one drops off to death every night for eight hours.<sup>9</sup> Except when one has insomnia. Life's nothing more than insomnia after all—and I've had it badly.<sup>10</sup> It would be rather interesting to leave behind me an account of my feelings for this last hour or so. 'Pon my word, I don't know that I have been such a fool after all. I've had a great deal of pleasure in life—and I've got two or three more hours. Let me see how I really feel. I did sleep last night. I can understand now why a condemned man always sleeps so pleasantly the last night. Yes—life is insomnia—nothing more.<sup>11</sup> It's steady and regular—about seventy, I should think. I never remember such a feeling of absolute serenity and superiority! To think that all these poor devils who are coming to my reception to-night will be full of cares and anxiety, worrying themselves about all sorts of silly social conventions, dressing them-

<sup>8</sup> *Goes slowly across to L. until stopped by chair.*

<sup>9</sup> *Goes back to R.*

<sup>10</sup> *Sitting in chair near fire R.*

<sup>11</sup> *Feels his pulse.*

selves up in the most expensive ridiculous way, loving, hating, fighting, eating, drinking and scrambling for happiness, or what they think happiness—with not a bit of chance of reaching it—and I shall be the only really happy one among them. Yes, decidedly I'm master of the situation.<sup>1</sup> Is it seventy-five? Perhaps—but then it's the thought of to-night's frolic.<sup>2</sup> How they will chatter tomorrow—what faces they will pull! How they will moralize at my expense!<sup>3</sup> I wonder if there is one single soul in this world that will be sorry that I have let it? Yes, one—Midge.<sup>4</sup> I wish I could take her across the ferry with me! I'll scribble her a line of adieu. The letters to Crake and Dyson, I'd forgotten them!<sup>5</sup> Have I made Crake thoroughly understand? About Di's settlement? It will be at least sufficient to ensure her from want in the event of her dancing engagements failing.<sup>6</sup> Yes—that will do—now for a line to Midge.<sup>7</sup> “My dear Midge, by the time you get this I shall be well on my way to the new world. I sail early tomorrow. The weather is very fair and the outlook favorable——”<sup>8</sup>

Goldspink, you paid all those little bills?

[GOLDSPINK enters.]<sup>9</sup>

Yes, your Grace.

GUISE.<sup>10</sup>

I've left fifty pounds in your name at the Bank in case any claims arise after I've left England.

GOLD.<sup>11</sup>

I'm sorry your Grace won't allow me to accompany you on your travels.

GUISE.<sup>12</sup>

Well, the fact is, Goldspink, I don't think I shall require a valet.

GOLD.

Your Grace will be rather at a loss without one.

<sup>1</sup> Feels pulse again.

<sup>2</sup> Rising.

<sup>3</sup> Slowly crossing L.

<sup>4</sup> Stopping.

<sup>5</sup> Goes to escritoire R. above fireplace, takes up two letters lying on desk.

<sup>6</sup> Opening letter and reads it to himself.

<sup>7</sup> Sits and writes, reading as he writes.

<sup>8</sup> Rings bell and folds note, seals it, etc.

<sup>9</sup> R. C. down C. Duke, rises, letters in hand.

<sup>10</sup> Comes to back of table R. C.

<sup>11</sup> C.

<sup>12</sup> R. C.

GUISE.

Perhaps, Goldspink, perhaps. But in these new countries one must expect to rough it a little at first.

GOLD.

Your Grace is taking a very small wardrobe.

GUISE.

Quite sufficient, Goldspink, quite sufficient. I wish these three letters to be posted early to-morrow morning.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lays the three letters on table R. C.*

GOLD.

<sup>2</sup> *About to take them.*

I'll post them myself, your Grace.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *R. C. raising hand.*

GUISE.<sup>3</sup>

Early to-morrow morning—not to-night. You understand. You'll see the last of poor Bully-boy?

GOLD.

Yes, your Grace. I've got the poison.

GUISE.

I tried to do it myself, but he licked my hand, and I hadn't the heart. You're sure he won't suffer?

GOLD.

Not a bit, your Grace. I had to put my old terrier out of the way last year, and he went off as quiet as a baby going to sleep. I hope you and me, your Grace, will go as comfortably, when our time comes.

GUISE.

I hope so, Goldspink.

<sup>4</sup> *R. C.*

[*Exit* GOLDSPINK.<sup>4</sup> *Enter* CHARLES,<sup>5</sup> *announcing* LADY BAWTRY. *Enter* LADY BAWTRY.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *L.*

<sup>6</sup> *L.*

*Music ppp.*

<sup>7</sup> *Guise comes c., meeting Lady B.*

GUISE.

<sup>7</sup> My dear aunt! I knew you would come and



do the honors for me, and shed a halo of respectability over my last reception!

[*Exit CHARLES.*] <sup>1</sup>

LADY B.<sup>2</sup>

You wretched sinner! I've shed so many haloes of respectability over you and your antics that I've scarcely a halo left to cover my own little peccadilloes.

GUISE.

Your peccadilloes always become you so well, Auntie, that they form a halo in themselves.

LADY B.

If my faults are charming, it is because I have the good taste to keep them decently dressed. Nobody ever saw more than the ankle of any of my indiscretions!<sup>3</sup>

GUISE.

It was cruel of your faults to preserve their modesty.

LADY B.<sup>4</sup>

I wish your faults had any modesty to preserve. Your vices are so terrible décolletée, Really, Guise, you are too outrageous for words. And what have you gained by shocking society?

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Nothing. But see what society has gained by being shocked.

LADY B.

Well, what? You've scandalized everybody, offended everybody, made things uncomfortable for all your connections. It isn't that you are worse than anybody else—I know dozens of men far worse than you. Look at Bawtry for instance—he's going on dreadfully. But you've not played the game fairly. Society's the best tempered creature that ever lived—society allows you to do as you please,

<sup>1</sup> L.

<sup>2</sup> L. C., striking him with fan.

III. Call.  
Reginald  
Slingsby.  
Charles.  
Footmen.  
Augustus  
Cheevers.  
Lady Poperc  
coach.  
Isabel Poperc  
coach.  
Mr. Vanstone.  
Lady Mait-  
land.  
Lady Baldwin.  
Miss Baldwin.  
Lady Brisling-  
ton.  
Miss Anstruth-  
er's.  
Mr. Augustus  
Anstruther's.  
Signor Poni-  
atowski, Ma-  
harajah of  
Jumpore.

<sup>3</sup> Putting fan before her face.

<sup>4</sup> Crossing R.

<sup>5</sup> L. C.

<sup>1</sup> *Sitting L. of R. C. table, fanning herself.*

<sup>2</sup> C.

<sup>3</sup> *Rises, coming to Guise, tapping him on shoulder with fan c.*

<sup>4</sup> *Facing her seriously.*

<sup>5</sup> C.

<sup>6</sup> *Severely.*

<sup>7</sup> L. C.

<sup>8</sup> *Crossing L.*

<sup>9</sup> R. C.

<sup>10</sup> *Turning L. C.*

believe as you please, be as wicked as you please—only society says, “Don’t do it openly—I want to wink at your little follies, because I want you to wink at mine.”<sup>1</sup>

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

In short, “Be as immoral as you like, but don’t make a fuss about it.”

LADY B.

Exactly, and keep it out of the newspapers. We all must have our little follies and indiscretions. Human nature is just what it always was and always will be. The world is just what it always was and always will be.<sup>3</sup> Society is just what it always was and always will be. What is the use of making yourself a nuisance by trying to reform it on the one hand, or shocking it and defying it on the other? No, no, you good-for-nothing fellow. Turn over a new leaf this very night, and if you’re ever so much better than your neighbors, or ever so much worse, don’t make them uncomfortable by letting them know it.

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

I’m going to turn over a new leaf—this very night.

LADY B.<sup>5</sup>

That lady is not coming to-night?<sup>6</sup>

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

A lady is coming who has promised to dance.

LADY B.

It’s too bad of you, Guise—I will not meet her!<sup>8</sup>

GUISE.<sup>9</sup>

You applauded her dancing last year.

LADY B.<sup>10</sup>

That was for charity. And everybody runs after her—it’s disgraceful. I’m not squeamish, Guise, but really, society is getting too mixed.

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

It is mixed—but so it will be by and by—in both the other places—whatever principle of selection is adopted.

LADY B.<sup>2</sup>

I heard you had broken off with her.

GUISE.

I've not seen her for some time till to-night.

LADY B.<sup>3</sup>

Why did you bring her here to-night?

GUISE.<sup>4</sup>

Because having done some injury to her reputation, I thought, my dear auntie, that for the sake of your scapegrace nephew——

LADY B.

I won't, Guise, positively, I wont——<sup>5</sup>

GUISE.<sup>6</sup>

Yes, you will, Auntie. You'll be generous enough to take her under your wing, if at any time she should stand in need of a friend when I've left England.

LADY B.

I won't! I'll never forgive you, never!

GUISE.

You'll forgive me to-morrow at this time, Auntie.

LADY B.

I won't! You're too shocking for anything!<sup>7</sup>

GUISE.<sup>8</sup>

Come, Auntie—we shan't see each other for a long while. Don't let us part bad friends!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R. C.

<sup>2</sup> L. U.

<sup>3</sup> *Annoyed :  
crossing R.*

<sup>4</sup> L. C.

<sup>5</sup> *Coming to-  
wards L.*

<sup>6</sup> *Opposing her  
way.*

<sup>7</sup> *Going R.*

<sup>8</sup> C.

<sup>9</sup> *Guise offers  
hand, pause,  
before Lady  
Bantry gives  
hers.*

LADY B. [*Kissing him.*]

There! You wretch! I don't know where you're going, but wherever it is, you'll shock them.

<sup>1</sup> L.

[*Enter CHARLES,*<sup>1</sup> *announcing "MR. REGINALD SLINGSBY."* *Enter REGY.*]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> L.

REGY.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Shaking hands with Guise.*

How d'y'e do, Guise? How d'y'e do, Lady Bawtry?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Crossing to her.*

<sup>5</sup> R. C.

LADY B.<sup>5</sup>

Well, Mr. Slingsby, when shall we have the pleasure of congratulating you?

<sup>6</sup> L.

[*CHARLES enters,*<sup>6</sup> *announcing SIR LIONEL and LADY BALDWIN and MISS BALDWIN, who enter.*]<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> L. *As they enter Guise meets them C. They form group at foot of stairs C. Regy draws Lady B. to R. C. down stage.*

REGY.<sup>8</sup>

If I were to ask your advice on a little delicate matter, Lady Bawtry, would you give it fearlessly and frankly?

<sup>8</sup> C.

[*Erit CHARLES.*]<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> L.

LADY B.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> R.

Certainly, Mr. Slingsby. I'm not a very charitable woman, but I never refuse advice.

<sup>11</sup> R. C.

REGY.<sup>11</sup>

You've been to my little place—you know my man Crapper? Well, my prospective mother-in-law, Lady Poperoach, has made herself so very objectionable to poor Crapper that things have come to a crisis and it's a question of my forbidding her the house or losing Crapper altogether.

<sup>12</sup> R.

LADY B.<sup>12</sup>

What a pity! You'll have to let him go, then?

<sup>13</sup> R. C.

REGY.<sup>13</sup>

Let him go?! Life would not be worth living without Crapper!

LADY B.<sup>1</sup>

Can't you persuade him to stay?

REGY.<sup>2</sup>

No, Crapper's as firm as a rock. He said to me an hour ago as he was dressing me, "Heaven forbid, sir," he said, "that I should prognosticate you against matrimony, but in the name of humanity," he said, "if it's like this before marriage, what's it going to be like after?" And I said, "By Jove, you're right, Crapper," and I sat down there and then and I wrote my ultimatum to Lady Poperoach and Crapper's taken it and she's reading it this moment. Now, Lady Bawtry, don't you think I've done right?

LADY B.

But—it will lead to breaking off the engagement!

REGY.

Well, of course, it will be very unfortunate for me—but if things come to the worst I may get another mother-in-law like Lady Poperoach, but I shall never get another valet like Crapper.

[Enter CHARLES<sup>3</sup> announcing MR. AUGUSTUS CHEEVERS; LORD and LADY BRISLINGTON.<sup>4</sup>

[They enter and CHARLES exit.]<sup>5</sup>

REGY.<sup>6</sup>

Guise, old fellow, this is a devilish momentous night for me.

GUISE.<sup>7</sup>

Is it?

REGY.

Yes, my fate is trembling in the balance. The next three or four hours will decide what becomes of me!

<sup>1</sup> R.<sup>2</sup> R. C.IV. Call.  
Sybil Crake.<sup>3</sup> L.<sup>4</sup> Lady Bawtry crosses to meet Lady Briskington  
L. C. Regy draws Duke to R. C.<sup>5</sup> L.<sup>6</sup> R.<sup>7</sup> R. C.

GUISE.

And does it matter what becomes of you—Regy?

<sup>1</sup> L.

[CHARLES enters <sup>1</sup> announcing LADY POPE-ROACH, MISS ISABEL POPEROACH. REGY immediately rushes up stairs and off.<sup>2</sup> Enter LADY POPEROACH and MISS POPEROACH. Exit CHARLES.] <sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> L. on gallery.

<sup>3</sup> L.

<sup>4</sup> Guise goes c. meeting Lady P. and Isabel. Lady Brisington comes down to Lady Bawtry.

LADY BRIS.<sup>4</sup>

I was rather doubtful about coming because—well, because of the scandal—but when I found everybody else was coming—

<sup>5</sup> Coming down L. of Lady Bawtry.

CHEEVERS.<sup>5</sup>

And bringing their daughters—

LADY BRIS.

I thought there could be no harm in it. Besides I wasn't sure that the—the—a—a—would be present.

CHEEV.

Oh, yes, the—a—a—will be present.

LADY BRIS.

Is she going to dance?

CHEEV.

Yes. Didn't you see the platform?

LADY BRIS.

I'm glad she's going to dance. Because it really puts her on the level of an entertainer—and, of course, entertainers and artists, and those people—they have morals of their own, haven't they?

CHEEV.

Oh, yes! Plenty! Of their own!

LADY BAWTRY.

I think great allowance ought to be made for—

CHEEV.<sup>1</sup>

For everybody who goes wrong. So do I. I believe with Socrates that all wrongdoing is quite involuntary. I've only one rule in dealing with it—to extend to all man and womankind that plenary indulgence which I lavish upon myself.

LADY BRIS.

Oh, there's that dear Poniatowski!<sup>2</sup>

[*Enter PONIATOWSKI left and off up stairs.*]

CHEEV.

The fiddler who eloped with Mrs. Brocklehurst?

LADY BRIS.

They say he has played divinely ever since. We mustn't miss his solo.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt crowd following PONIATOWSKI.*]

CHEEV.<sup>4</sup>

Curious hangings, Guise! Where did you pick them up?

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

They are the funeral draperies of His Majesty, the late Emperor of China.

CHEEV.

A funeral must be rather a festive affair in China.

GUISE.

Why not? Why shouldn't it be here? If a man must die why should he make all his friends miserable? The Romans used to feast at their funerals. Some more music. Tell Poniatowski to play again—keep it up. [*SYBIL enters<sup>6</sup> walking with aid of cane.*] I hope when I die that not one eye will be the wetter, or one heart the heavier because a good-for-nothing fellow has gone—

<sup>1</sup> c.

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Poniatowski a Polish violinist l. c. ascending stairs and going off l., violin under arm, followed by crowd.*

<sup>3</sup> *Exeunt omnes following Poniatowski up stairs and off l. as Lady P. and Isabel disappear Regy returns running from l. down stairs and off l., Cheevers and Duke meets at foot of stairs.*

<sup>4</sup> R. C.

<sup>5</sup> c.

<sup>6</sup> L.

<sup>1</sup>c.SYB.<sup>1</sup>

Where?

GUISE.

<sup>2</sup> *And off L. Guise goes R. stands leaning against chair L. of table R. C.*

I don't know. [*Exit CHEEVERS up stairs.*]<sup>2</sup> The Chinaman thinks he's going into nothingness and this is his mourning. We think we are going to Paradise and our friends wear black kid gloves, crape hat-bands and hire a dozen men in black. We can't be going to a more comic world than this.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Violin solo faintly heard in the distance L.*

SYB.

No, nor to a sadder.

GUISE.

I didn't expect you, Midge, I thought you wouldn't face the crowd!

SYB.

Oh, your rooms are so large. And I so much wanted to see Nero fiddling while Rome was blazing.

GUISE.

I haven't provided that attraction. But there's the Hungarian Band—and Poniatowski—if he'll do?

SYB.

Yes, he'll do for Nero—he can fiddle while your soul's—not freezing. I want to talk to you. My foot's really better—what's the matter with you?

GUISE.

Nothing.

SYB.

What are you going to do after to-night?

GUISE.

I leave the country early to-morrow morning.

SYB.

Where are you going?



GUISE.  
On a voyage of discovery.

SYB.  
Where?

GUISE.  
That's a secret.

SYB.<sup>1</sup>  
Is it anywhere—anywhere that a friend could ever  
come to you?

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>  
What friend?

SYB.  
Myself!

GUISE.  
You! I think not!

SYB.  
You're not going after those Arctic voyagers?

GUISE.  
Yes, I'm going after those Arctic voyagers!

SYB.<sup>3</sup>  
Then you are going to try and do something for  
them at last. Oh, I'm glad you're setting yourself  
to something! But won't it be very dangerous?

GUISE.  
Not very, I think.<sup>4</sup> Midge, what's the matter?  
Tears.

SYB.  
What shall I do when you're gone?

GUISE.  
You have your poor people.

SYB.  
Oh, but they're only my chicks.

<sup>1</sup> a.

<sup>2</sup> R. a.

V. Call.  
Davis Ives.  
Drusilla Ives.  
Charles.  
James.

<sup>3</sup> With strong  
emotion.

<sup>4</sup> Sybil begins  
to cry.

GUISE.

Your chicks?

SYB.

I had a black hen at Danecourt with a lot of chicks and one duckling in her brood—it was the duckling that was always getting into harm and giving her trouble, but it was the duckling that she loved—poor silly creature! My poor people are my chicks—it's a pleasure to look after them! But I don't want that—I want the trouble and hopelessness of looking after you!

GUISE. [*Aside.*]

I wish she hadn't come!

SYB.

Besides, if you go away, I shall never pull you from under the horses' hoofs. *Must* you go?

GUISE.

I must! I've made every arrangement for going—and none for staying.<sup>2</sup>

CHEEV.

Now, Lady Brislington, Miss Valrose is going to dance,<sup>2</sup> if you want to get a good place.

SYB. [*to GUISE.*]

Must you go?

GUISE.

I must!<sup>3</sup> Where are you going, Midge?

SYB.

Home. I don't care much to look at dancing.<sup>4</sup> Where are you going?

GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

To the dance!

[*Exit.*<sup>6</sup>

SYB.<sup>7</sup>

Is he really going after those arctic voyagers?<sup>8</sup> A

<sup>1</sup> *Solo ends, loud applause, crowd comes from L. on gallery applauding. They are descending the stairs when Augustus runs out from L. on gallery calling. "Now, Lady Brislington, etc." They all return talking together.*

<sup>2</sup> *Music.*

<sup>3</sup> *Sybil starts to go L.*

<sup>4</sup> *Guise goes up stairs.*

<sup>5</sup> *On gallery.*

<sup>6</sup> *On gallery left.*

<sup>7</sup> *Crossing R.*

<sup>8</sup> *Sees letter on table R.*

letter for me! In his handwriting!<sup>1</sup> Strange; I don't understand it! I'll wait and see Nero fiddling.

[Exit SYB. up stairs.<sup>2</sup> Enter DAVID IVES,<sup>3</sup> forcing his way, CHARLES opposing him.

DAVID.

This is the Duke of Guisebury's?<sup>4</sup>

CHARLES.<sup>5</sup>

Yes. What is your business?

DAVID.<sup>6</sup>

Tell thy master that David Ives would speak to him.

CHARLES.<sup>7</sup>

You cannot speak to him now.

DAVID.<sup>8</sup>

I can and I will. Take him my message or—what's that noise? What's that shouting?<sup>9</sup>

CHARLES.<sup>10</sup>

Miss Valrose is dancing.<sup>11</sup>

DAVID.<sup>12</sup>

Miss Valrose dancing! Where?<sup>13</sup>

[The crowd of guests enter,<sup>14</sup> applauding DRUSILLA who is in dancing costume led by GUISE. They come down-stairs followed by guests.

GUISE.<sup>15</sup>

David Ives.

DRUS.<sup>16</sup>

You!

DAVID.<sup>17</sup>

Thy name, woman! Dost thou hear? Who art thou? I want to know thy name?

DRUS.<sup>18</sup>

Drusilla Ives!

<sup>1</sup> Opens and reads letter.

<sup>2</sup> And off at gallery right.

<sup>3</sup> Left down-stairs.

<sup>4</sup> C.

<sup>5</sup> L. C.

<sup>6</sup> L.

<sup>7</sup> L. C.

<sup>8</sup> Pushing Chas. away to R. C.

<sup>9</sup> Tremendous applause and cries of "Bravo!" off left on gallery.

<sup>10</sup> R.

<sup>11</sup> The applause and cries of Bravo! increase.

<sup>12</sup> R. C.

<sup>13</sup> David crosses to R. by table. Stop Music.

<sup>14</sup> On gallery L.

<sup>15</sup> On stairs L. C.

<sup>16</sup> On stairs R. C.

<sup>17</sup> R. C. below.

<sup>18</sup> C. on stairs.

<sup>1</sup> R. C.DAVID.<sup>1</sup>

Drusilla Ives! I thought it was Delilah or Jezebel or Valrose! Drusilla Ives! Then it seems that thou art my daughter! Get a cloak or shawl to cover thy infamy and come with me! There lies thy way!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Pointing L.

DRUS.

No! That is your way! This is mine!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Indignant clamor among guests on stairs and gallery.DAVID.<sup>4</sup> [*to guests.*]<sup>4</sup> Crossing L. c. to crowd.

I don't know your ways, but I suppose you're made of flesh and blood the same as I am—and you have fathers and children—that's my child—my firstborn—I want to speak to my child alone! Perhaps you'll give me leave.

<sup>5</sup> On stair L. of Drusilla.GUISE.<sup>5</sup>

Your father wishes to speak to you—your father!

DAVID.

I'll deal with thee to-morrow!

<sup>6</sup> C.GUISE.<sup>6</sup> [*To DAVID.*]<sup>7</sup><sup>7</sup> L. C.<sup>8</sup> Guise turns to crowd, ushering them out on gallery to L. and following, leaving David and Drusilla.

To-morrow! If you please!<sup>8</sup> Some music there—please! Tell them to give us some music! Some music! Get them away! I beg you! Will you go—if you please!

[*Exeunt GUISE and guests leaving DAVID and DRUSILLA.*]

<sup>9</sup> L. of Drus. c.DAVID.<sup>9</sup>

Now, thou shameless one!

<sup>10</sup> Coming down from stairs c.DRUS.<sup>10</sup>

Spare yourself, father! Words will not move me—nor threats.

<sup>11</sup> L. C.DAVID.<sup>11</sup><sup>12</sup> Threatening gesture, hand raised to strike.

What will then? Thou—thou wanton! Thou betrayer of men! What hast thou to say!<sup>12</sup>

DRUS.<sup>1</sup>

Strike me then, if you will!<sup>2</sup> You'll be reasonable?—very well! Listen to reason then! You gave me life—you gave me health and strength and beauty! You brought me up as you thought best—But your mean, narrow life stifled me, crushed me! I couldn't breathe in it! I wanted a larger, freer, wider life—I was perishing for want of it! I've kept up a life of deception for five years to spare you pain—for your sake—not for mine! Now it's over! You know me! You see me as I am—I am the topmost rose on the topmost branch and I love the sunshine—I want admiration—applause! I want to live and live in every pulse of me! For every moment of my life—and I will! I will be myself! You cannot change me! Leave me! Let me go!<sup>3</sup>

DAVID.<sup>4</sup>

Let thee go! Let thee go to destruction! Stay—art thou indeed my child? No—surely thou art some changeling—thou art not the little golden-haired maiden that would climb on my knees, and throw her arms around my neck on Sunday evenings and whisper her prayers in my ear, while my prayers and thanks went up to Him who had given her to me! Oh, if there is any of my blood left in thee, if there was any faith and virtue in me when I wedded thy mother—if there was faith and virtue and truth in her—if her love for me was not a lie—own thyself my child again! My heart is breaking to gather thee to me! I will forgive thee! It is I, thy father! I will not be angry with thee any longer—I will plead with thee—I will win thee back again to repentance and righteousness! Come back with me, my daughter!

DRUS.

Hear me, father—you and I live in a different world—all the old things have gone—the very words you use—righteousness, repentance, and the rest seem

<sup>1</sup> R. C.

<sup>2</sup> *David draws back L. C. Drus. R. C.*

<sup>3</sup> *Drusilla moves toward stair, David bars her way.*

<sup>4</sup> C.

strange to me! I have forgotten them—they are no longer in use—they are old-fashioned and out-worn! Do you hear? You are mad to think you will change me. I tell you the old life is gone! Waste no more words on me! It's vain! I am your daughter no longer! Leave me! Leave me and forget me!

DAVID.

Forget thee! I would I could forget thee! Forget thee! No—come with me, my child—I, thy father, command thee. Get some cloak to cover thee! Dost thou hear? Get rid of these! I'll strip thy shame from thee!<sup>1</sup> I'll leave thee none of it!

<sup>1</sup> Seizing her, dragging the trail of roses from her skirt.

DRUS.<sup>2</sup>

Are you mad? Stay there! If you come a step nearer—stop there, I say! Now, have you any more to say to me?

<sup>2</sup> Struggles, breaks from him, runs halfway up steps.

DAVID.<sup>3</sup>

Yes—thou hast scorned and defied me—shut the gate on my love and forgiveness. If that word “father” means anything—if there is any reverence and authority left in it—may thy stubborn, rebellious heart be broken as thou hast broken mine—may thy beauty wither and canker thee—may thy frame be racked<sup>4</sup>—I, thy father, pray it—that thy soul may be gnawn with sorrow and despair—that thy spirit may be humbled and thy proud neck bowed with agony to the dust—till thou turn to thy God and thy father's God at the last! I have said it! It is my last word to thee!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> L. C.

[Exit.]

[DRUS. falls on stairs; and the guests enter, and group round her. She beats her way through the people and exit. A burst of music, very loud. GUISE enters, looks round. Music suddenly stops; a loud hubbub at left on gallery. LADY BAWTRY enters,<sup>6</sup> very distressed.]

<sup>4</sup> Kneels.

<sup>5</sup> David rushes off L. Drusilla falls on stair and rolls down. All the guests enter and come down-stairs forming tableau, talking. Drus. rises, fights her way through them and exits L.

<sup>6</sup> On gallery L.

LADY B.<sup>1</sup>

Guise! the people are asking what has happened. They are all talking about the scene here! There will be a dreadful scandal to-morrow! Half of them have gone off terribly offended.

[*Hubbub of departing guests.<sup>2</sup> Carriages called.<sup>3</sup> GUISE leans against staircase taking no notice of anything, staring in front of him.*]

What's the matter with you? Can't you say anything to them? Speak to them. Say something! [*He does not heed her.*]

[*LADY B. makes a gesture of despair and comes down-stairs. Exit.*]<sup>4</sup>

[*Hubbub and chatter of departing guests.*]<sup>5</sup>

[*CHEEVERS and LADY BRISLINGTON have entered.*]<sup>6</sup>

LADY BRIS. [*to CHEEVERS who is helping with her cloak.*]

I'm sorry I came here! [*With marked emphasis.*]  
It was a mistake.

CHEEV.<sup>7</sup>

Guise, old fellow, this is very unfortunate.

LADY BRIS.<sup>8</sup>

Mr. Cheevers, will you see if my carriage is ready?

[*CHEEV. gives arm, LADY BRIS. passes GUISE with marked discourtesy. Hubbub continues, shouting for carriages, etc. Guests all exeunt, leaving GUISE standing alone motionless. Enter GOLDSPINK.*]<sup>9</sup>

GOLD.

What time shall I call your Grace? [*GUISE takes no notice.*] What time shall I call your Grace?<sup>10</sup>  
Good night, your Grace.

[*Exit.*]<sup>11</sup><sup>1</sup> On stairs L. C.<sup>2</sup> All the guests exeunt L.<sup>3</sup> Charles heard off L. calling in a loud voice, "Lady Poperoach's carriage! Lady Baldwin's carriage! Lady Bawtry's carriage! Lady Brislington's carriage! Lady Maitland's carriage! Mr. Vanstone's carriage! Miss Anstruther's carriage! Sir Reginald Palliser's carriage! Sir Henry Drysdale's carriage!"<sup>4</sup> L.<sup>5</sup> Cheevers re-enters on gallery L. with Lady Brislington, they descend stairs.<sup>6</sup> On gallery L.<sup>7</sup> Coming down stairs with Lady Bris.<sup>8</sup> Coming down stairs B. C.<sup>9</sup> On gallery from L.<sup>10</sup> A long pause.<sup>11</sup> Goldspink draws curtains behind Guise and exit on gallery L. leaving Guise standing alone on stairs.

[*Clocks strikes two.*]

GUISE.

There goes my knell! Bankrupt! Suicide! Who'll find me! Where will they bury me? The cathedral or the cross-roads? For this part of me I don't mind—and for the other—Nirvana—nothingness! Heaven—hell—who knows—who cares! Bankrupt! Suicide! Beggar in honor—in estate—in friends—in love. I won't do it like a coward, I'll die game! I've lived like a careless fool and I'll die like a careless fool. A little less light—

[*Switches off electric light. Enter SYBIL on stairs.*]<sup>1</sup>

Come, Nirvana—[*Takes out bottle.*] My very good friends, who have liked me—my very good enemies who have hated me—my dear, good women who haven't loved me, my dear weak women who have—emperors, charlatans, pickpockets, brother fools, good fellows all—here's forgetfulness and forgiveness in this world and a merry meeting in the next!<sup>2</sup> Good night! Good night! Good night! [*Raises phial; SYBIL has come down stairs behind him, she draws down his hand, away from the poison.*]

CURTAIN.

[*Two years pass between Acts III and IV.*]

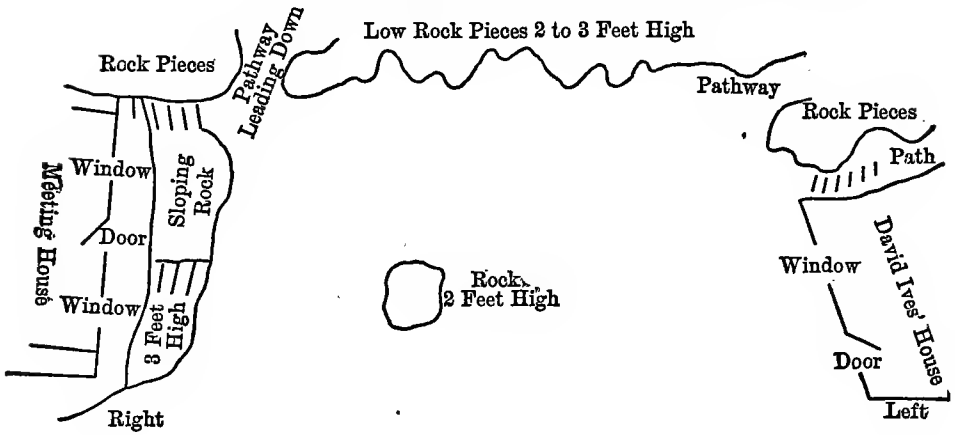
<sup>1</sup> *On gallery from R.*

<sup>2</sup> *Sitting on chair L. of table.*



ACT IV.

Back Cloth Representing Sealine



*I. Call.  
Duke of Guise-  
bury.  
Sybil Crake.  
David Ives.  
Sister Bea-  
trice.*

<sup>2</sup> Seated on  
rock R. C.

*Music.*

<sup>2</sup> R. U. E. comes  
down c.

<sup>3</sup> L. of Guise.

## ACT IV.

### THE DESIRED HAVEN.

[*Same scene as in Act I.*]

[*GUISE discovered,<sup>1</sup> changed, aged.*]

GUISE.

My work done! My promise kept! Only that one last stone to lay. Yes, Endellion's safe. I've done something at last. It's about the only thing I have done. I don't remember what else there is to go on my tombstone.

[*SYB. enters.*]<sup>2</sup>

SYB.<sup>3</sup>

Thoughts? Sad or pleasant?

GUISE.

Sadly pleasant. I was composing my epitaph.

SYB. [*Quickly, a little alarmed.*]

But you don't intend to need one—at present?

GUISE.

No, Midge. But I was thinking what a poor epitaph mine will be—when it has to be written. “Here lies Valentine Danecourt, Duke of Guisebury. He lived at issue with the Ten Commandments and died at peace with all men.”

SYB.

“ P. S. He built Endellion breakwater.” And then will follow the rest of your good deeds—which you haven’t done yet.

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

I haven’t done this—it isn’t I who have built it.<sup>2</sup>

SYB.<sup>3</sup>

Yes, it is—not with your hands, but with your head and heart. Where would it have been in the gale last November if you hadn’t stood by the men day and night and kept up their courage? Don’t you remember how they were running away from it, and you stood there and made them all ashamed of themselves? Oh, it has changed you!

GUISE.

I shall never be the same man that I was before my illness. That dreadful two months.<sup>4</sup> You pulled me through, Midge, but—I’m maimed for life. Oh, Midge, those thirty-five wasted years.

SYB.

They don’t count. It’s your two well-spent years that count. That’s life. To save a little out of the wreck—to show a balance on the right side. That’s life.

GUISE.

Midge, sometimes you make me feel almost good.

SYB.

But you are good—didn’t you know that?

GUISE.

Am I? I don’t go to church very often.

SYB.

Yes, you do—in your way.

<sup>1</sup> Rises.

<sup>2</sup> Goes R.

<sup>3</sup> C.

<sup>4</sup> Coming to her and taking her hand.

<sup>1</sup> *Sitting on  
rock R. C.*

GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

And I don't believe in much.

SYB.

Yes, you do. You believe in work, and you believe in all the great things that people call by different names.

GUISE.

What things?

SYB.

The things that all our wise people pretend to be quarrelling about. But they're only quarrelling about words—they all believe in the things.

GUISE.

What things do you mean?

SYB.

Why, all the watchwords and passwords—Faith, Duty, Love, Conscience, God. Nobody can help believing them. Turn them out at the door, they only fly in at the window—trample them into the ground, they spring up again stronger than ever. Prove them falsehoods in Greek and Latin, and you only find that they are the first truths that the mother tells to her baby.

[GUISE *nods.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Rises.*

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

Midge, what would you have done if you had been too late that night—if I had done it?

SYB.

Oh, I don't know. I think I should have come after you, and snatched you back somehow.

GUISE. [*Startled, takes her hands.*]

Midge, is it too late to pick up the pieces?

<sup>3</sup> *Crossing R.*

SYB.<sup>3</sup>

Hush!

[DAVID IVES, *much older, in deep mourning, enters from house.*<sup>1</sup> *As he passes GUISE the two men look at each other for a moment, but make no sign. DAVID turns and goes on sternly.*]

GUISE.<sup>2</sup>

You've not spoken to me since I've been in the island. Can't you forget the past?

DAVID. [*Calmly, without resentment*].

I'm in mourning for my daughter Drusilla.<sup>3</sup>

[GUISE *exits with great despair.*<sup>4</sup> SYBIL *hops up to DAVID.*]<sup>5</sup>

SYB.<sup>6</sup>

There's a certain little passage, Mr. Ives, you know the passage I mean—something about forgiveness—you've said it every night and morning for fifty years—if I were you, Mr. Ives, when you say that little passage to-night, I should ask myself what it means. [*Hops off.*]<sup>7</sup>

DAVID. [*Looking after her.*]

Perhaps you're right—who knows? It is in Thy hands!

[*Exit.*<sup>8</sup> *Enter up from path by beach*<sup>9</sup> *a Sister of Mercy, Sister Beatrice.*]

SISTER B.<sup>10</sup>

Can you tell me which is Mr. David Ives' house?

DAVID.<sup>11</sup>

I am David Ives.

SISTER B.<sup>12</sup>

I am Sister Beatrice who wrote you eight months ago from New Orleans.

DAVID.

Concerning the death of my daughter Drusilla. It

<sup>1</sup> L. comes to R. C.

<sup>2</sup> L. C.

<sup>3</sup> Goes up to R. C. stands looking over cliff.

<sup>4</sup> L. U. E.

<sup>5</sup> L. o'fhim.

<sup>6</sup> C.

*II. Call. Faith Ives. John Christison. Reginald Slingsby. Mr. Crake.*

<sup>7</sup> L.

*Music No. 16.*

<sup>8</sup> By path L. U. E.

<sup>9</sup> R.

<sup>10</sup> Coming down C.

<sup>11</sup> R. C.

<sup>12</sup> L. C.

was thou who nursed her. [*Shakes hands, a pause.*]  
Did she repent?

SISTER B.

She died in peace, and received pardon from the Church.

DAVID.

Tell me—what was her manner of life before—before she died? I saw in a newspaper that she was dancing in public in New Orleans. Was it so?

SISTER B.

You have forgiven her. She is dead. Don't ask any more.

DAVID.

Nay, but I will know. Tell me the truth. Hide nothing—the truth—the whole truth. She was dancing—how long before she died?

SISTER B.

She was dancing on the——

DAVID.

Go on.

SISTER B.

On the Sunday night.

DAVID.

And died—when?

SISTER B.

The Wednesday morning.

[*DAVID utters a great cry of pain and sinks onto rock overcome.*]<sup>1</sup>

Be comforted. Heaven is full of forgiveness.

[*DAVID after a pause, rises as if half-dazed, speaks in a quiet, hoarse, indifferent tone.*]

DAVID.

You have some things of hers. Where are they?

SISTER B.

In the sailing boat that brought me over.

DAVID.

If you'll show me where they are, I'll bring them up.

[Exit SISTER B. down cliff.]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *R. at back.*

Dancing before all the city one Sunday night—in her grave the next. [Exit down cliff after SISTER B.]

[Enter FAITH and JOHN.]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *From house L.*

JOHN.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Supporting Faith.*

Take care, dear one, thou must not tax thy strength.

FAITH.

But I am well-nigh recovered. I do not need to lean on you.

JOHN.

Yet do it—if not from need, lean on me from love.

FAITH.

It is sweet to breathe the air again. Why dost thou look at me with such a strange, new tenderness?

JOHN.

Because thou art so strangely dear to me.

FAITH.

Dost thou love me more than when I wedded thee?

JOHN.

Indeed I do. When I told thee of all that had happened to me in London and thou didst forgive me all my shameful past, I thought I could not love thee more. Oh, Faith, I do not deserve such happiness as thou hast given me!

FAITH. [*Suddenly.*]

Hush! [*Listening towards the cottage door.*]  
Dost thou not hear?

JOHN.

No, there's nothing.

FAITH. [*Nodding.*]

Yes. My ears are quicker than thine. [*Exit into cottage.*]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> L.

JOHN. [*Looking after her.*]

How could I ever stray from thee? Thou hast brought me home.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Leaning against porch.*

<sup>3</sup> L. 3 E.

[*Enter from cliff above, REGY and CRAKE.*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> C.

CRAKE.<sup>4</sup>

Ah, Mr. Christison, so we shall get this last stone laid to-morrow?

<sup>5</sup> L.

JOHN.<sup>5</sup>

Yes, the Duke has been kind enough to put off laying the last stone till my wife could be there. And it's to be to-morrow.

<sup>6</sup> R.

REGY.<sup>6</sup>

That's a comfort. I promised poor old Guise I'd wait till it was over. Now I can toddle back to town on Tuesday. London's good enough for me.

<sup>7</sup> L.

CRAKE. [*Looking down over cliff below.*]<sup>7</sup>

Look, that boat has come round the corner now—she's making for the breakwater.

<sup>8</sup> *Coming up to L. of Crake.*

JOHN.<sup>8</sup>

A boat to-day! Where does she come from?

CRAKE.

There's a large sailing vessel standing off the point, and the boat got off from her about half an hour ago.

JOHN.

Put in for water, I suppose. They're calling to the men on shore. There's quite a crowd gathering. All the folks are coming out of their houses. Look,



they're all running to the breakwater. What can it be? [*Exit hurriedly down cliff.*] <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R. U. E.

REGY.

Come back with me to town on Tuesday, Crake?

CRAKE.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Coming down*  
c.

No, I must stay on with the Duke.

REGY.

He's very glad he's got you back again.

CRAKE.

Ah, I ought never to have left him. It was a shabby thing to do—And though I was making a good thing out of the Chichester property, I was very glad to throw it up and come back to Guisebury.

REGY.

Poor old Guise. Fancy his sticking down here for two years. Look at the place. It's bad enough on a week day. Look at it on a Sunday afternoon. What was it made for?

CRAKE.

Well, why did you come here?

REGY.

I'm a little bit goey on the chest, and I've done Monte Carlo till I'm sick of it. My doctor happened to mention Penzance, and so, as old Guise was down here, I thought, like a fool, I'd come and give him a look up. Well, I came and when I'd been here ten minutes, I sat down on the top of a rock, and I solemnly asked myself this question, "What am I here for? Why did I give up my club, and my decent cooking, and my snug little rooms in the Albany to come down to this benighted spot and play Robinson Crusoe for the benefit of the sea-gulls?" What am I doing it for, Crake, eh?

CRAKE.

Just so. What are you?

REGY. [*Confidentially.*]

I say, Crake, sometimes I can't understand myself.

CRAKE.

No? What is there in your character that puzzles you?

REGY.

I've knocked about the world all my life—been everywhere—seen everything—done everything. You'd call me a pretty smart, wide-awake fellow, wouldn't you, Crake?

CRAKE. [*Dubiously.*]

Ye-es.

REGY.

There's nothing of the fool about me, is there?

CRAKE.

Not at all.

REGY.

Then why do I keep on acting like a fool? Why do I go and land myself in one infernal scrape after another?

CRAKE.

Ah, just so. Why do you?

REGY. [*Very confidentially.*]

Sometimes, Crake, I fancy I'm more of a fool, than anybody suspects. I let Lady Poperoach twist me round her finger.

CRAKE.

But you were clever enough to get out of that in the end.

REGY.

Yes, because they caught Jack Percival. You don't

III. Call.  
Duke of Guise-  
bury,  
David Ives,  
Mrs. Christi-  
son,  
Sybil Crake.

think Lady Poperoach would let me walk out of the trap unless she was sure Jack would walk in—not likely. Poor Jack!

CRAKE.

Hasn't the marriage between Mr. Percival and Miss Poperoach turned out quite—quite——

REGY. [*Chuckles.*]

Yes—quite. I had a letter from Jack the other day.<sup>1</sup> Three weeks ago Lady Poperoach took away his latch-key, and deliberately dropped it over the bridge into the Serpentine in Jack's presence.

<sup>1</sup> Taking out letter.

[*Pulls out his own latch-key, gazes at it very affectionately, puts it back in waistcoat pocket, chuckles, reads letter.*]

“Lady Poperoach unfortunately discovered Jack's rare collection of antique prints. She burnt the whole collection.”

[*Shakes hands cordially with himself.*]

I can't be so very much of a fool after all, Crake, for I'm nearly forty and I've kept out of it till now. Poor old Jack! Stole his latch-key! Shake hands, Regy, dear old boy.

[*Shakes hands with himself.*]

Well, Crake, I've enjoyed my chat with you. What the deuce to do with myself before dinner! [*Exit.*]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> R. U. E.

CRAKE. [*Looking after him.*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> R.

If he lives till he's seventy I wonder whether he'll marry his cook? Oh, it's of no consequence—except to the cook.

[*Enter GUISE.*]<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> L. U. E.

Well, Duke, you may congratulate yourself—Endelion will turn out a splendid property after all. It's lucky the harbor was built just in time to develop the trade of the island.

<sup>1</sup> L. C.GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Sybil always said it would. Crake, who was fool enough to advance the money?

<sup>2</sup> R. C.CRAKE.<sup>2</sup>

What does it matter? It was a capital investment for him.

GUISE.

Who was it?

CRAKE. [*Uneasy.*]

Well, Duke, I'd saved a considerable sum in your service, and after I'd left you, I felt ashamed of it, and when Sybil came to me and said she wanted the money I'd saved for her, to invest, I found that I could manage to raise enough to begin the break-water, and as it was going on well, I've had no difficulty in getting the remainder.

GUISE. [*Shakes his head.*]

You're a thoroughly bad, unnatural father, Crake, to risk her money on such a worthless fellow as I. How can I thank you, Crake?

CRAKE.

Virtue is its own reward, Duke. Virtue and five per cent.

<sup>3</sup> R. 1 E.[*Exit.*]<sup>3</sup>

GUISE.

Yes, she was right. Everybody begins to respect me. I used to stand in such horror of being respected. It's rather a comfortable feeling after all.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Goes to R. C., sits on rock.[*DAVID enters.*]<sup>5</sup><sup>5</sup> L. 3 E.

DAVID.

He's there! Shall I give it to him myself? No, I've no dealings with him. [*Goes towards house, then repeats SYB's words.*] There's a certain little passage, Mr. Ives, something about forgiveness."

[*Stops, turns, goes up to GUISE.*] I've something for you.<sup>1</sup> They've brought me back the things that belonged to her. I dare not bring them to my house till I have made way with all the tokens of her occupation—dancing dresses and the like. When I was looking them through I found this letter—it's meant for you—you see she begun it and never finished it. [*GUISE takes it, reads it.*] Is there anything in it that concerns me?

<sup>1</sup> *Guise rises.*

GUISE.

Read it. [*Gives it to DAVID; DAVID reads it; shows emotion.*]

DAVID.

You offered to make her your wife?

GUISE.

Yes.

DAVID.

She refused you?

GUISE.

Yes.

DAVID.

You loved her?

GUISE.

Yes.

[*DAVID offers his hand; a silent handshake between the two men; DAVID goes into house.*]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *L.*

He forgives me! If I could forgive myself. If I could once pass those little homes down there without remembering that my broken word robbed each of them of a husband, or a father!

[*MRS. CHRISTISON creeps on in the dusk.*]<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *L. 3 E.*

MRS. C.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *C.*

Your Grace, they're all come back from the dead—but my Mark is not with them.

<sup>1</sup> R. C.GUISE.<sup>1</sup>

Poor thing!

MRS. C.

They're all so old, so changed. You wouldn't know them.

GUISE.

Yes, yes, you must expect them to be changed.  
[*Soothingly.*]

MRS. C.

But why hasn't my Mark come back with them? There are all his old friends, Stephen and Captain Leddra——

GUISE. [*Startled.*]

What! Don't speak of them. There! Go away! You'll meet your husband some day! There! Don't say any more.

MRS. C.

<sup>2</sup> Cheers in distance.But all the island is rejoicing.<sup>2</sup> They were all like you. They wouldn't believe it at first. Nobody knew Capt. Leddra—his wife didn't know him, but when she saw that it was himself indeed, she screamed for joy and hung about his neck.<sup>3</sup> L. S. E.[SYBIL enters.]<sup>3</sup>

GUISE.

<sup>4</sup> Distant cheering off L. Mrs. Christison goes up looks over cliff and exit R. S. E.Woman! Be silent! Don't bring your mad tales here. Ah—my poor woman—your husband will come back some day.<sup>4</sup> [*To SYB.*] Shall I never forget it! Shall I always be reminded of it! It's no use, Midge. I'm chained to look always backwards. But I cannot reach one hand or move one step to change the past. [*Sinks upon rock in despair. Distant cheering from the beach below.*]<sup>5</sup> L. of him.SYB. [*Creeps up to him.*]<sup>5</sup>

The woman's tale is not so impossible after all.

Others have returned before—it is just possible that they may have escaped.

GUISE.

No! No! I've gone through it thousands of times—  
—Besides the ship was broken up—the fragments were found.

SYB.<sup>1</sup>

But if they had reached home after all!

GUISE.

Midge! [*Looks at her.*] My God! It's true!<sup>2</sup>

SYB. [*Pointing to the beach below.*]

Look!

[*A bell rings loudly from below.*]

GUISE.

Are they all saved?

SYB.

All the Endellion men—all are safe.

GUISE.

All! All! [*Bursts into tears.*]<sup>3</sup>

SYB. [*Touches him; he turns.*]

So He bringeth them to their desired haven.

GUISE.

And me—to my desired haven.

SYB.

Listen!

[*Faint cheers.*]

CURTAIN.

<sup>1</sup> *Coming on his L., sits on rock.*

<sup>2</sup> *Goes to back, looks over.*

<sup>3</sup> *Sinks on rock up stage, facing R. Bell leaves off; cheering.*

*Music swells.*

## LIGHTING PLOT.

### ACT I.

Open White. Pole ambers from Perches. Blue Box limes on sea cloth. 1st Cue—Check battens and floats, change Perches to dark ambers gradually. White limes behind transparency gradually to full. (The Blue limes on back cloth remain.)

### ACT II.

Open full White. Red lime at fireplace. 1st Cue—Check White gradually a little. Focus red lime on Guisebury at end of Act. Other lights remain.

### ACT III.

Open full White. Chandelier full. Amber limes Perches. 1st Cue—As curtains are being closed check lights at back, and gradually check floats to half. Amber limes from Perches focussed on Guisebury.

2nd Cue—Chandelier out, floats, battens and lengths, all out at (switch.)

Pale blue and focus limes Perches on Guisebury for end of Act.

### ACT IV.

#### *Sunset.*

Dark amber limes, floats and battens half up. Light behind transparency.

## PROPERTY PLOT.

### ACT I.

#### *Nil.*

### ACT II. DRAWING-ROOM.

Curtains at window, carpet down. Table and two chairs in inner room. Curtains at C. opening, cabinet L. R. Small table L. C. with bowl on same. Brandy decanter and glasses on cabinet L. Couch L. with curtains and drapery. Small footstool by same. Large table R. C., chairs either side, writing materials and cheque-book on same. Rug at fireplace R. Fender and fire-irons, clock and ornaments on mantle, chairs and usual dressings to scene.



## ACT III.

Plush carpet down. Cabinet R. L. Curtains to all openings practicable. Table L. with chair. Writing materials, large couch R., cushions, small phial for Guisebury, chandelier, coffee on salver off R. Liqueur decanter and glasses. Spirit-lamp, and matches on same. Cigarettes. Ash tray. Two written letters on table L.

## ACT IV.

Repeat ACT I.













