

**ELIZABETH COOPER:  
A COMEDY IN  
THREE ACTS**

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Elizabeth Cooper: A Comedy in Three Acts by George Moore

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**GEORGE MOORE**

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A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS  
BY **GEORGE MOORE**

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DUBLIN AND LONDON  
1913

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*The first performance of this play was given at  
the Haymarket Theatre, June 22, 1913, by the  
Incorporated Stage Society*

## PERSONS IN THE PLAY

MARTIN	EDITH EVANS
SEBASTIAN DAYNE	REGINALD OWEN
MRS. DAYNE	EMILY LUCK
LADY THURLOW	JOY CHATWYN
LEWIS DAVENANT	C. V. FRANCE
GODBY	KENYON MUSGRAVE
COUNTESS VON HOENSTADT	MIRIAM LEWES
FLETCHER	CHARLES MAUNSELL
LORD THURLOW	VAL CUTHBERT
PROFESSOR DAYNE	GEDGE TWYMAN
LADY KINGSWEIGHT	NOEL MACKERN
MISS CASMAN	EDITH CUTHBERT
MR. IRETON	JOHN R. COLLINS
LADY BASING	IRENE ROSS
SIR ROBERT BASING	TELFORD HUGHES

*Acts I and III: Lewis Davenant's House in Rockminster*

*Act II: Lewis Davenant's Country House*

*Time: In the Sixties*

*The Play produced by CLIFFORD BROOKE*



## ACT I

SCENE : *A room, half drawing-room, half study, in Lewis Davenant's house in Rockminster. Furniture eighteenth century, pictures, china in glass cases.*

*An April afternoon in 1860.*

*When the curtain rises Sebastian Dayne is seated at a table writing. Enter Martin.*

MARTIN. Mrs. Dayne, sir.

SEBASTIAN. Show her in. (*Exit Martin. A moment after Mrs. Dayne enters.*) Well, mother. (*She looks round for a chair.*) Let me get you a chair.

MRS. DAYNE. Are you busy, Sebastian ?

SEBASTIAN. Not very ; finishing a chapter.

MRS. DAYNE. Then, perhaps, you can come to tea with me to Lady Thurlow's. I left her with your father ; he was reading his translation of— I can't remember the name.

SEBASTIAN. Theocritus ?

MRS. DAYNE. Yes, that's the name. I couldn't listen to it any longer, so came on here to you. I could see they were both very glad to get rid of me.

SEBASTIAN. That's only your fancy, mother. But tell me, mother, did Lady Thurlow suggest any alternative readings ?

MRS. DAYNE. Your father thinks very highly of her judgment.

SEBASTIAN. So do I, but Theocritus isn't her subject. . . . I don't know though, the second idyll. But, mother, what a swell you have come out to-day ! Lilac ribbons and a new silk jacket.

MRS. DAYNE. A pretty brown, isn't it ? Where is Lewis ?

SEBASTIAN. In his study.

MRS. DAYNE. He works very hard ; your father was saying to me only yesterday how hard he works.

SEBASTIAN. Much too hard for his secretary. I never get a chance at my poems.

MRS. DAYNE (*reproachfully*). Sebastian, you know you have every evening to yourself.

SEBASTIAN. But I want the day-time. This glorious day ! How it inspires one !

*In green underwood and cover,  
Blossom by blossom, the spring begins.*

MRS. DAYNE. Is that your own composition, Sebastian ?

SEBASTIAN. The same old question. If I write anything beautiful it is " Did Mr. Davenant help you ? Or did your father tell you how it should go ? " I never get credit for anything I do. There are the proofs of my poems on that table, but what is the use of publishing them ? As soon as it becomes known that I am Lewis Davenant's secretary the papers will begin to discover analogies, and our friends here will soon pick up the scent and will go streaming after it. I have learnt a lot from him,

no doubt, but the time has come to separate myself from him and from all literary influences. A long holiday is what I want.

MRS. DAYNE. But you will have a nice long holiday—

SEBASTIAN. You mean when Lewis goes to Germany to see his play performed? But will he go?

MRS. DAYNE. Of course.

SEBASTIAN. I am not sure of that. Lewis is a little world-weary, and he has seen so much and written so much that he has lost all taste, as he says, for general society, especially literary society. We were talking the other evening about this journey to Vienna, and the impression he left upon me was of one who would never be able to make up his mind to go. "It isn't," he said, "that I wouldn't like to see my play in German—I would, and the acting would interest me; but it is the proceedings that follow the play that I dread, the banquet and the laurel-leaves. Germans have no idea of art except somebody crowning somebody with laurel-leaves; generally a big fat woman does the crowning. And then all the *literati* gathered about in my honour would make speeches about how art reconciles nations, how the fact of having German taught in schools will make England love Germany better, and how Germans by learning English in their schools will be able to arrive at a truer understanding of a nation, which, after all, is the same nation, for there is a great deal of Anglo-Saxon blood still in England; and after half an hour of this nonsense," Lewis said, "I shall have to get up and talk about