

**IN CHANCERY: AN
ORIGINAL FANTASTIC
COMEDY IN THREE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649369324

In Chancery: An Original Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts by Arthur W. Pinero

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ARTHUR W. PINERO

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COMEDY IN THREE ACTS**

IN CHANCERY

An Original Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts

BY
ARTHUR W. PINERO

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NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
25 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND

IN CHANCERY.

Produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, on September 19th, 1884, and afterwards played at the Gaiety Theatre, London, on December 24th, 1884, with the following cast :—

Characters.

CAPTAIN DIONYSIUS MCCAFFERTY.	
(Formerly in the Ballylara Militia, now proprietor of the Railway Hotel, Steepleton Junction)	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
DR. TITUS (His medical attendant).	Mr. Lays.
MONTAGUE JOLIFFE	Mr. Edward Terry.
MR. HINKMAN	Mr. John Dallas.
JOHN (Mrs. Smith's servant)	Mr. Lyndall.
MR. BUZZARD (A Butcher)	Mr. Guise.
MR. GAWGE (A Draper)	Mr. Sherrard.
MRS. SMITH	Miss Phyllis Broughton.
MRS. MARMADUKE JACKSON	Miss Gladys Homfrey.
PATRICIA MCCAFFERTY	Miss Maria Jones.
AMELIA ANNE BUZZARD	Miss Oliver.
WALKER (Mrs. Smith's servant) ..	Miss Emma Broughton.
KITTLES	Miss Clara Jecks.

21.

IN CHANCERY.

ACT I.

DRAWING A BLANK.

*The Parlour of the Railway Hotel at Steepleton
Junction.*

ACT II.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

The Best Room in the Hotel.

ACT III.

HOME SWEET HOME.

*Sitting room at Mrs. Marmaduke Jackson's, Graves-
end.*

Three Sundays elapse between ACTS I and II.

ACT II occurs on the morning and

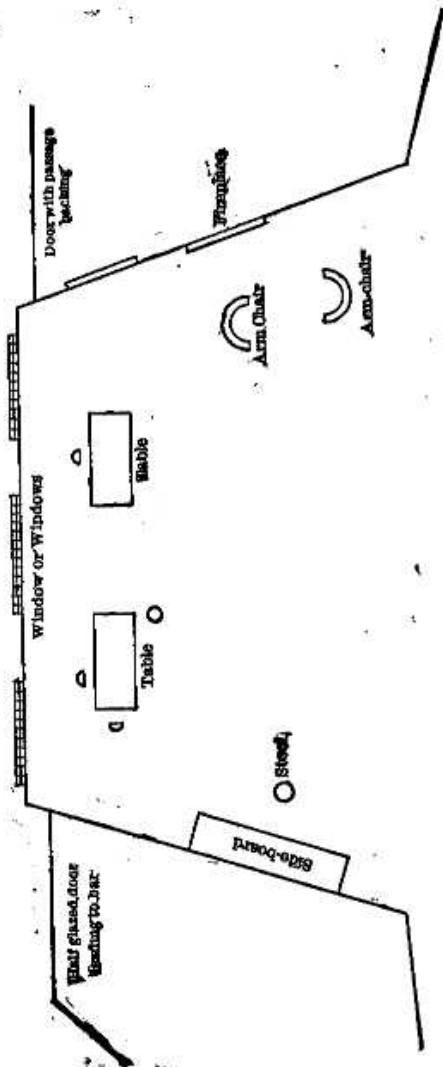
ACT III on the Evening of the same day.

IN CHANOEY

Act 1st

PLAN OF SCENE

Country Prospect, Railroad in the Distance



IN CHANCERY.

ACT I.

DRAWING A BLANK.

SCENE:—*The comfortable parlour of a small hotel. Up stage R. door leading to Bar. Up stage L. door with passage backing. At back large window or windows looking on to a country prospect with a railway, telegraph wires, etc. Up stage at back two small tables of equal size. Round table R. C. Three chairs round table L. C., two chairs placed as in plan. Down stage L. fire-place. Above fire-place, arm-chair, below fire-place, an ordinary chair. Down stage R. side-board with crockery, plate, etc., on side-board a work-basket with needle-work. By side-board a chair or stool, on table R. C. a cribbage board and cards, long clay pipes, matches, and a newspaper, on table L. C. pipes, newspapers and matches. The room generally furnished with all the characteristics of an Inn Parlour, stuffed birds, fishing rods and basket, a gun or two, sporting pictures, etc.*

Short lively music at opening. As the curtain rises the angry voice of MCCAFFERTY, accompanied by a small crash of broken crockery, is heard in the distance off L. PATRICIA enters door R. listening. PATRICIA is a buxom, brawny Irish woman—neatly dressed, but with a wild head of red hair.

PAT. My pa's in a queer temper by the sound of

it. (*she crosses to door L. and listens, McCafferty's voice rises higher*) There now, he's arguing them politics with poor Mr. Jolliffe. (*looking towards door R.*) Thank goodness, here's the gentlemen arriving. (*goes L.*)

(*MR. GAWGE enters door R., he is a thin man, almost entirely bald, with a treble voice.*)

MR. G. (*politely*) Good evening, Miss McCafferty. (*rubbing his hands heartily*) Any news, eh? Any news?

PAT. (*L. C.*) Good evening to ye, Mr. Gawge, there's nothing stirring.

MR. G. How's Captain McCafferty to-night?

(*There is another crash off L., MR. GAWGE'S manner changes to extreme timidity.*)

PAT. (*jerking her head towards L.*) I think he's just having a chat with Mr. Jolliffe, the gentleman stopping in the Hotel.

MR. G. Oh! (*MR. GAWGE goes up to table L. C. very quietly and nervously and sits behind the table.*) Ahum, yes. I'll take my usual, Miss McCafferty.

(*PATRICIA crosses to R. C., as MR. BUZZARD enters door R. MR. BUZZARD is a fat, red-faced man with bushy hair and gruff voice, the reverse of MR. GAWGE.*)

MR. B. (*jovially*) Good evening, Miss McCafferty, good evening, Mr. Gawge.

PAT. AND MR. G. Good evening, Mr. Buzzard.

MR. B. Any news, eh? Any news?

PAT. I believe not, sir.

MR. B. And how is your poor papa to-night?

(*Another distinct crash, MR. BUZZARD'S face changes, he stands rooted to the spot.*)

PAT. (*with a movement as before*) He's just havin' a little bit of a chat with Mr. Jolliffe, the gentleman stopping in the Hotel.

MR. B. (*nervously*) Oh! I think I'll take my usual, Miss McCafferty.

(PAT. goes out door R., MR. BUZZARD tiptoes up to the table R. C., and sits behind it. He and MR. GAWGE load their long pipes gloomily.)

MR. G. Captain seems a little wus than ordinary to-night, Mr. Buzzard, sir.

MR. B. He do. He do. Time Dr. Titus was here to keep him under.

MR. G. (*looking towards door*) Here is the Doctor.

(DR. TITUS enters door R., he is a middle-aged professional-looking person, with iron grey hair and whiskers. His attire is rather inclined to seediness, his manner pompous and bombastic.)

TITUS. Good evening, gentlemen! (*crosses L. and puts hat on mantel-piece*)

MR. G. AND MR. B. Good evening, Doctor—good evening.

TITUS. (*bustling over to arm-chair*) How is Captain McCafferty to-night?

(MCCAFFERTY'S VOICE heard outside.)

MR. G. (*under his breath*) He's upstairs.

MR. B. (*under his breath*) With Mr. Joliffe.

MR. G. The gentleman staying in the hotel.

MR. G. AND MR. B. (*together*) Having a little bit of a chat.

TITUS. Oh, quite so, quite so.

(PAT. enters door R., carrying tray with glasses, etc. She gives MR. GAWGE and MR. BUZZARD their drinks.)

TITUS. You're single-handed to-night, Miss McCafferty, where's the waiter?

PAT. He contradicted papa this afternoon.

MR. G. AND MR. B. (*together*) Oh!