LUCKY MISS DEAN: A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649341382

Lucky Miss Dean: A Comedy in Three Acts by Sidney Bowkett

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

SIDNEY BOWKETT

LUCKY MISS DEAN: A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

Trieste

The Publisher.

LUCKY MISS DEAN.

Produced at the Criterion Theatre, Thursday, August 3rd, 1905, with the following cast:—

Characters.

ACACIA DEAN.....Miss Ethel Irving.
LADY ASHMOLE (Her father's sister).....Miss Kate Bishop.
PERCIVAL CHANEY (Her mother's brother).Mr. Holman Clark.
HORACE CHANEY..... } Her cousins. } .Mr. Kightley.
WILFRED ASHMOLE..... } Her cousins. } .Mr. George Elton.
FREDERICK WARE (Her husband).....Mr. H. Marsh Allen.

Transferred to the Haymarket with the following cast:—

ACACIA DEAN.....Miss Jessie Bateman.
LADY ASHMOLE.....Miss Kate Sergeantson.
PERCIVAL CHANEY.....Mr. Holman Clark.
HORACE CHANEY.....Mr. Courtenay Foote.
WILFRED ASHMOLE.....Mr. Dennis Eadie.
FREDERICK WARE.....Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

SCENE:—Miss Acacia Dean's flat.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

STAGE.

Green Felt on stage.
Rugs.
One chair 1 ft. 9 in. high.
Oak dresser and blue china.
Oak cabinet L. C. 3 ft. by 2 ft.
Oak bookcase up R.
Oak writing-table down R.
Mirror over bookcase.
Six rush chairs.
Rush settee, open back.
Oak table—large. On table, white table-cloth, two cups and saucers, bread on platter, butter, plates, coffee-pot, two serviettes, plate of fruit, knives, forks, spoons, sugar basin, hot-water jug, milk-jug, toast rack, cruet.

Barometer on flat by window R., down.
French loaf.
Line on door L.
Stylo pen.
Paper stand by couch L.
2 candlesticks.
Serviette rings.
Cloak on dresser.
Bouquet of roses for Horace.
Electric bells L.
In dresser drawer—duster, leather, Acacia's apron. Needlework.
On bookcase—Work basket and scissors, blue bowl, silver articles, book, illustrated papers, four copies of "Studio," plenty of books, glass of water, jug.
Speaking tube.

OFF L.

Crash of lift gates.
Two letters.
Newspaper with paragraph.
Newspapers for relations.

OFF R.

Tray.
Basin of hot water.
Dolly mop.
Two bowls.
Apron.
Metal tray.
2 cloths for Fred.

ACT II.

OFF L.

Box containing :—
4 pairs of shoes.
Wrap.
Fan.
Cloak.
Thimble in box for Wilfred.
Present for Lady Ashmole.
Present for Chaney.
Present and bouquet for Horace.
Chatelaine in paper.
Large card.
Parcel supposed to contain steak.
Cheque book.
Small pair of steps at back of door L.
Violets.

ACT III.

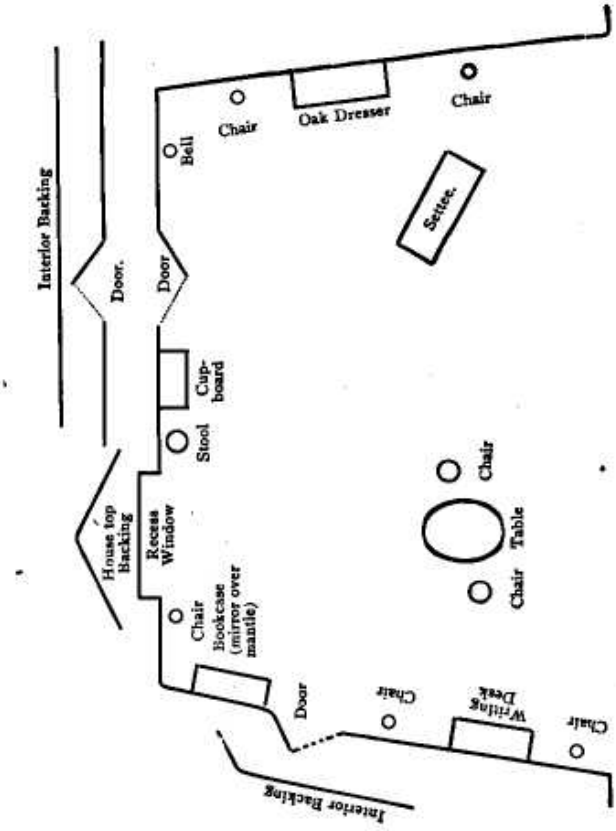
OFF R.

Lady's trunk. Hand-bag. Sponge-bag. Nightdress case.
Cardboard boxes.
Presents.

OFF L.

Trunk.
Three aprons for bailiffs.
Warrant for bailiff.
Written letter with cheque and key.
Bouquet and letter for boy.
Bunch of roses.
Letter for messenger.

Scene Plot.


Interior Backing
Door.
House top Backing
Door
Recess Window
Bell
Cup-board
Chair
Stool
Chair
Bookcase (mirror over mantle)
Oak Dresser
Door
Chair
Chair
Settee.
Table
Chair
Chair
Writing Desk
Chair
Interior Backing

LUCKY MISS DEAN.

ACT I.

(FRED *discovered.*)

FRED. I wonder if that paper has come. (*rises, goes to door, opens it, goes into his own flat, does not find paper, comes out. Takes up speaking tube, calls.*) Has the paper come yet? All right, send it up when it does.

(*Enter* ACACIA *with tray* R.)

ACACIA. Fred, where have you been?

FRED (*coming to table, sits*). I've just been across to my flat. I wanted to see if the paper had come.

ACACIA. Fred, do you know the time?

FRED. No, my watch wants mending.

ACACIA. Not more than our ways. (*crosses to dresser, takes out apron.*)

FRED. Nonsense, most exemplary. I consider that for a young married couple we are.

ACACIA (*putting on her apron*). That doesn't say much for the institution. Before we were married we used to be at work by nine.

FRED. Oh, well, half an hour don't matter much. What time is it?

ACACIA. Guess!

FRED. Ten!

ACACIA. Nearly twelve. (*down to* FRED *leaning over shoulder.*)

FRED. Not really?

ACACIA. Yes, and I was to be a help to you, not a hindrance.

FRED. Hindrance! You're a tremendous help. You're such a sticker for work. But you must remember this is our honeymoon.

ACACIA. Yes, but a month's the regulation time—we've been married two.

FRED. My dear girl, the length of the artistic honeymoon is always regulated by the artistic temperament. Our honeymoon may last for years. It's nearly twelve?

ACACIA. Nearly twelve. (*takes vase from desk to bookcase.*

FRED. Oh, your clock must be wrong.

ACACIA. I hoped it was, but I heard the Heppenstalls' housemaid call out to the Hamiltons' cook.

FRED (*rise*). So the Wares' cook—you are the cook—called out to the Wares' housemaid—I am the Wares' housemaid. So if the Wares' cook has the water hot enough, the Wares' housemaid is ready to begin.

ACACIA. (R. C.) Oh, let me wash up this morning—there's a dear.

FRED. (L. C.) Certainly not. So long as you insist upon keeping our marriage a secret, an ordinary commonplace housemaid is an impossibility—therefore—it devolves upon me.

ACACIA. But it doesn't seem right for a great artist like you, should wash up,

FRED. Why not? You have no idea the capacity I had for getting into hot water. Besides, think, in the years to come when my Biography's written, what an interesting story it will make. How the great man used to wash up! Bless you, it will sell the book.

ACACIA. No, let me do it, there's a dear. (*up to* FRED.)

FRED (*severely*). Look here, if you must I shall insist on cooking the dinner and that might kill us both.