

**THE MOLLUSC: A NEW
AND ORIGINAL
COMEDY IN THREE
ACTS. [LONDON - 1914]**

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The Mollusc: A New and Original Comedy in Three Acts. [London - 1914] by Hubert Henry Davies

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HUBERT HENRY DAVIES

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The Mollusc

A New and Original Comedy
in Three Acts

By
HUBERT HENRY DAVIES

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BOSTON
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LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1914

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The Mollusc

CHARACTERS

*(As originally produced at the Criterion Theatre, London,
October 15, 1907.)*

TOM KEMP	Charles Wyndham.
MR. BAXTER	Mr. Sam Sothorn.
MRS. BAXTER	Miss Mary Moore.
MISS ROBERTS	Miss Elaine Innescourt.

The scene of the play is laid in Mrs. Baxter's sitting-room at a house some twenty or thirty miles from London.



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The Mollusc

THE FIRST ACT

SCENE.—**MRS. BAXTER'S** sitting-room. *A pleasant, well-furnished room. French windows open to the garden, showing flower-beds in full bloom, it being summer time. As the audience looks at the stage there is a door on the left hand side at the back, and from the door a few stairs lead down to the room. Nearer and also on this side is a fireplace. Against this same wall is a flower pot on a table containing a plant in bloom. There is plenty of comfortable furniture about the room.*

It is evening after dinner. Lamps are lighted and the windows closed. MR. BAXTER, a man about forty, is seated near a lamp reading "Scribner's Magazine." The door opens and MISS ROBERTS comes in. She is a pretty, honest-looking English girl about twenty-four. She comes towards MR. BAXTER.

MISS ROBERTS.

Mr. Baxter—are you very busy?

MR. BAXTER.

No, Miss Roberts.

MISS ROBERTS.

I want to speak to you.

MR. BAXTER.

Yes. Won't you sit down?

MISS ROBERTS.

Thank you. [*She does so.*] We shall soon be beginning the summer holidays, and I think after this term you had better have another governess for the girls.

MR. BAXTER.

You want to leave us?

MISS ROBERTS.

I don't *want* to. I shall be very sorry indeed to go. You and Mrs. Baxter have always been so kind to me. You never treated me like a governess.

MR. BAXTER.

You have been with us so long. We have come to look on you as one of the family.

MISS ROBERTS.

I can't tell you how often I have felt grateful. I don't want to leave you at all, and it will almost break my heart to say good-bye to the children, but I *must* go.

MR. BAXTER.

[*Anxiously.*] You are not going to be married?

MISS ROBERTS.

[*Smiling.*] Oh, no—nothing so interesting—I'm sorry to say.

MR. BAXTER.

Have you told my wife you think of leaving?

MISS ROBERTS.

[*Slightly troubled.*] I began to tell Mrs. Baxter several times; at the beginning of the term and three or four times since—but she was always too busy or too tired to attend to me; each time she asked me to tell her some other time—until I don't quite know what to do. That's why I've come to *you*.

MR. BAXTER.

[*Slightly disconcerted.*] But it's not *my* place to accept your notice.

MISS ROBERTS.

I know—but if I might explain to you —

MR. BAXTER.

Certainly.

MISS ROBERTS.

It's this. I can't teach the girls anything more. Gladys is nearly twelve and Margery, though she is only nine, is very bright; she often asks me the most puzzling questions—and the truth is—I have not had a good enough education myself to take them any further.

MR. BAXTER.

Aren't they rather young to go to school?

MISS ROBERTS.

I think you need a governess with a college education, or, at any rate, some one who doesn't get all at sea in algebra and Latin.

MR. BAXTER.

I should have thought you might read and study.

MISS ROBERTS.

I used to think so—but I find I haven't the time.