

**THE SUPERIOR MISS
PELENDER: A PLAY
IN THREE ACTS**

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The Superior Miss Pellender: A Play in Three Acts by Sidney Bowkett

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SIDNEY BOWKETT

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PELENDER: A PLAY
IN THREE ACTS**

THE SUPERIOR MISS PELENDER

A Play in Three Acts

BY
SYDNEY BOWKETT

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*Gift of
John Craig*

THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER.

Produced on Wednesday, January 17th, 1906, at the Waldorf Theatre, London, with the following cast :

MRS. PELLENDER.....	Miss Winifred Emery.
MISS PELLENDER.....	Miss Beatrice Ferrar.
MISS EDITH PELLENDER.....	Miss Dagmar Wiehe.
MISS NANCY PELLENDER.....	Miss Madge Titheridge.
MASTER NOEL PELLENDER....	Mr. Robert Bottomley.
MR. TISTER.....	Mr. Cyril Maude.

ACT I. A Room at the Pellenders' near Abingdon. Plays
29 minutes.

ACT II. The Lawn at the Pellenders'. Plays 28½ minutes

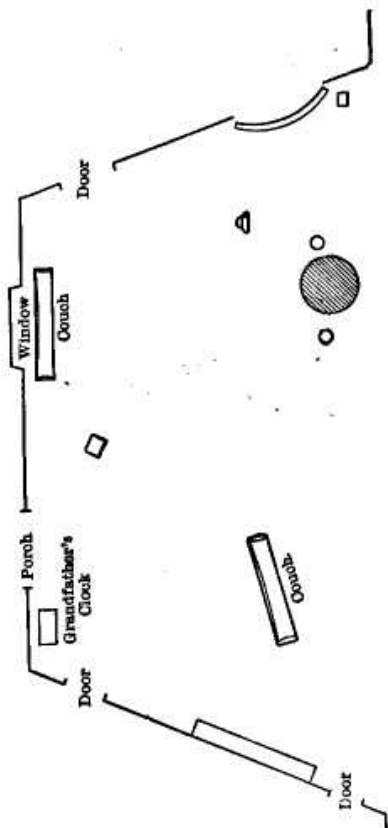
ACT III. The Hall at the Pellenders'. Plays 26 minutes.

Three weeks elapse between Acts I and II.

Two weeks elapse between Acts II and III.

TIME—The Present.

ACT I
THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER
Backcloth



THE SUPERIOR MISS PELLENDER.

ACT I.

The SCENE represents a room in the house of MRS. PELLENDER, near Abingdon. From the window at back there is a view of the garden with a lawn sloping up to the river bank. The room is furnished in a light summery manner and in good taste. A table is laid for tea—for five people. On the table is a drawing-room kettle and a spirit stove, with the kettle boiling. Everything makes for cosiness.

At rise of CURTAIN DISCOVER MRS. PELLENDER looking very young and charming, occupied with the tea-things, warming the tea pot, etc., at table L. C. She moves up stage, looks out of window, then goes C. looks at her watch, then at clock R. goes to the porch R. C. then back to table. During her business, her eyes continually wander to the clock, and she occasionally stops to listen, and once to look from the window in eager expectancy. Presently a carriage

is heard and a swing gate clicks. Mrs. PELLENDER is so fully occupied that though she hears these welcome sounds, she cannot leave her post and relieve herself of the things she has in her hand before.

(Enter NOEL PELLENDER c. from L.)

(Mrs. PELLENDER just manages to rid herself of her burden as her son ENTERS. He is a boy of about 14 years of age, and he enters boisterously at the window. He has his hat on and is dressed in grey flannels. He rushes to his mother, and embraces her affectionately and vociferously.)

NOEL. Hulloo! Mumsey dear—

(He embraces her between his words, and she returns his embrace with great mother-ardour. She is between smiles and tears at seeing him again, though he has only been away a month on a visit to some relations.)

Dear old Mumsey!

Mrs. PELLENDER. My dear boy. (c.)

NOEL (c. submitting to the petting) Dear old Mumsey. . . .

(The embracing has been continual.)

Mrs. PELLENDER. How well you look, and how you've grown!

NOEL. Yes; I'm taller than Len now and he's nearly a year older, Mumsey—made 'em so sick at Broadwater. *(goes R.)* Oh, I say, Mumsey, scones! *(goes L. c. and sits R. of table. He takes one and begins devouring it)* I say, Mumsey, sim-

ply lovely— (*turns to c.*) and I say—you look a fair treato—why you look younger than Grace.

MRS. PELLENDER. (*embarrassed but pleased*)
Noel . . . don't be absurd—

NOEL. You do—I never thought you looked so young—I suppose it's just coming back from Aunt Muriel. I say, Mumsey—she has got fat.

MRS. PELLENDER. Noel! . . .

NOEL. (*at scones*) These are a fair treato. (*resumes eating*)

MRS. PELLENDER. Noel, dear, I do hope your cousins haven't taught you to speak slang.

NOEL. Taught me—I bet that I— (*the remainder of his sentence is swallowed with the jam that he has found as accessory to the scones*)

MRS. PELLENDER. Where are the others, dear? (*turns to R.*)

NOEL. (*indifferently*) Oh, they're coming. (*helping himself to jam and putting it on scone*) Nancy wanted to jump out with me, but of course Grace wouldn't let her. Like to see her stop me though.

(BUSINESS: *he goes on talking, but as his mouth is full, his words are beyond differentiation.*)

(*Enter NANCY PELLENDER R. C. from L., she is a pretty and charming little girl of the same age as NOEL.*)

NANCY. (*running to her mother*) Oh, Mumsey (*to R. of couch R. C. kissing her*). Dear old Mumsey! (*R. of couch R.*) here we are at last. (*kissing her*) (*R.*) Oh, you do look nice, and