## THE MOB: A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649763689

The mob: a play in four acts by John Galsworthy

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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JOHN GALSWORTHY

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BY

## JOHN GALSWORTHY

NEW YORK CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1914

### PERSONS OF THE PLAY

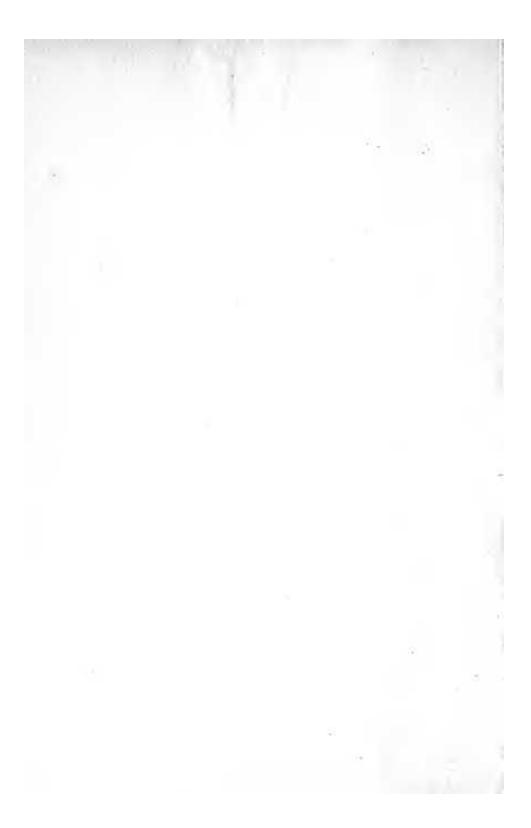
STEPHEN MORE, Member of Parliament KATHERINE, his wife OLIVE, their little daughter THE DEAN OF STOUR, Katherine's uncle GENERAL SIR JOHN JULIAN, her father CAPTAIN HUBERT JULIAN, her brother HELEN, his wife EDWARD MENDIP, editor of "The Parthenon" ALAN STEEL, More's secretary JAMES HOME, architect CHARLES SHELDER, solicitor MARK WACE, bookseller WILLIAM BANNING, manufacturer NURSE WREFORD WREFORD (her son), Hubert's orderly HIS SWEETHEART THE FOOTMAN HENRY A DOORKEEPER SOME BLACK-COATED GENTLEMEN A STUDENT A GIRL

A deputation of More's constituents

#### А Мов

ACT I. The dining-room of More's town house, evening. ACT II. The same, morning. ACT III. SCENE I. An alley at the back of a suburban theatre. SCENE II. Katherine's bedroom. ACT IV. The dining-room of More's house, late afternoon. AFTERMATH. The corner of a square, at dawn.

Between ACTS I and II some days elapse. Between ACTS II and III three months. Between ACT III SCENE I and ACT III SCENE II no time. Between ACTS III and IV a few hours. Between ACTS IV and AFTERMATH an indefinite period.



## CAST OF THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

#### AT THE

#### GAIETY THEATRE, MANCHESTER, MARCH 80, 1914

Stephen More Katherine Olive The Dean of Stour General Sir John Julian **Captain Hubert Julian** Helen Edward Mendip Alan Steel James Home Charles Shelder Mark Wace William Banning Nurse Wreford Wreford IIIs Sweetheart The Footman Henry A Doorkeeper A Student A Girl

MILTON ROSMER IRENE ROOKE PHYLLIS BOURKE LEONARD MUDIE HERBERT LOMAS WILLIAM HOME HILDA BRUCE POTTER D. LEWIN MANNERING ERIC BARBER ARCHIBALD MCCLEAN PERCY FOSTER NAPIER BARRY CHARLES BIBBY MRS. A. B. TAPPING CECIL CALVERT HILDA DAVIES BASIL HOLMES ALFRED RUSSELL ELLIS DEE MURIEL POPE



## ACT I

It is half-past nine of a July evening. In a dining-room lighted by sconces, and apparelled in wall-paper, carpet, and curtains of deep vivid blue, the large French windows between two columns are open on to a wide terrace, beyond which are seen trees in darkness, and distant shapes of lighted houses. On one side is a bay window, over which curtains are partly drawn. Opposite to this window is a door leading into the hall. At an oval rosewood table, set with silver, flowers, fruit, and wine, six people are seated after dinner. Back to the bay window is STEPHEN MORE, the host, a man of forty, with a fine-cut face, a rather charming smile, and the eyes of an idealist; to his right, SIR JOHN JULIAN, an old soldier, with thin brown features, and grey moustaches; to SIR JOHN'S right, his brother, the DEAN OF STOUR, a tall, dark, ascetic-looking Churchman: to his right KATHERINE is leaning forward, her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands, staring across at her husband; to her right sits EDWARD MENDIP, a pale man of forty-five, very bald, with a fine forehead, and on his clear-cut lips a smile that shows his teeth; between him and MORE is HELEN JULIAN.

### THE MOB

a pretty dark-haired young woman, absorbed in thoughts of her own. The voices are tuned to the pitch of heated discussion, as the curtain rises.

THE DEAN. I disagree with you, Stephen; absolutely, entirely disagree.

MORE. I can't help it.

MENDIP. Remember a certain war, Stephen! Were your chivalrous notions any good, then? And, what was winked at in an obscure young Member is anathema for an Under Secretary of State. You can't afford——

Mone. To follow my conscience? That's new, Mendip.

MENDIP. Idealism can be out of place, my friend.

THE DEAN. The Government is dealing here with a wild lawless race, on whom I must say I think sentiment is rather wasted.

MORE. God made them, Dean.

MENDIP. I have my doubts.

THE DEAN. They have proved themselves faithless. We have the right to chastise.

MORE. If I hit a little man in the eye, and he hits me back, have I the right to *chastise* him?

SIR JOHN. We didn't begin this business.

MORE. What! With our missionaries and our trading?

THE DEAN. It is news indeed that the work of civilization may be justifiably met by murder. Have you forgotten Glaive and Morlinson?