

**THE NEW SIN: A  
PLAY IN  
THREE ACTS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649763719

The new sin: a play in three acts by Basil Macdonald Hastings

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Cover @ 2017

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**BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS**

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PLAY IN  
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**T**HE NEW SIN:  
A Play in Three Acts, by  
BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

LONDON: SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.  
3 ADAM STREET, W.C. MCMXVI

DR  
40/5  
+ 2/7/72

## PERSONS CONCERNED

HILARY CUTTS

MAXIMILIAN CUTTS

JIM BENZIGER

WILL GRAIN, M.P.

DAVID LLEWELLYN DAVIDS, J.P., I.C.C., M.A.B.

STUART CAMPBELL

PEEL

## SCENE

The Living Room of the West London Flat shared by Hilary Cutts and Jim Benziger

The interval between the first two Acts does not represent any lapse of time. That between Acts II. and III. represents a lapse of some months.

## THE NEW SIN

A PLAY in three Acts by BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS,  
first produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, W.  
(under the management of Messrs. J. E. VEDRENNE and  
DENNIS EADIE), on Tuesday the 20th of February 1912,  
with the following cast:—

Hilary Cutts . . . .	Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER
Maximilian Cutts . . . .	Mr. O. P. HEGGIE
Jim Benziger . . . .	Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY
D. L. Davids, J.P., L.C.C., M.A.B. . . . .	Mr. A. G. POULTON
Will Grain, M.P. . . . .	Mr. GUY RATHBONE
Stuart Campbell . . . .	Mr. H. LANE-BAYLIFF
Peel . . . . .	Mr. JAMES HEARN

The play produced by Mr. CLIFFORD BROOKE

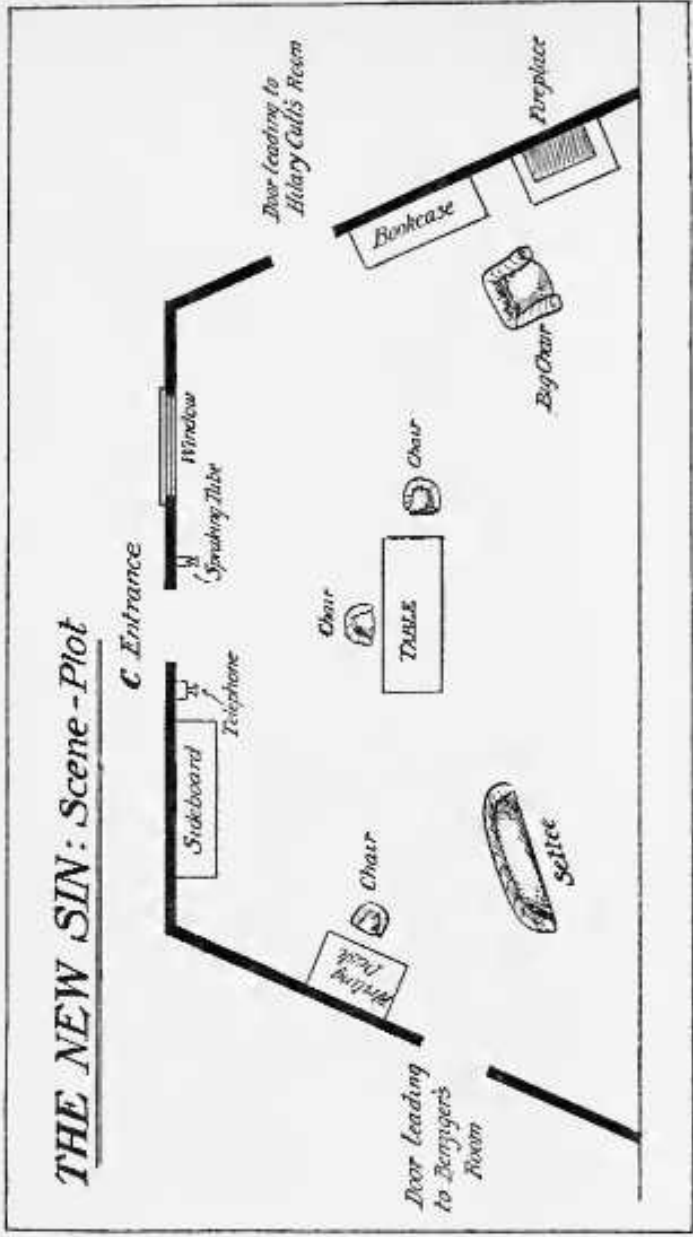
I DEDICATE *The New Sin* to the dramatic critics in the hope that they will, at any rate, refrain from accusing me of committing an old sin.

THE AUTHOR

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# THE NEW SIN: Scene - Plot



# THE NEW SIN

## ACT I

[JIM BENZIGER enters from R. and goes to speaking tube by door C. He is a man of about thirty-two years of age, tall, slim, fastidiously dressed. He moves and speaks very quickly. He is wearing a flowered silk dressing-jacket with light grey trousers and slippers.]

JIM [at tube]. That you, Peel? Porridge and cream, toast, the *Daily Mail*, a cup of strong coffee, my letters, a needle and thread and the *Times*. [Puts tube to ear and then back to mouth.] Mr. Cutts isn't up yet.

[Comes to table C. and removes decanter and glasses to sideboard. Alarm of clock in HILARY CUTTS' bedroom goes off, L. Muffled curses from HILARY off L.]

JIM. Hil, wake up. The cock has crowed, and Peel advises haddocks.

[Sound of boots being thrown at alarm clock off L. The first one misses. The second one finds its mark and the clock clatters to the floor.]

[Enter PEEL, C., bearing tray on which are all MR. BENZIGER'S orders. PEEL is an old man, and his countenance is ascetic. He is really very feeble bodily, but he affects sprightliness in order to escape dismissal. He wears black-rimmed spectacles and is quite bald. Sometimes he looks like a librarian, sometimes like an alchemist, sometimes like a miser, but in his manner he is always at pains to admit that he is merely the flat porter.]

PEEL [bringing tray to table, C.]. The boy didn't leave the *Mail* this morning, sir, so I brought you the *Express* instead. It's just as expensive, sir, and so much more chatty, I think. Porridge and cream, toast, coffee [ticking them off on his fingers], the *Times*, and you'll find the needle and thread stuck in the loaf, sir. There were no letters for you this morning.

JIM [who has snatched up the "*Times*" and extracted the *Literary Supplement*, pays no attention whatever to PEEL, but rushes to door of HILARY'S bedroom up L.]. Hil, Hil! The *Times* has reviewed my novel. [Indistinct swearing from HILARY'S room. JIM rattles the handle of the door.] Let me in and I'll read it to you while you're dressing.

HILARY [off]. Go away, or I'll come out and strangle you.

JIM. Oh, all right—but I think you'd like to know that it says it's—