

# WAR PLAYS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649763856

War plays by Allan Noble Monkhouse

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ALLAN NOBLE MONKHOUSE**

# **WAR PLAYS**



# WAR PLAYS

BY

ALLAN MONKHOUSE

AUTHOR OF "MARY BROOME: A COMEDY,"

"FOUR TRAGEDIES," ETC.



LONDON

CONSTABLE AND COMPANY, LTD.

1916

SHAMED LIFE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

## CHARACTERS

CLAUDE PLASSEY.

MRS. PLASSEY.

MRS. BOWES.

ISABEL ROWLAND.

## SHAMED LIFE

### SCENE

*The sitting-room of a small house in a village street.  
At the back is a French window opening to the garden.  
On this summer morning the window is open. On  
the left is the window looking down upon the street,  
for the house is higher at that side than at the other.  
On the right is the door leading to the other parts  
of the house. The room is furnished well and in  
good taste. CLAUDE is lying upon a sofa, smoking  
a pipe and gazing gloomily into vacancy. MRS.  
PLASSEY enters from the house.*

MRS. PLASSEY.

**B**Y the byc, Claude, Mrs. Bowes is coming this  
morning for some eggs.

CLAUDE.

Is that girl with her?

MRS. PLASSEY.

She's there still. I don't know if she's coming.

CLAUDE.

Well, I hope she isn't.

MRS. PLASSEY.

Why?



## S H A M E D L I F E

CLAUDE.

They give themselves airs—these people with their men at the front.

MRS. PLASSEY.

Now, don't talk about it, Claude.

CLAUDE.

Jim Bowes is coming home to marry her when he gets leave.

MRS. PLASSEY.

They oughtn't to do it like that. They ought to wait till it's all over.

CLAUDE.

But he may be dead. Let the poor devil have something.

MRS. PLASSEY.

Claude, I believe it would be good for you to get away from here for a time. I don't see why you should give up the idea of Oxford.

CLAUDE.

It's impossible. It's impossible to go there now. And I'm getting too old.

MRS. PLASSEY.

All the same, it isn't good for you to stay on here.

CLAUDE.

Well, you don't want me to go to the war.

MRS. PLASSEY.

No, no.

## S H A M E D L I F E

CLAUDE.

Of course, if it were not for you—

MRS. PLASSEY.

I know. It's my selfishness. I know I'm keeping you.

CLAUDE.

Honestly, I can't say that the thing's in my line but—

MRS. PLASSEY.

It's my fault. I can't let you go.

CLAUDE.

You've only to say the word. [*She looks at him earnestly, questioningly, and he continues rather hurriedly.*] It's not the sort of thing I'm cut out for, I know. You want blunt, hardy creatures; the old type of mercenary. For a sensitive, modern man it's impossible. They do it, but it's impossible.

MRS. PLASSEY.

Yes, it's impossible.

CLAUDE. [*Muttering.*]

They'll get me yet.

MRS. PLASSEY.

What did you say?

CLAUDE.

Of course I'm a single man—a young man.

MRS. PLASSEY.

The only son of a widow is not a single man. It's mothers, mothers they should think about, not wives. You may have a dozen wives.

## S H A M E D L I F E

CLAUDE. [*Laughing mirthlessly.*]  
Easy, mother.

MRS. PLASSEY.  
And why should they take the young? The old should go first—the middle-aged. They've had their life. They've had something. It's so unfair.

CLAUDE.  
But, my dear mother, the old can't fight.

MRS. PLASSEY.  
Forty's as good as twenty. Let them go first.

CLAUDE.  
I don't think it's quite practicable.

MRS. PLASSEY.  
Youth is the time for joy, love, adventure.  
*[She stops suddenly.]*

CLAUDE.  
Adventure!

MRS. PLASSEY. [*In a lower key.*]  
Everything is an adventure then.

CLAUDE.  
Love and adventure. That's what Jim Bowes is getting. [*He rises from the sofa, goes to the window and looks out upon the street.*] By God! He's getting the quintessence of it.

MRS. PLASSEY. [*Eagerly.*]  
What? What, Claude?