

***JOHN  
GALSWORTHY***



***STRIE***

***JOHN  
GALSWORTHY***



***STRIFE***

**John Galsworthy**

# **Strife**

**A Drama in Three Acts**

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# STRIFE

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## A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

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### PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JOHN ANTHONY, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works  
EDGAR ANTHONY, his Son

FREDERIC H. WILDER, |  
WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY, | Directors Of the same  
OLIVER WANKLIN, |

HENRY TENCH, Secretary of the same  
FRANCIS UNDERWOOD, C.E., Manager of the same  
SIMON HARNESS, a Trades Union official

DAVID ROBERTS, |  
JAMES GREEN, |  
JOHN BULGIN, | the workmen's committee  
HENRY THOMAS, |  
GEORGE ROUS, |

HENRY ROUS, |  
LEWIS, |  
JAGO, |  
EVANS, | workman at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works  
A BLACKSMITH, |  
DAVIES, |  
A RED-HAIRED YOUTH. |  
BROWN |

FROST, valet to John Anthony  
ENID UNDERWOOD, Wife of Francis Underwood, daughter of  
John Anthony  
ANNIE ROBERTS, wife of David Roberts  
MADGE THOMAS, daughter of Henry Thomas  
MRS. ROUS, mother of George and Henry Rous  
MRS. BULGIN, wife of John Bulgin  
MRS. YEO, wife of a workman  
A PARLOURMAID to the Underwoods  
JAN, Madge's brother, a boy of ten  
A CROWD OF MEN ON STRIKE

ACT I. The dining-room of the Manager's house.

ACT II,  
SCENE I. The kitchen of the Roberts's cottage near the  
works.  
SCENE II. A space outside the works.

ACT III. The drawing-room of the Manager's house.

The action takes place on February 7th between the  
hours of noon and six in the afternoon, close to the  
Trenartha Tin Plate Works, on the borders of England and



Wales, where a strike has been in progress throughout the winter.

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## **ACT I**

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It is noon. In the Underwoods' dining-room a bright fire is burning. On one side of the fireplace are double-doors leading to the drawing-room, on the other side a door leading to the hall. In the centre of the room a long dining-table without a cloth is set out as a Board table. At the head of it, in the Chairman's seat, sits JOHN ANTHONY, an old man, big, clean-shaven, and high-coloured, with thick white hair, and thick dark eyebrows. His movements are rather slow and feeble, but his eyes are very much alive. There is a glass of water by his side. On his right sits his son EDGAR, an earnest-looking man of thirty, reading a newspaper. Next him WANKLIN, a man with jutting eyebrows, and silver-streaked light hair, is bending over transfer papers. TENCH, the Secretary, a short and rather humble, nervous man, with side whiskers, stands helping him. On WANKLIN'S

right sits UNDERWOOD, the Manager, a quiet man, with  
along, stiff jaw, and steady eyes. Back to the fire is  
SCANTLEBURY, a very large, pale, sleepy man, with grey  
hair, rather bald. Between him and the Chairman are  
two empty chairs.

WILDER. [Who is lean, cadaverous, and complaining, with  
drooping grey moustaches, stands before the fire.] I say,  
this fire's the devil! Can I have a screen, Tench?

SCANTLEBURY. A screen, ah!

TENCH. Certainly, Mr. Wilder. [He looks at UNDERWOOD.]  
That is— perhaps the Manager—perhaps Mr. Underwood—

SCANTLEBURY. These fireplaces of yours, Underwood—

UNDERWOOD. [Roused from studying some papers.] A  
screen? Rather! I'm sorry. [He goes to the door with a little  
smile.] We're not accustomed to complaints of too much fire  
down here just now.

[He speaks as though he holds a pipe between his  
teeth, slowly, ironically.]

WILDER. [In an injured voice.] You mean the men. H'm!

[UNDERWOOD goes out.]

SCANTLEBURY. Poor devils!

WILDER. It's their own fault, Scantlebury.

EDGAR. [Holding out his paper.] There's great distress  
among them, according to the Trenartha News.

WILDER. Oh, that rag! Give it to Wanklin. Suit his Radical  
views. They call us monsters, I suppose. The editor of that  
rubbish ought to be shot.

EDGAR. [Reading.] "If the Board of worthy gentlemen who control the Trenartha Tin Plate Works from their arm-chairs in London would condescend to come and see for themselves the conditions prevailing amongst their work-people during this strike——"

WILDER. Well, we have come.

EDGAR. [Continuing.] "We cannot believe that even their leg-of-mutton hearts would remain untouched."

[WANKLIN takes the paper from him.]

WILDER. Ruffian! I remember that fellow when he had n't a penny to his name; little snivel of a chap that's made his way by black-guarding everybody who takes a different view to himself.

[ANTHONY says something that is not heard.]

WILDER. What does your father say?

EDGAR. He says "The kettle and the pot."

WILDER. H'm!

[He sits down next to SCANTLEBURY.]

SCANTLEBURY. [Blowing out his cheeks.] I shall boil if I don't get that screen.

[UNDERWOOD and ENID enter with a screen, which they place before the fire. ENID is tall; she has a small, decided face, and is twenty-eight years old.]

ENID. Put it closer, Frank. Will that do, Mr. Wilder? It's the highest we've got.