

A photograph of a large flock of pigeons in flight over a city square. The pigeons are in various stages of flight, with wings spread wide. In the background, there is a tall, light-colored wall and a tree. A person is visible in the distance, walking. The overall scene is dynamic and captures a moment of natural activity in an urban environment.

***JOHN
GALSWORTHY***

***THE PIGEON:
A FANTASY
IN THREE
ACTS***



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John Galsworthy

The Pigeon: A Fantasy in Three Acts

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

CHRISTOPHER WELLWYN, an artist

ANN, his daughter

GUINEVERE MEGAN, a flower-seller

RORY MEGAN, her husband

FERRAND, an alien

TIMSON, once a cabman

EDWARD BERTLEY, a Canon

ALFRED CALWAY, a Professor

SIR THOMAS HOXTON, a Justice of the Peace

Also a police constable, three humble-men, and some
curious persons

The action passes in Wellwyn's Studio, and the street
outside.

ACT I. Christmas Eve.

ACT II. New Year's Day.

ACT III. The First of April.

ACT I

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It is the night of Christmas Eve, the SCENE is a Studio, flush with the street, having a skylight darkened by a fall of snow. There is no one in the room, the walls of which are whitewashed, above a floor of bare dark boards. A fire is cheerfully burning. On a model's platform stands an easel and canvas. There are busts and pictures; a screen, a little stool, two arm. chairs, and a long old-fashioned settle under the window. A door in one wall leads to the house, a door in the opposite wall to the model's dressing-room, and the street door is in the centre of the wall between. On a low table a Russian samovar is hissing, and beside it on a tray stands a teapot, with glasses, lemon, sugar, and a decanter of rum. Through a huge uncurtained window close to the street door the snowy lamplit street can be seen, and beyond it the river and a night of stars. The sound of a latchkey turned in the lock of the street door, and ANN WELLWYN enters, a girl of seventeen, with hair tied in a ribbon and covered by a scarf. Leaving the door open, she turns up the electric light and goes to the fire. She throws off her scarf and long red cloak. She is dressed in a high evening frock of some soft white material. Her movements are quick and substantial. Her face, full of no nonsense, is decided and sincere, with deep-set eyes, and a capable, well-shaped forehead. Shredding of her gloves she warms her hands. In the doorway appear the figures of two men. The first is rather short and slight, with a soft short beard, bright