

Dr. Givings
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MRS. GIVINGS. But horribly romantic. My husband opens his umbrella at the merest hint of rain. And even if it does not rain, he will leave it open, stubborn as an ox, and keep walking. My husband is a scientist.

MR. DALDRY. And what sort of person are you, Mrs. Givings?

MRS. GIVINGS. Why, I don't know. My husband has always held the umbrella. Isn't that funny. I don't know at all what kind of person I am.

In the other room, Mrs. Daldry's clothes are now off to her under-clothes.

Annie drapes a sheet over her.

MRS. GIVINGS. I'll show you the grounds and we can use this very large umbrella and perhaps I will hold it and we shall see what kind of person I am. I only hope you do not get wet.

MR. DALDRY. It sounds like a madcap adventure.

Mrs. Givings and Mr. Daldry exit.

In the operating theater:

DR. GIVINGS. Are you ready for me?

ANNIE. Yes, Dr. Givings.

DR. GIVINGS. Are you warm enough?

(Mrs. Daldry nods.)

Mrs. Daldry, we are going to produce in you what is called a paroxysm. The congestion in your womb is causing your hysterical symptoms and if we can release some of that congestion and invite the juices downward your health will be restored.

Thanks to the dawn of electricity – yes, thank you Mr. Edison, I always tip my hat to Mr. Edison – a great American – I have a new instrument which I will use. It used to be that it would take me or it would take Annie – oh – hours – to produce a paroxysm in our patients and it demanded quite a lot of skill and patience. It was much like a child's game – trying to pat the head and rub the stomach at the same time – but thanks to this new electrical instrument we shall be done in a matter of minutes.