

Dr Givings  
#2

LEO. No – I am going alone.

Don't you see? It is Elizabeth who I love.

MRS. GIVINGS. Elizabeth?

LEO. Yes.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh – I see nothing, I understand nothing – my God, Elizabeth.

LEO. Yes. And she doesn't care for me, not at all, I told her of my affections on our walk and she slapped me. No – I will go to Paris alone. I am married to my solitude.

MRS. GIVINGS. I can be your solitude. I will be quiet as a mouse. I understand solitude, I am very lonely.

LEO. I do not understand your loneliness, Mrs. Givings. You have a child, a husband – a home!

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes. I am very ungrateful. I am sure that God will punish me.

*She tries to embrace him.*

LEO. No. You do not love me. You only think you do. You love your husband. He is a good man. Good-bye, now.

*He kisses her hands.*

MRS. GIVINGS. Elizabeth is in the nursery. If you wish to say good-bye to her.

LEO. I can't bear to see her. Just give her this, won't you?

*Leo kisses Mrs. Givings on the cheek.*

Come visit me in France. I promise you – you'll love the paintings.

*He leaves.*

*She goes into the operating theater.*

*She plugs in the vibrator.*

*She puts it to her private parts but she is too sad for it to work.*

*She cries as it hums along.*

*Dr. Givings enters.*

START

DR. GIVINGS. My dear, what on earth are you doing?

MRS. GIVINGS. (*bawling*) I am alone.

DR. GIVINGS. You are not alone, I am here. Have you been using this instrument on yourself?

*Dr. Givings shuts off the vibrator.*

MRS. GIVINGS. I am so lonely – Elizabeth is leaving us – Leo is leaving us – everyone is leaving – you are gone – you are at the club, or in the next room, always in the next room, with the door locked. You see that women are capable of pressing a button themselves.

DR. GIVINGS. Darling –

MRS. GIVINGS. When you touched them, the other women, and Leo, with the machine, did you feel love for them, when you touched them there, was it like love?

DR. GIVINGS. No. I only wanted them to feel better.

MRS. GIVINGS. And when you married me, did you want to love me, or did you want to make me feel better?

DR. GIVINGS. A doctor wants to make everyone feel better.

MRS. GIVINGS. But did you want to love me?

DR. GIVINGS. Yes! And you – with your hands on other men's faces – do you love them? Do you love Mr. Irving?

MRS. GIVINGS. A little.

DR. GIVINGS. I have a strange feeling in my stomach.

MRS. GIVINGS. What is it?

DR. GIVINGS. My eyes feel funny and my stomach feels jumpy. I believe I'm jealous.

MRS. GIVINGS. Give up your operating theater, darling.

DR. GIVINGS. And do what instead?

MRS. GIVINGS. Love me. Love me for your job.

DR. GIVINGS. All day long?

MRS. GIVINGS. All day long. I have heard that some women do not need the vibrating instrument to give them paroxysms, that relations with their husbands have much the same effect. Love me for your job.

DR. GIVINGS. I would like to love you.

MRS. GIVINGS. Would you?

DR. GIVINGS. Yes. I have not known how.

MRS. GIVINGS. You said to me when my hand was on another man's cheek that there were all types and shades of love – But what is it then, this very particular way in which you love me? What color? What temperature? And please do not say: you are my wife, I am your husband.

DR. GIVINGS. I do not have the words.

MRS. GIVINGS. Please try.

DR. GIVINGS. That is why they have poets – to classify all the degrees of love. It is for scientists to classify the maladies arising from the want of it.

MRS. GIVINGS. Try.

DR. GIVINGS. Do not make fun of me. Do you promise?

MRS. GIVINGS. I promise.

DR. GIVINGS. (*kissing tenderly each place as he names it – they are all on the face*)

I bless thee: temporomandibular joint

I bless thee: buccal artery and nerve

I bless thee: depressor anguli oris

I bless thee: zygomatic arch

I bless thee: temporalis fascia.

I bless thee, Catherine.

*Mrs. Givings cries, it is so intimate.*

MRS. GIVINGS. Open me.

DR. GIVINGS. Here?

MRS. GIVINGS. Away from the machine.

In the garden.

Undress me there.

DR. GIVINGS. You wish to undress in the garden in December?

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes, and please,  
do not call me impractical. Our whole  
future happiness depends upon it.