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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

In the Next Room, or the vibrator play

by Sarah Ruhl

SAMUEL FRENCH

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IN THE NEXT ROOM OR THE VIBRATOR PLAY was first produced by the Berkeley Repertory Theater, at the Berkeley Rep Roda Theater in Berkeley, California in Feburary, 2009. The performance was directed The performance was directed by Les Waters, with sets by Annie Smart, costumes by David Zinn, lighting by Russell H. Champa, sound by Bray Poor, and music by Jonathan Bell. The production stage manager was Michael Suenkel. The cast was as follows:

CATHERINE GIVINGS . . . . . Hannah Cabell
DR. GIVINGS . . . . . .Paul Niebanck
SABRINA DALDRY . . . . . Maria Dizzia
ANNIE . . . . . Stacy Ross
LEO IRVING . . . . . Joaquín Torres
ELIZABETH . . . . . .Melle Powers
MR. DALDRY . . . . . John Leonard Thompson

IN THE NEXT ROOM OR THE VIBRATOR PLAY was produced by the Lincoln Center Theater, under the direction of André Bishop and Bernard Gersten, at the Lyceum Theater in November, 2009. The performance was directed by Les Waters, with sets by Annie Smart, costumes by David Zinn, lighting by Russell H. Champa, sound by Bray Poor, and music by Jonathan Bell. The cast was as follows:

CATHERINE GIVINGS . . . . . .Laura Benanti
DR. GIVINGS . . . . . .Michael Cerveris
SABRINA DALDRY . . . . . Maria Dizzia
ANNIE . . . . . Wendy Rich Stetson
LEO IRVING . . . . . Chandler Williams
ELIZABETH . . . . . Quincy Tyler Bernstine
MR. DALDRY . . . . . Thomas Jay Ryan

IN THE NEXT ROOM OR THE VIBRATOR PLAY was nominated for the 2010 Tony® Award for Best Play and was selected as a Finalist for the 2010 Pulitzer Prize.

On the stage:

A piano.
Closed curtains.
Knick knacks.
One chaise.
A birdcage.
A pram/bassinette.
A rocking chair.
Sumptuous rugs, sumptuous wallpaper.
Many electrical lamps, and one particularly beautiful one,
with green glass.

Next to the living room, a private doctor's room, otherwise known
as an operating theater.
The relationship between the living room and the operating theater
is all important in the design, as things happen simultaneously
in the living room and operating theater.
In the operating theater, a medical table covered with a sheet.
A basin for washing hands.
Several vibrators.
And an outlet, to plug in electrical apparatus.
One exit, in the operating room, to an unseen room (the doctor's private study) and one exit to the living room, which has an exit to an unseen nursery and to the outdoors.

One might consider, rather than recorded sound,
using only the live piano if one of the actors is good
at playing piano.
One might consider, rather than the usual lighting instruments,
something ancient.
That is to say – in a play hovering at the dawn of electricity –
how should the theater itself feel?
Terribly technological or terribly primitive or neither –
At any rate, let the use of technology feel like a choice.

Personages:

DR. GIVINGS – A man in his forties, a specialist in gynecological and hysterical disorders.

CATHERINE GIVINGS – His wife, a woman in her late twenties.

SABRINA DALDRY – His patient, a woman in her early thirties.

ANNIE – A woman in her late thirties, Dr. Giving's midwife assitant.

LEO IRVING – Dr. Giving's other patient, a Englishman in his twenties or thirties.

ELIZABETH – An African-American woman in her early thirties. A wet-nurse by default.

MR. DALDRY – Sabrina Daldry's husband, a man in his forties or fifties.

* * *

Place:

A prosperous spa town outside of New York City,
perhaps Saratoga Springs

* * *

Time:

The dawn of the age of electricity; and after the Civil War; circa 1880s

* * *

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTES

Be sure to rehearse with a close approximation of the costumes you will be using (with the proper buttons and corsets) as the timing of dressing and undressing is all-important when synchronizing with the dialogue.

During simultaneous action, actors should never appear to be still or "waiting" for the other room to finish.

I am indebted to the book *The Technology of Orgasm* by Rachel P. Maines for inspiration. Thanks to Luke Walden for putting me on to it. Another debt is due to *AC/DC: The Savage Tale of the First Standards War,* by Tom McHichol, for thoughts on electricity. Thanks to my husband for finding it for me. A final debt is due to *A Social History of Wet Nursing in America: from Breast to Bottle* by Janet Golden and *Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages* by Phyllis Rose.

Astericks indicate quotations from primary historical sources.

Things that seem impossibly strange in the following play are all true—such as the Chattanooga Vibrator—and the vagaries of wet-nursing. Things that seem commonplace are all my own invention.

To my husband. For the garden on Hope Street.

Act I

First Scene

Mrs. Givings turns on her electric lamp.
She shows it to her baby.
Meanwhile, in the operating theater,
Annie changes the sheets on the bed
and cleans medical equipment in the sink.

MRS. GIVINGS. Look baby, it's light! No candle, no rusty tool to snuff it out, but light, pure light, straight from man's imagination into our living room. On, off, on, off, on –

She turns it off and on.
Dr. Givings enters.
He walks through the space
without saying hello to his wife.
She watches him. After he exits:

MRS. GIVINGS. Hello.

Dr. Givings re-enters.

DR. GIVINGS. Sorry. Hello, darling.

He exits again.

MRS. GIVINGS. *(to the baby)* We'll find a nice nurse for you, won't we? A nice wet nurse with lots of healthy milk. Your father put an advertisement in the paper and we'll get lots of replies today. My milk is not filling you up, is it? Are you less fat today, darling? Are your cheeks less fat?

She is near tears. She recovers.

I'll find you a nurse who hasn't a child of her own. Not that I hope to find a nurse with a dead baby for that

MRS. GIVINGS. *(cont.)* is tragic nothing is more tragic oh it hurts me here to think it – you in your pram not moving – but I suppose if I am to find a childless nurse with milk to spare, her baby must be dead, and recently dead, oh dear. I don't like to think of that.

Dr. Givings enters again.

DR. GIVINGS. I have a new patient who might ring the doorbell any second. If she arrives, would you please let Annie answer the door.

The doorbell rings.

DR. GIVINGS. Her nerves are terribly raw and it might throw off the entire clinical balance for her to meet you and the baby.

The doorbell rings.

DR. GIVINGS. Please hide. *(Shouting to his midwife)* Annie!

Mrs. Givings hides behind a piano.
Dr. Givings runs out with the pram.
Annie answers the door.

ANNIE. Hello, you must be Mr. and Mrs. Daldry, please come in.

Mr. and Mrs. Daldry enter.
Mrs. Daldry is fragile and ethereal.
Her face is covered by a veil attached to a hat.
She leans heavily on her husband's arm.

ANNIE. This way, let me show you to the operating theater –

Mrs. Daldry startles.

ANNIE. Well let's just call it the next room for now, shall we, don't be nervous.

Shall I just put your hat here?

Mrs. Daldry shakes her head.

MR. DALDRY. She's very sensitive to light.

ANNIE. Of course. Right this way.

Annie turns off the electric lamp.
She leads them to the office.

Mrs. Daldry arrives in the operating theater. Dr. Givings enters from the living room.

DR. GIVINGS. So nice to meet you, Mrs. Daldry, Mr. Daldry. Shall I take your coat?

Mrs. Daldry shakes her head.

MR. DALDRY. She's very sensitive to cold.

DR. GIVINGS. I see. Well, have a seat. Sensitive to light, sensitive to cold –

A baby's cry is heard.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, is there a baby here? I didn't know there was a new baby. How wonderful for you.

DR. GIVINGS. Yes. Could you shut the door please Annie?

She does so.
Then Annie sits invisibly in the corner, listening.
Dr. Givings sits and takes out his note-pad.
Mrs. Givings, meanwhile, in the next room, has heard the baby cry.
She sneaks out and exits to the nursery.

DR. GIVINGS. What other symptoms is your wife suffering from?

MR. DALDRY. I find her weeping at odd moments during the day, muttering about green curtains or some such nonsense.

DR. GIVINGS. Is it nonsense, Mrs. Daldry?

MRS. DALDRY. I suppose it is. The green curtains give me terrible head-ache. The color. Old ghosts in the dark.

Mr. Daldry gives Dr. Givings a pointed look.

DR. GIVINGS. Tell me more about the curtains, would you?

MRS. DALDRY. The house where I grew up my mother would wash the curtains every week, she beat them with a stick, and there were no ghosts in them. There was a beautiful view of a grape arbor and when the curtains were cleaned you could see right through to the grapes, you could almost watch them growing,

MRS. GIVINGS. *(cont.)* they got so plump in the autumn. My mother would make loads of jam – my mother was not a nervous or excitable woman. It was jam, it was laughing, and long walks out of doors. We haven't a grape arbor here – I am full of digressions these days Dr. Givings – but the point is I haven't the strength to wash the curtains every week and beat the ghosts out of them. You think I am talking like a madwoman but if you could see the curtains you would see that I really am very logical. They're horrible.

Mr. Daldry raises his eyebrows at Dr. Givings.

DR. GIVINGS. And you have tried the usual remedies, rest and relaxation?

MRS. DALDRY.
I do nothing but rest! Nothing but rest!

MR. DALDRY.
Yes.

MR. DALDRY. When I met Mrs. Daldry she was seventeen. She was an extraordinary creature. She played the piano. We ate grape jam in the arbor and there I told her I wanted to take care of her and protect her forever, didn't I.

MRS. DALDRY. Yes.

MR. DALDRY. Now I am afraid there is very little sympathy between us.

MRS. DALDRY. I am breaking his heart – . He likes me to be a certain way. Perhaps if I could play the piano again but my fingers will not work.

MR. DALDRY. No, her fingers do not work. In the living room. Or in any other room, if you take my meaning, Dr. Givings.

MRS. DALDRY. Mr. Daldry please do not embarrass me with such vulgarities. I am shocked and disgusted and I will leave the room now.

She leaves the room.
She stands in the living room, flustered.
She sees the electrical lamp and turns it on and off.

DR. GIVINGS. Mr. Daldry, your wife is suffering from hysteria. It is a very clear case. I recommend theraputic electrical massage – weekly – possibly daily, we shall see – sessions. We need to relieve the pressure of her nerves.

You will soon have your blooming wife back, she will regain her color, light and cold will no longer have the same effect on her. You will soon be eating grape jam and wondering how it is that Mrs. Daldry looks so much like a seventeen year old.

MR. DALDRY. Thank you, Dr. Givings. You have no idea what a source of anguish my wife's illness has been to me. And to her, of course.

DR. GIVINGS. Of course. I will have her back for you in an hour's time.

MR. DALDRY. Thank you, Doctor.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Givings has re-entered the living room with the baby.

MRS. DALDRY. *(to Mrs. Givings)*

This lamp is extraordinary.
It hurts my eyes to watch it go on and off
but I enjoy the pain.
It is a kind of religious ecstasy to feel half blind,
do you not think?

MRS. GIVINGS.

Yes, isn't it?
I was not suppposed to meet you
But I'm glad I have.
I hope you find my husband to be a comfort,
I know that I do.

MRS. DALDRY. May I hold your baby?

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes, of course.

DR. GIVINGS. I would ask you to leave Mrs. Daldry here while you take a walk around the grounds. Perhaps it's better if you don't disturb her now, Mr. Daldry.

MR. DALDRY. Of course. Whatever you think best, doctor.

MRS. DALDRY. *(while holding the baby)* What is the baby's name?

MRS. GIVINGS. Letitia. Lotty for short.
Three syllables seemed like too many for a baby.

MRS. DALDRY. Lotty.

During the preceding,
Dr. Givings shakes Mr. Daldry's hand.
Mr. Daldry puts his hat on.
Mr. Daldry gives a brief quizzical glance at the vibrator.
And exits.

ANNIE. *(in the living room, to Mrs. Daldry)* The doctor is ready for you now.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, no must I go back in there? I would rather hold the baby.

Mr. Daldry enters the living room.

MR. DALDRY. Be a good girl.

Mrs. Daldry hands the baby back to Mrs. Givings.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, she's beautiful.

MRS. GIVINGS. Isn't she? Too skinny though.

Mrs. Daldry hesitates, looking at the baby.

MR. DALDRY. The doctor is waiting, Sabrina.

MRS. GIVINGS. You'll be just fine.

My husband is a good doctor.
Or so I've been told.
If you'll excuse me, it's time for her nap.

Mrs. Givings exits to the nursery.
Annie leads Mrs. Daldry into the operating theater.
Mr. Daldry surveys the living room and prepares to walk the grounds.
In the operating theater:

DR. GIVINGS. Now then, Mrs. Daldry, I would ask you to remove your clothing but you may keep your underthings on. Please remove your corset, if you would. Annie will place a sheet over your lower regions. We will respect your modesty in every particular.

Mrs. Daldry nods.

DR. GIVINGS. I shall give you privacy.

He turns his back on them, a gentleman, as Mrs. Daldry undresses with Annie's help.
Mrs. Givings has re-entered the living room without the baby.
She sees Mr. Daldry.

MRS. GIVINGS. Hello again.

MR. DALDRY. Hello. They are trying to get rid of me. I am supposed to walk about the grounds.

MRS. GIVINGS. But is it not raining, Mr – ?

MR. DALDRY. Daldry.
I don't know.

MRS. GIVINGS. Your name?

MR. DALDRY. No. If it is raining.

MRS. GIVINGS. Then you will have to gamble on whether or not to take an umbrella.

MR. DALDRY. Indeed.

Meanwhile, in the operating theater,

Mrs. Daldry disrobes with Annie's help.
It takes a while to disrobe as she wears a variety of layers.

In the living room, with Mr. Daldry and Mrs. Givings:

MRS. GIVINGS. There are three kinds of people. Those who use umbrellas when it is not raining; those who do not use umbrellas even when it is raining; and those who use umbrellas only and precisely while it rains. Which kind are you, Mr. Daldry?

MR. DALDRY. I use an umbrella while it is raining.

MRS. GIVINGS. That's too bad. I find people who do not use umbrellas while it is raining horribly romantic. Strolling, no *striding,* through the rain, with wet hair, looking at a drop of water on a branch.

MR. DALDRY. My wife is one of those.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh yes! I could see that.

MR. DALDRY. It's damned annoying. I always worry she'll catch cold.

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 electricial instrument we shall be done in a matter of minutes.

MRS. DALDRY. I – I'm afraid I don't –

DR. GIVINGS. Three minutes, sometimes five at the outer limits. Are you ready Mrs. Daldry?

She nods.
He takes out a huge vibrator.
He plugs it in.
He turns it on.

MRS. DALDRY. I am frightened.

DR. GIVINGS. Don't be frightened.

MRS. DALDRY. There is no danger of being electrocuted?

DR. GIVINGS. None at all.

He puts his arm under the sheets and
holds the vibrator to her private parts.

DR. GIVINGS. I will tell you an amusing story. Dr. Benjamin Franklin once decided to electrocute a bird for his turkey dinner on Christmas eve. But, by mistake, he held onto the chain, completing the circuit, and couldn't let go. He described violently convulsing until he was able by sheer force of will to let go of the chain. He was perfectly fine! Do you feel calmer?

MRS. DALDRY. A little.

DR. GIVINGS. This will just take a matter of minutes.

Mrs. Daldry moans quietly.

DR. GIVINGS. It's all right, Mrs. Daldry. That's just fine.

Mrs. Daldry moans quietly.

DR. GIVINGS. Annie will hold your hand.

Annie holds her hand.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, God in His heaven!

She has a quiet paroxysm.
Now remember that these are the days
before digital pornography.
There is no cliché of how women are supposed to orgasm,
no idea in their heads of how they are supposed to sound
when they climax.

Mrs. Daldry's first orgasms could be very quiet, organic, awkward, primal. Or very clinical. Or embarrassingly natural.
But whatever it is, it should not be a cliché, a camp version of how we expect all women sound when they orgasm.
It is simply clear that she has had some kind of release.

DR. GIVINGS. That was very good, Mrs. Daldry. Is not this new instrument wonderful? Thank goodness for Benjamin Franklin and his electrical key! *(He waves the vibrator heavenwards.)* Did you know they electrocuted an elephant in Coney Island last week? Marvelous. Annie will help you get dressed and you may meet Mr. Daldry on the grounds.

MRS. DALDRY. All right. And perhaps I may hold your baby again before I leave.

DR. GIVINGS. Ah, I did not realize you had met the baby. I hope that was not distracting in the middle of our session.

MRS. DALDRY. No – I liked holding her. We have not been able –

She weeps.

ANNIE. Oh, there, there.

MRS. DALDRY. – to have children. I do not know what is wrong with me.

DR. GIVINGS. Oh, dear Mrs. Daldry. Take heart. You see, Annie, it is the pent up emotion inside the womb that causes her hysterical symptoms, you can see it quite clearly. I will administer another round of therapy to the patient. Lie back down, Mrs. Daldry.

He plugs the vibrator in again.

MRS. DALDRY. No, please no, do not touch me there again, it is very painful – no, please no – *(He places the vibrator to her private parts.)* oh –

DR. GIVINGS. What are you feeling, Mrs. Daldry?

MRS. DALDRY. My feet are very hot – dancing on hot coals – and down – down there – cold and hot to the touch – my heart is racing –

She has a quiet paroxysm.

DR. GIVINGS. That's all right, Mrs. Daldry, there there. You just lie there and stay quiet for a while. I am going to go wash my hands.

He moves to the wash basin.
She sits up.

MRS. DALDRY. *(to Annie)* Can you please hand me my hat.

ANNIE. Of course. You don't need to be ashamed. This instrument has quite the same effect on all of our patients. Sometimes they laugh and weep all at the same time. They often call for God.

Mrs. Daldry stands wearing her hat and her sheet wrapped around her. Her sheet falls off as she puts on her hat and she is left only wearing her bloomers and her veil.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh dear.

ANNIE. It is quite all right Mrs. Daldry.

Annie puts the sheet back on her.

MRS. DALDRY. I am suddenly drowsy.

ANNIE. Yes, most of our patients become drowsy after the treatment.

MRS. DALDRY. Might I lie down again?

ANNIE. Please do.

MRS. DALDRY. You are a midwife?

ANNIE. Yes.

MRS. DALDRY. And you assist Dr. Givings with births and all manner of things?

ANNIE. Yes.

MRS. DALDRY. How did you come to be a midwife?

ANNIE. I was thirty-three and unmarried, and hadn't the patience for teaching young children.

MRS. DALDRY. You have assisted women in their confinements?

ANNIE. Yes.

MRS. DALDRY. So you have seen every form of torture.

ANNIE. I have seen women in a great deal of pain, yes.

MRS. DALDRY. Hold my hand and I will fall asleep.

ANNIE. Of course.

Annie holds Mrs. Daldry's hand and strokes her hair.
Mrs. Daldry falls asleep.
Throughout the next bit, she drowses, and then wakes and gets dressed with the help of Annie.

In the other room,
Mr. Daldry and Mrs. Givings return from their walk on the grounds.
They are laughing and drenched.
Mrs. Givings shakes out her umbrella.

MRS. GIVINGS. I must be a very inconsistent person! I like to be wet and then I like to be dry and then I like to be wet again!

MR. DALDRY. You are very healthy and robust. I could barely keep up with you.

MRS. GIVINGS. I love to walk – I never had enough exercise as a child so now I walk walk walk no one can keep up with me not even Dr. Givings – that is how he fell in love with me, he said he was determined to keep up with me – he only saw the back of my head before we married because I was always one step ahead. He said he had to marry me to see my face.

Dr. Givings enters.

MRS. GIVINGS. Didn't you darling?

DR. GIVINGS. What's that?

MRS. GIVINGS. Have to marry me in order to see my face?

DR. GIVINGS. I see you have met my wife.

MR. DALDRY. Indeed.

DR. GIVINGS. We had a very successful session. You should find Mrs. Daldry much relaxed.

MR. DALDRY. Excellent.

MRS. GIVINGS. I gave Mr. Daldry a tour of the grounds. We got wet.

DR. GIVINGS. I don't want you catching cold. The baby musn't catch cold at this age.

MRS. GIVINGS. You know I'm healthy as an ox. If only more of my milk would come in. Oh, excuse me, Mr. Daldry that is not polite to mention in mixed company.

MR. DALDRY. Are you advertising for a nurse?

MRS. GIVINGS. Indeed we are.

MR. DALDRY. Our house-keeper recently lost her baby and I believe she still has plentiful milk. Perhaps she could help though we don't want to lose her services, she is very upstanding and all the rest of it, very hard to find, a gem. Self-educated, you see, with the manners of a lady. I don't know if she'd ever take it into her head to be a wet nurse, you know what they say about wet-nurses, nine parts devil, one part cow – but that's what you want, isn't it? A nice young woman who never intended to be a wet nurse but who has milk, milk to spare.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, she sounds perfect, we desperately want someone very moral whose child is recently dead.

MRS. GIVINGS.
Oh, no – what I meant to say is –

DR. GIVINGS.
What she means to say is –

MRS. GIVINGS. It's only that they say morality goes right through the milk. Mrs. Evans said just the other day, oh I wouldn't use a darkie, the morality goes right through the milk. But in the South, I don't know *what* they do in the South –

MR. DALDRY. Elizabeth our housekeeper is colored but she is very moral, very Christian. She goes to church every week with Mrs. Daldry who is a very devout woman.

MRS. GIVINGS. I see.

DR. GIVINGS. Has she recovered from the death of her child?

MR. DALDRY. As I said, she's a very religious woman resigned to the will of God. And her milk is still plentiful.

MRS. GIVINGS. Darling, I don't know about a – .

DR. GIVINGS. My father was a well-known abolitionist, Mr. Daldry.

MR. DALDRY. I believe I've heard of him. William Givings.

DR. GIVINGS. Yes. *(to Mrs. Givings)* You'd rather have a Negro protestant than an Irish Catholic, wouldn't you?

Mrs. Givings thinks about that.

DR. GIVINGS. Is she married?

MR. DALDRY. Yes.

MRS. GIVINGS. That's good.

MR. DALDRY. To be sure – you don't want an unmarried woman boarding at your house – turn the household upside down – the pretty ones anyway –

He laughs and jostles Dr. Givings. Mrs. Givings stares. Dr. Givings clears his throat.

MR. DALDRY. That is to say – she's married to a fine man with a steady job.

DR. GIVINGS. We would be happy to take on your housekeeper Elizabeth as a wet nurse. And we can pay handsomely but not so handsomely that she leaves your service. We really are in dire straits because my wife's milk is not adequate, I'm afraid. Bottle-fed babies don't do well in cholera season, they don't do well at all. It's no time to stand on prejudice, Catherine.

MRS. GIVINGS. My husband is a very unconventional man, a scientist. I've no idea what the neighbors will say.

DR. GIVINGS. Let them observe that your baby is growing nice and fat.

Mrs. Daldry enters, looking wonderfully well rested.

MRS. GIVINGS. How well rested you look!

MRS. DALDRY. I feel wonderful. Your husband is a good doctor.

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes he is.

MR. DALDRY. There are roses in your cheeks.

DR. GIVINGS. Is the light bothering you, Mrs. Daldry?

MRS. DALDRY. No, I hardly noticed it. I was horrified when the electric lamp was invented. I so prefer candle-light and I thought, from now on people's faces will look like monsters in the evening, without the help of candle-light. No flicker, no glow. But none of you look like monsters at present, you all look very charming. You are wet, Mr. Daldry.

MR. DALDRY. It is raining, Mrs. Daldry. Shall we?

Mrs. Daldry nods.

MR. DALDRY. Might we borrow an umbrella? I did not anticipate rain.

DR. GIVINGS. To be sure. I always keep an extra umbrella in case of emergencies.

MRS. DALDRY. Thank you, Dr. Givings. I will see you again soon I hope?

DR. GIVINGS. Tomorrow, I believe is best. We will need daily sessions.

MR. DALDRY. Excellent.
Oh – how much do I owe you Doctor? *(in lowered tones, away from the ladies)*

DR. GIVINGS. Not to worry. We'll settle up weekly.

MR. DALDRY. Oh fine, fine.
Then we shall see you tomorrow. And we'll bring Elizabeth with us!

DR. GIVINGS. *(as they exit)* Good-day!

MR. & MRS. DALDRY. Good-day!

MRS. GIVINGS. Good-day!

The door shuts.

MRS. GIVINGS. I'm nervous about bringing a stranger into the house, very nervous indeed.

DR. GIVINGS. Lotty is losing weight, my dear.

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes, of course, it's all my fault.

DR. GIVINGS. I'm not assigning blame, my darling.

MRS. GIVINGS. Whose fault is it then?

DR. GIVINGS. No one's. The body is blameless. Milk is without intention.

MRS. GIVINGS. A good mother has a fat child. And everyone knows it.

DR. GIVINGS. Then it will be a relief to find her a good nurse.

MRS. GIVINGS. Indeed. I cannot wait to meet her.

DR. GIVINGS. Cheer up, my darling. We are healthy and happy, are we not?

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes. *(automatically)*
Yes. *(then, smiling, with sincerity)*

He kisses her on the cheek, and moves to exit.
Mrs. Givings, alone.
End of scene.

Second Scene

Dr. Givings examines Elizabeth in the operating theater.

DR. GIVINGS. It is important to examine you to be sure your milk is healthy.

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir.

DR. GIVINGS. I also need to be sure you haven't any venereal disease that could be passed through the milk to the child. If you could just lie back please…

ELIZABETH. Sir, I'd rather not.

DR. GIVINGS. I'm a man of science, Elizabeth. Believe me, I won't be shocked.

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir.
Sir – you won't touch there, will you?

Mrs. Givings enters the living room.

DR. GIVINGS. I'm going to give you a medical exam, that's all.

She lies back. He covers her with a sheet.
The doorbell rings.
Mrs. Givings answers it.
Mrs. Daldry appears.

MRS. DALDRY. Hello!

MRS. GIVINGS. Hello!

MRS. DALDRY. I was walking the grounds, they're lovely.

MRS. GIVINGS. Why, you look in the bloom of health.

MRS. DALDRY. I played the piano again!

MRS. GIVINGS. What did you play?

MRS. DALDRY. I like to make songs up.

MRS. GIVINGS. Would you play one for me, please oh please?

MRS. DALDRY. I am very shy.

MRS. GIVINGS. No one is shy around me, Mrs. Daldry, I have the most wonderful effect upon shy people, they hear me talk and they think, oh why be shy?

MRS. DALDRY. I don't feel shy around you, Mrs. Givings.

MRS. GIVINGS. I knew it! You see I'm terrible at the piano, I just pick at it with one or two fingers, it's hardly been used, you must play it. The poor thing is *languishing* without a human touch. It is like a piece of dead wood without being played.

MRS. DALDRY. How can I say no?

Mrs. Daldry goes to the piano. She plays a pretty, somber, mysterious little tune.

In the next room:

DR. GIVINGS. Thank you Elizabeth, you were very brave, and you are very healthy. You can get dressed now.

Dr. Givings exits and Elizabeth gets dressed.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh but that's beautiful! A bit sad, isn't it? Do you think we make sad things into songs in order to hold onto the sadness or to banish it – I think it is to banish the sadness. So then if you write a happy song, is it not sadder than a sad song because by making it you have banished your own happiness into a song? What do you think?

MRS. DALDRY. I don't know.

MRS. GIVINGS. Does it have words?

MRS. DALDRY. No.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, but it must have words, Mrs. Daldry, oh it must. I will supply the words, play it again, and I will sing some words with it, how is that?

MRS. DALDRY. All right.

MRS. GIVINGS.

You raise the blinds in the morning
And I like to close them at night.
Together we sleep near the bird house
And forget the electrical light.

Dr. Givings re-enters the operating theater and escorts the now dressed Elizabeth to the living room.

MRS. DALDRY. Well that was very nice.

MRS. GIVINGS. Did you like it? Did it go with your song? Oh I hope you liked it. I hope the song liked the words because the words loved the song!

MRS. DALDRY. The song liked the words.

Dr. Givings enters with Elizabeth.

DR. GIVINGS. Mrs. Givings.

MRS. GIVINGS. Hello darling.

DR. GIVINGS. I have examined Elizabeth and she is very fit and healthy and will be a wonderful nurse to Letitia.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, that's marvelous! I'm so sorry about your own child, Elizabeth, that's dreadful.

ELIZABETH. Thank you.

MRS. GIVINGS. What was your child's name or did she have a name yet, oh that would be horrible, I don't know what's worse frankly, a name or no name yet, oh I need to stop talking, when death comes up I just ramble on and on, I'll stop now.

ELIZABETH. His name was Henry Douglas.

MRS. GIVINGS. A boy.

ELIZABETH. Yes.

MRS. GIVINGS. Have you – buried him yet?

ELIZABETH. He's buried at the church-yard, All Soul's. He was baptized before he died and for that I'm grateful.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, yes. Baptism, at least, is a comfort – he is in heaven now.

ELIZABETH. I don't like to talk about Henry Douglas. Ma'am.

MRS. GIVINGS. No of course you wouldn't. Forgive me.

MRS. DALDRY. Elizabeth has two other boys. Two lovely boys, very well-behaved.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, what a relief. We hope to have extra children, just in case, that is to say, more children. I would love to have a great big brood, all climbing over the furniture, furniture is so dead, that is to say so lifeless, I mean so sad, without children.

MRS. DALDRY. I don't have any children.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh! What a pity.

Mrs. Daldry is visibly agitated.

DR. GIVINGS. Elizabeth, would you like to meet the baby?

ELIZABETH. Yes, sir.

DR. GIVINGS. Catherine, please bring the baby in to Elizabeth. Mrs. Daldry, why don't you come with me.

MRS. DALDRY. Yes, doctor.

Mrs. Givings exit to the nursery.
Elizabeth sits, nervous. She takes off her hat.
Mrs. Daldry and Dr. Givings go to the operating room.

DR. GIVINGS. Did that upset you to talk about children?

MRS. DALDRY. A little.

DR. GIVINGS. Are you feeling nervous?

MRS. DALDRY. My heart is pounding and I feel quite weak.

DR. GIVINGS. Well you just lie down, just lie down, and I will administer treatment.

MRS. DALDRY. Where is Annie today?

DR. GIVINGS. She should be arriving momentarily.

MRS. DALDRY. I do not wish to undress in front of you.

DR. GIVINGS. Yes, of course. I will make some notes. Call out when you are ready for me.

Dr. Givings sits at his desk.
Mrs. Daldry starts to undress.
Mrs. Givings enters with the baby
and gives her to Elizabeth.

MRS. GIVINGS. Well. Here she is!

ELIZABETH. Would you like me to feed her now, ma'am?

MRS. GIVINGS. I suppose. She must be hungry.

Elizabeth sits, holds the baby, undoes her shirt, and begins nursing.
Elizabeth cries, with no sound.
Mrs. Givings watches. Mrs. Givings starts to cry.
Elizabeth notices.

ELIZABETH. Perhaps it would be better if I fed her in the nursery.

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes, I think so.

ELIZABETH. Excuse me.

MRS. GIVINGS. Of course. Just through there.

Elizabeth exits to the nursery with the baby.
Dr. Givings enters the living room.

DR. GIVINGS. Excuse me darling,
What is it?

MRS. GIVINGS. Well, Lotty took to Elizabeth right away. She latched right onto her breast and it made me feel very strange, to see her latched on to another woman's breast. For once it wasn't the baby who was crying. But I feel very queer, I do.

DR. GIVINGS. Now you have to think of the baby and what's best for the baby. She would starve without milk, so think about that and be practical.

MRS. GIVINGS. I don't feel well.

MRS. DALDRY. *(from the operating room)* I'm ready, Dr. Givings.

DR. GIVINGS. I have to attend to Mrs. Daldry. Why don't you have a nice lie-down. Here, I'll shut off the lamp.

He does.

MRS. GIVINGS. I don't want to lie down. I want to feed my own child.

DR. GIVINGS. But you can't, love. Your milk isn't adequate.
I love you.

He exits.
She paces around the living room.
She tries to play the song Mrs. Daldry played on the piano in the last scene during the following scene.
She picks at the piano with two fingers.

DR. GIVINGS. Sorry for the delay.

MRS. DALDRY. Not at all.

DR. GIVINGS. Fine weather we're having.

MRS. DALDRY. Mm.

DR. GIVINGS. Chilly but bright.

MRS. DALDRY. Indeed.

DR. GIVINGS. There we are.

In the operating room,
Dr. Givings turns on the vibrator.
It makes a loud sound.
Mrs. Givings hears the sound, registers
its oddness, and goes on playing the piano.
Dr. Givings puts the vibrator to Mrs. Daldry's private parts.

DR. GIVINGS. This will only take but a few minutes, Mrs. Daldry.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh…

DR. GIVINGS. There there. What are you feeling, Mrs. Daldry?

MRS. DALDRY. It's not working, today it's not working.

Dr. Givings adjusts the machine, making it louder.

DR. GIVINGS. There?

MRS. DALDRY. I don't know.

He repositions the machine, under the blankets.

MRS. DALDRY. Nothing. I feel nothing.

He turns it up again. The vibrating noise stops all together. And all the lights go out.

DR. GIVINGS. Oh, dear.

MRS. DALDRY. Did I make it stop?

DR. GIVINGS. It's not your fault. Electrical failure.

Mrs. Givings looks up
in the dark of the living room.
She lights several candles.
Annie enters the operating room.

DR. GIVINGS. Well, I'm glad you're here, Annie, we've had a power failure.

MRS. DALDRY. My head.

ANNIE. Oh, dear Mrs. Daldry, are you ill?

DR. GIVINGS. *(to Annie, in low tones)* I have been trying these last three minutes, it's never taken longer than three minutes with this machine.

ANNIE. Should I try the manual treatment, Dr. Givings?

DR. GIVINGS. Yes, why don't you, I will go look into this. Good-day Mrs. Daldry, Annie.

MRS. DALDRY. What is the manual treatment?

ANNIE. You just lie back.

In the near dark,
Annie puts her hand under the sheet and begins to stimulate Mrs. Daldry. We certainly do not see this, and the actress needn't simulate it exactly, but under the sheets, Mrs. Daldry has a female ejaculation.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh! Everything is quite wet! I don't know what's happened,
I'm sorry – I. How embarrassing.

ANNIE. That happens from time to time, Mrs. Daldry, I'll change the sheets.
Aristotle talked all about it.

MRS. DALDRY. Aristotle?

ANNIE. Yes.

MRS. DALDRY. Do you read Greek?

ANNIE. Yes.

MRS. DALDRY. My goodness.

ANNIE. I'm going to wash my hands.

MRS. DALDRY. Of course.

Meanwhile, in the other room, Elizabeth enters.
The living room is now lit with several candles.

ELIZABETH. Do you need me this evening, Mrs. Givings?

MRS. GIVINGS. Perhaps after supper?

ELIZABETH. All right.

Elizabeth turns to go.

MRS. GIVINGS. Wait a moment.

Elizabeth, when the milk comes in, can you feel any love for the child?

ELIZABETH. I try not to think of love. I try not to think of Henry Douglas.

MRS. GIVINGS. Of course. Do you want more children, Elizabeth? That is a tactless question, you don't need to answer, forgive me, sometimes I say whatever is in my head. I want more children and my husband desperately wants more children but I am afraid of another birth, aren't you? When I gave birth I remember so clearly, the moment her head was coming out of my body, I thought: Why would any rational creature do this twice, knowing what I know now? And then she came out and clambered right onto my breast and tried to eat me, she was so hungry, so hungry it terrified me – her hunger. And I thought: is that the first emotion? Hunger? And not hunger for *food* but wanting to eat other *people*? Specifically one's mother? And then I thought – isn't it strange, isn't it strange about Jesus? That is to say, about Jesus being a man? For it is women who are eaten – who turn their bodies into food – I gave up my blood – there was so much blood – and I gave up my body – but I couldn't feed her, could not turn my body into food, and she was *so hungry*. I suppose that makes me an inferior kind of woman and a very inferior kind of Jesus.

ELIZABETH. Hmm.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, dear, they said you were very religious, that must have sounded –

ELIZABETH. I *was* very religious.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh – I'm sorry, I –

ELIZABETH. I thought of Jesus while I was giving birth, like you. But I wasn't thinking about why was He a man. I was thinking, please save me Jesus. And He did. Now why He didn't save my Henry I don't know, so I stopped believing in Him.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh!

The light comes back on.

Ah, the electricity is back.

Mrs. Daldry enters, dressed.

MRS. DALDRY. Hello.

MRS. GIVINGS. Hello!

ELIZABETH. Hello.

MRS. GIVINGS. You look refreshed.

MRS. DALDRY. Do I?

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, yes. Would you play us something on the piano, I am sure Elizabeth would love to hear you play.

ELIZABETH. I have to get back to my boys for supper.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh stay for just one song.

MRS. DALDRY. All right.

Mrs. Daldry plays a little tune. It is sad.
They all listen to the song.
Elizabeth cries but no one sees her crying.
Annie enters.

ANNIE. What a pretty song, Mrs. Daldry.

MRS. DALDRY. Thank you, Annie.

ELIZABETH. I must go.

MRS. DALDRY. And I.

ANNIE. I am walking in your direction.

MRS. GIVINGS. Good-bye then, everyone gets a good walk except for me. Come again tomorrow or I will be very dull.

Elizabeth lingers.

MRS. GIVINGS. What is it, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Do you pay me now, or later?

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh goodness! I haven't any money, I'll have to ask my husband. Perhaps we can settle up weekly?

ELIZABETH. That's fine. Good-bye.

MRS. GIVINGS. Good-bye.

They all exit.
Mrs. Givings blows the candles out.
Dr. Givings enters, pleased that the power is back on.

DR. GIVINGS. The power is back on! One day whole cities will be electrified. Mr. Edison is the man to do it.

MRS. GIVINGS. Don't talk to me about electricity.
You know how it bores me.
Everyone is gone.
And we are alone.

DR. GIVINGS. Indeed we are.

MRS. GIVINGS. I shall turn this off.

She kisses him.

DR. GIVINGS. Shall we go upstairs?

MRS. GIVINGS. Or stay here…

DR. GIVINGS. In the living room?

MRS. GIVINGS. I suppose it is for living in.

They move to the sofa, awkward.
They kiss again, with polite desire.
The doorbell rings.
They look at each other as though to say:
Don't answer that.

DR. GIVINGS. I'll get it.

Dr. Givings turns on the light and opens the door.

Mrs. Givings blinks.

DR. GIVINGS. Mrs. Daldry?

MRS. DALDRY. I forgot my hat.

DR. GIVINGS. You look flushed. Are you all right?

MRS. DALDRY. Perhaps the walk over-excited me. I am not used to walking that much in one day. Annie and I were walking rather quickly, and discussing – well – she knows Greek, can you imagine – I feel faint.

Mrs. Daldry half-collapses on the arm of a chair.
Dr. Givings goes to her.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh!

DR. GIVINGS. There, there Mrs. Daldry. Why don't you come see me in the operating theater. The electricity is back on.

MRS. DALDRY. Perhaps I'm intruding on your domestic life.

DR. GIVINGS. Not at all.

MRS. GIVINGS. Not at all.

DR. GIVINGS. This way. Mrs. Givings, why don't you go to the nursery.

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes, dear.

Dr. Givings and Mrs. Daldry go into the operating room.
Mrs. Givings listens at the door.

DR. GIVINGS. No need to undress all the way, as you're not feeling well, just lie down gently. Are you still feeling faint?

MRS. DALDRY. A little.

She shakes her head, taking her gloves off.

DR. GIVINGS. Are you often subject to faintness?

MRS. DALDRY. No more than once a week, I daresay.

DR. GIVINGS. I see. We'll set you to rights, no worries. Are you ready?

She nods.
He puts the vibrator down her bloomers.
Mrs. Givings listens at the door.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh. Oh. No.

Mrs. Givings cocks her head.

DR. GIVINGS. Tell me what you're feeling.

MRS. DALDRY. I don't – want – a machine.

DR. GIVINGS. Any fluid, Mrs. Daldry?

MRS. DALDRY. No. Nothing.

DR. GIVINGS. I will try using a finger as well as the instrument to replicate Annie's experiment. Vulvular massage has been discounted in many circles but occasionally with the proper diagnosis and method it is just the thing.

He puts a finger under the sheets, and continues with the vibrator.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, oh, oh!

DR. GIVINGS. There, there, Mrs. Daldry, let it all out.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, Annie!

DR. GIVINGS. Excuse me?

MRS. DALDRY. Please leave me. I feel much relieved.

DR. GIVINGS. I will wash up and let you get sorted. Take your time.

Mrs. Givings knocks at the door of the operating theater.

DR. GIVINGS. Excuse me. *(to Mrs. Daldry)*

He exits to the living room.

What is it? The baby? *(to Mrs. Givings)*

MRS. GIVINGS. What is that sound? What were you doing?

DR. GIVINGS. Electrical therapy, my dear. Very successful session.

MRS. GIVINGS. I wish to see it.

DR. GIVINGS. You would not understand. Leave me my dry boring science and I will give you the rest of the world. You said yourself that my electricity bored you.

MRS. GIVINGS. I insist on seeing your machine now.

DR. GIVINGS. Are you going to force me to lock my laboratory?

MRS. GIVINGS. I am your wife.

DR. GIVINGS. And happily you are my blooming young wife without a hint of neurosis and in no need of my inventions or experiments.

MRS. GIVINGS. Experiment on me!

DR. GIVINGS. I can assure you that you would not like it.

MRS. GIVINGS. Experiment on me!

DR. GIVINGS. It would be unseemly for a man of science to do experiments on his wife. I'd lose my credibility. Now would you have the good grace to be quiet while Mrs. Daldry is in the next room –

Mrs. Daldry enters the living room, looking the very picture of health.

MRS. DALDRY. Do not let me forget my hat again.

MRS. GIVINGS. It is right here.

MRS. DALDRY. Ah.
Thank you Dr. Givings.

Mrs. Givings hands Mrs. Daldry her hat.

DR. GIVINGS. Not at all. Good-bye.

MRS. DALDRY. Good-bye.

MRS. GIVINGS. Good-bye.

DR. GIVINGS. I'm going to the club. Mr. Edison's man is electrocuting dogs this evening. He is out to prove the deadliness of the alternating current over and above direct current. I think it's hogwash. In alternating current, the current flips back and forth, back and – you see how much this bores you.

He locks the door of the operating theater and puts the key in his pocket.

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes it is very boring good-bye and don't kiss me good-bye please.

DR. GIVINGS. Very well.

He leaves.
She storms.
She goes towards the operating theater.
She jiggles the door.
The doorbell rings.

MRS. DALDRY. I've forgotten my gloves, I'm so sorry, what must you think of me.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, I'm so happy to see you! My husband has just gone to the club and I am bored out of my mind.

MRS. DALDRY. I think my gloves are in the other room.

MRS. GIVINGS. It is locked.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, I can come back tomorrow for my gloves.

MRS. GIVINGS. No, please stay. I have developed the most insatiable curiosity about my husband's operating theater. Perhaps you can tell me how it works.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh – no – I don't know how it works –

MRS. GIVINGS. He plugs it in, he turns it on, and then?

MRS. DALDRY. He applies electrical current to my – to my body – to release the magnetic fluid. That is what he says. Because there is excess fluid in my womb, causing my hysterical symptoms.

MRS. GIVINGS. Fluid?

MRS. DALDRY. Yes.

Really, I must go now –

MRS. GIVINGS. You sounded like this: oh, oh, ah-ee!

MRS. DALDRY. You were listening?

MRS. GIVINGS. It was loud.

MRS. DALDRY. Oh, dear. I will leave you now.

MRS. GIVINGS. Stay for tea.

Where does my husband place the electrical device?

MRS. DALDRY. *(pointing vaguely to her knees)* Just here.

MRS. GIVINGS. Hm.

And does it give you a pleasurable or a painful sensation?

MRS. DALDRY. Pleasure, and pain all at once – electrical current runs through my entire body – I see light – patterns of light, under my eye-lids – and a kind of white-hot coal on my feet – and I shudder violently, as though struck by a terrible lightning – and then a darkness descends, and I want to sleep.

MRS. GIVINGS. I never heard of anything so strange.

MRS. DALDRY. Let's talk of other things. They electrocuted an elephant at Coney Island.

MRS. GIVINGS. Yes, I've heard.

MRS. DALDRY. It is getting dark.

MRS. GIVINGS. I will turn the lamp on.

MRS. DALDRY. Please, don't.

They sit in the dark.

MRS. DALDRY. Can you imagine a time when all will be electric, all will be plugged in, why it will not stop at lights, but the way we cook our eggs and the way we get our chickens to lay their eggs too. Mr. Edison invented a recording device which he says will change everything, *it will record the last wishes of the dying.* Can you imagine? A man may know the voice of his great great grandfather, may know his last wishes. And what will become of the human body? Electrical arms perhaps. Even the fireflies will become electric.

MRS. GIVINGS. Electrical fireflies.

MRS. DALDRY. Yes.

MRS. GIVINGS. Electrical pianos.

MRS. DALDRY. God forbid.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh, to think of never carrying a candle! Not to walk through a hallway at night, holding a candle, afraid of tripping in the dark, starting a fire, it makes one more solemn, do you not think? Or to blow out a candle – how beautiful! With one's own breath, to extinguish the light! Do you think our children's children will be less solemn? A flick of the finger – and all is lit! A flick of the finger, and all is dark! On, off, on off! We could change our minds a dozen times a second! On, off, on off! We shall be like gods!

MRS. DALDRY. I'm afraid so.

MRS. GIVINGS. Have you a hat pin?

MRS. DALDRY. Yes.

She hands Mrs. Givings a pin from her hat.
Mrs. Givings goes to pick the lock of the operating theater.

MRS. GIVINGS. I will just retrieve your gloves.

Mrs. Givings enters the operating theater.
Mrs. Daldry is on her heels.
Mrs. Givings looks around.

MRS. GIVINGS. Is this it?

MRS. DALDRY. Yes.

MRS. GIVINGS. How extraordinary. It looks like a farming tool.
Where do you put it?

MRS. DALDRY. Here.

Mrs. Givings puts the vibrator to her private parts, over her skirt.

MRS. GIVINGS. I see.
Where's the switch?

MRS. DALDRY. I've no idea.

Mrs. Givings finds the switch.
The vibrator turns on.

MRS. GIVINGS. What a sound!

MRS. DALDRY. I will hold it in place for you.

She does.

MRS. GIVINGS. Is it heavy?

MRS. DALDRY. Tolerably.

MRS. GIVINGS. Well I don't see what all the fuss is about.

MRS. DALDRY. Sometimes I close my eyes.

Mrs. Givings closes her eyes.
Mrs. Daldry gently puts the vibrator
under Mrs. Givings' skirt.
The buzz of the vibrator,
for longer than is comfortable.

MRS. GIVINGS. Oh!
Oh!

Mrs. Givings climaxes.
And as she does so, she weeps.

MRS. GIVINGS. Well that was very awful – it was a very dreadful strange feeling, I see why he has been keeping it from me.

MRS. DALDRY. Yes.

MRS. GIVINGS. Would you like a go – ?

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