

*Dr. Pills (expostulating and holding back)*—But, madam! madam! suppose Timkins should, in his frenzy, knock the screen over and discover me—what then?

*Mrs. Timkins (pushing him forward)*—Trust to me, doctor; I will protect you.

*Dr. Pills*—The deuce you will! I thought you invited me here to protect you. *(Goes behind screen).*

*(Exit MRS. TIMKINS by one door.)*

*Enter TIMKINS by another door.*

*Timkins (in a rage)*—Maria, I will not submit to this; confound it, madam! *(Looks about.)* Why, where the deuce is Mrs. Timkins?

*Dr. Pills (Getting on a chair and looking over screen.)* That wretched woman has gone, and left me at the mercy of this madman!

*Timkins*—Bolted! afraid to meet me. Ah! *(thumbs in waistcoat-holes)* not content with persuading me to go away, she must send her maid to pack my valise, the hussy!

*Enter MRS. TIMPKINS.*

*Mrs. Timkins*—Timkins!! The hussy!

*Timkins*—Not you, Maria. I referred to Susan.

*Mrs. Timkins*—And, pray, what has Susan been doing?

*Timkins*—Rummaging my things; insisting upon this when I wanted that; said you sent her to pack my valise. Maria, have you any particular reason for sending Susan to my dressing-room? Are you aware that I have a great repugnance to the wiles and machinations of that girl? *(Aside)* Great guns, how I did want to hug her! *(Aloud)* I do believe you were setting a trap for me.

*Mrs. Timkins*—Are you crazy?

*Timkins*—Mrs. T., you have asked that question more than once during the past hour. No! Maria, I am not crazy, but I am strongly of the opinion you are.

*Mrs. Timkins*—Timpkins!

*Timkins*—What's the matter with you, Mrs. T.? What's got into you? One time I'm sick, and require change; the next, I'm mad. What's got into you? I tell you what it is *(seizes her hand)*, that infernal humbug, Dr. Pills, has got into you, Mrs. Timkins. He owes me a spite, and he has crammed your head with the idea that I'm mad. Ha! ha! mad! Oh! Maria, if I only had Dr. Pills before me at this moment!

*Dr. Pills (Looking over the screen.)* Oh, dear me!

*Timkins*—If I only had that consummate humbug here! If I only had these fingers in his hair, I'd make a door-mat of him. I would show you, Mrs. T., how your Timkins can punch another man's head when occasion requires it. *(At this moment a loud sneeze is heard behind the screen.)*