

ACT I. SCENE 1

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we'd gone to a hotel now. (*Walks about.*)
I say, did you make up the bed?

SHAWN. I was just doing it, sir.

CARVE. But what about sheets and so on?

SHAWN. I bought some this morning, ready
hemmed, sir—with those and the travelling
rug—

CARVE. Well, don't you think you could
work your passage out to the bed? With
my help?

SHAWN. Me in your bed, sir!

CARVE. (*Genially bullying.*) Keep on in that
tone—and I'll give you the sack on the spot.
Now then. Try—before the doctor comes.
(*Bell rings.*)

SHAWN. The bell, sir—excuse me.

CARVE. Confound—

(*Exit CARVE.*)

(*SHAWN coughs and puts a handkerchief
to his mouth. CARVE returns immedi-
ately with DR. PASCOE.*)

PASCOE. (*Glancing round quickly.*) This the
patient? (*Goes to SHAWN, and looks at him.
Then, taking a clinical thermometer from his
pocket and wiping it; with marked respect.*)
Allow me to put this under your tongue for
half a minute. (*Having done so, he takes
SHAWN'S wrist and, looking at his watch,
counts the patient's pulse. Then turning to*