

SCENE 6

EVEN ON THE NIGER AND
CEYLON, NOT THIS

The London Hospital. Merrick in bathtub. TREVES outside. Enter Miss SANDWICH.

TREVES. You are? Miss Sandwich?

SANDWICH. Sandwich. Yes.

TREVES. You have had experience in missionary hospitals in the Niger.

SANDWICH. And Ceylon.

TREVES. I may assume you've seen—

SANDWICH. The tropics. Oh those diseases. The many and the awful scourges our Lord sends, yes, sir.

TREVES. I need the help of an experienced nurse, you see.

SANDWICH. Someone to bring him food, take care of the room. Yes, I understand. But it is somehow difficult.

TREVES. Well, I have been let down so far. He really is—that is, the regular sisters—well, it is not part of their job and they will not do it. Be ordinarily kind to Mr. Merrick. Without—well—panicking. He is quite beyond ugly. You understand that? His appearance has terrified them.

SANDWICH. The photographs show a terrible disease.

TREVES. It is a disorder, not a disease; it is in no way contagious though we don't in fact know what it is. I have found however that there is a deep superstition in those I've tried, they actually believe he somehow brought it on himself, this thing, and of course it is not that at all.