

MERRICK. No, sir, I don't know.  
 TREVES. You call it, Home.  
 MERRICK. Never had a home before.  
 TREVES. You have one now. Say it, John: Home.  
 MERRICK. Home.  
 TREVES. No, no, really say it. I have a home. This is my. Go on.  
 MERRICK. I have a home. This is my home. This is my home. I have a home. As long as I like?  
 TREVES. That is what home is.  
 MERRICK. That is what is home.  
 TREVES. If I abide by the rules, I will be happy.  
 MERRICK. Yes, sir.  
 TREVES. Don't be shy.  
 MERRICK. If I abide by the rules I will be happy.  
 TREVES. Very good. Why?  
 MERRICK. Why what?  
 TREVES. Will you be happy?  
 MERRICK. Because it is my home?  
 TREVES. No, no. Why do rules make you happy?  
 MERRICK. I don't know.  
 TREVES. Of course you do.  
 MERRICK. No, I really don't.  
 TREVES. Why does anything make you happy?  
 MERRICK. Like what? Like what?  
 TREVES. Don't be upset. Rules make us happy because they are for our own good.  
 MERRICK. Okay.  
 TREVES. Don't be shy, John. You can say it.  
 MERRICK. This is my home?  
 TREVES. No. About rules making us happy.  
 MERRICK. They make us happy because they are for our own good.  
 TREVES. Excellent. Now: I am submitting a follow-up paper on you to the London Pathological Society.

It would help if you told me what you recall about your first years, John. To fill in gaps.  
 MERRICK. To fill in gaps. The workhouse where they put me. They beat you there like a drum. Boom boom: scrape the floor white. Shine the pan, boom boom. It never ends. The floor is always dirty. The pan is always tarnished. There is nothing you can do about it. You are always attacked anyway. Boom boom. Boom boom. Boom boom. Will the children go to the workhouse?  
 TREVES. What children?  
 MERRICK. The children. The man he sacked.  
 TREVES. Of necessity, Will will find other employment. You don't want crowds staring at you, do you?  
 MERRICK. No.  
 TREVES. In your own home you do not have to have crowds staring at you. Or anyone. Do you? In your home?  
 MERRICK. No.  
 TREVES. Then Mr. Comm was merciful. You yourself are proof. Is it not so? (Pause.) Well? Is it not so?  
 MERRICK. If your mercy is so cruel, what do you have for justice?  
 TREVES. I am sorry. It is just the way things are.  
 MERRICK. Boom boom. Boom boom. Boom boom.

*Fadeout.*

SCENE 9

MOST IMPORTANT ARE WOMEN

MERRICK *asleep, head on knees.* TREVES, MRS. KENDAL *foreground.*