

SANDWICH. I am not one who believes it is ourselves who attain grace or bring chastisement to us, sir.

TREVES. Miss Sandwich, I am hoping not.

SANDWICH. Let me put your mind to rest. Care for lepers in the East, and you have cared, Mr. Treves. In Africa, I have seen dreadful scourges quite unknown to our more civilized climes. What at home could be worse than a miserable and afflicted rotting black?

TREVES. I imagine.

SANDWICH. Appearances do not daunt me.

TREVES. It is really that that has sent me outside the confines of the London seeking help.

SANDWICH. "I look unto the hills whence cometh my help." I understand: I think I will be satisfactor.

(Enter PORTER with tray.)

PORTER. His lunch. (Exits.)

TREVES. Perhaps you would be so kind as to accompany me this time. I will introduce you.

SANDWICH. Allow me to carry the tray.

TREVES. I will this time. You are ready.

SANDWICH. I am.

TREVES. He is bathing to be rid of his odor. (They enter to MERRICK.) John, this is Miss Sandwich.

She—

SANDWICH. I— (Unable to control herself.) Oh my good God in heaven. (Bells ring.)

TREVES. (Puts MERRICK'S lunch down.) I am sorry.

I thought—

MERRICK. Thank you for saving the lunch this time.

TREVES. Excuse me. (Exits to Miss SANDWICH.) You have let me down, you know. I did everything to warn you and still you let me down.

SANDWICH. You didn't say.

TREVES. But I—

SANDWICH. Didn't! You said—just words!

TREVES. But the photographs.

SANDWICH. Just pictures. No one will do this. I am sorry. (Exits.)

TREVES. Yes. Well. This is not helping him.

Fadeout.

SCENE 7

THE ENGLISH PUBLIC WILL PAY  
FOR HIM TO BE LIKE US

The London Hospital. MERRICK in a bathtub reading.

TREVES, BISHOP How in foreground.

BISHOP. With what fortitude he bears his cross! It is remarkable. He has made the acquaintance of religion and knows sections of the Bible by heart. Once I'd grasped his speech, it became clear he'd certainly had religious instruction at one time.

TREVES. I believe it was in the workhouse, Dr. How. BISHOP. They are awfully good about that sometimes. The psalms he loves, and the book of Job perplexes him, he says, for he cannot see that a just God must cause suffering, as he puts it, merely then to be merciful. Yet that Christ will save him he does not doubt, so he is not resentful.

(Enter GOMM.)

GOMM. Christ had better; be damned if we can.

BISHOP. Ahem. In any case Dr. Treves, he has a