



CECILY. Well, doctor?

DR. GRIBBLE. He'll be down in a minute, he's just putting his things on.

CECILY. But the examination?

(DR. GRIBBLE is not as happy as he would have CECILY believe.)

DR. GRIBBLE. Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Lovell, nothing much wrong with him.

CECILY. Oh, I'm so glad.

DR. GRIBBLE. Just one thing, Mrs. Lovell, your husband isn't worried about anything? Er - business matters?

CECILY. No.

DR. GRIBBLE. Or, possibly some little domestic anxiety?

CECILY. No, oh, no. I'm sure he'd have told me if he had any business worries.

DR. GRIBBLE. I asked him myself, of course, but he said "no" most emphatically. I thought perhaps you might know of -

CECILY. No, no, nothing at all. Why do you ask?

DR. GRIBBLE. Well, as a matter of fact, mark you, it isn't at all serious, but I think your husband is suffering from some slight myocardial condition.

CECILY. What is that? Heart?

DR. GRIBBLE. Yes. It's nothing to be alarmed about, but he mustn't over exert himself, his pulse is one hundred and twenty.

CECILY. That's very high, isn't it?

DR. GRIBBLE. No, but we don't want it to get any worse. He's rather an excitable type of man, isn't he?

CECILY. Oh, no, I shouldn't say that, perhaps he's been a little bit nervy lately.

DR. GRIBBLE. Well, he became quite agitated when I suggested he might see a specialist, he absolutely refused.

CECILY. Do you think he'll be well enough to travel? We're intending to go abroad at the end of the month.

DR. GRIBBLE. Oh, yes, I think so – yes, certainly, as long as he takes things quietly in the meantime. I'll send along some medicine.

(He looks round, wandering up to the bookcase.)

You've made things very snug here, Mrs. Lovell.

CECILY. Thank you.

(DR. GRIBBLE looks at the books.)

DR. GRIBBLE. All the *Notable Trials* series – I see you're interested in criminology.

CECILY. Oh, no, it's my husband, he's very keen.

DR. GRIBBLE. *(Interested.)* Really? So am I.

CECILY. Personally I find it rather a morbid study.

DR. GRIBBLE. Oh, no, surely not, if you approach it in the right spirit.

CECILY. Scientific, you mean? I'm afraid I can't keep it up, I always get the horrors.

DR. GRIBBLE. Ah, a pity! I have quite a nice little library of criminology myself, it would be interesting to have some chats with your husband, he might like to borrow some of my books.

CECILY. That's very kind of you.

DR. GRIBBLE. Well, I must be getting along. I'm late for my surgery. I'll look in again in a day or so.

CECILY. *(Dubiously.)* You think it's necessary?

DR. GRIBBLE. Ah, I know. You're thinking of your husband's objection to us poor medicos? Yes, he told me, but I flatter myself that I managed to overcome them, we got on capitally. Well, goodbye.

CECILY. Goodbye, doctor, and thank you so much.

(She opens the front door. DR. GRIBBLE looks keenly into the garden.)