

Scene Two

MR. WORMWOOD

Where is he? Where's my son?

DOCTOR

Ah Mr. Wormwood... are you smoking a cigarette?

MR. WORMWOOD

What? Oh of course I'm sorry Doctor what am I thinking? This calls for a proper smoke! [MR. WORMWOOD snubs out his cigarette and begins to smoke a cigar]

MRS. WORMWOOD

Who won? Was it Jennifer Lyttleton? Maybe I could get a later flight or something...?

DOCTOR

Mrs. Wormwood, please stay where you are... as I keep telling you, you are in no condition to dance the tarantella.

MR. WORMWOOD

Oh my word, he's an ugly little fella, ain't he?

DOCTOR

This is one of the most beautiful children I've ever seen.

MR. WORMWOOD

Yeah, well you need glasses mate... he looks like a prune. Oh my good lord Doctor. Where's his thingy?

DOCTOR

What?

MR. WORMWOOD

His 'doo-daa', his 'whatchamacallit'. What you done with his thingy?

DOCTOR

This child doesn't have a 'thingy', Mr Wormwood...

MR. WORMWOOD

WHAT?! A boy with no thingy? [MR. WORMWOOD shows the baby to MRS. WORMWOOD] Look what you've done you stupid woman! The boy's got no thingy!

DOCTOR

Mr. Wormwood the child is a girl! A GIRL! A beautiful, beautiful little girl.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Is there still time for the Bi-annual Interchampions Amateur Sausage and Ballroom Dancing...

MR. WORMWOOD

The competition's over. 'Ere Doctor I don't suppose we could exchange him for a boy could we? MRS. WORMWOOD This is the worst day of my life!