

a molester! *(Looks for somewhere to hide, opens the closet door but RANDOLPH is standing there.)*

RANDOLPH. This is taken!

VERNON. Excuse me! *(Closes door and runs out front door.)*

CRANE. *(Comes downstairs and puts on LIGHTS at foot of stairs.)* Kate, there's nothing here. Believe me, the room is empty. Come down and see for yourself.

KATE. *(Offstage.)* I'm frozen to this spot! *(RANDOLPH comes out of closet and sneaks quickly out French doors.)*

CRANE. Kate, you're just having a nightmare. It's all this talk about jewel thieves.

KATE. *(Comes down the stairs dressed in a bathrobe and a cap over her head to hide her curlers. CRANE is in a simple cotton dress.)* A man was in my room. A huge monster of a man.

CRANE. It's the excitement of finding two bodies in the closet. And then dropping off to sleep like that.

KATE. Crane, I tell you, I woke up and there was this Frankenstein in the room. A gigantic man with long arms like an ape. And fangs. Yes, I'm sure he had fangs. *(She indicates they are huge.)*

CRANE. See, Kate—nothing.

KATE. How about that closet?

CRANE. That's all in the past. We're here alone. *(Goes towards closet.)*

KATE. Crane—don't. I have a funny feeling.

CRANE. Nonsense. *(Opens closet door.)* See—empty.

KATE. Well—it's the first time tonight. What happened to our search party?

CRANE. I don't know. You slept and Lillian and Lyle never showed up.

KATE. Why don't you phone them?

CRANE. *(Crosses below KATE to phone and points at it.)* I'm having that thing ripped out in the morning. Mabel and I are no longer on speaking terms. That girl is a quiet drinker.

KATE. I warned you about her. Of course she drinks.

What else is there for her to do strapped to that switchboard like Cap'n Ahab to a whale?

CRANE. *(Starts to laugh.)* Do you suppose she makes her own in a still?

KATE. *(Laughing, too.)* And on every bottle she pastes a picture of Tallulah Bankhead.

CRANE. Let's start our search anyhow. I'll take upstairs and you start down here.

KATE. Oh, no! Not with that closet. *(Starts for stairs.)* I'll start upstairs.

CRANE. Have it your own way.

KATE. *(As she goes.)* If you hear a scream, it's only me—I hope.

*(CRANE looks around the room, decides on the sofa, examines the upholstery and feels behind the cushions, gives that up as a bad job and decides to try one of the doors. Starting at the French doors, she points them out, and, saying, "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo." The "mo" ends her up facing the kitchen door. She starts towards it and when she is almost there it opens and PHILIP is there holding his pistol. CRANE starts to scream.)*

PHILIP. Don't scream. I'm a friend.

CRANE. Honest? *(He nods.)* Scout's honor?

PHILIP. *(Gives scout's salute.)* Yes, ma'am.

CRANE. Well—who are you?

PHILIP. Mr. Hammond. I live here.

CRANE. You can't be Mr. Hammond.

PHILIP. But I am.

CRANE. No. I have a very good memory for faces and you definitely are not Mr. Hammond. I'm sure you're not. *(Looks closely at his face.)* No, you're not.

PHILIP. Who are you?

CRANE. Mrs. Hammond.

PHILIP. Oh, dear.

CRANE. Yes, oh, dear. What are you doing in my

house? (*Moves to phone.*) You tell me or I'll call that drunken operator and get that Zane Grey sheriff up here.

PHILIP. The operator's the one who told me I'm Mr. Hammond.

CRANE. Mabel did?

PHILIP. If that's the name of the voice in there.

CRANE. Maybe she takes dope, too.

PHILIP. I really am sorry to startle you like this.

CRANE. (*Warming up to him.*) Think nothing of it. (*Moves down to him.*) This evening is full of surprises. Now, by way of introduction, who are you?

PHILIP. That's just the point. I don't know.

CRANE. You can't be that forgetful. Everyone knows his own name. (*Grives a little squeal.*) Of course, that's who you are.

PHILIP. (*Grabs her by the shoulders.*) Who—tell me who—please!

CRANE. In there. You're the man who was hanging in my closet.

PHILIP. I know that, but who am I?

CRANE. You honestly don't know?

PHILIP. All I remember is that I was in some sort of a library for some reason and then I was hit from behind. Everything went like a kaleidoscope. In a way it was very pretty.

CRANE. You were in my library. Come with me. (*Opens closet door.*) We have a rather peculiar closet arrangement. It leads off this living room and off the library here. (*He follows her as she goes through into library.*) Is this the room you remember?

PHILIP. (*Offstage.*) This is it all right. I was standing over there when it happened. (*Comes back into the room and to below sofa.*) CRANE follows him in and closes the door.) When I finally got clear enough to think, I was in some veterinarian's office.

CRANE. (*Crosses to him.*) That was Doc Parsons. I thought he was one of those wonderful old country M.D.'s. (*She sits on the sofa.*)

PHILIP. Maybe, but on his walls there were pictures of

horses and dogs and by his operating table there was a muzzle. So, when he was out of the room, I left and found my way back here. This is where it all started, so this is where I thought I must have lived.

CRANE. You have no idea who you were?

PHILIP. None at all. That operator told me I was Mr. Hammond when I spoke to some Indian person in Maine.

CRANE. That was my call to Kinni-Killi-Wock-Nock.

PHILIP. Well, it's your daughter's night off.

CRANE. Thanks. My woman's intuition says I can trust you. Sit down and let's figure out who you are. (*He sits beside her.*) Suppose you're the villain?

PHILIP. What villain?

CRANE. Somewhere here there are some stolen diamonds and everyone seems to be after them.

PHILIP. I don't think I'm a bad guy. Do I look bad?

CRANE. On the contrary—

PHILIP. Then I must be a good guy.

CRANE. Now for your name? Let's try a few on for size. Philip Smith?

PHILIP. No good. That's the name I made up when the Doc asked me.

CRANE. You don't look like a Philip. (*Rises and moves Center.*) James? Rock? John? Charles? Thomas?

PHILIP. This won't get us anywhere.

CRANE. (*Crosses above sofa left.*) Were you happy at home?

PHILIP. I don't remember.

CRANE. Are you married?

PHILIP. (*Rises and faces front.*) That's it! Madeleine—it's coming back to me. Brown hair, dark eyes, short legs, and when she walks her tail wags. No, that's my dachshound. (*He sits again.*) Try again.

CRANE. (*Moves to left of sofa.*) Sure you're not married?

PHILIP. I don't feel it.

CRANE. We'd better try another attack.

PHILIP. (*Jumps up.*) That's it!