

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!

CRANE. That's what?

PHILIP. Another attack!

CRANE. I meant verbal.

PHILIP. I didn't. If I lost my memory because someone hit me on the head, then shouldn't I get it back again with another hit?

CRANE. Possibly.

PHILIP. Do you have a blunt instrument?

CRANE. Not on me. Wait a minute. (*Crosses to desk and takes revolver from drawer where LYLE had put it.*) I have just the thing. I always use this in my books.

PHILIP. (*Moves in down Center.*) Are you Crane Hammond?

CRANE. There—you see, you do remember things.

PHILIP. Everything except who I am.

CRANE. (*Brings revolver to PHILIP.*) Here we are. Now hit yourself with the blunt end of this.

PHILIP. (*Reaches for it.*) Really?

CRANE. (*Pulls it back from him.*) This is stupid. If you are the Boss man, I shouldn't be handing you a gun. My readers would never believe it. But I'm sure I could trust anyone with a dachshound named Madeleine. (*Hands him the revolver.*)

PHILIP. (*Starts to hit himself. He lacks the courage however. Makes a second try. Puts the gun over his head and closes his eyes, but again lacks the courage. Hands the revolver to CRANE and sits in chair Center.*) Look, you hit me. I'm not masochistic enough to be brutal.

CRANE. I couldn't do that.

PHILIP. You've got to. It's my only chance.

CRANE. If you're sure. Where?

PHILIP. (*Points to the top of his head.*) Here.

CRANE. How hard?

PHILIP. Very. (*She draws back for a big hit.*) Wait! Mrs. Hammond, in case I remember everything and I'm a bad guy, I'll reform. You've been very nice to me.

CRANE. (*Smiles.*) Thank you.

PHILIP. O.K., shoot! I mean—hit! (*CRANE puts the butt of the revolver against the top of his head, closes*

*her eyes, faces the other way and taps ever so slightly.*

PHILIP *opens his eyes discouraged.*) Harder.

CRANE. In my books they do this all the time and it's no trouble. Ready? On your mark, get set, go! (*She brings the pistol down with great force, but since her eyes are closed, her aim is not too good and she swings above the chair, throwing herself off balance.*) I give up!

PHILIP. Maybe we could find a volunteer who isn't so kind-hearted.

CRANE. Let's see, who's around?

PHILIP. Everyone, I should think. There's an awful crowd of people milling outside and inside. I finally got a flashlight away from one woman so I could see what I was doing.

KATE. (*Comes downstairs.*) I couldn't even find a rhinestone. Have you found anything? (*At Up Center.*) Ohh, you hit the jackpot! (*Notices that CRANE is holding the revolver pointing toward herself.*) You're holding the gun the wrong way! (*Turns it around and heads for the phone, going above CRANE.*) I'll call the police. (*She is now dressed in a summer cotton.*)

CRANE. No, Kate, this isn't who you think it is.

KATE. (*Comes down to CRANE.*) Then who is it?

CRANE. We're not sure *who* he is actually, but he's a good guy. Oh, this is Kate Bixley, my secretary. (*PHILIP rises.*) Kate, this is John Doe.

KATE. The face is familiar but the name escapes me.

PHILIP. How do you do?

CRANE. He has amnesia, but I'm sure we can trust him.

He's trying to find out who he is.

KATE. This is no place to do it.

PHILIP. (*Exasperated, he crosses to below the sofa.*)

Someone here must know me.

KATE. We're the only people in the house.

PHILIP. Are you kidding?

CRANE. He says people are everywhere like Red Square on May Day.

KATE. I suspected as much.

CRANE. I have an idea. (*Crosses to PHILIP.*) Phil Smith,