

for want of a better name, will hide here and we'll go upstairs and put the lights out. Then, as a disinterested party, he can check on who is where and why.

KATE. I'm game for anything.

PHILIP. I don't know who I'm looking for.

CRANE. Neither do we.

KATE. How about Lillian and Lyle?

CRANE. Oh, yes. We're expecting two people. They're friends. I mean they're friends of *ours*. They're married—to each other. Except that he's married to me—only for tonight, of course, until she gets her divorce and—oh, the hell with it! (*Hands him the revolver.*) Here, you take this.

PHILIP. Are you sure this is wise?

KATE. Peter Gunn would never do it.

CRANE. Hold up your index finger. (*He does. CRANE turns to KATE.*) See, Kate! Now, Phil, you just call if anything happens. We'll be ready. (*She starts upstairs followed by KATE. PHILIP is left looking at his index finger and wondering what it's all about.*) We can always use the extension phone upstairs.

KATE. To call who?

CRANE. Boston, I suppose. Of course we'll be dead of old age by the time Mabel gets a circuit.

KATE. I wonder if she's AC or DC. (*They are off.*)

(*PHILIP puts the gun in his pocket and looks around the room. He slowly approaches the closet and quickly opens the door but it is empty. He opens the kitchen door. As he is backing into the room, LYLE comes backing through the French doors. He is now dressed in slacks and a sport shirt. They bump Down Center.*)

LYLE AND PHILIP. What are you doing here? I'm Mr. Hammond. You are?

LYLE. This is rather embarrassing.

PHILIP. Yes, it is.

LYLE AND PHILIP. You see, I—

LYLE. Wait a minute. One at a time. I'll go first. Mr. Hammond, let me explain. I'm really Lillian Seymour's new husband and, well—Crane will explain why I was pretending to be you. My name is Lyle Rogers. (*Shakes PHILIP'S hand.*)

PHILIP. Oh, that makes everything clear.

LYLE. (*Starts for doors.*) I'll go get Lillian. I just wanted to be sure it was safe to bring her in.

PHILIP. It's perfectly safe.

LYLE. (*Comes back and pumps his hand.*) I sure am glad to meet you. Maybe you can straighten out this mess. Did you fly from Chicago for a surprise?

PHILIP. It's been an evening of surprises.

LYLE. Sure has. We'll be back in a couple of minutes.

(*He goes out leaving a bewildered PHILIP. As he backs upstage, the front door opens and RANDOLPH backs in. They collide at the arch Up Center.*)

PHILIP AND RANDOLPH. Who are you? I'm Mr. Hammond.

PHILIP. Now, just a RANDOLPH. Cripes! minute—

(*RANDOLPH runs out through French doors. PHILIP starts after him but decides to tell the girls upstairs what is happening. As he heads for the stairs the front door opens and JENNY rushes in.*)

JENNY. Randolph, wait for me. (*She collides with PHILIP.*) Oops!

JENNY AND PHILIP. Who are you? (*JENNY turns to windows and PHILIP up the stairs.*) Help!

CRANE. (*Offstage.*) Coming.

KATE. (*Offstage.*) Hang on.

PHILIP. (*Struggling with JENNY.*) What are you doing sneaking in here?

JENNY. I work here.

PHILIP. What's your name?

JENNY. Jenny.

CRANE. (*Comes downstairs followed by KATE.*) What's going on here? Jenny, you went home hours ago.

JENNY. (*Crosses below PHILIP to CRANE.*) I come back to cook breakfast.

KATE. (*As she shuts the front door.*) At two in the morning?

JENNY. Is that what time it is? My clock broke. I thought it must be time to get up. I heard a cock crow.

CRANE. That was Miss Bixley screaming. (*KATE moves to above the desk.*) Jenny, this is Mr. Smith. He's a very dear friend of ours.

JENNY. He looks familiar. Ain't I seen you somewhere before?

PHILIP. Nooo!

CRANE. (*Pushes JENNY towards the kitchen.*) Now that you're here, why don't you go in the kitchen and make some coffee or something? I think we're up for the day.

JENNY. Yes'm. I don't know if I'll work here much longer, though. I don't approve of the goin's on. (*She slams out.*)

CRANE. (*To PHILIP.*) You'd better get out there and keep an eye on her.

PHILIP. (*As he starts for kitchen.*) Am I supposed to trust her?

CRANE. Trust no one, not even yourself till you find out who you are. (*This stops PHILIP momentarily at the door, then he goes out.*)

KATE. My next vacation, I'm going to pitch a pup tent in Times Square and just relax.

CRANE. This will all pass, Kate, like scarlet fever. (*DOORBELL rings.*) Now what?

JENNY. (*Enters.*) Am I supposed to answer the door this early in the morning?

CRANE. I will do it. (*She opens the front door, gives a screech and slams it shut and leans against it. A man's arm is caught in the door and it wavers about.* NOTE: If the actor playing the man puts his foot in the door, it

*will keep the door open enough so the pressure won't be on his arm.*) Jenny, go—go—go back into the kitchen.

JENNY. (*Indicating the waving arm.*) Someone wants to get in.

CRANE. Kate!

KATE. Jenny, go or I shall practice my jiu-jitsu! (*She takes the pose and starts after JENNY who flees to the kitchen. KATE moves up on the left side of the desk.*) What is it?

CRANE. Look! (*Opens the door and RICHARD HAMMOND stumbles in. He carries a briefcase and wears a hat and dark traveling suit. He is somewhat older than CRANE and a typically nice-looking businessman.*)

RICHARD. Surprise, I think!

KATE. Mr. Hammond!

CRANE. (*Throws her arms around him.*) Richard, darling, how sweet of you.

RICHARD. Did I pick a wrong moment?

CRANE. (*As she closes front door.*) Any moment this evening would have been wrong. But aren't you in Chicago?

RICHARD. I quit the conference and flew back.

CRANE. Quit?

RICHARD. (*Very pleased with this announcement, he crosses out of the arch, below CRANE and to below the closet.*) And I resigned from the newspaper. The novel's been accepted and I'm getting a healthy advance. What do you think of that?

CRANE. (*Embracing KATE.*) Congratulations, Mr. Hammond.

KATE. Crane, what if he's found here?

CRANE. Oh, yes. Richard, now don't ask for explanations. It's so silly, but—

*(The front door opens and VERNON pokes his head in. He cannot see RICHARD and CRANE standing below the closet. CRANE pushes RICHARD in the closet, closes the door and leans against it.)*