

Bentley / Magee
(Owner)

98 SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE

MYRA. (*Appears on balcony R.*) I'm not a real dead one. (*Hearty laugh from all.*)

MAGEE. (*To MARY, after looking around in amazement. Goes to her, L.C.*) Are you real?

(OWNER comes downstage to c.)

MARY. Not a real newspaper reporter.

MAGEE. I mean a real girl.

MARY. (*Smiles*) That's for you to say.

MAGEE. (*Turns to OWNER*) Well, for heaven's sake, don't keep me in the dark. Explain, tell me what it all means.

OWNER. It means, old boy, that I wanted to prove to you how perfectly improbable and terrible those awful stories you've been writing would seem if such things really and truly happened. I left New York an hour ahead of you to-day. I got to Reuton at nine o'clock to-night; went directly to the Empire Theatre; told the manager of our bet; framed the whole plan; engaged the entire stock company; hired half a dozen autos; shot over to Asquewan after the performance, and we arrived at the top of the mountain at exactly twelve o'clock. Since then you know what's happened. I've been watching the proceedings from the outside, and if it were not for the fact that I'm nearly frozen stiff, I'd call it a wonderful night. (*All laugh heartily.*)

MAGEE. You did this to me?

OWNER. (*Laughs*) You're not mad, are you? Of course, if you want to go through with the bet, why—

end
MAGEE. No, thanks; the bet's off. I've had enough of Baldpate. Me for the Commercial House until the train is ready to start. (*Over to MARY, L.C.*) Is your real name Mary? (*She nods affirmatively.*) Well, Mary, the shots in the night, the chases after fortunes, and all the rest of the melo-