



not concern me. But I should like your answering me one question. Where did you get your key to Baldpate?

BLAND. None of your damned business! I didn't come here to tell you the story of my life!

MAGEE. Well, you might at least relate that portion of it that has led you to trespassing on a gentleman seeking seclusion.

BLAND. Trespassing, eh? Who's trespassing, you or I?

MAGEE. My right here is indisputable.

BLAND. Who gave you that key?

MAGEE. None of your damned business! If I remember rightly, that's the answer you gave me.

BLAND. (*Goes slightly nearer MAGEE*) You've got a pretty good nerve to talk like that with a gun in front of your face.

MAGEE. Oh, that doesn't disturb me in the least. While I have never experienced this sort of thing in real life before, I've written so much of this melodramatic stuff and collected such splendid royalties from it all, that it rather amuses me to discover that the so-called literary trash is the real thing, after all. You may not believe it, but, really, old chap, I've written you over and over again! (*Laughs heartily and slaps BLAND on the shoulder. The latter backs away after second slap. MAGEE sits at table, still laughing heartily.*)

BLAND. (*Up close to MAGEE*) Say, I killed a man once for laughing at me.

MAGEE. That's my line—I used it in "The Lost Limousine." Four hundred thousand copies. I'll bet you've read it.

BLAND. (*Pointing gun*) If you don't tell me who you are and what you're doing here, I'll kill you as dead as a door-nail. Come on, I mean business—who are you?