Magee / Bland

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE

with Magee, who by this time is standing R. Bland's hand goes to his pocket for his gun as he comes slowly C. to Magee.)

Start

MAGEE. (Cool and collected) Good evening—or perhaps I should say, good morning:

BLAND. (Keeping his hand on gun as he advances

toward MAGEE) Who are you?

MAGEE. I was just about to put that question to you.

BLAND. What are you doing here?

MAGEE. I rather think I'm the one entitled to an explanation.

BLAND. Did you follow me up that mountain? MAGEE. Oh, no; I was here an hour ahead of you.

BLAND. How'd you get in here?

MAGEE. (Points) Through that door.

BLAND. You lie! There's only one key to that

door, and I have it right here in my pocket.

MAGEE. My dear sir, I was laboring under that same impression until a moment ago; but as your key fits the lock, and my key fits the lock, there are evidently two keys to Baldpate instead of one. (He shows Bland his key.) See?

BLAND. You mean to tell me that's a key to Bald-

pate?

MAGEE. Yes. That's why I became so interested in your arrival here. I heard you telephone your friend just now and declare that your key was the only one in existence. (Laughs.) It sort of handed me a laugh.

BLAND. You heard what I said over the tele-

phone?

MAGEE. Every word.

BLAND. (Pulls pistol) You don't think you're

going to live to tell it, do you?

MAGEE. Have no fear on that score. I'm not a tattle-tale, nor do I intend to pry into affairs that do

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?

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