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peering around room, then goes up R. and to C. and down to table L., on which she places the lantern. QUIMBY, after locking the door, goes slowly down L. to table, meanwhile stamping feet, removing ear-muffs and placing cap and mittens on table. MRS. QUIMBY removes her mittens, and they both stand rubbing their hands and ears. All this business is done without a word being spoken. The reason for it is to prove to the audience that the night is bitterly cold and that the two people are half frozen after their climb up the mountain.

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QUIMBY. (*At table L., right of Mrs. QUIMBY, shivering*) You know, Mother, I think it's colder in here than it is outside.

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Shivering*) I was going to say the same thing, Elijah.

QUIMBY. Maybe we'd better open the door and let in some warm air.

MRS. QUIMBY. You'd better not; the snow'll blow all over the place. See if there's any logs over there and we'll build a fire. (*Indicates fireplace with a nod of her head.*)

QUIMBY. (*Starts R., stops and stamps his feet*) You know, Mother, I think my feet are froze. I can't feel 'em when I walk. (*Knocks hands together.*)

(*TOWN Clock Ready.*)

MRS. QUIMBY. I don't wonder, after that climb up the mountain. Lord, I'll never forget this night! I'm about perished. (*She straightens chairs, etc., while QUIMBY is looking for logs.*) Any logs there?

QUIMBY. Yep, plenty of 'em. I got this thing all ready, anyway. I was goin' to build a fire when I was up here last week. I'll have 'em blazin' in a minute if I can find them darned matches. (*Searches through his pockets.*) I can swear I put a box of

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'em in my pocket before I left the house! (*Finds them.*) Yep, here they are!

MRS. QUIMBY. You'd better light a lamp first, so's you can see what you're doin'.

QUIMBY. That's a good idea.

(Clock in distance strikes eleven while he is scratching match and lighting lamp over fireplace R.
Note.—Footlights up slightly when lamp is turned up.)

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Standing at foot of stairs*)
Eleven o'clock.

QUIMBY. Yep, that's what it is—eleven o'clock. (*Goes upstage and looks through glass door.*) That train's been in over twenty minutes already. I suppose it's the storm that delays him. 'Tain't over a ten-minute walk up the mountain from the depot. (*Comes down R.C.*)

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Goes to R., near desk*) Maybe the train's late on account of the storm.

QUIMBY. No; I heard it signal the crossing at Asquewan Junction a half hour ago. That feller'll be here before we know it. (*Hands her matches.*) Light the other lamp, will you, Mother, while I get at this fire?

(MRS. QUIMBY takes matches and lights lamp up L., near stairway. He builds fire in fireplace. Both are busily engaged in fixing room, heating and lighting it during following conversation:)

MRS. QUIMBY. Maybe we should have gone to the depot to meet him?

QUIMBY. (*Going C.*) No; we shouldn't have done nothin' of the kind. The telegram just said to come here and to open up the place and have it ready for him. Them's the instructions, and them's the only

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things I foller—is instructions. (*Starts toward R.*)

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Going c.*) But what do you suppose anybody wants to be doin' in a summer hotel on the top of a mountain in the dead of winter?

QUIMBY. Mother, you know I can't figger out nothin'. (*Goes up to door, peers out, then comes down to MRS. QUIMBY.*) If I could I'd 'a' been a multi-millionaire years ago, instead of an old fool caretaker. (*Goes nearer to MRS. QUIMBY.*) Dust up a bit there, will you, Mother, and make the place look a little respectable? (*Goes toward fireplace.*) She'll be goin' all right in a minute now.

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Dusting with cloth she has taken from foot of stairs*) What's his name again?

QUIMBY. Magee, I think the telegram says. (*Meets MRS. QUIMBY at c.*)

MRS. QUIMBY. Magee?

QUIMBY. Wait a minute, I'll make sure. (*Takes telegram from his pocket.*)

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Takes telegram from him and goes L.*) Give it to me; I want to read it myself. The whole thing's very mysterious to me. (*Goes to table and sits, reading by light of lantern.*)

QUIMBY. (*Goes toward MRS. QUIMBY—fire begins to blaze up*) Of course it's mysterious, but it's none of our business. Mr. Bentley is the owner of Baldpate Inn. If Mr. Bentley wants to permit some darn fool to come to this place to be froze to death by stale air and to be frightened to death by spooks, it's his concern and not ours. (*Turns and looks at fire, which is blazing.*) Ah, there she goes, she's blazing up fine. That'll warm it up a little. (*Goes L.C. to MRS. QUIMBY during next speech.*)

MRS. QUIMBY. (*Reading message slowly*) "My friend, William Hallowell Magee, will arrive in Asquewan Falls to-night on the ten-forty. He will occupy Baldpate Inn, so be prepared to receive him there, and turn the key over to him and do whatever

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