

SANDERSON. Main gate. Henry, Dr. Sanderson. Allow no one out of the main gate. We're looking for a patient. (*Hangs up.*) I shouldn't have left her alone, but no one answered the buzzer.

KELLY. Wilson was in South, Doctor.

SANDERSON. (*Making out papers.*) What have we available, Miss Kelly?

KELLY. Number 13, upper West R., is ready, Doctor.

SANDERSON. Have her taken there immediately, and I will prescribe preliminary treatment. I must contact her brother. Dowd is the name. Elwood P. Dowd. Get him on the telephone for me, will you please, Miss Kelly?

KELLY. But Doctor—I didn't know it was the woman who needed the treatment. She said it was for her brother.

SANDERSON. Of course she did. It's the oldest dodge in the world—always used by a cunning type of psychopath. She apparently knew her brother was about to commit her, so she came out to discredit him. Get him on the telephone, please.

KELLY. But, Doctor—I thought the woman was all right, so I had Wilson take the brother up to No. 24 South Wing G. He's there now.

SANDERSON. (*Staring at her with horror.*) You had Wilson take the brother in? No gags, please Kelly. You're not serious, are you?

KELLY. Oh, I did, Doctor. I did. Oh, Doctor, I'm terribly sorry.

SANDERSON. Oh, well then, if you're sorry, that fixes everything. (*He starts to pick up house phone and finishes the curse under his breath.*) Oh — no! (*Buries his head in his hands.*)

KELLY. I'll do it, Doctor. I'll do it. (*She takes phone.*) Miss Dunphy—will you please unlock the door to Number 24—and give Mr. Dowd his clothes and —? (*Looks at Sanderson for direction.*)

SANDERSON. Ask him to step down to the office right away.

KELLY. (*Into phone.*) Ask him to step down to the office right away. There's been a terrible mistake and Dr. Sanderson wants to explain—

SANDERSON. (*Crosses below table to c.*) Explain? Apologize!

KELLY. (*Hanging up.*) Thank heaven they hadn't put him in a hydro tub yet. She'll let him out.

SANDERSON. (*Staring at her.*) Beautiful—and dumb, too. It's almost too good to be true.

KELLY. (*Crosses to L. of Sanderson.*) Doctor—I feel terrible. I didn't know. Judge Gaffney called and said Mrs. Simmons and her brother would be out here, and when she came in here—you don't have to be sarcastic.

SANDERSON. Oh, don't I? Stop worrying. We'll squirm out of it some way. (*Thinking—starts toward R.*)

KELLY. Where are you going?

SANDERSON. I've got to tell the chief about it, Kelly. He may want to handle this himself.

KELLY. He'll be furious. I know he will. He'll die. And then he'll terminate me.

SANDERSON. (*Below table, catches her shoulders.*) The responsibility is all mine, Kelly.

KELLY. Oh, no—tell him it was all my fault, Doctor.

SANDERSON. I never mention your name. (*Crossing to door R.*) Except in my sleep.

**KELLY.** But this man Dowd —— (*Kneels on chair R.*)

**SANDERSON.** Don't let him get away. I'll be right back.

**KELLY.** (*Crosses to L. of chair R. of table.*) But what shall I say to him? What shall I do? He'll be furious.

**SANDERSON.** Look, Kelly—he'll probably be fit to be tied—but he's a man, isn't he?

**KELLY.** I guess so—his name is Mister. (*Off chair.*)

**SANDERSON.** (*Across chair from her.*) Go into your old routine—you know—the eyes—the swish—the works. I'm immune—but I've seen it work with some people—some of the patients out here. Keep him here, Kelly—if you have to do a strip tease. (*He exits R.*)

**KELLY.** (*Very angry. Speaks to closed door.*) Well, of all the—oh—you're wonderful, Dr. Sanderson! You're just about the most wonderful person I ever met in my life. (*Kicks chair.*)