

wood P. Dowd. KELLY *enters from R. to below table—she has Dr. Chumley's hat.*)

SANDERSON. That's Mrs. Simmons' brother, Doctor. I told him he could look around, and I gave him full visiting privileges.

CHUMLEY. She mustn't see anyone tonight. Not anyone at all. Tell him that.

SANDERSON. Yes, Doctor.

BETTY. He didn't ask to see her? He was looking for someone—some friend of his.

CHUMLEY. Who could that be, Dr. Sanderson?

SANDERSON. I don't know, Doctor.

BETTY. He said it was someone he came out here with this afternoon.

SANDERSON. Was there anyone with Dowd when you saw him, Miss Kelly?

KELLY. (R. C. *giving hat to SANDERSON.*) No, Doctor—not when I saw him.

BETTY. Well, he said there was. He said he last saw his friend sitting right in that chair there with his hat and coat. He seemed quite disappointed.

KELLY. (At top of table—a funny look is crossing her face.) Dr. Sanderson—

BETTY. I told him if we located his friend we'd give him a lift into town. He could ride in the back seat. Was that all right, Willie?

CHUMLEY. Of course—of course—

BETTY. Oh here it is. I wrote it down on the back of this card. His friend's name was Harvey.

KELLY. Harvey!

BETTY. He didn't give me his last name. He mentioned something else about him—pooka—but I didn't quite get what that was.

SANDERSON and CHUMLEY. Harvey!

BETTY. (Rises.) He said his friend was very tall—. Well, why are you looking like that, Willie? This man was a very nice, polite man, and he merely asked that we give his friend a lift into town, and if we can't do a favor for someone, why are we living? (Back to down R.)

SANDERSON. (Gasping.) Where—where did he go, Mrs. Chumley? How long ago was he in here?

CHUMLEY. (Thundering.) Get me that hat! By George, we'll find out about this! (KELLY goes out upper L. to get it. BETTY

crosses R. to chair R. of table. CHUMLEY and SANDERSON sit at R. of desk.)

BETTY. I don't know where he went. Just a second ago. (SANDERSON, *his face drawn, sits at L. of desk and picks up house phone. CHUMLEY, with a terrible look on his face, has started to thumb through phone book.*)

SANDERSON. (*On house phone.*) Main gate—Henry—Dr. Sanderson—

CHUMLEY. (*Thumbing through book.*) Gaffney—Judge Gaffney —

SANDERSON. Henry—did a man in a brown suit go out through the gate a minute ago? He did? He's gone? (*Hangs up and looks stricken. KELLY enters from L. with hat, comes C.*)

CHUMLEY. (*Has been dialing.*) Judge Gaffney—this is Dr. William Chumley—the psychiatrist. I'm making a routine check-up on the spelling of a name before entering it into our records. Judge—you telephoned out here this afternoon about having a client of yours committed? How is that name spelled? With a W, not a U—Mr. Elwood P. Dowd. Thank you, Judge—(*Hangs up—rises—pushes chair in to desk—takes hat from KELLY. Stands silently for a moment, contemplating SANDERSON.*) Dr. Sanderson—I believe your name is Sanderson?

SANDERSON. Yes, Doctor.

CHUMLEY. You know that much, do you? You went to medical school—you specialized in the study of psychiatry? You graduated—you went forth. (*Holds up hat and runs two fingers up through holes in it.*) Perhaps they neglected to tell you that a rabbit has large pointed ears! That a hat for a rabbit would have to be perforated to make room for those ears?

SANDERSON. Dowd seemed reasonable enough this afternoon, Doctor.

CHUMLEY. Doctor—the function of a psychiatrist is to tell the difference between those who are reasonable, and those who merely talk and act reasonably. (*Presses buzzer. Flings hat on desk.*) Do you realize what you have done to me? You don't answer. I'll tell you. You have permitted a psychopathic case to walk off these grounds and roam around with an overgrown white rabbit. You have subjected me—a psychiatrist—to the humiliation of having to call—of all things—a lawyer to find out who came out here to be committed—and who came out here to commit! (*WILSON enters.*)

SANDERSON. Dr. Chumley—I—

CHUMLEY. Just a minute, Wilson—I want you. (*Back to SANDERSON.*) I will now have to do something I haven't done in fifteen years. I will have to go out after this patient, Elwood P. Dowd, and I will have to bring him back, and when I do bring him, back your connection with this institution is ended—as of that moment! (*Turns to WILSON—OTHERS are standing frightened.*) Wilson, get the car. (*To BETTY.*) Pet, call the McClures and say we can't make it. Miss Kelly—come upstairs with me and we'll get that woman out of the tub—(*Starts upstairs on the run.*)

KELLY. (*Follows him upstairs.*) Yes—Doctor—(SANDERSON turns on his heel, goes into his office. WILSON is getting into a coat in hall.)

BETTY. (*At bookcase R.*) I'll have to tell the cook we'll be home for dinner. She'll be furious. (*She turns.*) Wilson —
WILSON. Yes, ma'am.

BETTY. What is a pooka?

WILSON. A what?

BETTY. A pooka.

WILSON. You can search me, Mrs. Chumley.

BETTY. I wonder if it would be in the Encyclopedia here? (*Goes to bookcase and takes out book.*) They have everything here. I wonder if it is a lodge, or what it is! (*Starts to look in it, then puts it on table open.*) Oh, I don't dare to stop to do this now. Dr. Chumley won't want to find me still here when he comes down. (*Starts to cross to lower L. door very fast.*) He'll raise—I mean—oh, dear! (*She exits down L.*)

WILSON. (*Goes above tables picks up book, looks in it. Runs forefinger under words.*) P-o-o-k-a. "Pooka. From old Celtic mythology. A fairy spirit in animal form. Always very large. The pooka appears here and there, now and then, to this one and that one at his own caprice. A wise but mischievous creature. Very fond of rum-pots, crack-pots," and how are you, Mr. Wilson. (*Looks at book startled—looks at c. doorway fearfully—then back to book.*) How are you, Mr. Wilson? (*Shakes book, looks at it in surprise.*) Who in the encyclopedia wants to know? (*Looks at book again, drops it on table.*) Oh—to hell with it! (*He exits quickly out down L.*)

CURTAIN