

RICHARD. I can't find that damned detective any—!  
(*RICHARD looks around.*) George!

(*Suddenly the window BANGS shut. RICHARD goes to window and opens it. HE looks off U.L.*)

RICHARD. (*Calls.*) George!

JANE. (*Appears on balcony from U.R. Tapping Richard's shoulder.*) Mr. Willey!

RICHARD. (*Yells.*) Ah! (*RICHARD straightens up and bangs his head.*) Ahh!

JANE. (*Clambers in.*) I'm sorry, Mr. Willey.

RICHARD. What on earth are you doing back here?

JANE. I got lost.

RICHARD. What?

JANE. Well, I went down the fire-escape like you said—

RICHARD. (*Impatiently.*) Yes?

JANE. And I got out at the wrong floor.

RICHARD. God!

JANE. Well, I was trying to find my way downstairs—

RICHARD. Yes?!

JANE. And Ronnie saw me.

RICHARD. Ronnie?!

JANE. It's all right. I've managed to give him the slip. What have you done with that dead detective?

RICHARD. When last seen he was taking the lift down to Reception.

JANE. What?

RICHARD. Our dead detective isn't dead.

JANE. Not dead?

RICHARD. Although if he meets up with Ronnie some of us might be. You get back to the House of Commons—(*HE takes her to the window.*)—and don't get

lost this time. I'm trying to get to that detective before Ronnie does.

JANE. What's Mr. Pigden doing?

RICHARD. God knows but he'd better not be laying down on the job, that's all.

(*JANE exits along balcony U.R.*)

*RICHARD hurries to hall door and opens it. The DETECTIVE is standing there holding his neck, and about to knock. HE is still wearing the bowler hat.*)

RICHARD. Oh!

DETECTIVE. Oh!

RICHARD. May I—er—be of any assistance?

DETECTIVE. To tell you the truth I'm not sure. The thing is well it all sounds a bit silly really—but I seem to have lost my memory.

(*RICHARD takes this in.*)

RICHARD. (*Broadly.*) My dear fellow, do come in. (*HE ushers the DETECTIVE into the room. Sympathetically.*)

Lost your memory? How very distressing.

DETECTIVE. Yes, I can't even remember my name.

RICHARD. (*Thrilled.*) That's terrible.

DETECTIVE. Yes. Or what I'm doing in this hotel.

RICHARD. That's awful!

DETECTIVE. Yes. And I've got a splitting headache.

(*The window BANGS shut. THEY both react. RICHARD smiles at him. The DETECTIVE feels his neck as a vague memory stirs.*)

RICHARD. (*Hastily.*) Well, you musn't go wandering about the place in that condition, Sir. Certainly not.

(*RICHARD sits him on the divan.*) You might bump into anybody. (*Quickly.*) Anything. Put your feet up and lay back. (*RICHARD lays him back at an angle and starts to move to the corridor door.*)

DETECTIVE. (*Sitting up.*) You're very kind.

RICHARD. (*Returns and lays him back.*) Always ready to give a helping hand.

DETECTIVE. It really is a most peculiar feeling. It's just that suite 648 seemed—(*Suddenly alert. Sits up.*) We don't know each other, do we?

(*Whenever the DETECTIVE gets his "flashes" of memory he is always alert and dangerous.*)

RICHARD. Never set eyes on you, Sir. But when my colleague returns he'll be able to assist you. He's a doctor. (*RICHARD lays him down and moves to door.*)

DETECTIVE. (*Sits up.*) A doctor, that's lucky.

RICHARD. (*Returns and lays him back.*) Yes, isn't it.

(*GEORGE enters through the window from U.L.*  
*RICHARD hurries to him.*)

RICHARD. Ah, here's the very man.

GEORGE. Oh, thank God you're here, Mr. Willey.

RICHARD. I was wondering where you'd got to, doctor.

GEORGE. (*Pressing on.*) The most devastating thing has happened—

RICHARD. (*Interrupting.*) First things first, Doctor Livingstone.

GEORGE. She's waiting next door for me and she thinks I'm going to make mad—Doctor Livingstone?

RICHARD. You may be able to help this poor fellow.

(*HE indicates the prone DETECTIVE. GEORGE turns to look.*)

GEORGE. (*Yells.*) Ahh!

(*The DETECTIVE sits up and turns to GEORGE.*)

GEORGE. (*Relieved.*) Oh, I thought he'd snuffed it again.

(*The window BANGS shut. GEORGE clutches RICHARD.*)

RICHARD. (*To DETECTIVE.*) You'll be in very good hands with Doctor Livingstone. He's a neurologist.

GEORGE. Oh, my God! (*GEORGE almost collapses.*)

RICHARD. It's all right, Doctor. This poor fellow's lost his memory.

GEORGE. (*Looks blank for a moment then turns to the Detective. Brightly.*) Have you?

DETECTIVE. It's crazy. I can't even remember who I am.

GEORGE. (*Thrilled.*) That's terrible.

RICHARD. Yes. He can't recall what he's doing in this hotel either.

GEORGE. (*Thrilled.*) That's awful.

RICHARD. Yes.

DETECTIVE. (*Stands up, once more alert.*) I seem to remember something about this room, though!

RICHARD/GEORGE. (*Together.*) Oh.

DETECTIVE. And that window! (*The DETECTIVE points.*)

RICHARD. (*To GEORGE.*) I think you should put the patient to bed, doctor.

GEORGE. That's a good idea.  
 RICHARD. In the suite next door.  
 GEORGE. That's not such a good idea.  
 RICHARD. (*Surprised.*) But this suite is likely to get crowded, doctor.  
 GEORGE. It's getting pretty crowded next door.  
 RICHARD. (*Getting annoyed.*) I don't quite follow you, doctor.  
 GEORGE. Well, That's what I was trying to tell you—I—er—I—(*Lifting DETECTIVE.*) I'll explain after I've put my patient to bed—in here.  
 RICHARD. All right!

(*As RICHARD moves to the bedroom RONNIE comes furiously through the hall door. GEORGE quickly leans on the Detective's bowler hat, pushing it down over his eyes and sitting him on the divan again.*)

RONNIE. My wife's given me the slip and I still can't find Pigden.  
 RICHARD. (*To RONNIE.*) Why not try suite 650 again. Mr. Pigden might have moved back in.  
 RONNIE. 650, yes!  
 GEORGE. (*Rising.*) No!  
 (*GEORGE stops RONNIE. RICHARD is confused again.*)  
 RICHARD. Surely, it's worth Ronnie trying next door, Doctor Livingstone.  
 GEORGE. No, it isn't! Mr. Pigden's not there.  
 RICHARD. (*Getting annoyed again.*) He might be! It's better for Ronnie to keep trying!!  
 GEORGE. NO! I was with Mr. Pigden only five minutes ago.  
 RICHARD. (*Very surprised.*) Were you?

GEORGE. Yes!  
 RONNIE. Where?  
 GEORGE. In the hotel swimming pool.  
 RICHARD. Swimming pool?!  
 RONNIE. Swimming pool?!  
 GEORGE. We were doing a few lengths together.  
 RONNIE I'll give him a few lengths. (*RONNIE moves to door.*)  
 DETECTIVE. (*To RONNIE.*) Hang on a second. Have you ever seen me before?  
 RONNIE. Yeah, you're Mr. Willey's crazy brother, Harrington! (*RONNIE exits into corridor.*)  
 (*GEORGE and RICHARD look mortified at each other. GEORGE pulls RICHARD across him to explain to the DETECTIVE.*)  
 DETECTIVE. (*Blankly.*) Your crazy brother, Harrington?  
 RICHARD. Well, you see, it's like this—  
 DETECTIVE. (*Moved and amazed.*) I'm your brother!  
 RICHARD. Yes, you are.  
 GEORGE. Oh, my God! (*GEORGE sits in chair D.R.*)  
 RICHARD. It's all right, Doctor, Harrington's just a bit confused.  
 GEORGE. *Harrington's* confused.  
 RICHARD. Yes. As to why we didn't explain to Harrington our relationship in the first place.  
 DETECTIVE. Yes.  
 RICHARD. Yes. You see—you've been ill for some time. The memory keeps coming and going. (*To GEORGE.*) You've got a name for it, haven't you doctor?  
 GEORGE. (*With feeling.*) Oh, yes, I've got a name for it, all right.