

noon there was wine here—remember? Vere did she put that? (*He looks at sideboard and remembers. He goes to it, opens L. cupboard and brings bottle and two wine glasses to D.S. end of table top.*) Look, Chonny, we got a drink. (*He pours wine into the two glasses, emptying the bottle. Mortimer watches him.*) Dat's all dere is. I split it with you. We both need a drink. (*He hands one glass to Jonathan, then raises his own glass to his lips. Jonathan stops him.*)

JONATHAN. One moment, Doctor—please. Where are your manners? (*He drops D.S. to R. of Mortimer and looks at him.*) Yes, Mortimer, I realize now it was you who brought me back to Brooklyn... (*He looks at wine, then draws it back and forth under his nose smelling it. He decides that it's all right apparently for he raises his glass—*) Doctor—to my dear dead brother—

(*As they get the glasses to their lips, Teddy steps out on the balcony and blows a terrific call on his bugle. Einstein and Jonathan drop their glasses, spilling the wine. Teddy turns and exits.*)

EINSTEIN. Ach Gott!

JONATHAN. Damn that idiot! (*He starts for stairs. Einstein rushes over and intercepts him.*) He goes next! That's all—he goes next!

EINSTEIN. No, Chonny, not Teddy—that's where I shtop—not Teddy!

JONATHAN. We get to Teddy later!

EINSTEIN. We don't get to him at all.

JONATHAN. Now we've got to work fast! (*He crosses above to L. of Mortimer, Einstein in front of Mortimer.*)

EINSTEIN. Yah, the quick way—eh, Chonny?

JONATHAN. Yes, Doctor, the quick way! (*He pulls a large silk hand-kerchief from his inside pocket and drops it around Mortimer's neck.*)

(*At this point the door bursts open and Officer O'Hara comes in to C., very excited.*)

O'HARA. Hey! The Colonel's gotta quit blowing that horn!

JONATHAN. (*He and Einstein are standing in front of Mortimer, hiding him from O'Hara.*) It's all right, Officer. We're taking the bugle away from him.

O'HARA. There's going to be hell to pay in the morning. We promised the neighbors he wouldn't do that anymore.

JONATHAN. It won't happen again, Officer. Good night.

O'HARA. I'd better speak to him myself. Where are the lights? (*O'Hara puts on lights and goes upstairs to landing, when he sees Mortimer.*) Hey! You stood me up. I waited an hour at Kelly's for you. (*He comes downstairs and over to Mortimer and looks at him then speaks to Jonathan and Einstein.*) What happened to him?

EINSTEIN. (*Thinking fast.*) He was explaining the play he saw tonight—that's what happened to the fella in the play.

O'HARA. Did they have that in the play you saw tonight? (*Mortimer nods his head—yes.*) Gee, they practically stole that from the second act of my play— (*He starts to explain.*) Why, in my second act, just before the— (*He turns back to Mortimer.*) I'd better begin at the beginning. It opens in my mother's dressing room, where I was born—only I ain't born yet— (*Mortimer rubs his shoes together to attract O'Hara's attention.*) Huh? Oh, yeah. (*O'Hara starts to remove the gag from Mortimer's mouth and then decides not to.*) No! You've got to hear the plot. (*He gets stool and brings it to R. of Mortimer and sits, continuing on with his "plot" as the curtain falls.*) Well, she's sitting there making up, see—when all of a sudden through the door—a man with a black mustache walks in—turns to my mother and says—"Miss Latour, will you marry me?" He doesn't know she's pregnant.

SCENE 2: *Scene is the same. Early the next morning. When the curtain rises again, daylight is streaming through the windows. All doors closed. All drapes open. Mortimer is still tied in his chair and seems to be in a semi-conscious state. Jonathan is asleep on sofa. Einstein, pleasantly intoxicated, is seated L. of table, his head resting on tabletop. O'Hara, with his coat off and his collar loosened, is standing over the stool which is between him and Mortimer. He has progressed to the most exciting scene of his play. There is a bottle of whiskey and a water tumbler on the table along with a plate full of cigarette butts.*

O'HARA. —there she is lying unconscious across the table in her lingerie—the gaucho is standing over her with a hatchet— (*He takes the pose.*) —I'm tied up in a chair just like you are—the place is an

inferno of flames—it's on fire—when all of a sudden—through the window—in comes Mayor LaGuardia. (*Einstein raises his head and looks out the window. Not seeing anyone he reaches for the bottle and pours himself another drink. O'Hara crosses above to him and takes the bottle.*) Hey, remember who paid for that—go easy on it.

EINSTEIN. Vell, I'm listening, ain't I? (*He crosses to Jonathan on the sofa.*)

O'HARA. How do you like it so far?

EINSTEIN. Vell, it put Chonny to sleep.

(*O'Hara has just finished a swig from the bottle.*)

O'HARA. Let him alone. If he ain't got no more interest than that—he don't get a drink. (*Einstein takes his glass and sits on bottom stair. At the same time O'Hara crosses, puts stool under desk and whiskey bottle on top of desk, then comes back to center and goes on with his play—*) All right. It's three days later—I been transferred and I'm under charges—that's because somebody stole my badge. (*He pantomimes through following lines.*) All right. I'm walking my beat on Staten Island—forty-sixth precinct—when a guy I'm following, it turns out—is really following me. (*There is a knock on door. Einstein goes up and looks out landing window. Leaves glass behind D.S. drape.*) Don't let anybody in.—So I figure I'll outsmart him. There's a vacant house on the corner. I goes in.

EINSTEIN. It's cops!

O'HARA. I stands there in the dark and I see the door handle turn.

EINSTEIN. (*Rushing downstairs, shakes Jonathan by the shoulder.*) Chonny! It's cops! Cops! (*Jonathan doesn't move. Einstein rushes upstairs and off through the arch.*)

(*O'Hara is going on with his story without a stop.*)

O'HARA. I pulls my guns—braces myself against the wall—and I says—"Come in." (*Officers Brophy and Klein walk in R., see O'Hara with gun pointed at them and raise their hands. Then, recognizing their fellow officer, lower them.*) Hello, boys.

BROPHY. What the hell is going on here?

O'HARA. (*Goes to Brophy.*) Hey, Pat, whaddya know? This is Mortimer Brewster! He's going to write my play with me. I'm just tellin' him the story.

KLEIN. (*Crossing to Mortimer and untying him.*) Did you have to tie him up to make him listen?

BROPHY. Joe, you better report in at the station. The whole force is out looking for ya.

O'HARA. Did they send you here for me?

KLEIN. We didn't know you was here.

BROPHY. We came to warn the old ladies that there's hell to pay. The Colonel blew that bugle again in the middle of the night.

KLEIN. From the way the neighbors have been calling in about it you'd think the Germans had dropped a bomb on Flatbush Avenue.

(*He has finished untying Mortimer. Puts cords on sideboard.*)

BROPHY. The Lieutenant's on the warpath. He says the Colonel's got to be put away someplace.

MORTIMER. (*Staggers to feet.*) Yes! Yes!

O'HARA. (*Going to Mortimer.*) Gee, Mr. Brewster, I got to get away, so I'll just run through the third act quick.

MORTIMER. (*Staggering R.*) Get away from me.

(*Brophy gives Klein a look, goes to phone and dials.*)

KLEIN. Say, do you know what time it is? It's after eight o'clock in the morning.

O'HARA. It is? (*He follows Mortimer to stairs.*) Gee, Mr. Brewster, them first two acts run a little long, but I don't see anything we can leave out.

MORTIMER. (*Almost to landing.*) You can leave it *all* out.

(*Brophy sees Jonathan on sofa.*)

BROPHY. Who the hell is this guy?

MORTIMER. (*Hanging on railing, almost to balcony.*) That's my brother.

BROPHY. Oh, the one that ran away? So he came back.

MORTIMER. Yes, he came back!

(*Jonathan stirs as if to get up.*)

BROPHY. (*Into phone.*) This is Brophy. Get me Mac. (*To O'Hara.*

*sitting on bottom stair.)* I'd better let them know we found you, Joe. *(Into phone.)* Mac? Tell the Lieutenant he can call off the big man-hunt—we got him. In the Brewster house. *(Jonathan hears this and suddenly becomes very much awake, looking up to see Klein to L. of him and Brophy to his R.)* Do you want us to bring him in? Oh—all right, we'll hold him right here. *(He hangs up.)* The Lieutenant's on his way over.

JONATHAN. *(Rising.)* So I've been turned in, eh? *(Brophy and Klein look at him with some interest.)* All right, you've got me! *(Turning to Mortimer, who is on balcony looking down.)* And I suppose you and that stool-pigeon brother of mine will split the reward?

KLEIN. Reward?

*(Instinctively Klein and Brophy both grab Jonathan by an arm.)*

JONATHAN. *(Dragging cops D.S. C.)* Now I'll do some turning in! You think my aunts are sweet charming old ladies, don't you? Well, there are thirteen bodies buried in their cellar.

MORTIMER. *(As he rushes off to see Teddy.)* Teddy! Teddy! Teddy!

KLEIN. What the hell are you talking about?

BROPHY. You'd better be careful what you're saying about your aunts—they happen to be friends of ours.

JONATHAN. *(Raving as he drags them toward cellar door.)* I'll show you! I'll prove it to you! You come to the cellar with me!

KLEIN. Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

JONATHAN. Thirteen bodies! I'll show you where they're buried.

KLEIN. *(Refusing to be kidded.)* Oh, yeah?

JONATHAN. You don't want to see what's down in the cellar?

BROPHY. *(Releases Jonathan's arm, then to Klein.)* Go on down in the cellar with him, Abe.

KLEIN. *(Drops Jonathan's arm, backs D.S. a step and looks at him.)* I'm not so sure I want to be down in the cellar with him. Look at that puss. He looks like Boris Karloff. *(Jonathan, at mention of Karloff, grabs Klein by the throat, starts choking him.)* Hey—what the hell—Hey, Pat! Get him off me.

*(Brophy takes out rubber blackjack.)*

BROPHY. Here, what do you think you're doing! *(He socks Jonathan on head. Jonathan falls unconscious, face down.)*