

*(Klein, throwing Jonathan's weight to floor, backs away, rubbing his throat.)*

KLEIN. Well what do you know about that?

*(There is a knock on door R.)*

O'HARA. Come in.

*(Lieutenant Rooney bursts in R., slamming door after him. He is a very tough, driving, dominating officer.)*

ROONEY. What the hell are you men doing here? I told you I was going to handle this.

KLEIN. Well, sir, we was just about to— *(Klein's eyes go to Jonathan and Rooney sees him.)*

ROONEY. What happened? Did he put up a fight?

BROPHY. This ain't the guy that blows the bugle. This is his brother. He tried to kill Klein.

KLEIN. *(Feeling his throat.)* All I said was he looked like Boris Karloff.

ROONEY. *(His face lights up.)* Turn him over.

*(The two cops turn Jonathan over on his back. Klein steps back. Rooney crosses front of Brophy to take a look at Jonathan. Brophy drifts to R. of Rooney. O'Hara is still at foot of stairs.)*

BROPHY. We kinda think he's wanted somewhere.

ROONEY. Oh, you kinda *think* he's wanted somewhere? If you guys don't look at the circulars we hang up in the station, at least you could read *True Detective*. *(Big.)* Certainly he's wanted. In Indiana! Escaped from the prison for the Criminal Insane! He's a lifer, For God's sake that's how he was described—he *looked* like Karloff!

KLEIN. Was there a reward mentioned?

ROONEY. Yeah—and I'm claiming it.

BROPHY. He was trying to get us down in the cellar.

KLEIN. He said there was thirteen bodies buried down there.

ROONEY. *(Suspicious.)* Thirteen bodies buried in the cellar? *(Deciding it's ridiculous.)* And that didn't tip you off he came out of a nut-house!

O'HARA. I thought all along he talked kinda crazy.

*(Rooney sees O'Hara for the first time. Turns to him.)*

ROONEY. Oh, it's Shakespeare! *(Crossing to him.)* Where have you been all night? And you needn't bother to tell me.

O'HARA. I've been right here, sir. Writing a play with Mortimer Brewster.

ROONEY. *(Tough.)* Yeah? Well, you're gonna have plenty of time to write that play. You're suspended! Now get back and report in!

*(O'Hara takes his coat, night stick, and cap from top of desk. Goes to R. door and opens it. Then turns to Rooney.)*

O'HARA. Can I come over sometime and use the station typewriter?

ROONEY. No!—Get out of here. *(O'Hara runs out. Rooney closes door and turns to the cops. Teddy enters on balcony and comes down-stairs unnoticed and stands at Rooney's back to the R. of him. Rooney, to cops.)* Take that guy somewhere else and bring him to. *(The cops bend down to pick up Jonathan.)* See what you can find out about his accomplice. *(The cops stand up again in a questioning attitude. Rooney explains.)* The guy that helped him escape. He's wanted too. No wonder Brooklyn's in the shape it's in, with the police force full of flatheads like you—falling for that kind of a story—thirteen bodies in the cellar!

TEDDY. But there are thirteen bodies in the cellar.

ROONEY. *(Turning on him.)* Who are you?

TEDDY. I'm President Roosevelt.

*(Rooney does a walk U.S. on this, then comes down again.)*

ROONEY. What the hell is this?

BROPHY. He's the fellow that blows the bugle.

KLEIN. Good morning, Colonel.

*(They salute Teddy, who returns it. Rooney finds himself saluting Teddy also. He pulls his hand down in disgust.)*

ROONEY. Well, Colonel, you've blown your last bugle.

TEDDY. *(Seeing Jonathan on floor.)* Dear me—another Yellow Fever victim?