

*(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 downstairs 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?