

MARTHA. [*Sets above table.*] Spenalzo?

ABBY. [U. C.] I knew he was a foreigner.

JONATHAN. Remember what happened to Mr. Spenalzo can happen to you too.

[*There is a knock on R. door. ABBY crosses and opens it and OFFICER O'HARA sticks his head in.*]

O'HARA. Hello, Miss Abby.

ABBY. Oh, Officer O'Hara. Is there something we can do for you?

[MORTIMER puts phone down and drifts down close to O'HARA. JONATHAN turns L.]

O'HARA. I saw your lights on and thought there might be sickness in the house. [*He sees MORTIMER.*] Oh, you got company—I'm sorry I disturbed you.

MORTIMER. [*Taking O'HARA by the arm.*] No, no, come in.

ABBY. Yes, come in.

MARTHA. [*Crossing to door.*] Come right in, Officer O'Hara.

[MORTIMER leads O'HARA in a couple of steps and shuts door. ABBY crosses back to U. S. C. MARTHA is near desk. JONATHAN is in front of sofa R. of ABBY. MARTHA, to O'HARA.] This is our nephew, Mortimer.

O'HARA. Pleased to meet you.

[JONATHAN starts toward kitchen.]

ABBY. [*Stopping JONATHAN.*] And this is another nephew, Jonathan.

O'HARA. [*Crosses below MORTIMER and gestures to JONATHAN with his right stick.*] Pleased to make your acquaintance. [JONATHAN ignores him. O'HARA speaks to AUNTS.] Well, it must be nice havin' your nephews visitin' you. Are they going to stay with you for a bit?

MORTIMER. I'm staying. My brother Jonathan is just leaving.

[JONATHAN starts for stairs. O'HARA stops him.]

O'HARA. I've met you here before, haven't I?

ABBY. I'm afraid not. Jonathan hasn't been home for years.

O'HARA. Your face looks familiar to me. Maybe I seen a picture of you somewheres.

JONATHAN. I don't think so. [*He hurries up stairs.*]

MORTIMER. Yes, Jonathan, I'd hurry if I were you. Your things are all packed anyway, aren't they?

O'HARA. Well, you'll be wanting to say your good-byes. I'll be running along.

MORTIMER. What's the rush? I'd like to have you stick around until my brother goes.

[JONATHAN exits through arch.]

O'HARA. I just dropped in to make sure everything was all right.

MORTIMER. We're going to have some coffee in a minute. Won't you join us?

ABBY. Oh, I forgot the coffee. [*She goes out to kitchen.*]

MARTHA. [*Crossing to kitchen door.*] Well, I'd better make some more sandwiches. I ought to know your appetite by this time, Officer O'Hara. [*She goes out to kitchen as O'HARA follows as far as C.*]

O'HARA. Don't bother. I'm due to ring in in a few minutes.

MORTIMER. You can have a cup of coffee with us. My brother will be gone soon. [*He leads O'HARA below table to armchair.*] Sit down.

O'HARA. Say—ain't I seen a photograph of your brother around here some place?

MORTIMER. I don't think so. [*He sits R. of table.*]

O'HARA. He certainly reminds me of somebody.

MORTIMER. He looks like somebody you've probably seen in the movies.

O'HARA. I never go to the movies. I hate 'em! My mother says the movies is a bastard art.

MORTIMER. Yes, it's full of them.—Your, er, mother said that? O'HARA. Yeah. My mother was an actress—a stage actress. Perhaps you heard of her—Peaches Latour.

MORTIMER. It sounds like a name I've seen on a program. What did she play?

O'HARA. Well, her big hit was "Murt and Jeff." Played it for three years. I was born on tour—the third season.

MORTIMER. You were?

O'HARA. Yep. Sioux City, Iowa. I was born in the dressing room at the end of the second act, and Mother made the finale.

MORTIMER. What a rouser! There must be a good story in your mother—you know, I write about the theatre.

O'HARA. You do? Saay!—you're not Mortimer Brewster, the dramatic critic!

MORTIMER. Yes.

O'HARA. Well, I certainly am glad to meet you. [*He moves his hat and sits preparatory to shaking hands with MORTIMER. He also picks up the sport shoe which MARTHA has left on the table. He looks at it just for a split second and puts it on the D. S. end of table. MORTIMER sees it and stares at it.*] Say, Mr. Brewster—we're in the same line of business.

MORTIMER. [*Still intent on shoe.*] We are?

O'HARA. Yeah. I'm a playwright. Oh, this being on the police force is just temporary.

MORTIMER. How long have you been on the force?

O'HARA. Twelve years. I'm collecting material for a play.

MORTIMER. I'll bet it's a honey.

O'HARA. Well, it ought to be. With all the drama I see being a cop. Mr. Brewster—you got no idea what goes on in Brooklyn.

MORTIMER. I think I have. [*He puts the shoe under his chair, then looks at his watch, then looks toward balcony.*]

O'HARA. Say, what time you got?

MORTIMER. Ten after one.

O'HARA. Gee, I gotta ring in. [*He starts for R. door but MORTIMER stops him at C.*]

MORTIMER. Wait a minute, O'Hara. On that play of yours—I may be able to help you. [*Sits him in chair R.*]

O'HARA. [*Ecstacy.*] You would! [*Rises.*] Say, it was fate my walking in here tonight. Look—I'll tell you the plot!

[*At this point JONATHAN enters on the balcony followed by DR. EINSTEIN. They each have a bag. At the same moment ABBY enters from the kitchen. Helpful as the cop has been, MORTIMER does not want to listen to his plot. As he backs away from him he speaks to JONATHAN as they come down stairs.*]

MORTIMER. Oh, you're on your way, eh? Good! You haven't got much time, you know.

ABBY. [*U. L.*] Well, everything's just about ready. [*Sees JONATHAN and EINSTEIN at foot of stairs.*] Oh, you leaving now, Jonathan? Good-bye. Good-bye, Dr. Einstein. [*She sees instrument case above window-seat.*] Oh, doesn't this case belong to you?

[*This reminds MORTIMER of Mr. Spenalzo, also.*]

MORTIMER. Yes, Jonathan—you can't go without all of your things. [*Now to get rid of O'HARA. He turns to him.*] Well, O'Hara, it was nice meeting you. I'll see you again and we'll talk about your play.

O'HARA. [*Refusing to leave.*] Oh, I'm not leaving now, Mr. Brewster.

MORTIMER. Why not?

O'HARA. Well, you just offered to help me with my play, didn't you? You and me are going to write my play together.

MORTIMER. I can't do that, O'Hara—I'm not a creative writer.

O'HARA. I'll do the creating. You just put the words to it.

MORTIMER. But, O'Hara—

O'HARA. No, sir, Mr. Brewster. I ain't leaving this house till I tell you the plot. [*He crosses and sits on window-seat.*]

JONATHAN. [*Starting for R. door.*] In that case, Mortimer . . . we'll be running along.

MORTIMER. Don't try that. You can't go yet. You've got to take everything with you, you know. [*He turns and sees O'HARA on window-seat and runs to him.*] Look, O'Hara, you run along now, eh? My brother's just going—

O'HARA. I can wait. I've been waiting twelve years.

[*MARTHA enters from kitchen with a tray of coffee and sandwiches.*]

MARTHA. I'm sorry I was so long.

MORTIMER. Don't bring that in here. O'Hara, would you join us for a bite in the kitchen?

MARTHA. The kitchen?

ABBY. [*To MARTHA.*] Jonathan's leaving.

MARTHA. Oh, Well, that's nice. Come along, Officer O'Hara. [*She exits to kitchen.*]

[*O'HARA gets to kitchen doorway as ABBY speaks.*]

ABBY. Sure you don't mind eating in the kitchen, Mr. O'Hara?

O'HARA. And where else would you eat?

ABBY. Good-bye, Jonathan, nice to have seen you again.

[*O'HARA exits to kitchen, followed by ABBY. MORTIMER crosses to kitchen doorway and shuts door, then turns to JONATHAN.*]

MORTIMER. I'm glad you came back to Brooklyn, Jonathan, because it gives me a chance to throw you out—and the first one out is your boy friend, Mr. Spenalzo.