

WITHERSPOON. Well, I —

ABBY. [*To ROONEY.*] You come along with us, and we'll show you the graves.

ROONEY. I'll take your word for it, lady—I'm a busy man. How about it, Super?

WITHERSPOON. Well, they'd have to be committed.

MORTIMER. Teddy committed himself. Can't they commit themselves? Can't they sign the papers?

WITHERSPOON. Why, certainly.

MARTHA. [*Sits in chair L. of table as WITHERSPOON draws it out for her.*] Oh, if we can go with Teddy, we'll sign the papers. Where are they?

ABBY. [*Sitting R. of table. MORTIMER helps her with chair.*] Yes, where are they?

[WITHERSPOON opens brief case for more papers. KLEIN enters from kitchen.]

KLEIN. He's coming around, Lieutenant.

ABBY. Good morning, Mr. Klein.

MARTHA. Good morning, Mr. Klein. Are you here too?

KLEIN. Yeah. Brophy and me have got your other nephew out in the kitchen.

ROONEY. Well, sign 'em up, Superintendent. I want to get this all cleaned up. [*He crosses to kitchen door, shaking his head as he exits and saying:*] Thirteen bodies.

[KLEIN follows him out. MORTIMER is to the L. of ABBY, fountain pen in hand. WITHERSPOON to R. of MARTHA, also with pen.]

WITHERSPOON. [*Handing MARTHA pen.*] If you'll sign right here.

[MARTHA signs.]

MORTIMER. And you here, Aunt Abby.

[ABBY signs.]

ABBY. [*Signing.*] I'm really looking forward to going—the neighborhood here has changed so.

MARTHA. Just think, a front lawn again.

[EINSTEIN enters through arch and comes down stairs to door D. R. carrying suitcase. He picks hat from hall tree on way down.]

WITHERSPOON. Oh, we're overlooking something.

MARTHA. What?

WITHERSPOON. Well, we're going to need the signature of a doctor. MORTIMER. Oh! [*He sees EINSTEIN about to disappear through the door.*] Dr. Einstein! Will you come over here—we'd like you to sign some papers.

EINSTEIN. Please, I must —

MORTIMER. [*Crosses to him.*] Just come right over, Doctor. At one time last night, I thought the Doctor was going to operate on me. [*EINSTEIN puts down suitcase and his hat just inside the door.*] Just come right over, Doctor. [*EINSTEIN crosses to table, L. of ABBY.*] Just sign right here, Doctor.

[*The DOCTOR signs ABBY's paper and MARTHA's paper. ROONEY and KLEIN enter from kitchen. ROONEY crosses to desk and dials phone. KLEIN stands near kitchen door.*]

ABBY. Were you leaving, Doctor?

EINSTEIN. [*Signing papers.*] I think I must go.

MARTHA. Aren't you going to wait for Jonathan?

EINSTEIN. I don't think we're going to the same place.

[MORTIMER sees ELAINE on window-seat and crosses to her.]

MORTIMER. Hello, Elaine. I'm glad to see you. Stick around, huh?

ELAINE. Don't worry, I'm going to.

[MORTIMER stands back of MARTHA's chair. ROONEY speaks into phone.]

ROONEY. Hello, Mac. Rooney. We've picked up that guy that's wanted in Indiana. Now there's a description of his accomplice—it's right on the desk there—read it to me. [*EINSTEIN sees ROONEY at phone. He starts toward kitchen and sees KLEIN standing there. He comes back to R. of table and stands there dejectedly waiting for the pinch. ROONEY repeats the description given him over phone, looking blankly at EINSTEIN the while.*] Yeah—about fifty-four—five foot six—hundred and forty pounds—blue eyes—talks with a German accent. Poses as a doctor. Thanks, Mac. [*He hangs up as WITHERSPOON crosses to him with papers in hand.*] WITHERSPOON. It's all right, Lieutenant. The Doctor here has just completed the signatures.

[ROONEY goes to EINSTEIN and shakes his hand.]