

O'HARA & MORTIMER

[There is a knock at the door; it opens and OFFICER O'HARA sticks his head in]

O'HARA: Oh, hello. . . .

ABBY: Hello, Officer O'Hara. Is there anything we can do for you?

O'HARA: Saw your lights on—thought there might be sickness in the house. Oh, you got company. Sorry I disturbed you.

MORTIMER: *[HE pulls him through the door into the room]* No! Come in!

ABBY: Yes, come in! Officer O'Hara. These are our nephews, Mortimer and Jonathon.

O'HARA: Pleased to make your acquaintance. Well, it must be nice having your nephews visiting you. Are they going to stay for a bit?

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

O'HARA: *[TO JONATHAN]* I've met you here before, haven't I?

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

O'HARA: *[To JONATHAN]* Your face looks familiar to me. Perhaps I've seen a picture of you somewhere.

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

O'HARA: Well, you'll be wanting to say your good-bys. I'll be running along. *[He starts for the door]*

MORTIMER: *[Stopping him]* What's the rush? I'd like to have you stick around until my brother goes.

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 hurries out]*

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 going soon.

**STOP
START**

O'HARA: Haven't I seen a photograph of your brother around here some place?

MORTIMER: I don't think so.

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 mother said that?

O'HARA: Yeah. My mother was an actress—a stage actress. Perhaps you've heard of her—Peaches Latour.

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

O'HARA: Her big hit was *Mutt and Jeff*. Played it for three years. I was born on tour—the third season.

MORTIMER: You were?

O'HARA: Yeah. Sioux City, Iowa. I was born in the dressing-room at the end of the second act and mother made the finale.

MORTIMER: Sounds interesting. You know, I write about the theater.

O'HARA: You do? Say, you're not Mortimer Brewster, the dramatic critic? Say, I'm glad to meet you. We're in the same line of business.

MORTIMER: We are?

O'HARA: Yes, I'm a playwright. 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!

O'HARA: What time you got? Gee, I got to go.

MORTIMER: *[Stopping him]* Wait a minute! On that play of yours—you know, I might be able to help you.

O'HARA: You would? Say, it was fate my walking in here tonight. Look, I'll tell you the plot.

MORTIMER: *[To O'HARA]* Not now, but it was nice meeting you. I'll see you again—we'll talk about your play.

O'HARA: 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: No, O'Hara, I can't do that. You see, 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 going to leave this house till I tell you the plot, *[O'HARA sits on the window seat]*

MORTIMER: Look, O'Hara, you run along now. My brother's just going and. . .

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

MORTIMER: O'Hara, would you join us for a bite in the kitchen? You don't mind eating in the kitchen?

O'HARA: Where else would you eat?*[He exits to the kitchen]*